THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OR

BRITISH REGISTER

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCES, AND THE BELLES-LETTRES.

PRESENTED
8 DEC 1949

New Series.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

VOL. XIII.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.,
AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1832.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, BOUVERIE-STREET.
FLEET STREET.

JANUARY, 1832.

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TO THE READERS OF "THE MONTHLY."

THE few words which it has become requisite to preface the present Number with, will not assume the important form of an Address; a simple note of explanation is all that is necessary.

The "Monthly" has passed into other hands. This declaration will at once account for any deviation from the political course it has lately adopted, that may be observable in this number. The new conductors of the Magazine will not say, in the hacknied phrase of most editorial addresses from the throne, that they are "perfectly unbiassed by party feelings;" on the contrary, they acknowledge themselves to be influenced by party;—that party, is the People, headed by a King who has the rare wisdom to perceive, that the dignity of the crown is identified with the rights of the subject. It is not to them a matter of vast importance, whether the number for January, 1831, agree or not, in every political particular, with the present—for January, 1832; but it is exceedingly important that they should express their opinions without reference to those of their predecessors; and that they should devote their Journal, as far as its influence extends, to the dissemination of such principles as, in their belief, must ultimately tend more to the true glory of England, than all its Blenheims, Agincourts, and Waterloos.

By way of prelude to these internal changes, they have adopted an external one. The new wrapper of the Magazine is decorated with the head of Milton—an outward and visible sign, they trust, of the inward spirit and integrity that will characterize their pages. They make no apology for concluding this explanatory note with Wordsworth's noble sonnet to Milton: it was written thirty years ago, and times are changed—but the poetry of some of its passages has survived the philosophy of others:—

SONNET TO MILTON.—WORDSWORTH.

"Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant water. Altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, freedom, virtue, power.
Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness—and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the many favours we owe our Correspondents, we must beg them to add one more, by putting as charitable a construction as they can upon our silence, whenever circumstances compel us—as they have occasionally compelled us during the past year—to be a little Lord Eldonish in our decisions upon their contributions. We anticipate no delays for the future. All communications sent before the 10th of the month will be answered on the 1st of the succeeding month; from this rule we shall seldom allow ourselves a departure.

Those Correspondents with whom we are at present in arrear, and who do not receive private communications from us by the 10th of January, will find their papers, after that day, at our publisher's.

An unusual press of matter obliges us to omit several papers intended for insertion.

H. BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XIII.] JANUARY, 1832. [No. 73.

TOM MOORE'S PROPHETIC ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR 1832.

[WE cannot resist a very natural temptation to afford the place of honour, in our New Year's number, to an article of such peculiar claims, as that with which the Poet of all circles, and the Prophet of ours, has so flatteringly favoured us. To look back at the close of a year, is one thing; to look forward, is another: to take a sort of Parthian glance at the panorama of the past, is within the reach of every matter-of-fact moralizer; but to dive into the mysteries of a year that has hardly yet dawned upon the world—to pluck the pearl from the oyster before a shell has been formed—to unravel the decrees of Destiny before she has made up her mind about them—and, in short, to tell all the news of the New Year before an event of it has happened—is to evince an ultra-rail-road, extra-steam-engine, and super-Osbaldiston sort of celerity, that will not fail, we trust, of due appreciation. Fudge and Francis Moore, physician, have had their day. We mean to have a Moore of our own; and having long had the profits on our side, we will see what is to be done in the way of prediction. Now if only one of these our predictions should come to pass, it will be sufficient to stamp our character as prophets of the first water; and place us at least a thousand miles higher on the steep of fame, than any foreteller of futurity that ever crossed a palm, or perpetrated a pamplet. The only doubt we have as to the fulfilment of these prophecies, collectively and individually, is, that the world itself may come to an untimely end before the year arrives at a natural one. With that, however, we have nothing to do—nor, indeed, with the fulfilment of our predictions at all. The business of a true prophet is simply—to prophecy; fulfilment is an after-affair. To the public, who have been promised all possible and impossible things for the last fifty years, including an exemption from taxes and a millenium, we may say with the philosophic fortune-teller of Goldsmith—"What! only a lord and a 'squire for two shillings! Why, I'll promise you a prince and a nabob for half the money."]

JANUARY.

Hail, January, hail!—Hail, rain, and snow—
As snow, rain, hail thou shalt on all below.
With thee comes Twelfth-night back. How changed the scene!
For none, save artists, now "draw King and Queen."
The nation is no more a huge twelfth-cake,
For peers to slice, and panders to partake.
"'Tis ours," the people shout, "divide it fair!"
Alas! fond fools, there's nothing left to share.

1*st.* New year begins—expected to last till the 31st of December, twelve P.M., unless previously put an end to by the cholera or a comet. Clause introduced into Mr. O'Connell's "Annual Parliament Bill," directing that the year shall terminate once a quarter, or "oftener if need be." Another clause, proposing to have septennial parliaments once a twelvemonth. Subject referred to an Irish Committee.

9*th.* Plough Monday. Hyde Park planted with potatoes, which the poor are permitted to dig up gratis. Kensington Gardens, and the squares at the west end, presented, by unanimous votes of both houses, to William Cobbett and his heirs for ever, for the growth and cultivation of Indian corn.

30*th.* King Charles's Martyrdom. All the crowned heads in Europe, some of which had long been as loose as their morals, swept off by a magic touch of the great harlequin Intellect. Their majesties, however, look quite as dignified without them, and are found to govern just as wisely—the heads having been principally used to hang their crowns upon.

FEBRUARY.

Now February comes with strife and storm,
And still it feeds the fever of reform.
To the new bill some nobles yet demur,
And then some shocking things of course occur.
Lord L. about this time will meet the loss
Of his coat-skirt in passing Charing Cross;
And the fierce mob, impetuous as a mouse,
Will break three panes of glass in Apsley House.

1*st.* Sun rises—so does the tide and the Monthly Magazine.

3*d.* Sundry atrocious and horrible outrages committed by the Reformers: a gouty gentleman, opposed to the bill, will have his toes barbarously trodden on by the mob; several hats will be demolished; two buttons torn violently from the coat of a policeman; and a little boy, just breeched, will fall into fits and the kennel at the same time.

14*th.* Meeting of the two-penny postmen of the metropolis to petition Parliament for the abolition of St. Valentine's Day.

15*th.* Sir Walter Scott publishes another "last novel," and promises a "positively last one" for every month in the year.

24*th.* Mr. Non-Alderman Scales claims the peerage, by reason of his descent from the warrior immortalized by Shakspeare—

"Lord Scales, lead on your forces towards Smithfield."

Claim admitted; nine aldermen expire of envy and apoplexy; the rest become idiots; no observable change, however, takes place in their magisterial habits.

27*th.* Unprecedented attraction at Covent Garden. Classical exhibition between the pieces of the identical hackney-coach, No. 310, hired by the Burkers—Ghost of the Italian Boy to be played by Mr. Keeley—the music, of course, by Bishop.

MARCH.

The cutting winds continue to destroy
The last low haunts of boroughmongering joy;
Hating the Whigs, the Earl of Eldon tears
His own, and runs about as mad as hares.
Now March sets marches moving, giving wings
To oats, and barley, mind, and such like things;
And London Bridge, disjointed arch by arch,
Seems onward moving in the general march.

4th. Inundation of the Thames Tunnel—Mr. St. John Long having rubbed against the brick-work.

7th. Ash Wednesday. General Fast Day. Mr. Perceval starves to death, to prove his sincerity. Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter sent to Bridewell, being detected with nineteen rolls and a ham-bone in his pocket. The bishops in danger of a similar sentence, for having fortified themselves with two dinners the day before.

12th. A "Court Guide to St. Giles's" will be published by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield; being a complete Register of Roguery in all its branches, as practised in and out of Parliament at the present day—with a list of the professors and amateurs of the art of thieving and transferring property, and secret histories of the courts in which they flourish: the whole intended to shew that there is at present a surplus pickpocket-population, and that Newgate is the real London University of Useful Knowledge.

17th. St. Patrick's Day. Mr. O'Connell accepts a seat in the Cabinet, and a peerage, by the title of Earl of Shamrock and Viscount Shilalagh.

APRIL.

Lo! April brings, as oft it blows and burns,
Umbrellas and umbrageousness by turns;
Bland as a blue, stern as a judge un-fee'd,
It shifts as often as a statesman's creed.
Angry and fierce as Mr. Alum Watts,
Yet soft as when he sings of babes in cots.
Like Sibthorpe thus it comes, defying rules,
And brings the yearly Festival of Fools.

1st. All Fool's Day. Mr. Watts publishes his Specimens of the Papspoon School of Poetry. Sir Charles Wetherell explains his explanation of the Bristol affair. Captain Sir Edward Parry sails for the North Pole. The Royal Society elects its officers, and a distinguished list of new Fellows: one of the candidates blackballed, by reason of his having new published a treatise not absolutely stupid the year before. Lord Londonderry rises to oppose the Bill after it has passed the second reading, having been asleep during the Duke of Cumberland's speech. The Patent Theatres commence their prosecution against the Minors, for the daring indecency of producing superior entertainments to their own. Mr. Irving appointed Professor of the Unknown Language in the University of Oxford; and Mr. Robert Taylor, Professor of the Vulgar Tongue, in that of Cambridge.

19th. Maundy Thursday. Mendicity Society presents a petition against the Reform Bill, on the ground that its operations will tend to fill the streets with mendicant marquises, and aristocratic cross-sweepers.

Same day, a Mendicity Society is formed, of which Mr. Hunt is appointed perpetual president—when absent, the association to be governed by his Vice.

MAY.

"Next comes fair May," not "fairest maid on ground;"
For still May-fair a tempest rises round:
Instead of flowers, the town is strewn with briars,
From Hyde Park corner down to Crutched Friars.
The people break no legislative bones;
They raise their *flags*, but do not take up stones.
The House of Lords is now Pandora's box,
But Brougham is at the bottom, firm as rocks.

1*st*. The anti-reformers perform their antics among the chimney-sweepers, cutting up their robes, ribbons, and garters for disguises. Lord Eldon undertakes the office of "Jack in the Green." No reaction takes place, though an action does, between the real Broom-ites and the anti-Brougham-ites.

An eclipse of the sun, as usual, visible in every part of the metropolis, till the summer is over.

24*th*. Bill passed to legalize the stealing of dead bodies at any hour of the day or night. The editors and reporters of the London press wait on Sir Astley Cooper in a hundred and fifty-seven hackney coaches, to make a formal bequest of their remains, when they shall have no other use for them, for anatomical purposes. Sir Astley of opinion that the law of libel ought to be amended; as the transportations for life that are likely to take place among the editorial classes, will render the donation valueless.

29*th*. The Restoration. Charles the Tenth and the Duke of Wellington exchange significant glances, and devoutly wish that Louis Philip and Lord Grey would pay a visit to Oliver Cromwell.

JUNE.

Now Sol shines bravely, and King William too;
The land looks green, but lords are looking blue;
Shrubs, flowers, lift up their heads—dukes hang theirs down;
All nature smiles, but fifty nobles frown.
The monarch-mariner now crowds all sail,
And, conquering scruples, flies before the gale;
He, proud to call himself "the nation's Will,"
And we, his jury, finding "a true Bill."

The "glorious first of June." The Reform Question carried in the House of Lords by a majority that makes every hair of the Bishops' wigs stand on end. The society called the No-New-Peer Association dissolved immediately; the king having threatened, that if the opposition continued obstinate, he would turn the beef-eaters into viscounts, or send to Deptford Dock-yard for some raw material for the peerage. The Duke of Cumberland swoons; and on opening his eyes, at the end of nine weeks, tears his moustachios in despair: all Kew in convulsions.

21*st*. Longest day. Mr. Carus Wilson pays a visit to the Swiss giantess.

26*th*. King William's accession. Grand national festival, in celebration of the advent of Alfred the Second, of the dawn of enlightenment, and of the total eclipse of tyranny and exclusiveness.

30*th*. Parliament prorogued preparatory to its final dissolution in the approaching dog-days.

JULY.

The Bill has passed; and now, debating o'er,
The morning papers may be read once more;
Reporters rush to bed—sweet sleep they get,
As if Sir Peel or Praed were speaking yet.
The "representatives" return in shoals
To those who sent them;—some are poor lost souls;
Others explain their votes, appear depressed,
And swear, of course, "they did it for the best."

4th. The Duke of Wellington expatriates himself, and retires to enjoy the delights of a grandee-ship at the Court of King Ferdinand; amusing himself with a correspondence with the great Souchong Too-strong Teapot, Premier of China—in order, if possible, to arrange the terms of a war, between that empire and any state that may feel disposed to sacrifice itself to the genius of the greatest captain on the globe.

5th. Northumberland House converted into an hospital, on the plan of St. Luke's, for the accommodation of such of the anti-reformers as happen to have any wits to lose.

16th. Several members of the Committee of the Temperance Society fined five shillings, for being found, late at night, in a state of "inebriation."

27th. Sir Robert Peel starts for the Swan River, with the intention of committing some rash action therein—having made three Waterloo-Bridge experiments without sinking beneath the surface; probably from forgetting to put one of his last speeches in his pocket, to give weight to the attempt.

AUGUST.

Now new constituents know not whom to choose;
Some they must have, and some they can't refuse.
Lambeth elects Ducrow, its first of stars;
Thompson and Fearon stand for Holborn-bars:
The Tower "Hamlets" fix on Mr. Young;
And Manchester is charmed by Cobbett's tongue;
While each proclaims his own unrivalled powers,
And vows, howe'er he votes, to speak for hours.

3d. Mr. Hunt enters Preston in triumph—and a horsepond immediately afterwards. The inhabitants of Old Sarum offer to return him, upon condition that he obtains a repeal of the disfranchising schedule—which he readily takes his oath to do. Finally returned by the Tories for one of the Universities.

Hunt's new Latin Grammar, in imitation of Cobbett's English one, is published about this time by Mr. Murray—suited, the author observes, to the measure of his own understanding, or in other words, "adapted to the meanest capacity."

15th. Admission-fee to the Zoological Society's Gardens advanced from a shilling to eighteen-pence; partly on the liberal and philosophic ground, that knowledge is cheap at any price, and partly on account of the withdrawal of the aristocracy, who are no longer in a capacity to pay their annual subscriptions. The Society proposes to send a bear and a baboon to Parliament to represent the collection.

SEPTEMBER.

For five miles round, hark! loud reports are heard;
Lo! fifty sportsmen (!) shooting at one bird.
Mantons are raised—yet old birds lose no legs,
Nor will the young ones be decoyed by Eggs.
Yet forward rush the troop—all sorts of game
In danger, save the things at which they aim;
Their only boast, when night bids labour cease,
They shot a spaniel and a groom a-piece.

1*st.* The Reformed Parliament assembles. Bill introduced to make firing at partridges on the 1st of September a capital offence, it being a species of "cruelty to animals" of the most flagitious nature; measure lost in consequence of an erroneous phrase in the bill, inasmuch as firing at, which is synonymous with "missing" partridges, cannot be called cruelty.

3*d.* Great excitement produced by the exhibitions at Bartholomew Fair. Among other attractions will be seen, a living Anti-reformer of the Londonderry species (supposed to be the last of the race), measuring five feet eleven inches from the top of the coronet to the end of the spur; capable of walking erect, though accustomed to crawl in preference; speaks much, yet says nothing; amazingly powerful, yet now perfectly harmless. Another remarkable animal from Portugal, called the Miguel (the most rabid and ravenous specimen ever introduced into this country, though we have had many of the breed), will be exhibited in an iron cage, and fed every half hour with young princesses, imported at an immense expense.

OCTOBER.

Pheasants and hares now call some people down
To country seats, while plays keep some in town!
A few—for though they've got what keepers call
"Lions," they're not such lions after all.
Does Polhill wish to fill the town with fun?
Then let the lions sup on Mr. Bunn;
The head snapped off at "full" price, and the "half"
Admitted at the end of the first calf.

7*th.* Theatrical monopolies demolished. Patent-theatre prosecutions against the minor houses, for acting rational pieces, thrown out. The "large" houses delivered over to the projectors of lion-dramas, pantomimes, Ducrowisms, Napoleontics, Stanfieldiana, phantasmagoria, and *diablerie;* and the privilege of performing the tragedies of Shakspeare, and the comedies of Congreve and Farquhar extended to all theatres where seeing and hearing are not enjoyed through the medium of opera-glasses and ear-trumpets.

21*st.* Repeal of all taxes upon knowledge. Prospectuses of fifteen morning, three-and-twenty evening, and a hundred and seventy-seven weekly newspapers, issued immediately; three of them actually appear, and survive for nearly a fortnight.

25*th.* Colonel Sibthorpe utters some sensible observation, which excites a great deal of astonishment.

NOVEMBER.

Stern winter now the widowed year espouses,
And yellow fogs his icy chariot rouses.
All classes now their joys with death are crowning;
Those who can swim prefer attempts at drowning;
While some, completely penniless, grow placid,
By having asked the price of prussic acid.
The Guildhall guests as usual cram and clack,
And mourning coaches wait to take them back.

5th. The National Guy Fawkes Committee make their report, that the Guys of Great Britain are not now properly represented in Parliament—Sir Charles Wetherell having vacated his seat for Boroughbridge, or in other words, his seat having become too rotten to hold him. The committee, after considerable difficulty in selecting, where so many unobjectionable claims were preferred, come to a decision in favour of Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. Horace Twiss; at the same time requesting Lord Ellenborough to protect and preside over their interests in the Upper House.

9th. The Lord Mayor's "Annual," published at Guildhall, with numerous plates and cuts; the mottoes are, first, "one swallow makes not a summer—though it does a citizen;" and, secondly, a reversed reading of Wordsworth's line, "there were forty feeding like one," thus rendering it, "there was one feeding like forty." A copious Obituary concludes the work.

DECEMBER.

The many-coloured year has reached its close,
And England hopes that with it ends her woes;
She proves to Scotia, Erin, Wales, a mother—
And King and people understand each other.
The bishops' "sees" are dwindled into rivers;
And lords, though wanting hearts, prove better livers.
While all the peasantry, from York to Cork,
Now eat their bacon with a silver fork.

Among other things there will be a new moon this month, high-water at London-bridge every day in the week, and a holiday on Christmas-day at all the public offices.

6th. Ladies are once more observed in the boxes of the Adelphi; Mr. John Reeve having transferred his indecencies to another establishment.

10th. The Garrick Club gains two more members, making a grand total of seventeen. A committee of six appointed to persuade the rest to pay their subscriptions.

16th. Parry's Narrative of the Discovery of the long-sought passage to the North Pole, published; the Thames Tunnel completed the same day.

20th. The Quarterly Review publishes a second edition of a curious paper, which proves, in the clearest manner, that "Junius" was not Judge Jefferies.

27th. A communication established between the earth and the moon, through the medium of a steam-rail-road-balloon, invented by the Royal Society. Mr. Irving consents to act as interpreter between the two planets.

31st. 12 p. m. The year 1832 dies; leaving all mankind happier and wiser than it found them. This, our last prediction—whether verified or not—is at least offered in cheerful faith, and true sincerity.

THE "NEW BILL."

"NOLUMUS leges Angliæ mutari" is a popular maxim with a certain class; but if understood as a general objection to all change, it is also a very absurd one. It must sound more especially so to Englishmen—the history of whose country has been a continued series of changes—whose constitution has been framed and fortified by repeated alterations—whose greatest political blessing, indeed, is the yearly revision and alteration of its laws. How long has the English constitution been set above change and revision? Without dwelling on the Catholic emancipation, and the abolition of the Test and Corporation acts in the last reign, we may instance the Grenville act passed in 1770, and afterwards improved by Lord Grenville, which marked out afresh the limits of elective franchise. The Bill to change triennial to septennial parliaments passed in 1717, will be likewise admitted to be an important alteration. The plan for severing the bond between the monarch and the Upper House, by depriving the King of the privilege of creation, which passed the peers in the reign of George I., but was rejected by the Commons notwithstanding the wishes of the king, shews that the principle of change was not questioned. It is also an undeniable fact, that the very character of the constitution has a tendency to change, unless periodically regulated: revision is requisite to maintain the stability of its general principles. Some of its most important features have been insensibly moulded by circumstances, and not by statute; hence the present necessity of actual revision.

There is an objection of serious weight, in the opinion of anti-reformers, against Lord John Russell's motion, which is daily and nightly urged with proportionate vehemence in both houses of parliament, by the opponents of the Bill, namely, that during the present excitement it is not a fit time to weigh a matter of such importance with the calmness it demands. Sir R. Peel, in the debate of Monday Dec. 12, and in a very sophistical speech, if such clumsily conceived fallacies deserve such a title, advances this objection. After complimenting the government on their "deliberate conviction," he talks of "the hands of the operators trembling with the fever of unnatural excitement." The noble Lord (Russell), he continued, "has spoken of a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the question, as involving the welfare of all the interests in the state. But his argument was of a singular character—for it appeared that as extravagant demands grow with the agitation of the question, the only wise course was to grant those wild demands, and to agitate on." "Wild and extravagant demands," &c. are fine words, though not equally conclusive.—There is an opposite, though homely saying, relative to such imposing expressions, which the reader's imagination may probably suggest to him. It is worth a folio of argument—sophism and ambiguity are the characteristics of this orator; we will not therefore waste our time in discussing truisms with regard to him—but may merely remark, that ambiguity of principle is worse even than ambiguity of language. But what after all is the weight of the argument against legislating now? When have the most important changes in our constitution been made, but at the time when imperiously called for, and when the interest about them was at its maximum? What was the state of the country when Magna Charta was drawn up? What was the state of the country when the Bill of Rights passed? The Bill

can never be brought forward without exciting the deepest interest in the country; and we trust the period never will arrive, when the people of England shall be so callous and careless of their constitution, as not to manifest the greatest anxiety in its changes. The agitation of the popular mind is not in England what it would be in other states: it is not the symptom of a profound and general discontent, and the forerunner of violent commotions. It animates all parts of the state, and is to be considered only as the beneficial vicissitude of the seasons. The governing power being dependant on the nation, is often thwarted; but so long as it continues to deserve the affection of the people, it can never be endangered.* Others again object to the "Bill" merely because it is a "concession to the people's demands," and fancy that if they grant reform, more will be demanded afterwards. *L'appetit vient en mangeant* seems the motto of the alarmists; but if the appetite, when acquired, is not to be satiated by a moderate meal, surely a fast cannot decrease it. This however has always been the unmeaning cry against all changes; and it is curious, that a similar cry was raised against the septennial parliaments when first established in 1717, viz. that they would encroach still farther.† We have not however in the present session heard the blustering and hectoring tirades against concession to the demands of the people—as if an act of justice was a proof of cowardice. It is a singular theory, that people must not have reform, because, convinced of its necessity, they ask for it. There is no doubt, however, that timely concession to the demands of a nation, is often the preventive of serious commotions; thus Charles I., by conceding the Petition of Right, maintained his seat on the throne eleven years, and had he not given his subjects fresh provocation, would doubtless have retained it, and spared the country the horror of convulsion.

Having thus glanced at the preliminary objections, we may now proceed to examine the provisions of the Bill. "The two great pillars of the Bill," to use Lord John Russell's words, "are the disfranchisement clause of schedule A, and the 10*l.* qualification clause." The number of boroughs in schedule A is 56, as before, but some change has been made in the places. Schedule C now comprehends 22 members, instead of 12; and schedule D, of the towns which are now to return two members, instead of one, contains 11 towns. The number of members remains the same as at present.

The disfranchisement called forth from Sir R. Inglis, on Saturday night, some of his usual lamentations on the "wrongs of the freemen." Supposing they have had the right from the first period of legal memory, to the reign of Richard I., and that in consequence, they can claim their suffrage as a common-law right, they forget that the power of issuing or withholding writs for elections, was vested in the monarch‡, till the time of Charles II., 1676, when the last instance of the exercise of that power occurred in granting Newark the right of two representatives. Public opinion has prevented even the mention of such another stretch

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* De Lolme on the Constitution.

† Parl. Hist. 7. 292.

‡ In the 23rd of dEward I. there were 74 knights and nearly 260 deputies, but the number varied. Henry VIII. added 33; Edward VI. created 14 boroughs, and restored 10; Mary added 21 members, Elizabeth, 60, and James, 27. Many towns resigned the right, on account of having to support their members.

of authority in the king; but though the power has passed from his hands, it has not passed from the constitution, and a temporary discontinuance does not imply a cession of the right. Never was there a more forcible example of the fatal effects of small bodies of electors, than under the Roman republic. The citizens, during a considerable period, gave their votes by centuries, and so great influence did the patricians obtain over these minute bodies, that the Roman elections never escaped from their yoke. The change in the Swedish government may be traced to a similar agency; the Swedes had formerly great political privileges, and deputed persons to represent them, but the nobles obtained an ascendancy in their power, and all the form of a liberal government vanished.

The argument of Lord Mahon, (see speech on the second reading,) against the destruction of nomination boroughs, is somewhat singular. "It is very easy to say where the nomination begins, but who shall say where it ends? Nomination began with Old Sarum and Gatton, but where did it end? The city of Chester had known the influence of nomination. Was there no county in which nomination existed?" This only renders the measure the more necessary; and besides, we might whisper in Lord Mahon's ear, that, if the extent and facility of bribery and nomination are so great as to influence cities and counties, the disfranchisement of a few boroughs will not seriously affect the nominators.

The transfer of the franchise to larger boroughs, is consonant both with ancient custom* and the principle of the statute, *de tallagio non concedendo.* The anti-reformers still complain that the transfer of the franchise to boroughs, where the aristocracy have no influence, gives a fatal preponderance to the commercial interest, and that the landed interest is not competently represented. We must beg leave to remind them of their position, that the boroughs without representatives, were virtually represented by the other members—such as those for nomination boroughs, and certainly, in the present case, the members for large towns newly enfranchised, will prove as good protectors of the landed interest as the nomination members were before of the commercial interests. The landed interest also, it should be remembered, is much involved in the commercial interest, and has in a great measure kept pace with it. "The greatest and most important branch of the commerce of every nation," says Adam Smith, "is that which is carried on between the inhabitants of the town and those of the country. Whatever tends to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the land, and thereby still further discourages agriculture." Again, the nomination system, though at present favourable to the aristocracy, will not necessarily remain so; but boroughs will naturally fall, with other property, into the hands of commercial men. The system has evidently had that tendency ever since its open commencement in the elections of 1747 and 1754, and the time may come when these boroughs may pass into the power of persons much less favourable than the middle commercial interest to them. It is a new principle, and its effect has not yet been experienced fully.

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* Vide Hallam's Constitutional Hist. vol. 3.

The other qualification is stated as follows. Every person occupying a house of the value of 10*l.* a year shall possess a vote provided he be rated for poors' rates, and every person occupying such house can demand to be rated. The elective franchise acquired by birth or servitude, under the present system, is to remain untouched, excepting as regard out-voters living at the distance of more than seven miles from the borough. We know that the class of present freemen in the generality of boroughs will not be degraded by the admission of the 10*l.* householders, and consequently that the principle of their election will be equally sound. The qualification for the county does not destroy the rights of the present 40*s.* freeholders, but enacts that no person shall be entitled to vote in respect of any freehold lands or tenements whereof he may be seised for his own life or other lives, unless the same shall be worth 10*l.* a year above all rents and charges. Every lessee for the period of 60 years of tenement worth 10*l.* a year beside rent, &c., or for 20 years of 50*l.* value, is qualified to vote for knights of the shire. The object of the change in the qualification for counties is obvious.

The test of the importance of the borough is now, the number of houses coupled with the rent at which they rated for assessed taxes for the year ending April before last.

Such is the bill which the enemies of reform aver, will render the government democratical. Let us admit the utmost that the most unbending anti-reformists can require, that the people by the proposed bill be enabled, if they please, to return a democratical House of Commons. We deny that even this would bear out their opposition. Experience shews us (not to mention the qualification requisite for representatives), that public opinion in all countries has never been arranged against the property and talent of a nation but in extreme cases. In proof of this, we might instance examples of all ages and all countries; but we content ourselves with looking at home, and we find that even in the most unbiassed elections, competent wealth or talent have always marked out the successful candidate. Still we do not deny that in an extreme case of oppression, the people could and would assert their right. And who can deny but that they have the power, and very justly so;—it is a reserve force requisite to preserve the constitution when all other means have failed. There are many reserved powers of the constitution which are discretionary; but must not be called into action except in extreme cases: we allude to the King's power of creation of peers, and general pardon of criminals; which would be subversive of all order, were it exerted to the full extent,—the prerogative of both houses to put the veto on any measure, is one that would be exceedingly pernicious if wantonly exerted. In fact, no power can be entrusted, whether executive or legislative, without making it discretionary, and all discretionary power may be liable to abuses in extreme, but generally inprobable cases.

Lord Porchester took the lead in opposition to the second reading on Friday, Dec. 16, and prefaced his amendment (that the bill should be read this day six months,) with a tissue of inconsistencies alike worthy of the orator and his subject. According to Lord Porchester, the principle of the bill is, the total sacrifice of the landed interest to the "democratical;" but he shrewdly intimates that it is probable that it may prove a failure,—that so diabolical an end may not be answered, or in other words, that the bill may not prove what he actually affirms it

to be. In spite of Lord Porchester's opinion, that "it is impossible for the middling classes, while in pursuance of their daily avocation, to investigate the political scheme of government, which must be doubtful even to the wisest," we much doubt whether the generality of "unkempt" artisans of the unions would argue so incorrectly.

Sir E. Sugden delivered himself of a long incongruous series of complaints against the measure, and wound it up by lamenting that a dissolution of the present parliament must be one of the consequences of passing the Bill. Sir Edward speaks feelingly, and seems to have taken the example of ladies who tell their minds in the postscript of their letters; we may easily infer the main cause of his opposition.

Lord Mahon compared the English Constitution, after the proposed improvement, to that of Poland. In the reports, he is made to say the constitution of 1765. This we conceive to be a mistake; for at that time the population was many times more than that stated by Lord Mahon. This error, however, is not greater than his view of the Polish constitution, and we should recommend Lord Mahon to read Polish history a little more carefully before he next holds forth, for the edification of the Commons. We suppose the noble Lord was thinking of the constitution of 1791; but, if such be the case, he is equally misinformed. The number of electors was very different from 100,000; and the change, so far from entrusting the elective franchise to one class, threw it open to other classes for the first time. Lord Mahon talks of the working of the Polish constitution; but we can tell his Lordship that the constitution was not allowed time to work; and so far was the subsequent partition a consequence of it, that the enemy were on their march before it was completely framed. So much for Lord Mahon: and if such be a specimen of the arguments with which he treats the Commons, we think he need not feel proud of sitting in that assembly, or at any rate that assembly has no great reason to be proud of him.

Mr. Croker says, "none of the obnoxious clauses" of the last Bill have been abandoned, and immediately afterwards boasts that "nearly every one of the amendments, upon which the opposition had divided, were now adopted in the Bill." We leave those who so *loudly cheered* the remark, about opening the gates of the citadel, to find out its point. Mr. C. then turns (and his speech contains a good many such turnings) to the Ministry, and taunts them with not being able to protect their dignity, and *prevent* the burnings at Bristol. Mr. C. then proceeds, after a few equally sensible remarks, to impute all the late disturbances to the Bill; and inquires, if it has caused such trouble before passing, what will it do when it has? Sapient legislator; "a Daniel come to judgment." Supposing a man with a sharpened hunger sits down to a piece of roast beef, what a voracious appetite (vide Croker!) must he have by the time he has finished it! It is like founding an argument against the Christian creed, on the troubles caused by its propagation. Our opinion of Mr. Croker is very different from that of his fulsome reviewer in the Quarterly. Lord Althorpe might well express his doubt as to the subject of his speech.

Colonel Sibthorpe said he gave a proof of his own integrity by voting against the Bill; and added, that if schedule A passed, schedule B might as well be cut up; but as he did not condescend to assign his reason, we cannot tell our readers why.

Mr. Baring Wall referred, in imitation of Croker, to the revolution in Charles the First's time; and Sir C. Wetherell, as usual, treated the House with a few of his oldest jokes. Sir R. Peel defended his conduct on the Catholic question, for the hundredth time, we believe, and again served up the old objection, that the people would not be satisfied, but would require further concession. But in spite of Sir R. Peel, Mr. Croker, &c., the Bill has passed with a majority of 162!

Even had we inclination to descant on the probable changes in committee, we have not space; nor, for the same reason, can we speculate as to its reception in the Lords. Creation of peers for a political object should only be resorted to in an extreme case, under which circumstances we have a precedent in the history of 1783. In conclusion, we will quote the words of an eminent French political writer, for their Lordships' admonition:—"Il est necessaire assurement que la volonté du Roi et le voeu du peuple, quand ils s'accordent ne soient pas desoliers: et lorsqu'une chose necessaire ne peut s'operer par la constitution, elle s'opere *malgré la constitution!*"*

BREVITIES.

Fortunate are they who can tranquilly walk the mazes of life, as the elephant those of the forest—too gentle to do injury, and too powerful to fear it.

The extravagant praises of a private circle often operate to a man's prejudice, not only by making him ridiculous, but more seriously by leading him into capital mistakes of conduct which lead to disappointment, distress, and ruin. If we do any thing decidedly excellent, we shall be pretty sure to hear of it from the public; and it is both dangerous and puerile to rely on any reputation which has not received the stamp of that impartial tribunal.

A long speech is no more objectionable than a large plum-pudding, provided the sense in one case, and the plums in the other, be in proper proportion. Overseers and orators, however, alike generally condemn their victims to a very digestible quantity of fruit.

Liking is often given in inverse proportion to the worth of its object; amiability is often obtained by the want or the sacrifice of higher qualities. Ardent emotions, however generous, will not always make a man so popular as a calm, elegant selfishness—a smiling acquiescence in every crime or folly, public or private, that falls under his observation.

Wherever there are large gettings there should be liberal expenditure, both in charity and minor matters. Such conduct is by no means inconsistent with prudence; but prudence is a relative term, and should no more be noticeable in the conduct of a prosperous man, than prudery in the demeanour of a virtuous woman. It moves one's spleen to hear it said of a thriving hunks—young or old—"Aye, he does quite right to look out for a rainy day." Yes—and Fortune does quite right when she takes such worthies (as she often does) by the head and shoulders, and shoves them into the thick of the shower. In spite of all the sophistry that has been expended in defence of close-fistedness, the common feeling is correct—that a miser is both a rogue and a fool.

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* Reflexions sur les Constitutions, par B. De Constant.—p. 20.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

OUR last Number contained a brief memoir of the distinguished individual whose portrait is here presented; distinguished, in many senses, by genius and by worth. Mr. Roscoe was one of the few who, by the intuitive impulse of the "inspiration that works within," step at once out of the ranks of life, and take their station in the front. Unaided by friends or education, he carved out his own fortune, and became philosopher, poet, and historian. It was his rare and happy destiny to acquire and retain, during a long life, the good-will of all who knew him. It has been said of him, "he was everywhere, at home and abroad, loved and admired; and he died, as he lived, without an enemy."

In a beautiful volume of prints, which has just made its appearance, we find "a view of the house in which Mr. Roscoe was born." The view, which is as pretty and picturesque a representation of "an English farm-house roof" as can be imagined, comes recommended to us by a poetical illustration, by L. E. L. It opens by dwelling upon the train of thought to which similar humble habitations give rise, and terminates with a ramble over the fairy scenes of Italy—identified as they are with Mr. Roscoe's name:—

> "Yet here the mind's-eye pictures other scenes;
> A fair Italian city in a vale,
> The sanctuary of summer, where the air
> Grows sweet in passing over myrtle groves;
> Glides the blue Arno, in whose tide are glassed
> Armed palaces with marble battlements.
> Forth ride a band of princely chivalry,
> And at their head a gallant chieftain—he
> Lorenzo, the magnificent.
> Within this house was thy historian born,
> Florence, thou pictured city; and his name
> Calls up thy rich romance of history;
> And this calm English dwelling fills the mind
> With memories of Medici."

To this we subjoin a Sonnet from a correspondent:—

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM ROSCOE.

> Noble among the best! and of the few
> On whom bright Truth smiles gracious at their birth
> One of the chief—thy nobleness and worth
> Were clear as summer skies—thy thoughts as dew
> From which the morning in its freshness springs.
> Good man and great! the spirit of earlier days
> Lived in thy heart, and in thy eloquent lays
> Spoke of all moving and all glorious things.
> Humanity and Freedom gave thee themes,
> Unclasping for thy use their golden tomes;
> And ever, in thy vows and waking dreams,
> They made upon the bettered earth their homes.
> Farewell! farewell! *thy* epitaph may be,
> That England hath no worthier son than thee!

WILLIAM ROSCOE ESQ.R

[illegible]

Our late [illegible] of a life of [illegible] individual whose [illegible] by genius and by [illegible] Mr. Roscoe was [illegible] by the interest or [illegible] of the "inspiration that [illegible] one of those rare spirits of the world at [illegible] and take their station [illegible] Untrained by [illegible] of education, he carved out his [illegible] became philosopher, poet, and historian. It was [illegible] to acquire and retain, during a long life, the [illegible] of all who knew him. It has been said of him, "he was every where [illegible] and [illegible] loved and admired; and he died as he lived, [illegible] country."

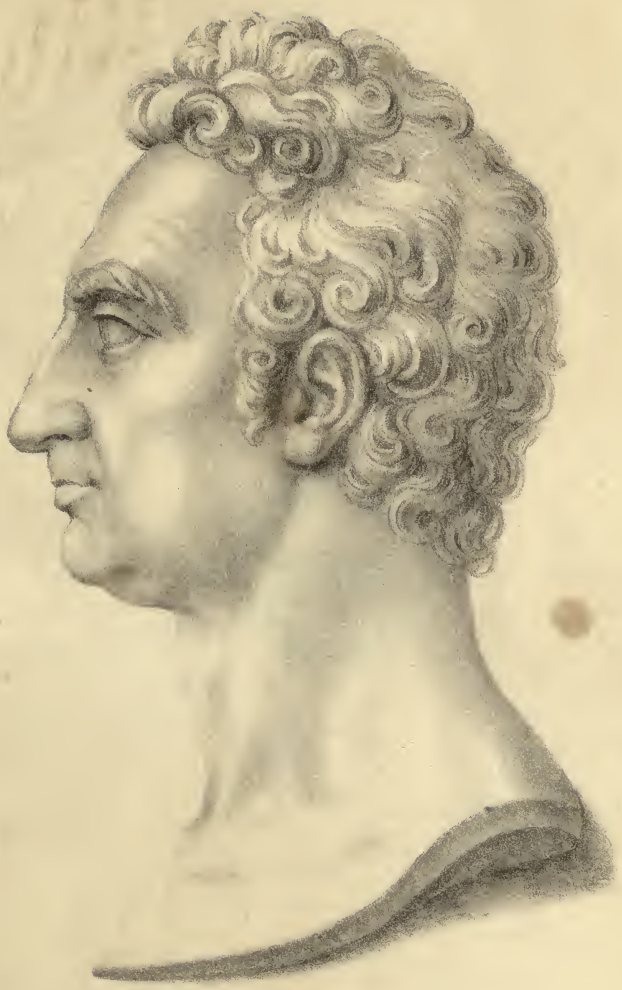
In a beautiful volume of [illegible] just made its appearance, we find "a view of the house [illegible] Mr. Roscoe was born." The view, which is as pretty [illegible] a representation of "the high tiled farm house roof" as can be [illegible], comes recommended to us by a poetical illustration, by L. E. L., [illegible] by dwelling upon the train of thought to which simple [illegible] habitations give rise, and terminates with a ramble over the [illegible] of Italy—identified as they are with Mr. Roscoe's name:—

"Yet [illegible] child's eye observes other scenes;
A fair [illegible] lady in a [illegible],
The [illegible] of summer, where the air
Grows [illegible] in passing over myrtle groves;
Glides the [illegible] Arno, in whose tide are gliding
Armed [illegible] with marble battlements,
Portraying a band of princely citizens,
And at [illegible] head a palace chief—he
Lorenzo, the [illegible]
Whilst [illegible]
Florence, [illegible]
Calls [illegible]
And the [illegible]
With [illegible]

We subjoin a [illegible] from a [illegible]

[illegible]

Noble among the [illegible] and of the few
On whom [illegible]
One of the [illegible]
[illegible] clear as [illegible]—the [illegible]
[illegible] which the [illegible]
[illegible] and great! the spirit of [illegible]
[illegible] in thy heart, and in thy eloquence
[illegible] of all moving and all glorious things.
[illegible] and Freedom, gave thee themes,
[illegible] for thy use their golden tomes,
[illegible] thy vows and waking dreams.
[illegible] the beloved earth their [illegible]
[illegible]! thy epitaph may be,
[illegible] than thee."



WILLIAM ROSCOE ESQ^R.

Drawn by M. Haughton from a Medallion by J. Gibson.

Printed by C. Hullmandel.

BRITISH MUSEUM
NATURAL HISTORY

DR. FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

L'etât c'est moi.—Napoleon.

It has been well remarked by a philosophical historian of our own island, that our estimate of personal merit is relative to the common faculties of mankind. The aspiring efforts of genius and virtue, either in active or speculative life, are measured not so much by their real elevation, as by the height to which they ascend above the level of their age and country.

Of the various distinguished characters whom the South American revolution has dragged forth from the bosom of obscurity, to enact a splendid part in the great drama of their country's independence, none so appositely illustrates the profound observation of Gibbon as the subject of this paper—Dr. Jose Gaspard Rodriguez de Francia, the present ruler of Paraguay.

While the attention of the European world has been fixed with concentrated gaze on the splendid deeds of a Bolivar—on the melancholy fate of an Iturbide—or, more recently, on the contemptible career of a Pedro—it has remained in singular ignorance of the history of this extraordinary man. The faint glimmerings of light that have, from time to time, broken through the impenetrable veil of more than Chinese policy with which he has enshrouded his empire, have been treated as the amplifications of travellers, or the wild fictions of romance. The scepticism of Europe, however, ought not to excite surprise, when we consider that, in South America itself—in those countries even situated on the very threshold of his dominions—the most contradictory and conflicting notions are entertained relative to this mysterious personage. By some he is looked upon as a philosopher, who, anxious to guard his fellow countrymen from the miseries of revolution, and to introduce civilization among them, had resolved on this system of isolation as the only effectual means of preserving them from the civil war to which all the neighbouring states have been successively a prey:—others, again, regarded him as an usurper, whose object was to aggrandize himself by the ruin of his country:—a third party, remembering the revival of the order of Loyola in Europe—the name of which is so intimately connected with that of Paraguay—thought that they discovered in Francia an agent of the Jesuits;—while the enemies of South American independence were pleased at the prospect of finding in the dictator a supporter of the fallen power, and a vindicator of its disasters. At one time he was holding the government in the name of the queen-dowager of Portugal; and, at another, negotiating with Don Pedro, with a view to the coalition of Paraguay with Brazils. In fact, the days of Prester John and the Old Man of the Mountain were revived again in South America.

Amid this host of fabulous and contradictory reports, the work of MM. Reugger and Lonchamp appeared. They are the first Europeans who have revealed the secrets of this mysterious country, described the actual condition of this new China, and lifted the veil that has so long enshrouded the modern Dionysius. Confined for several years within the lair of the dictator, they had ample opportunities of studying the

character and habits of an animal, of more interest than any that the natural history of Paraguay presented; and the best security that can be offered of the truth and fidelity of the colouring of the picture, is simply the statement, that it might have cost them their heads to have suffered themselves to be deceived as to the character of Dr. Francia. "It is thus," says M. Reugger, "that self-preservation obliges one who traverses the wilds of vast continents to study, even though they be not naturalists, the habits of the tiger and the jaguar."

The history of the revolution of Paraguay is so intimately identified with this extraordinary man, that it will be necessary, in order to fully understand it, to briefly advert to his previous life and character.—Francia was born in the year 1763; his father was a Frenchman, who, after residing several years at Lisbon, finally emigrated to Paraguay, where he married a creole lady, by whom he had several children. The only professions open to the native youth of South America, previous to the revolution, were the church and the law. Francia was destined by his father for the former; and he accordingly received the first rudiments of education at a monkish seminary at Assumption. He subsequently repaired to the university of Cordova de Tucuman, the Salamanca of the New World, where he studied with considerable success, and was admitted a doctor of theology; but his application to the canon law having given him a taste for jurisprudence, he resolved not to take the tonsure, and became an advocate.

On his return to his own country from the university, he entered with ardour on his profession, and distinguished himself by an extraordinary combination of moral courage and integrity. Never did he sully his function by undertaking an unjust cause. He readily defended the weak against the strong—the poor against the rich. He exacted large fees from those only who could pay, and especially from those who were disposed to litigation; but he was extremely disinterested in dealing with those clients who were either in humble circumstances, or were reluctantly forced into the courts by the injustice of others. His patrimony was moderate, and he was not ambitious of increasing it. The half of a town-house, and a small estancia in the country, constituted his whole fortune; and so singular was his temper, that finding himself possessed of 800 dollars—a sum too great, in his opinion, for a single individual—he immediately proceeded to the gaming-table, and at one throw lost the whole.

Unsocial in his disposition, passionately fond of study, and a professed libertine, he was never known to yield to either the soft emotions of love, or the more chastened pleasures of friendship. Surrounded by ignorance, destitute of literary resources, his knowledge of the world was of the most circumscribed order. He had, farther, the misfortune to be subject to fits of hypochondria—an hereditary disease in his family; for his father was a man remarkable for his eccentricities—his brother and sister, lunatics. Francia became successively member of the Cabildo, and an Alcalde. In this capacity he displayed the same fearless integrity that had distinguished him as an advocate. Devoted to one object—the protection of his native country from the tyrannical pretensions of Spain—his conduct won him the attachment and esteem of all classes of his countrymen.

In the year 1811 the people of Paraguay, impelled by the example of the neighbouring states, and by the remembrance of former wrongs,

declared their political independence. A congress was immediately assembled, who deposed the Spanish governor, erecting in his stead a junta, composed of a president, two assessors, and a secretary with a deliberative voice: De Jose Gaspard Rodriguez de Francia was appointed to the latter office. This appointment was the stepping-stone to his future greatness; and he, in a very short time, became the soul of the new government. Even at this early period of his career, he appears to have conceived his great plan of isolation, which he has since so effectually accomplished; for he not only broke off all communications with the Argentine Republic, but he refused to furnish a single soldier to the armies struggling against the tyranny of Spain, or to send a deputy to any of the congresses assembled, at different intervals of time, during the revolutionary contest. The character of his colleagues were, it must be confessed, admirably calculated to facilitate his ambitious projects. Men, the maximum of whose acquirements consisted in breaking in a wild horse, or in throwing the *lasso*, gave themselves up totally to pleasure and dissipation, while the whole country had become a theatre of misrule, insubordination, and violence. Francia essayed in vain to stem this torrent. On several occasions he feigned to despair of the state, and retired to his country seat; but so necessary was his presence to the march of the government, that his colleagues made every concession to induce him to return to the capital.

The necessity of an immediate change in the government was now felt by all parties. The junta was dissolved, and a new congress assembled: yet such was the ignorance of the leaders of the revolutionary movements, that not one among them had the most distant idea of the machinery of a republic. In this dilemma, they resolved to consult Rollin's Ancient History—the first good book that had, perhaps, been received in the country; and, becoming suddenly enamoured of a consular government, they abolished the senate, and substituted, for one year only, two consuls—Don Fulgencio Yegros, the ex-president, and Dr. Francia. Accustomed to the despotic sway of a captain-general, whose will was law, the Paraguayans, in their simplicity, took no pains either to define the power of the consuls, or to limit their authority. At the instalment of the two consuls, a circumstance occured which announced plainly enough the aspiring views of Francia.

Two curule chairs were prepared, bearing the names of Cæsar and Pompey. Francia, without hesitation, took possession of the former, leaving the other to his colleague, who, in the distribution of the power, was no better treated than his historical prototype. Francia was not a man who could brook to divide his power with any one, much less with an individual whom he despised, and whose party he suspected. His ambition soon betrayed itself; for, in 1812, the congress assembled to renew the government. In order to get rid of his adversary, he induced the assembly to confide, in imitation of the neighbouring states, the direction of the republic to a single magistrate; and he proposed, as an only alternative to save the country from the dangers which menaced it, to follow the example of the Romans, and create a dictator.

Observing, on the first two days, when the congress had assembled for this purpose, that a majority of the votes were for Don Fulgencio Yegros, he had the address to suspend the ballot. At last, on the third day, the deputies understood the motive for having adjourned the election; and tired of living at great expence in the capital, and weary of

attending a congress in which they felt very little interest, and, more especially, alarmed by the presence of a strong body of troops devoted to Francia, he was appointed dictator for three years, by an immense majority of the votes; while, at the moment, there was probably not twenty individuals in all Paraguay who understood the precise nature of the title of dictator, assigning no other meaning to it but that of governor.

The congress assigned to Francia the title of "Excellency," with an allowance of 9,000 dollars; of which sum he consented to receive only a third, observing, that the state stood more in need of money than he did—an example of moderation worthy of imitation, and one from which he has never since departed.

His elevation to the head of affairs wrought a complete revolution in his own life. Women and play were for ever abandoned; and his moral conduct was marked by more than monkish austerity. The morning was devoted to business—the evening to reading, especially such French authors as he was able to procure, having studied that language a short time previous to the revolution. Belles-lettres, history, geography, and mathematics, were particularly the objects of his application. The medical science being but little understood in Paraguay, he read Buchan and Tissot, and made an experiment of their prescriptions upon his own person. But it was to the military science that his attention was principally directed, fully sensible that upon the effective organization of his army depended the existence of his country and the duration of his authority. His first care was, therefore, to officer it by creatures of his own, and to enforce the most rigid discipline; and, as he felt his power increased in strength, changes were gradually brought about both in the civil and ecclesiastical administrations. The three years of his dictatorship were on the eve of expiring, and a new congress was assembled in 1817, in which he so effectually intrigued that they finally chose him dictator for life. Having now attained the summit of his ambition, Francia boldly threw off the mask, and signalized the commencement of his career by acts of the most atrocious despotism. Whenever he rode out, he was attended by a strong escort of cavalry, to whom were given orders to cut down all those who should appear in the streets through which he passed. The most trivial offences were visited by imprisonment and fetters. Two Spanish friars were treated very unceremoniously: the dictator threw them into a dungeon, having first ordered them to be dressed in yellow jackets, and their heads shaved, "to prepare them," as he said, "for their crown of glory."

Another Spaniard, Don Jose Caussimo, was treated in a manner still more cruel. The chains which he wore absolutely lacerated his flesh; and when Francia was informed of the circumstance, he replied, "If he wants other chains, he must get them himself;" and, in fact, the wife of the unfortunate prisoner had the sad office to perform of procuring other irons, with which her husband was to be manacled.

It was at this period that our Swiss travellers reached Assumption; and the particulars of their first audience with the dictator are extremely interesting.—"He is a man," says Reugger, "with regular features, and those fine dark eyes which so eminently characterize the creoles of South America. The expression of his countenance was singular, combining shrewdness with distrust. He was dressed in the embroidered uniform of a Spanish general officer, and, although in the sixty-second

year of his age, did not appear to be more than fifty. He addressed me at first with studious hauteur; but finding me unembarrassed, he soon changed his tone. On opening my portfolio to take out some papers which I had to present to him, he perceived a portrait of Buonaparte, which I, knowing his admiration of the original, had designedly placed there. He took it up, and examined it with great interest on my telling him whose likeness it was. He then entered into a familiar conversation on the political state of Europe, and surprised me with the extent of his information. He demanded the news from Spain, for which country he professed the most profound contempt. The constitutional charter of Louis the Eighteenth was not to his taste: he admired much more the military government and conquests of Napoleon, whose downfall he deplored; and, in speaking of his reign, I remarked he loved to dwell on those passages which were in some degree analogous to his own situation. He reproached us Swiss with the melancholy campaign of 1815, comparing it to the kick bestowed upon the dying lion in the fable. But the principal topic of his conversation turned upon the monks. He accused them of pride, depravity, and intrigue, bitterly inveighing against the tendency which the clergy in general evinced to throw off the authority of government. 'If the sovereign pontiff,' said he, 'were to come to Paraguay, I would make him only my almoner.' Foreseeing for Europe the return of fanaticism and superstition, he insisted on the necessity of crushing the monastic spirit in America. He declared his devotion to the cause of South American independence; and his ideas on the mode of government for the new states appeared to be just, although in opposition to our own. He shewed us his library, the only one in Paraguay: it was small, but well composed. By the side of the best Spanish writers we found the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, and La Place. He had also some mathematical instruments, globes, and charts. These simple people, when they beheld the dictator employing the celestial globe, were impressed with the idea that he could read the stars. But Francia's aim has always been rather to enlighten than deceive his countrymen. On dismissing us, he addressed us as follows: 'You may do here whatever you please—profess whatever religion you like; but do not meddle with my government.'"

At this period the dictator increased the troops of the line, and placed the country in a posture of defence. The new levies were quartered in the Convent of St. Francis, a circumstance which greatly exasperated a Spaniard, who had the imprudence to say openly—"The Franciscans, it is true, are extinct, but Francia's turn will come next." This language was reported to him, and he sent for the Spaniard, and addressed him as follows:—"As to when I shall go, I am really ignorant; but this I know, that you shall precede me." And the unfortunate wretch was shot on the following day, and his property confiscated. The reign of terror had now dawned. The unfortunate Spaniards were shot under circumstances of aggravated cruelty. So great was his economy of ammunition, that only three soldiers were allowed for an execution, so that they were often obliged to dispatch their victims with their bayonets, Francia contemplating in perfect composure these bloody scenes from the windows of his residence. But amidst these scenes of horror, the dictator's attention to the welfare of his country was unremitting. Immense swarms of locusts destroyed the crops, and produced a general panic; Francia, with admirable presence

of mind, gave orders to sow a second time, and, to the astonishment of every one, the attempt was crowned with exuberant plenty.

But the darling project, the ruling passion of the mind of this singular man, was to render Paraguay independent of the rest of the world; his whole course of policy has, in fact, hinged on this point; and the absolute government produced one good result—a complete revolution in the whole system of rural economy, which had hitherto been completely neglected. The suspension of intercourse with the neighbouring countries curbed the migratory spirit of the Paraguayans, and chained their attention to agriculture. Vegetables, hitherto unknown in the country, began now to cover the plains; the manufacturing industry, from the operation of the same cause, was actively developed. The dictator had recourse to terror to call forth the latent energies of his people; he erected a gibbet, and threatened to hang up a poor shoemaker because he had blundered in making some belts; and, on another occasion, he condemned, to hard labour, a smith, for having improperly fixed the sight of a cannon.

A deep laid conspiracy against the power of the dictator, which had been secretly organized for nearly two years, was destroyed in the bud by an accidental disclosure. The effect it produced on his mind was terrible. He became difficult of access, and saw in all who sought his presence traitors and conspirators. His horse taking fright one day at an old cask, he arrested the master of the house before which it was standing. Being informed that it was the intention of the conspirators to assassinate him in the streets, which, from their narrowness and gloom, would have greatly facilitated the enterprise, he conceived the project of destroying the city, a measure which he shortly after executed. Meanwhile, the unfortunate conspirators were exposed to the unmitigated barbarity and relentless cruelty of the exasperated Francia; they were compelled to go through a strict examination, and if the questions that were put to the wretched prisoner were not satisfactorily answered, he was transferred to the place of torture, barbarously named the Chamber of Truth, where the victim was scourged till pain had elicited from him the wished-for replies; led out to the place of execution, they were shot in groups of four and five, and died with a courage worthy of a happier destiny, several of them in the agonies of death exclaiming, "Viva la patria."

"Et dulcis moriens remeniscitur Argos."

This system of despotic cruelty wrought an extraordinary change in the character of the Paraguayans. Fear, suspicion, and mistrust, gave place to their former frankness and gaiety of character; their tertulias were deserted; the guitar hung silent on the walls of their desolate dwellings; the alameda no longer resounded with lively sallies of the dark eyed daughters of the land. When once an individual fell into disgrace, his whole family was involved in his ruin. The system of terror which reigned in the capital was practised with tenfold severity in the provinces. To counteract, in some degree, the unpopular effects of the system, Francia declared, as an atonement to the feelings of the natives, a crusade against the Old Spaniards. Accordingly, in June, 1821, he gave orders that all the Spaniards resident in Assumption should assemble at the government-house within three hours. These wretched beings, to the number of 300, were then conducted to prison, where

they were confined by fifties, in rooms which had but one general door and one window for them all. The reasons alleged for this arbitrary treatment was, that they had sought to obstruct the march of the government—an accusation than which nothing could be more unfounded. They were, after an incarceration of some time, finally liberated, on condition of paying, within three days, 150,000 Spanish dollars. Francia's object was to ruin the Spanish families, who had always formed the most influential class of society. The Paraguayans, with a generosity that did them honour, forgot their national antipathies, and rendered them all the aid in their power, in defiance of the indignation of the dictator.

During the progress of the unrelenting cruelty of Francia, foreigners were the only persons to whom he extended the slightest indulgence. Of this class there were about forty persons, the major part consisting of merchants, attracted there by the prospects of commercial gain. There was, however, one among them in whose fate the whole scientific world cannot but feel deeply interested—the traveller Bonpland, the friend and companion of the celebrated Humboldt. Bonpland had formed an establishment in the ruined missions of Entre Rios, to prepare the Yerva Maté. This gave great umbrage to Francia, who, under the pretext that it was injurious to the trade of his dominions, sent a troop of soldiers, who, after massacreing a party of Indians, inflicted a sabre wound on Bonpland, plundered his property, and, without regard to his sufferings, loaded him with chains, and conducted him to Santa Maria, on the left bank of the Parana. Francia, on being apprised of the treatment he had received, ordered his irons to be removed, his property to be restored, and assigned him a residence in a place called the Cerrito, between Santa Maria and Santa Rosa. Here he resided till the moment of his release from his long captivity, devoting himself to agriculture, beloved and respected by the inhabitants of the district, to whom, from his general knowledge and medical skill, he has proved himself a benefactor. But separated as he was from all the objects of his affections, often in want of the commonest necessaries of life, unable to pursue his favourite studies, his situation was truly lamentable. The more interest that was exerted for his liberation, the more Francia rejoiced in having him in his power. Having received a letter from our consul at Buenos Ayres demanding his liberation, he merely changed the envelope of the letter and returned it, addressed, simply, to "Parish, English Consul at Buenos Ayres." Through the interference of the Ex-Emperor Don Pedro did this celebrated traveller at last obtain his liberation; and Europe looks forward with impatience to his arrival, for enlarged information on the natural history of Paraguay, and on the character and views of its singular ruler.

Francia now determined to execute a project that had been long slumbering in his mind—this was nothing less than the total destruction of the city of Assumption, with the view of rebuilding it on a more improved plan. In the accomplishment of this project the dictator presided in person, tracing with his own hand the plan of the new elevations. All the houses that stood in the way of the new streets were rased; still so many difficulties presented themselves in the way of the work, that its operation was but gradual. After a lapse of four years, the capital presented the aspect of a city that had suffered a long siege. Yet so despotic was his authority, that he experienced no difficulty in

completing the work. All classes were obliged to labour on this grand operation; and a city at last rose upon the ruins of the old one, more beautiful and salubrious than the one it had replaced, and worthy, in every respect, of becoming at some future period the capital of a mighty republic, founded by the hand of a tyrant.

Thus finding himself unopposed from any quarter, a change came over his tyrannical spirit, and a gleam of sunshine broke on the horizon of his oppressed country. The death of his favourite secretary, by suicide, sensibly affected him, and in some degree wrought a favourable change on his mind. But however softened might have become his general severity, an excess of his constitutional malady every now and then awoke new terrors. In one of his fits, he ordered the centinel on guard to shoot any one who should fix his eyes upon the house he inhabited. "If you miss," said he, in giving this ruthless order, "I shall not miss you," presenting at the astonished sentinel a loaded fire-lock. This order spread consternation through the city; and those who were obliged to pass his residence, walked with their eyes fixed on the ground.

Imagination can scarcely conceive the horrors of the prisons of Assumption at this period. In these abodes of human wretchedness were seen mingled in one undistinguished mass, Indians and mulattoes, blacks and whites—no distinction of rank, no gradation of crime was observed. The condemned and the accused, the bandit and the patriot, the debtor and the murderer, were all linked together in the same fetters. The female prisoners were separated from the others by a slight railing—and here the picture assumes, if possible, a darker shade. Young women of rank, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, were associated with the most abandoned females of the capital, exposed to the insults of the other sex, and loaded with irons as well as the men; even pregnancy brought no mitigation to the horrors of their situation. But comparatively happy was the fate of these miserable beings to that of the *state prisoners*, the especial objects of the dictator's hate. The limits of this paper do not admit of our giving a general idea of the present government of Paraguay, and of the machinery of its organization, contenting ourselves with observing, that the police, of which the system of passports forms the most marked feature, is perhaps the most perfect of its kind in the world—one from which the celebrated Fouché might have taken a lesson. We shall finish our portrait of this extraordinary man, by rapidly presenting to the reader the most striking details of his private life, accompanied by a few singular traits of feeling and character.

Francia occupies one of the largest edifices in Assumption, erected by the jesuits a short time previous to their expulsion. This structure he repaired and embellished, and detached it from the surrounding houses. Here he lives in complete solitude, with four slaves—a negro, one male and two female mulattoes—whom he treats with great mildness. The dawn of day rarely finds him on his couch. As soon as he rises the negro brings him a chafing dish, and an earthen pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence; he then prepares with his own hand the matté; after which he walks in a gallery, smoking a segar, taking the precaution to previously unrol it, lest it might contain something deleterious—a precaution he does not neglect, even though the segar should be manufactured by the hands of his own sister. At six o'clock the barber

arrives—a dirty, ragged, drunken mulatto, with whom, if the dictator is in a good humour, he loves to chat. When the operation of shaving is over, Francia, dressed in a robe de chambre, shews himself in the outer gallery that surrounds the edifice, and gives audience to the various functionaries. At seven he retires again to his cabinet, where he remains till nine. From eleven to twelve he is occupied in dictating to his secretary, at which time all the officers retire, when he sits down to a frugal dinner, which he always makes a point of ordering himself. When the cook returns from the market, she places at her master's door all she has purchased, who selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his siesta, drinks matté, and smokes; he is then engaged until four in the afternoon, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives; while the horse is saddling the barber dresses his hair; he then visits the public works. In these excursions, although surrounded by a strong escort, he is armed not only with a sabre, but also a double-barrelled pair of pistols. Returning about dusk, he employs himself in study until nine o'clock, when he takes a light supper, and, if the weather is fine, he again promenades in the outer gallery. At ten he generally gives the countersign, and, retiring, barricades with his own hand every door in the house.

During several months in the year he takes up his residence in the cavalry barracks, varying occasionally his monotonous existence with the pleasures of the chase. Arms are always placed within his reach—pistols and naked swords are seen in every corner of his apartment. When any one is admitted to an audience, he must not approach within a certain distance until motioned by him to advance. The arms must then be extended along the body, and the hands open and hanging down. None of his officers must enter his presence armed. Reugger mentions, that, in his first audience, being ignorant of this custom, he omitted carrying his arms in the prescribed form, which drew from the dictator the question, "If he intended drawing a dagger from his pocket?" On another occasion he asked him, "If through his skill in anatomy he could discover if the people of Paraguay had an extra bone in the neck, which prevented them holding their heads erect and speaking loud?" In conversation the dictator always aims at intimidation; if, however, his first attack is sustained with firmness, his manner insensibly softens, and he converses with the greatest affability. It is on these occasions that his great talents develope themselves; his mind grasps with facility every variety of topic, and displays an extent of knowledge very astonishing for one who has never moved beyond the confines of Paraguay. Above the prejudices of his countrymen, he frequently makes them a subject of pleasantry, and launches furious diatribes against the priests. "You see" said he to M. Reugger, "the tendency of these priests and their religion; it is to make mankind worship a devil instead of God." Still, at the commencement of his career, he regularly heard mass, but in the year 1820, he dismissed his chaplain, and since that year he has evinced the most marked contempt for the established religion. To a military officer, who asked him for the image of a saint to put in a newly constructed fortress, he answered—"O, people of Paraguay, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a Catholic I thought as you do; but now, I know that the best saints you can have on the frontiers are cannon balls."

When the dictator is attacked by an excess of hypochondria, he

retires for several days from public affairs, shuts himself up, or vents his ill humour on all around him. In such seasons arrests are frequent, punishments severe, and human life, in his estimation, a thing of no importance. The temperature is observed to exercise a great influence on his disposition; during the prevalence of the sirocco winds his attacks are more frequent; while, on the contrary, during a south-west wind, which is dry and bracing, Francia is in high spirits, and sings and chats in the most cheerful manner with every body around him. But none are all evil. Wayward as may be his temper, it is redeemed by some fine qualities—generous and disinterested to a fault, he is as lavish of his private purse, as careful of the public treasure. His elevation to the supreme power has in no way improved his private fortune; he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always considerably in arrear. Neither is gratitude a stranger to his bosom—having learnt that the son of a family with whom in his youth he had been on terms of intimacy at Cordova, was at that time in Assumption in great distress, he relieved his wants, and appointed him his secretary. But in the exercise of his authority he acknowledges no tie. At the period of the revolution he removed two of his nephews from their military commands, lest they should presume on their connection. Even his sister, the only being for whom he appeared to have any attachment, was removed from the management of his estancia, merely because she had employed an agent of the police to chastise a runaway slave.

Jealous to excess of his authority, seeking no confidence, winning no sympathy, isolated like the country he governs, should the fate reserved for all tyrants finally overtake him, Francia will fall as he has lived—nobly, and alone.

In contemplating the career of this wonderful man, we are struck with the power of a single mind in overcoming obstacles when inflexibly applied to the pursuit of a single object. Francia presents the singular spectacle of a man who, invested with sovereign power, lives without any of the pomp and circumstance of his elevated station, and poor, with the whole revenues of the country at his command. Struck with the anarchy of the neighbouring states, which his sagacious mind traced to its right cause—their infant political education—he sought, by isolation, to preserve his countrymen from a similar fate. With this view, in imitation of the Athenian legislator, his elements of reform were terror and violence; but then his object was to reform the morals of his people, to eradicate their besotted prejudices, to elevate them in the scale of civilized man. Let us pause ere we sweepingly condemn his character. Let us recollect that, if he has destroyed foreign commerce, he has promoted agriculture, constructed roads, rebuilt the capital, created an army, subdued the Indians, secured respect from abroad, tranquillity at home. By his tyranny he has prepared his fellow-citizens for future independence; thus making his principle of action that of his predecessors the jesuits—"*The end justifies the means.*"

OYSTER-DAY IN LONDON.

BY A NATIVE.

It is, it is, it is our *opening* day.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

Open! open!—*Shelley.*

THE anniversaries of great events are fruitful subjects for the employment of the pen. It would be curious to see a collection of all the histories, narratives, accounts, tales, anecdotes, and inventions, besides poems, odes, lyrics, stanzas, sonnets, and epigrams, which have been written in commemoration of the important victory of Waterloo. No one possessing these, would have to complain of the insignificance of his library. A poet of the last century commenced an epic on the annual opening of parliament. It is no mean subject that embraces the interests of a mighty kingdom; but a humbler theme is better suited to my capacity—the annual opening of oysters! It is in an oyster, as will be seen by my story, that my reminiscences of the year 1831 are centred. The Reform Bill affected me not—the cholera passed by me as the idle wind—the other gigantic events of the twelvemonth are diminished to dwarfs in my estimation—but the "fourth of August" is an epoch in my life.

The ancients were much more alive to the merits of this, the most valuable of the shelly tribe, than we are. The immortal Tully did not deem it unworthy of his pen. In his correspondence he speaks in the most rapturous terms of the oyster-eating at his marine villa at Baiæ, and dwells with peculiàr satisfaction on those of the Lucrine lake, which he scruples not to affirm were neither equalled, nor ever could be, by any in the world. Cicero spoke of them "like a native." Milton has left nothing but his name in favour of them—but that is much. The Italian poet, Sannazarius, has likewise employed his talents on this subject. In one of his odes, he introduces a spirited eulogium on the oysters of Cape Misenum; and, doubtless, they deserved it. He dwells in such glowing terms on their general excellence, dilates on their size, and lingers over their delicacy and flavour; in fact, his remarks are in such excellent taste, that it is quite impossible to read them aloud—one's mouth waters so.

I have often warmed with the subject myself, and have studied attentively all that has ever been written on oysters, from the days of Cicero and Heliogabalus down to those of Dr. Kitchiner and Bishop Sprat. My conclusion is, that, notwithstanding the merits of former writers, much more remains to be said. The reputation, however, likely to accrue to the historian of oysters, I fear is not reserved for me. I made the attempt; but whether—being an exceedingly nervous and timid individual—the importance of the subject confounded me, or that I was bewildered by my voluminous references, I have hardly patience to inquire; but when I courted ideas upon the subject, none would flow. I conjured the genius of my pen; it was as insensible to my call as though laid in the Red Sea. All day did I suffer from this disappointment, until, as the evening drew on, I was worked into a state of extreme nervous excitement. As I looked round my apartment in the twilight, every thing seemed distorted or changed. My pen seemed to be a bunch of sea-weed; my inkstand, an oyster-shell; my tea-tray, a tub of natives. The very atmosphere of my room appeared saline; a coppery taste was in my

mouth; and, as I cast my eyes around, I beheld certain devils, in blue mother-o'-pearl, threatening me with most malignant aspect, and all armed with oyster-knives! It was too much. I rushed from the house, loathing oysters, and every thing pertaining to them.

To a man in such a frame of mind, every shadow seems a spectre; the slightest inconvenience is magnified by his morbid senses into real misfortune; and it will not, therefore, seem surprising that the circumstances which appear so trivial to one of calmer temperament, are, to his excited imagination, as unendurable calamities. Such was the state of my mind, as I seized my hat and umbrella, and sought, in the bustle of the open street, a relief from the extraordinary oppression under which I laboured.

I had proceeded some few hundred yards, striding along, as though anxious to escape from myself, when my career was checked as suddenly, as though an apparition had stood before me. It was nothing less than an immense oyster-shell thrust in my path by a squalid urchin, who enforced the appeal by screaming, "Please to remember the grotto, sir—only once a year." Had the bottomless pit opened before me, my feelings would not have undergone a greater revulsion than at the sight of that abhorred sign. My first idea was to escape; but the intensity of my repugnance made me ashamed of myself; and snatching a halfpenny from my pocket, I threw it from me with all the vehemence of disgust; and had the satisfaction of witnessing a scramble, and a fight—in the confusion of which the grotto was entirely demolished. Had I been of a malicious turn, this would have been a prodigious comfort to me; as it was, I cannot say it was disagreeable to see that fortune, in persecuting me, had not been a whit less scurvy to my tormentors. Feeling as I then did, I could not have selected an evening more *mal-à-propos* for my perambulation. It was the 4th of August; and every street, lane, and alley was crowded with these insignia of my aversion—I may almost say, at that moment, horror. To retreat to my chamber would be to encounter solitary misery. Mustering, therefore, my stock of halfpence with all the resolution I was master of, I pursued my route, and sought to regain my equanimity by calling on a friend. I strode on, scattering halfpence and dissension in my path, and demolished more grottos, by such insidious means, than Oliver Cromwell did castles, until my coin and patience were alike exhausted. I was now like one in a state of siege, without a grain of ammunition. Fresh persecutors started from every corner. In vain I endeavoured to escape, by rapidity and length of stride; there was one pertinacious urchin, with red hair and brimless hat, who dogged me like a familiar. At every turn, he was at my heels; and whichever way I looked, there was his eternal oyster-shell. Eagerly I sought my pockets over for a copper talisman that would rid me of this pest; and fortunately I found a solitary piece of coin, snugly intrenched in one corner. Never did I bestow a trifle with such satisfaction; when, just as the dusky palm of the raggamuffin was clutching his prize, I discovered, by the silvery hue of my donation, that I had given him, not a half-penny, but a half-crown. He dived down an alley before I could recover my breath; and if an irreverend exclamation arose on my lips, I hope it will be pardoned, when I say that the description of coin was, at that moment, particularly scarce with me: in fact, it was the last specimen I possessed. My mortification is not to be "described"—so I must leave it to be "conceived."

In a moment I was surrounded by half the vagabond boys of the parish, who had witnessed this apparently princely munificence. A thousand obtruders of oyster-shells flitted like apparitions before my sight; and a yell arose on my ears, like a chorus of infernal spirits. In every key and variety that the demon of discord could invent, was shouted and shrieked the cry of, "Remember the grotto!" There was no need of such urgent appeal to remembrance. Eager to free myself, and to escape, I snatched the fur cap from the head of the foremost urchin, and hurled it vehemently into the middle of the street. Alas! by the same action I threw from me a new pair of kid gloves, which I had taken off the moment before to search for the halfpenny; and, at the same time, dropped my umbrella into the mire! The shriek of delight, sent forth from that pigmy, though demoniacal multitude, would have startled a stoic. One scampered off with my gloves; another pounced on my umbrella, which I fortunately rescued; and the rest amused themselves by hooting and shouting the most diabolical chorus that ear was ever regaled with. In a sort of phrenzy, I made my way through the crowd, and sought refuge at the first house of public entertainment that presented its invitingly open door. I threw myself into one of the boxes, in a back-room or parlour up a short flight of stairs, and covering my face with my handkerchief, endeavoured to collect my scattered senses.

Many, in reviewing this succession of miseries of the minor kind, will smile in contempt at what they may consider the absurdity of allowing trifles to discompose me to the effect I have described; but those who cannot sympathize with my feelings under such circumstances, can form no idea of the sensations of a nervous man. He can never have fancied himself a tea-pot, as I have; and, placing one arm a-kimbo for the handle, thrust the other forward as the spout. He could never have believed himself a pane of glass, and shut himself up for fear of being broken; or a big black mouse, and ordered all the feline inhabitants of the house to be destroyed, for fear of being devoured! But, as I said, it was some few minutes before I could compose myself. The shout of the urchins still rung in my ears; their oyster-shells still glittered before my eyes: but the impression was becoming fainter, when, casting my eyes from their concealment, I ventured to look around. If I had ever believed in the diabolical agency of the great enemy of mankind in individual affairs, at that moment I think my belief would have been justified. The first glance told me I had taken refuge in an oyster-shop! During my momentary aberration, the cloth had been laid; knife, fork, plate, bread and butter, were before me; and within a foot of me stood a fiend, with an oyster-knife, and a tub of natives! A fit of loathing came over me; my stomach—I might almost say my head—"turned" at the sight. Instantly, resuming my former attitude, I motioned to the person to be gone; and, by the same movement, swept the cloth, with all its accompaniments, on the floor. This burst in some degree restored me. I was like a person in a trance—aware of my situation, without the power of assisting myself. I was sensible of the apparent absurdity of my conduct, without the power of controlling my feelings. I summoned reason to my aid; and my efforts towards returning sanity were materially assisted by the recollection of certain damage to be answered for with very uncertain means. My thoughts were thus recalled into another, though not a whit more agreeable channel, until my reverie on the subject of settlement was interrupted by the entrance of one or two indivi-

duals, who began to inquire eagerly about the quality and price of the commodity of which they came in search. The appearance of one interested me. The expression of his countenance was mild and amiable, with a certain quickness and intelligence in his eye. He wore powder, and was extremely well dressed. The master of the shop attended upon him, and addressed him as an old customer, at the same time honouring him with the title of "Doctor." The doctor spoke to him in the language of patronage. He inquired into the appearance of business, the state of the market—and then entered into a dissertation on the introduction of oysters, as an article of food—the method of rearing and fattening—the various sorts—their peculiarities—and their different modes of preparation for the table. I wished I had met him in the morning—he would have saved me a world of anxiety and pain. My old idea of becoming the Hume and Smollett of oysters began to return. My disgust began sensibly to subside. I thought I had been hasty, and wished of all things to make the doctor's acquaintance.—"Mr. Crackclaw," said he, "I believe this is the fifth fourth of August that I have eaten oysters at your house; and I must say, nowhere do I eat them in such perfection." Mr. Crackclaw bowed, and begged to know to what he could have the honour of serving him, at the same time hinting that the doctor looked fatigued.—"Why, we have had some heavy business before us to-day," returned the dignitary: "I have presided at the meeting of our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Some atrocious cases—one particularly barbarous: a monster of a butcher was convicted in the fact of—would you believe it?—of slaughtering lambs in the presence of each other! Conceive, in a humane and civilized country, anything so barbarous! The poor victims were proved to have actually trembled with horror at the sight of the frightful operation on their companions, and to have offered the most violent resistance as each was dragged forth in its turn. I think I never heard a more wanton and aggravated case. The fellow had a good deal to say—not a word of which, of course, could we pay attention to. In consideration of his having a character for industry, honesty, and for supporting a wife and sixteen children creditably, I was satisfied with his being sent for two months only to the tread-mill!"—"Very kind of you, sir, to take care of poor dumb animals," said the master of the shop.—"In the cause of humanity, Mr. Crackclaw," said this benevolent and sensitive gentleman, "I consider nothing too great a sacrifice. Put me down a couple of dozen of your finest fish between the bars to roast." The order was quickly executed; and the hissing and spirting of these victims of humanity were magnified in my mind into shrieks and groans.—"Bless me!" quoth the doctor, "those are fine, lively fish, indeed! Some prefer stewing their oysters; in which case, Mr. Crackclaw, never allow your liquor to boil; and ever while you live, beard your fish."—"Beard your grandmother!" cried a voice at his elbow, proceeding from a tall, thin personage, with a mouth like an half-open oyster, who had just before entered, and seated himself in the next box. The doctor had not time to resent, or even express surprise at, this unceremonious remark; for the gentleman, without the slightest apology or hesitation, proceeded.—"Give *me* oysters in *puris naturalibus*, as we say at Cambridge; none of your stews, or roasts, or kickshaws; and as to bearding them, that be ——! Here, Crackclaw, send me up three dozen for a whet, and some bread and butter."

An altercation now ensued between the humane and Howard-like roaster of oysters, and the more savage and cannibal-like admirer of them in *puris naturalibus*, that, in point of noise, rivalled the vociferations of my juvenile street-persecutors, from whom I had so recently escaped. I forget the name of the traveller who expresses himself disappointed with the Falls of Niagara, and asserts, "that you cannot see anything for the noise." But I can very easily understand what he means; for, in the midst of the asseverations and contradictions, that seemed to me the ravings of two persons afflicted with oyster-phobia, a dimness came over my eyes, and rendered the orators as invisible to me as their arguments were to each other. In my confusion, not knowing what I did, I swallowed a dozen of the unfortunate fish, with some accompanying delicacies, which, in my delirium, I suppose I must have called for. Immediately after, whether lulled by the perfect stillness which ensued upon the retreat of one of the disputants, whose appetite and arguments I presume came to an end together, I know not; but a sweet sleep stole over me. I say sweet, because the word is poetical; but my repose was much of the same nature as that of an alderman after a November feast. Visions of the preceding bliss float before his senses. By some ingenious process, his corpulent dame appears to him like "green fat;" his two daughters, as "calipash and calipee;" and the cranium of his hopeful son, as the empty shell!

It is natural to suppose that the subject with which the imagination has been most excited during our waking hours, should resume its influence during our slumber. Objects, by this means, not unfrequently become ludicrously distorted, and mixed up with each other into a heterogeneous compound, each particle perfectly distinct in itself—but forming a whole perfectly indefinable. Sometimes, however, there is method in such madness—as there was in my case. Reclining against the corner of the box, apparently insensible to objects around, my imagination transported me to an oyster-bed by the sea-shore, where, being wearied, I laid myself down to repose. My pillow was a huge bunch of sea-weed; but finding, somehow or other, that the *bed* I had chosen was not one of roses, I endeavoured to change sides; when what was my dismay, to find myself jammed in an immense oyster-shell! The idea, however, of size or proportion was entirely lost to me. I could neither move nor speak; but laid there, as it seemed, flat on my back in my pearly dungeon. My thoughts at that time I cannot precisely define: self-preservation was uppermost. The return of the tide I knew would overwhelm me, unless I partook of the nature of an oyster, which I could hardly promise myself. Escape, and the means of making my situation known, were denied me. The "ancient Pistol," I think, exclaims, "Why, then, the world's mine oyster!" But my condition, at that moment, was exactly the reverse of his: an oyster was my world—my place of banishment for life; a sort of supernatural Court of Chancery, where, being once in, the idea of getting out seemed perfectly romantic.

In this situation I remained, as it seemed to me, for many hours; when, to my great relief, I heard the sound of human voices. I found it proceeded from a party of oyster-eaters, who had sought the bed whereon I lay, for the purpose, as they supposed, of enjoying their favourite food in greater perfection. Instantly my hopes of relief were drowned in the horrible idea that I might be selected, and immolated on the altar of their barbarous appetites. They seemed to approach the

very spot which I occupied—and then I plainly distinguished the voice of the doctor. Never did the practice of eating oysters appear to me in so barbarous a light. Already, in imagination, I felt the murderous knife entering my side; and my very blood ran *warm* with the idea of the sympathetic doctor taking me home, and thrusting my head between the bars of his grate, or sousing me in scalding butter, having first taken off my beard.

I was not long allowed to indulge in these fantasies—for the dreadful reality approached me. I was soon espied by the keen eye of the oyster-roaster; and I suddenly felt myself jerked from the bed. An ejaculation of delight escaped him as he called for the knife. Terror superseded every other faculty—as I found his murderous jaws already open to receive me. Speech and movement were alike denied me, and with a gasping sensation of horror, I heard the knife grate against the edge of my shell. In another instant I should feel it in my throat; and, in that moment of mental agony, I groaned aloud. The doctor instantly let me fall. Encased in my armour of proof, I sustained no damage; and immediately there arose a sudden exclamation of surprise from all around. A disputation was held as to the best means of opening me without injury from the knife; and I was handed about for their inspection. I breathed again. The amiable doctor suggested, with his usual benevolence, that I should be placed alive in an iron stew-pan, and held over a fierce charcoal fire, which he affirmed would certainly make me open my shell. I thought of the bull of Phalaris; and cordially wished this advocate for humanity might be obliged to prove his infernal scheme in his own person. Another worthy man proposed the quicker method of suffocating me in steams of sulphur; and, in short, each in his turn seemed to exert his most deadly ingenuity for my preservation. At length, I heard a loud, confident voice, expressing a certainty of accomplishing the object by a peculiar mode, known only to himself. It sounded to me much after the manner of a "quack," when he is allowed his kill-or-cure practice, after the retirement of the "regular men." I soon began to feel the effects of this gentleman's secret system. A burning sensation shot through my frame—a strange noise sounded in my ears. It seemed as though a certain powerful friction was in process on my outer shell. An inconceivable alarm took possession of me. I fancied some hellish contrivance to murder me. Insensibly, my shell grew thinner and thinner. The process seemed to be carried on with a vigour truly marvellous, and a new danger began to threaten me. It seemed that, as the grinding was proceeding with more pertinacity than judgment, I stood a chance of being crushed in my shell. It now became as thin as a wafer; my heart was in my mouth; I felt like one who was only escaping from a burning house to be smothered by its falling walls. Objects became now almost visible; when, seizing a momentary cessation in the process, with an incredible effort I burst my shell and my spell together, and found myself seated in the identical box at the oyster-shop, with my arms extended, like an escaped maniac. Beside me was the doctor, discoursing with some persons around on the singularity of an oyster he had just met with; and *(hinc illæ lachrymæ)* who should be seated opposite—gazing at me with a look, as I thought, expressive of a wish to try an experiment on me—but Mr. St. John Long himself!

AN ATTACK UPON THE CLUBS!

What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—SHAKSPEARE.

The greatest part of these men are such as prefer their own private good before all things—even that good which is sensual, before whatsoever is most divine.—HOOKER.

THESE fashionable clubs, springing up, like poisonous toadstools, from the rank soil of luxury, idleness, and sensuality, until they darken the whole metropolis with their pestiferous shade, constitute a positive nuisance, that "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Not only do I deny their utility, both abstractedly and relatively, but I maintain them to be fraught with all sorts of mischief. In a state of semi-civilization and partial knowledge, where the surface of society is broken up into incongruous masses, men of refined manners and cultivated minds may excusably secure themselves, by the companionship of clubs, against the annoyances of vulgarity and ignorance: but in the present state of the metropolis, when education and polished demeanour are so generally diffused, that no person, moving in decent circles, is likely to sit down at table with idiots and blackguards, there can be no valid reason for pushing the system of luxury and exclusiveness—always the besetting sin of the English—to that degree of proud and sullen absurdity by which it is now characterized. What is the ostensible ground for establishing these lay, and much worse than monkish, convents?—Sociableness. Frivolous and false pretext! Nothing on earth can be so pointedly, so thoroughly, so unequivocally unsocial. An enlightened individual, fond of intelligent society, and anxious that his symposium may combine "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," will invite to it as great a variety of talent as he can command, selecting his company from the different professions, from men of literature, from one or other of the legislative bodies, from the court, the camp, the city; in order that the conversation may be varied, lively, and delightful, and that each individual, acquiring while he contributes knowledge, may at least have a chance of learning from his neighbour something with which he was previously unacquainted. Who that has mingled in the world—who that has tasted the "noctes cænas que divûm"—has not felt the ineffable charm resulting from this collision of differently-stored minds? Who has not found that intellectual honey, like that of the bee's, is always the sweetest when it is gathered from many flowers of varying growth, odour, and character?

In proportion as this principle is good, must that upon which our clubs are formed be bad; for it is diametrically opposite. We have military, naval, literary, law, theatrical, travellers', and half a score more, fundamentally exclusive, and confined to a particular class; the manifest tendency of all which is to divide society as much as possible into *castes*, not by any means dissimilar from those of the Hindoos, and not by any means unlikely to terminate in an analogous, though less-marked sluggishness of mind, and inaptitude for social advancement. Corporations and companies, established in the first instance for the protection of particular trades and callings, are intelligible in their origin, although they may have degenerated into styes of swinish gormandizing; but what shall be said to professional clubs, which, never having been able to adduce any basis of utility, begin where the others have ended—with

this notable exception—that they do not appropriate one pound, one shilling—nay, not one farthing of their surplus revenues to charitable purposes? When, in our rides and drives around London, we behold the numerous and munificent endowments of the City-companies for the support of the poor and aged, we willingly overlook the waste and wassailing in the hall: but what benevolent foundations—what doles to the poor—what assistance to any one portion of the whole human race, except French cooks and pampered menials, emanate from the palaces of club-gluttony at the west end of the town; or what single good of any sort can be urged, as a set-off against their manifest and manifold evils? I pause for a reply.

Would the individual who refused to associate with any but the partners of his own establishment, or the brethren of his own guild, be deemed a polite companionable person—or a shy, sullen, reserved, unamiable churl? Certainly the latter; and as a modern professional or exclusive club is but a collection of such individuals, it must of course deserve a similar character. Its union of one class is a separation from all others; the junction of its members is a dismemberment from the general body of citizens; it is dissocial in its very association. It is a cabal, a caste, a *clique*, a coterie, a junto, a conspiracy, a knot, a pack, a tiche, a gang; any thing, in short, that is close, sullen, selfish, disjunctive, and inhospitable: but if there be in such narrow fellowship, any single element of sociability, why then the monks who planted their convents in the desert of the Thebaid, were sociable beings, and useful members of society. Goldsmith very properly condemns the man of talent,

> ——————"who narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

But as a profession is still narrower than a party, so is it still more culpable to withdraw from our fellow-creatures, in order to sequestrate with so paltry a band. There may be an *esprit de corps* in such herding; but there is no spirit of philanthropy—no spirit of humanism. He who sympathizes with the community at large, rather than with a particular class, must surely be the most valuable member of society—the most useful subject—the best-informed and pleasantest companion—the most in accordance with the general spirit of the age, which points with a steady and resolute hand at the abolition of all invidious distinctions and classifications; whereas these hateful clubs tend to perpetuate separations, and to establish the most odious and contemptible of all aristocracies—that of the purse and of the stomach. Degradation of head and heart must be the inevitable result of this gastronomical mockery. The *esprit de corps* or corporate attachment that it produces, is not so much the love of one body of men, as the hatred of all others. What collision, what comparison, what enlargement of mind can be expected from the intercourse of persons, all of whom have been similarly educated, and from their youth upwards have been devoted to the same pursuit? If the constant inter-communion of those "whose talk is of bullocks" stamps them with a character of indelible rusticity; if the vulgarians, confined to the narrow civic circle, wear a notorious brand of cockneyism, how can we expect that a convent of fellow-professors shall escape without a congenial stigma of shallow pedantry, technicality, and clubbism? No—they will only confirm one another in all the little paltry prejudices and peculiarities; there will be no beneficial friction with the world at large to rub off the angles and asperities of character; and as

the bachelor becomes odd, old-fashioned, and churlish, for want of the polishing influences of female society, so will the seclusion from general male companionship entail similar vices upon the professional clubbist. So much for his chances of mental improvement!

And will his heart fare any better than his head? Let us see. It is flagrant that a corporation, or company of any sort, is always ten times more narrow-minded and illiberal than an individual. That which a member, in his personal capacity, would blush to propose, he scruples not to advocate on behalf of his guild. In this respect, corporate morality is about as pure as state policy; names and numbers are presumed to sanction every thing; but can any one become an agent in such dirty work without eventual contamination? Can the individual lend himself to the little cabals, intrigues, and sordid interests of the club, without distorting his own views of right and wrong, and becoming personally, as well as corporately, selfish. A regular clubbist, if he have a friend low down upon the list for admission, will not hesitate, as I am credibly informed, to black-ball all those above him, however unobjectionable, or even unknown, in order to give precedence and immediate election to the favoured party. Is it honourable, is it honest, thus to fix an unmerited stigma upon strangers, from a motive which, however it may be disguised under the veil of friendship, cannot be termed other than corrupt? It may be club-law, and common law—but it ought not to be the law of gentlemen. These, and the thousand other tortuous finesses and manœuvrings, which the member is accustomed to practise, either for the interest of himself or his brotherhood—together with the gossiping, whispering, and backbiting to which such a system must inevitably give rise—can hardly exercise any very beneficial influence upon the heart of the participants.

"But what say you," methinks I hear the reader exclaim, "to the great social advantage to be derived from these assemblages?" I say there is no such advantage—none whatever. If a man can enrol himself in a club of twelve or fifteen hundred members for the sake of society, he may, with as good a chance of succeeding in that object, enlist in the army. No individual pretends to an acquaintance with the whole mob of his ballotted brethren, nor with a half, nor even with a tithe. He knows, or desires to see, but a few; and these few, dining at various hours or different tables, and frequenting the club on uncertain days, he can only hope to meet by some rare and fortunate coincidence. But even if he knew them all, so far as the professional and exclusive clubs are concerned (and they are all, more or less, so), his chances of pleasant companionship would only be diminished by the enlargement of his acquaintance; not because the *bores* of all sorts, who stand no chance of invitations in general society, invariably take refuge by whole droves in the different clubs—but that, by the very constitution of every such guild, its brethren must necessarily be centrifugal, rather than centripetal. If faith be due to the vulgar adage, that two of a trade can never agree, the dictum must be equally true of a thousand more, especially when thus thrown together to compare in their own minds their respective merits and advancement in their common profession. The success of the few can only have been obtained at the expense of the many; and the rivalship and envy, the heartburning and bitterness, which might have slumbered in the absence of the objects by which those feelings have been provoked, are here awakened and inflamed by their perpetual pre-

sence. It is unnecessary, however, to multiply reasons for the unsociableness of these associations, when the fact is susceptible of ocular demonstration. Let the reader cast a passing glance at any of the clubs, about the hour of dinner. He will see a very handsome hotel, and, at various separate tables, he will behold solitary feeders, or small detached parties, discussing their viands and their wines with a becoming gravity and earnestness; but he will find little companionship, little conversation, little intellectual hilarity, or none that might not have been enjoyed just as well, though not perhaps so cheaply, at a tavern. We are speaking of sociableness—not of economy. I admit the latter, but I deny the former.

If the division of the male community into grades and classes be a confessed evil, what shall we say to the wide separation of the sexes which this club-mania is daily and rapidly effecting. As this is unquestionably the most mischievous and monstrous evil of the whole system, I have reserved its exposure for the last. It will be admitted that man and woman were meant for one another, collectively as well as separately. Socially speaking, they are as naturally married to each other, in the aggregate, as are the individual husband and wife; and "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The beneficial, the civilizing influences, which the sexes mutually impart and receive in society, are best to be appreciated by the deep and instant degradation which Nature, who never suffers her laws to be violated with impunity, has invariably entailed upon their disjunction. For evidence of this fact, it will be only necessary to refer to the monasteries and convents. In the society of man, the softer sex, discarding some portion of its frivolity and inherent weakness, acquires mental corroboration, and is imperceptibly imbued with the best and finest emanations of masculine character. In female society, the lord of the creation, losing the ruggedness, arrogance, and licentious coarseness of his nature, becomes softened, courteous, and refined, chastening himself with feminine graces, while he loses not a fraction of his proper manliness and dignity. Polish is the result of collision, both morally and physically; and man's iron nature is not injured, or unduly nullified, but made more useful and attractive, by coming in contact with the magnet of beauty. Acting at once as a stimulant and a restraint, the social intercourse of the two sexes draws forth and invigorates all the purifying, exalting, and delightful qualities of our common nature; while it tends to suppress, and, not seldom, to eradicate those of an opposite character. From this unrestricted communion flow the graces, the affections, the charms, the sanctities, the charities of life; and as benignant Nature ever blesses the individual who contributes to the advancement of his species, from the same source is derived our purest, most exquisite, and most enduring happiness.

From all this, our epicurean monasteries—I beg pardon—I mean our clubs—are as far removed as the nadir from the zenith. If the bachelor and the misogynist chooses to hide and wallow in these Circean dens of luxury, where

> "The soul grows clotted by contagion,
> Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
> The divine property of her first being"—

he may perhaps assert his independence, and claim a right to follow what pursuits he pleases; though this plea I might deny, for no man is

altogether independent of others—no man belongs to himself alone, but to the community. Let the uncowled bachelor-brethren, nevertheless, betake themselves to their club—let them drink—let them indulge in gross and licentious ribaldry—let them laugh at all the decencies and respectabilities of life, and more especially at marriage—let them wrangle over their sullen game of whist—let them adjourn to the gaming-table, or to the haunts of secret infamy;—all this injures and degrades themselves alone. But I lay it down as a broad, incontrovertible axiom, that no married man has a right to belong to a club, and to become an habitual absentee from his home, indulging in hoggish epicurism, while his wife and family are perhaps keeping Lent that he may afford to feast. What hath he sworn to in his marriage-oath? Merely to maintain his wife, and to make her the mother of his children? No such thing; he hath sworn to forsake all others, and to keep only unto her, until death shall part them. Is it consistent either with the letter or the spirit of this vow that he should deprive her of his society, and make a sort of concubine of his club? Is a virtuous, honourable, and accomplished wife to be treated like an impure Dalilah, into whose house her paramour sneaks in the dark, and skulks away again in the early morning? The little occasional bickerings, from which few married couples are totally exempt, not unfrequently prove, under the soothing influences of children, and the pleasures of the domestic meal, a renewal and confirmation of love; but *now*, the sullen husband escapes to his still more sullen club; he becomes embittered by feeding upon his own angry heart; a reconciliation is rendered every day more difficult; he begins to hate his home; and his occasional absence is soon made habitual. Meanwhile, the children lose the benefit of the father's presence and example; the father, whose loss is of still more mischievous import, is deprived of all the heart-hallowing influences of his offspring; and the neglected wife, thinking herself justified in seeking from others that society which is denied to her by her husband, is exposed to temptations and dangers, from which she cannot always escape without contamination. To over-rate the conjugal and domestic misery now in actual progress, and all springing from this prolific source, would, I believe, be utterly impossible. How many married couples are there in the middling classes of society, the course of whose alienation and unhappiness might be traced out in the following order?—

Husband. The club—a taste for French cooks, expensive wines, and sensual luxuries—fastidious epicurism—a dislike of the plain meals which he finds at home, although the only ones adapted to his fortune and his station—confirmed absenteeism and clubbism—hatred of the wife who reproaches him for his selfish desertion—late hours—estrangement—profligacy—misery!

Wife. Natural resentment of neglect—reproaches—altercations—diminution of conjugal affection—dissipation, as a resource against the dullness of home—expensive habits—embarrassment—total alienation of heart—dangerous connections—infidelity—misery! Of this account-current, the items may vary either in quality or sequence, but the alpha and omega will ever be the same. It will begin with the club, and end with misery.

But is it possible, I shall perhaps be asked, that these institutions should spring up and multiply so rapidly, unless they supplied some manifest desideratum in our social system, and were adapted to some prevalent want of our common nature? Certainly not; these foundations are

laid in the feelings, or rather in the vices of mankind; but let us put the saddle upon the right horse; let us not attribute them to sociableness, to a love of intellectual improvement, or to professional sympathies, with which they have no relation whatever. The clubs are, simply and solely, founded upon two of the ruling passions of the present day—*videlicet*, selfishness and sensuality—selfishness, the most heartless and intense; sensuality, the most ignoble and grovelling. What are their leading objects? Epicurism, in the least elevated acceptation of that misunderstood word—to place the greatest possible luxury, but more especially the pleasures of the palate, within reach of the lowest possible sum—to combine exclusiveness with voluptuousness—to foster, at the same moment, the love of self and the alienation from others—to remove men from their proper and natural mode of living — to enable five hundred a-year to command the state, style, and splendour of five thousand—to destroy the taste for simple and domestic pleasures—and to substitute a longing for all the expensive and sensual enjoyments that might have gratified an ancient Sybarite. Our injurious and absurd law of primogeniture, which, in the upper classes, limits the privilege, or at least the ability, of maintaining an establishment to one son, together with our costly habits of married life, have imposed upon a large portion of society a compulsory celibacy, with all its demoralizing and heart-withering effects. This, which was already the predominant evil of our social system, the club-mania will immeasurably aggravate and enlarge. Formerly, a young man of moderate income, revolted by the annoyances of bachelorship and a tavern life, took refuge in the comforts of marriage, aspiring, in that state, to nothing beyond a plain, decent, respectable establishment. A modern Sir Epicure Mammon of the clubs, even if he have one or two thousand a-year, exclaims, with the true calculating selfishness of his order—"Zooks! I should be a loser by marrying, and having a house of my own; *here* I have splendid saloons, gorgeous furniture, numerous livery servants, French cooks, rare wines, a handsome library, all the newspapers and periodicals, none of which I could command if I were to commit matrimony, and settle out of reach of my club!" If an heiress offers, indeed—*à la bonne heure;* the same selfishness that has hitherto kept him a bachelor makes him a Benedict; but the code of the club-spoilt Sybarites allows not any alternative between celibacy and a splendid marriage.

The same conviction of their objectionable tendency, which has made me uniformly and sturdily reject all applications to become a member of these societies, has prompted me to record my opinion of them with a sincerity which may savour perhaps of harshness. That they may offer some trivial advantage, I will not pretend to deny; but that these are incalculably outweighed by their evils, I hold to be incontrovertible. Their predominance in the capital, their diffusion in the provinces, constitutes one of the very worst features of the times, so far as social manners, domestic happiness, and general morality are concerned. All abuses, however, have, luckily, a disposition to correct themselves. From the multiplication of these clubs, there is a hope that the exclusiveness will out-number the excluded, when, according to the English standard of gentility, they must, of course, become vulgar. Formerly, it was deemed a distinction to belong to a club; the time is rapidly approaching when it will be held a mark of superiority and good breeding to have kept carefully aloof from them.

NEW YEAR'S HINTS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE MAGAZINE.

IN A PRIVATE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

When you parted from me on the steps of the Albion in Aldersgate Street, to attend the splendid dinner given by Mr. Alaric Watts on his being appointed sub-editor of your justly-admired, widely-circulated, &c. magazine,* you reiterated a request you had before made, that I would send you something lively for your January number, adding, that you were fortunate enough to possess the assistance of more than twenty contributors, who were of great weight in the literary world. Of the weight of the papers with which these gentlemen may favour you, I entertain not the least doubt; for my own part, I am too busily engaged at present in the composition of my *Lives of the Pick-pockets*, for the Library of Useful Knowledge, to be able to devote much time to your assistance; but I cannot allow the opportunity to escape me of offering you a few hints for the management of your magazine, which an experience of some years has particularly suggested to me. You may remember the *Hints from a Veteran Contributor*, that appeared some years ago in a periodical which has been long gathered to its fathers: they did not, however, at all touch upon that branch of the subject to which I propose most especially to call your attention. For the better understanding of these hints, it may be advisable to arrange them under six distinct heads; and, in the first place, I would say a few words respecting your conduct as editor.

Hint the First.—In lifting "the banner of a new periodical," to borrow Mr. Dilke's phrase in the *Athenæum*, or in commencing a new year with an established one, you will, of course, perceive the imperative necessity of exerting those conciliatory manners for which, among your friends, you are so celebrated. Enemies, of course, you will meet with in abundance, but your chief perils will arise from your friends. Magazine friendship is nothing but a species of coin current in the literary world, and given in exchange for a bank note, or a draft on Drummond's.

But this subject will be treated of under the head of *Contributors*.

I have not seen your prospectus, and am not certain if you intend issuing one; it is, however, a matter of much import, and deserving of your serious consideration. Mr. Taylor, the lamented Editor of the London Magazine, was the most graceful writer of an address to the public I ever remember. Whatever the staple of your prospectus may be, you must on no account omit the reiteration of two things, viz. that you are "perfectly unbiassed by any bookselling influence," and that "your work has been established solely with a view of promoting the interests and well-being of literature." I never yet heard of an editor (and I have known many) who admitted the image of "dirty lucre" to come between him and his patriotism, at least in public. The public has ever been, and continues to be, as you are, I doubt not, well aware, remarkable for the willing ear it turns to every kind of pleasantly-conveyed deception. You will find the press, generally, a very serviceable ally; and this leads me to

* Our friend and contributor has committed some strange mistake—however, we have no time for alterations. Mr. Watts is not the sub-editor of this journal; on the contrary, our coadjutor happens to be a gentleman universally esteemed, and quite remarkable for his equanimity of temper.—[*Ed.*]

Hint the Second, which treats of Advertisements.—I shall make no separate mention of puffs, as distinguished from advertisements, because a little tact, which may be easily acquired, will enable you to make the latter answer all the purposes of the former, and at a considerably less expense. The plan is very simple, and has been put in practice with much success. Print all the notices you can obtain, varying in terms of praise, from the comparative to the superlative degree, on a separate sheet, and take care to place them conspicuously in the ensuing number of the magazine. It may not be amiss, occasionally, to blend with these one or two reviews, of a less favourable character, from the London journals; by so doing, you will attain a reputation for honesty and integrity, which you will not cherish the less, because you know it to be undeserved. The composition of an advertisement, though less complex than a prospectus, requires no small talent to bring it to perfection. Some of the most perfect specimens I have seen are those of Mr. Bull, of Holles Street—you may refer to them with advantage as models of art. Your efforts should be directed to the throwing a sort of mystery over the several papers and their authors. I should advise you (provided the experiment be attended by no extraordinary disbursement—expense must be avoided like the plague), to get two or three first-rate performers for your earlier numbers; in the event of your being unable to obtain their own *contributions*, a small donation will procure their *signatures*, which you can affix to articles by unknown writers, whose pay you will abridge, in order to meet these extra charges. I think you will find your account in adopting this plan; for it will afford you an opportunity of exhibiting the names of the Author of ——! or the Authoress of ——!! as the case may be, and so induce a belief among some persons in the assertion, with which you will conclude, that your magazine is supported by "all the leading talent of the day, and by physical and scientific writers of distinguished ability." A period like this leaves a very agreeable sensation upon the ear. I had nearly forgot to mention another mode of notification which may be also employed—I allude to *walking advertisements*. I do not mean those very respectable individuals who bear the placards of the Divan and Pantechnicon, but I refer to those correspondents (and with proper care you will find plenty) who, upon the insertion of a Sonnet, or a few Stanzas to——! which can easily be hooked on to the tail of a page, will make a point of lauding the magazine in every company, with a passing reference to the beautiful poetry which illuminates the current number.

Hint the third relates to Contributors.—It would decidedly be desirable to conduct a magazine without any contributors at all, if it were possible—and for two reasons: first, because the trouble of reading the *MSS.* would be avoided; and, secondly, because the editor and proprietor would be able to divide the profits—share and share alike—without interference or molestation. But I see no prospect of this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation; and I do not, therefore, offer any apology for troubling you with a few *confidential* remarks. The principal obstacle to the formation of a lasting friendship between the editor and his contributors, is the unfortunate practice of pecuniary compensation. The first writer in ancient days who wrote for money was Protagoras of Abdera, the copyright of whose elaborate "Memoirs of his own Life and Times" was purchased by Paulo Meopolo, the prin-

cipal Athenian publisher, at the immense price of 150 *minas*, or more than £600. of our money. His example was soon followed; but I have been unable to discover, after much painful research, the precise scale of prices usually paid for the periodical literature of Athens. Your rate of payment, I think you informed me, is from £10. to £16. per sheet. I suppose you mean this to refer to your *nominal* remuneration. Actual payment ought never to exceed £8. per sheet: you may mention guineas—it sounds better; but the odd shillings need not be given, unless particularly demanded. I have heard that the profligate old Chartres was wont to employ persons to "wait in the waggons" from the country, in order to trepan the unwary for his licentious purposes. God forbid that I should advise you to any action in the smallest degree derogatory to your character as a man and a Christian; I would merely direct your attention to those highly-favoured individuals who have "fine eyes" and a "taste for poetry." I have found some of these fellows with mettle in them occasionally, which may be extracted with trifling difficulty. You will, however, take care that they do not procure a settlement—in the magazine I mean, not in the parish—that, of course, you leave to the overseer. It would not be inexpedient to hint generally, in your notices to correspondents, that any young gentlemen or ladies who may be induced, by the love of literature, &c., to submit their papers to your judgment, will be treated with every attention. I have seen this done with advantage, as sometimes you may get clever papers for nothing. Do not, however, omit to add, that "all letters must be post paid;" and it would save you much trouble if duplicates were kept of all short pieces, as it must be easier for writers to keep copies than for you to write five hundred letters every month: this will help to impress the public with an idea of the magnitude of your correspondence.

With respect to the length of a contribution, opinions differ. I believe you are an advocate for *compression*. I should prefer papers not exceeding eight or nine pages, and should immediately reject any story, however interesting, which stretched its legs into another number.

I was about sketching a list of persons from whom it would be prudent *not* to receive articles; but as it might seem ill-natured, I leave the matter to your own judgment.

Hint the fourth—as to the time of payment—may be dispatched in a few words. I need not, I am sure, urge upon you the folly of paying until you are asked—or, indeed, *at all*, if you can help it. At any rate, protract the payment as long as possible. You will find no time so convenient as your *own time*. The Empress Maud used frequently to say to her son, King Henry II., "Be hasty in nothing; hawkes are made more serviceable when ye make faire shewes of offering meate often, and yet withhold it the longer." This mode of feeding, though unsavoury to your contributors, may not be without its good influences—particularly if you could afford to place a half-pay captain on the establishment—which might be done for a mere trifle—to bully refractory contributors; or you might publish every month a fictitious list of your killed and wounded correspondents, which would have the effect of making literary gentlemen with weak nerves exceedingly cautious.

Hint the fifth—Poetry and Poets.—At the head of your list of poets should be an "uneducated" one, male or female—a prodigious genius, discovered under peculiar circumstances, expressly for *your* magazine.

If you can find one that can neither read nor write, the better. In the hints from a Veteran Contributor, to which I havealready alluded, a distinction is made between contributors who are *paid*, and contributors who ought *to pay*. This, however paradoxical it may sound at first, is perfectly true in logic. For instance, if Mr. Robert Montgomery wishes one of his poems to appear in your pages, you will, of course, require that the letter containing the contribution shall be accompanied by an order upon a house in London for a sum equivalent to the risk you run by its publication—two guineas per page, at the least; and even with this surety you would probably be losers. The less poetry you have the better; or, if you insert any, let it smack of that rich, aromatic flavour, which one of the fathers of our church meant to praise when he christened poësy the *devil's wine*.

Hint the sixth; how to judge an Article.—A great deal of trouble may be saved by a careful examination of the physiognomy of a contribution. You cannot devote too much attention to this branch of study. One rule may be followed without any exception—*viz.* to reject every article written upon gilt-edged post, or note-paper with a flowered border. It is said of Haydn the composer, that he never felt master of his intellects unless he had his diamond ring upon his finger, and always refused to write his music on any but the finest satin paper. But you are not likely to meet with a literary Haydn about "THE MONTHLY;" and I would advise you, therefore, to enforce your regulation strictly. It may be well to be cautious of all *enveloped letters*, ending with "I have the honour to be," &c. &c.; it shews a desire to propitiate your good will, and such communications must be treated circumspectly. Should any contributor, however, attempt to bribe you with a present of game at any time, there is no imperative necessity for returning it with the article.*

My letter has already reached to a considerable length, and I must hasten to conclude; for my fire is almost out, and Mrs. Morgan is complaining of the spasms, to which she is subject. So good bye! Let me hear from you when convenient; and if any of my "Hints" should be of advantage to you, it will gratify

Your's, very sincerely,

MARK O'GORMAN MORGAN.

14, *Ormond-street, Queen-square,*
December 15*th*, 1831.

P.S. Will you come and dine with us on Christmas Day? I have an *Essay on Horsewhipping*, and a series of *Chalk Farm Sketches*, which you should investigate forthwith, as they may be useful to you in more ways than one.

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* We shall be particularly careful in acting upon this suggestion, and confidently invite our contributor and others to try us. We know an editor who used to give splendid dinners and desserts, by throwing out weekly hints to his correspondents after this fashion—"We thank A Constant Reader for his pheasants"—or, "The nectarines from Windsor," &c.—[*Ed.*

WAR SONG,

FOR THE ARMY TO BE SENT AGAINST THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Come, tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and your boa!
Each proud virgin amazon, onward with me!
Come, rouse for the fight, all ye maids, who adore*
The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bohea!

Come, clatter the tea-cups, and brandish each spoon,
Beat loudly the tea-tray, the kettle, and urn;
No more for the lover or sweet honey-moon,
But for Twankay and war, let your soft bosoms burn!

Shall a petticoat savage—the horrible bore!
Infringe on our rights, and deny us our tea?
No, no! by the gown which my grandmother wore,
We'll smother the wretch in a chest of Bohea!

Come, launch, my brave maidens, each tea-chest canoe,
And spread out your large Canton crapes to the air;
The kettle sings muster-call—hark! the cat's mew!
"Young Hyson"'s the word, "the delight of the fair!"

Great Twining a tea-wreath shall twine for us all—
The fairest of females looks far more divine at tea;
If we conquer, we'll drink twenty cups—if we fall,
Why—"*nec possum vivere cum te, nec sine te.*"

Twenty cups! think of Johnson, when kind Mrs. Thrale
Filled him fifty at least, and he wished they were bowls;
With ardour like his, which among ye can fail?
Come, Doctor, and kindle your thirst in our souls!

Then onward, brave maidens, push off from the coast,
For such brogueless tyrants we care not a pin;
But do not forget, my fair tea-drinking host,
A stout Witney blanket, to toss the wretch in!

Oh! the plunder of Pekin! what silks and what shawls;—
The Chinese, in spite of themselves, shall be free;
For we'll bombard the city with hot-force-meat balls,
And blow up their warriors with gunpowder tea!

Then tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and your boa,
And with war-cry of "Hyson-dust!" onward with me;
Come, brandish your tea-spoons, ye maids, who adore
The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bohea! J. F.

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* We are aware that this rhyme is rather unusual; but we may parody the maxim of *Sir Lucius*—"When patriotism guides the pen, he must be a brute that would find fault with the rhyme."

WYSOCKI'S NARRATIVE OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

THE fall of Warsaw, three months ago, put an end to one of the most heroic struggles that modern times have witnessed, and shewed that—for a while only let us hope—even the highest moral courage must give way before the lengthened training, and the concentrated energies of a despotic power, which for more than a century has been gradually nerving itself through these means against all struggles for freedom and liberty on the part of its wretched provinces.

The following account, written by Peter Wysocki, will, nevertheless, be read with interest, though it describes the dawning of a revolution that has been unsuccessful. Ordinary readers will derive from it that interest which attends the relation "of hairbreadth 'scapes" and "moving accidents;" but the lovers of liberty will do more—they will imbibe from it the spirit that inspires the honest heart, when it awakens and finds itself within the thrall of tyranny. It is not necessary here to detail who Wysocki was, as his own narrative sufficiently points out the considerable part that he acted in directing the insurrection of the military academy of Warsaw, and in discovering those ardent spirits that lay concealed under the gloom that despotism imposed, but were still ready to start into action the instant that the whisper of freedom reached their ear.

The world already knows what was the fate of the unfortunate Poles who had presumed to plan the independence of their country in 1825. The imprisonment of Soltyk, Krzyzanowski, Albert Grzymala, A. Plichta, and others, the long persecution of Adolphus Cichowsky, and the remembrance of the services rendered by Niemojewski, had inspired the hearts of the young ensigns with feelings of the noblest patriotism; and the taunts of our enemies, who mocked the unhappy sufferers, first inspired our minds with the thought of avenging them. At this period, however, the general state of Europe, the character of the men who composed the French ministry, the misunderstandings that existed even among the most upright Poles, together with the mistrust occasioned by numerous instances of treachery, seemed to us invincible obstacles to our plan; yet we did not lose courage. At length Russia declared war on Turkey—this circumstance cast a consoling ray of hope on the Polish patriots.

Nothing decisive, however, had as yet been resolved in the military academy. It was not till the 15th of December, 1828, when several fellow-students were accidentally assembled at my lodgings, viz. C. Paszkiewicz, J. Dobrowski, Karl Karsnicki, Alex. Laski, and Josh. Gorowski, that we began to consult freely on the political state of Europe, on the necessity of liberating our countrymen from the yoke that oppressed them, and on the measures to be taken in order to restore the privileges of the constitutional chart, which the monarch and the nation had both sworn to maintain. The following day I communicated the conversation that had passed to several of the ensigns, whose way of thinking was perfectly known to me. My interview with these young men fully convinced me that their efforts would be such as at once to decide the fate of our country. We agreed upon a form of oath, which ran, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:—

"We swear before God and our oppressed country, deprived of its

constitutional rights—1st. In case of incarceration, not to betray any member of the society, even though we should be subjected to the most cruel torture.—2dly. To unite all our endeavours towards one object, and even to sacrifice our lives, if necessity require it, in defence of the constitutional chart, which is daily violated.—3dly. To use the utmost precaution in the admission of new members, and never to take this step without due notice to the society; and most especially to admit no drunkard, gamester, or other individual whose conduct is not wholly immaculate."

From this moment we promised to devote our whole and unceasing attention to effect our purpose.

It was difficult to introduce officers and others into a society consisting of so few members, because those lately introduced feared exposing themselves to danger; I was therefore alone authorized to accept new members, without informing my colleagues; I was also allowed to invite each member of the original society to receive such individuals as I should point out. In consequence of this authority I went to Paszkiewicz, captain of the grenadiers of the guards, and having represented to him the state of Europe, I declared to him that we had formed a secret association, the object of which was to change the government of Poland. This gallant officer listened to me with signs of the most lively satisfaction; he promised to support our views, as well as to assist their propagation among his friends, and the members of other societies. I name him without authority, persuaded that Polish history will one day be proud of his name.

Encouraged by the success of my first step to obtain adherents among the officers of the Polish army, I hastened to the battalion of miners; I calculated on the patriotism that had always distinguished them, and my expectations were not disappointed. Having received into our society Albert Przedpelski, second lieutenant of the battalion, I obtained an introduction to Felix Nowosielski, a man greatly beloved by his soldiery, and in high esteem among his fellow-officers. The result was, that Nowosielski answered on his honour for most of the officers in the battalion of miners.

By the assistance of Karsnicki, I made acquaintance with Koszicki, an officer of the select company of the first light regiment, who assured me that most of the officers of this corps were agreed as to the necessity of a change of government. In respect to the other regiments, all the officers, the moment they were let into our secret, promised their most zealous efforts in inducing the whole army to participate our views. The officers admitted into the secret society now required I should enter into negotiations with the inhabitants, in order to ascertain if they approved the inclination of the soldiery, and would support their efforts when the decisive moment arrived. I therefore dispatched Ensign Paszkiewicz to Mr. J. U. Niemcewicz, a man who had rendered the utmost service to his country, to request he would be pleased to assist us with the wisdom of his counsels. This noble and aged Pole fully approved our design; he praised our zealous ardour, but strongly recommended that the execution of the project should be postponed. "It is not yet time," said Niemcewicz, "but, depend upon it, the happy moment will yet arrive!"

The encouraging expressions of Niemcewicz filled us with activity and enthusiasm. We all saw in him the organ of the wishes and hopes

of the nation. About this time, Ensign Gorowski made me acquainted with his brother Adam, who, in the name of his fellow-citizens, on whom he bestowed unbounded praise, assured me of the success of the undertaking. Shortly after, I was introduced into the house of the deputy Zwierkowski, where I had sufficient opportunity of convincing myself that the citizens were fully prepared to second the efforts of the troops.

A certain number of deputies, convened, at my suggestion, by Gustavus Malachowski, decided, after mature consideration, that the moment for a general revolt could not yet be fixed, but that, in expectation of a more favourable instant, every endeavour was to be made to animate the troops, and to disseminate a patriotic feeling among them.

Captain Paszkiewicz having expressed a desire to be introduced to some of these gentlemen, they were apprized of a meeting that was to take place at my apartment. At this consultation it was agreed, that, provided the war with Turkey was commenced immediately, it might prove extremely advantageous to our enterprise; it was nevertheless resolved to await the assembling of the Diet, which, it was said, would take place by the end of April. I inquired of the gentlemen present what was to be done if the Diet should not assemble at all, or in case the war should be favourable to the Russians; all, however, were of opinion that no decisive stroke could be struck before the meeting of the Diet. From this moment all our operations, which had commenced on the 15th of December, 1828, and had continued till the beginning of April, were postponed.

During this interruption I had an understanding with Urbanski, a lieutenant of the grenadier guard, whom I informed of our secret association, and who promised, in case of need, to supply us with some thousand cartridges, which he faithfully performed. From that instant this officer, impressed with the noblest feelings of patriotism, was incessant in his exertions for the national cause; he always acted with vigour and caution, and it is to him that we are perhaps most indebted for the success of our efforts.

A report was now spread of the expected coronation and the assembly of the Diet, which enlivened our hearts with fresh hopes; towards the 10th of May, 1829, we accordingly recommenced operations with new ardour. Several landholders came to be present at the coronation. The deputies Przeinski and Zwierkowski soon after waited on me, and declared, that the longed-for hour of taking up arms for our independence, under the eyes of the representatives of the nation, was already at hand. "We will carry our petitions," said these deputies, "to the foot of the throne. We will require that the sittings of the Diet shall be public, that the freedom of the press shall be guaranteed, that the committee of examination, &c. &c. shall be abolished; and if our requests are refused, especially if the deputies are imprisoned, then you must support our demands by force of arms."

I communicated this declaration, with all its particulars, to the society; it was heard with the warmest enthusiasm, and not a doubt was entertained that the nation would approve the justice of the plan now carrying on by the army. The above-mentioned petition was attended by no favourable result; yet the deputies, in consideration of the state of political circumstances, did not yet authorize our having recourse to arms. Dissatisfied with the answer we received on the subject, we

again applied to the deputies, to know whether we should not make use of the means at our disposal to accelerate the grand work, viz. the reconquest of our constitutional independence? They replied, "it was not yet time, and so much the less, as the Russians had but shortly before obtained great advantages in the Turkish war."

All the persons I saw concurred in our opinions; there was no longer any hesitation except as to time; whatever delay ensued was only occasioned by the political state of the moment; the Diet, which took place the same year, left us little hopes, and several of the deputies already began to regret not having seized the opportunity offered by the Turkish war. The dead stillness of all Europe, and especially the French ministry, partly damped the warmth of our ardour.

At length the French revolution summoned every nation of Europe, with a voice of thunder, to throw off the yoke of power, wherever it had passed the bounds of legality, and assumed a tyrannical shape. We now entertained the brightest hopes; and as at this time the same sanguine feeling had spread through the army encamped near Warsaw, I was convinced of the harmony that reigned amongst almost all the officers. Nothing was spoken of but the French revolution, the smallest details of which were over and over again discussed. As for ourselves, we now began to see our way more clearly, and even to act with less precaution, but yet with more zeal than ever, in daily expectation of the favourable moment for flying to arms, the instant we had a leader willing to accept the supreme command of the army. Though more than 200 officers were already initiated in the secret, yet the society, which was to begin and complete the work of the revolution on the plan previously concerted, could not immediately receive its fixed and ultimate organization; it was not till they had quitted the camp, and had returned to Warsaw, that we took the appropriate and direct measures to attain our end. We still doubted whether the undertaking of the army might not be disapproved by the nation; this doubt, however, was soon dispelled by my friend Boleslaus Ostrowski, who assured us that the army could not question the patriotism and devotion of the nation; that it was the highest injustice to suppose that the long state of servitude it had suffered, had either impaired its love of independence, or effaced the memory of its former fame and dignity.

To Urbanski, paymaster of the guard, I represented the necessity of speedily establishing societies similar to our own in every regiment, in order that on a fixed day, at a fixed hour, the officers might lead the soldiers to an appointed post. Zaliwski, who happened to be present, and whose ideas and talents were perfectly known to me, was also of this opinion. We accordingly distributed among us the different divisions of troops then lying as garrison in the capital. I promised to gain over the officers of the grenadier and sharp-shooter companies, while Urbanski did the same by those of the guard. Borkiewicz, second lieutenant of the 7th regiment, having assembled those officers who belonged to the society, we declared to them they must instantly bind themselves to lead on their soldiers, and to choose a representative to whom the direction of the corps was to be confided; Zaliwski was accordingly chosen, without hesitation; and he and Urbanski ever since continued their most strenuous support. On account of the absence of several officers, the organization of societies and the choice of a representative in the sharp-shooter companies could not be effected till some-

what later. A few days previously, a Polish pamphlet had accidentally fallen into my hands, the title and first leaves of which had been torn away; it seemed to contain the means of rescuing Poland, at the time of its third dismemberment. This pamphlet had great influence on the members of our society, as well as the reflections of Kilinski, which we had already perused, and which had been sent to us out of Posen as a pledge of fraternal sympathy, and as a token of zeal in our mutual welfare, not inferior to our own.

Towards the end of September, and in the first days of October, bills were stuck up at the corners of many of the streets in Warsaw, summoning the Poles to revolution, and containing menaces against the Grand Duke, with even a notice that, from the next new year, the Belvedere Palace would be to be let. We had no knowledge of all this. Reports were spread in every direction that a new revolution was about to break out; one even went so far as to fix the day—it was to be the 10th, 15th, and 20th of October. These rumours induced the old government to stand more on its guard.

As I had no opportunity of seeing J. B. Ostrowski, I begged Louis Nabielak to go to Lazienski,* and enjoined him to inform Ostrowski, that after the 18th of October we were daily prepared to take up arms. I recommended Ensign Fraszkowski to Nabielak, and begged he would concert with him the measures to be taken, in order, from the very beginning, to act in union with the inhabitants, either in the Saxon Square or at the Belvedere; this plan, however, could not be executed, as the officers had not yet been able to come to an understanding on the point. At length Fraszkowski, seconded by Nabielak and other officers, made the request that I would fix the 18th of October for the commencement of our enterprise; yet on condition that I was still to hold a final consultation with Zaliwski and Urbanski. At this consultation it was, however, decided to delay the affair for some time longer, which occasioned considerable dissatisfaction and enmity towards me. The reproaches I had to undergo, and the calumnies with which I was loaded, did not in the least slacken my zeal. The society divided itself into parties; and J. B. Ostrowski, dreading the vigilance of spies, especially after the apprehension of several students of the university, discontinued his support. Misunderstandings likewise arose in the corps, which also withdrew their assistance. This wretched state of discord lasted till the next consultation with Xaverius Bronikowski. I redoubled my efforts to assemble all the officers; having effected this, they required to be convinced in what light the Chamber of Deputies would consider our projects, in consequence of which, I and Zaliwski undertook to ascertain the genuine feeling of the inhabitants, and to fix the day when the struggle for the national cause was at last to begin. The execution of our design was, however, again postponed, by the imprisonment of several individuals, by order of the Grand Duke, as well as by the general apprehension evinced in the capital. Urbanski was seized; and I myself, by order of the Duke, was examined by Olendzki. Precautionary measures were taken at the Belvedere, and all proceedings at the military academy were watched with tenfold suspicion. Geznez was also thrown into confinement, and underwent a rigorous examination; while all communication between us and the city

* A small village near Warsaw.

was strictly forbidden by the Duke. Makrott was instantly at the heels of every individual who absented himself from the barracks; and the direction of the academy was confided to General Trembicki.

During this interval of terror and disorder, Xaverius Bronikowski declared his irrevocable determination of withdrawing from the society, and of refusing all future assistance;* he accordingly abandoned his usual occupations, resigned the editorship of the Polish Courier to Mr. L. Zukowski, and changed his residence. On the 21st of November, Zaliwski, Bronikowski, and myself, repaired to the library of the "Learned Society," under the pretext of visiting its cabinet of curiosities, but in fact to meet Lelewel,† to whom Xaverius Bronikowski and Maurice Mochnacki had already communicated the existence of a secret military club. When Lelewel entered, I took the word, and spoke pretty nearly as follows:—

"A report has been circulated, that the Polish army openly approves the principles of the present government—that it is inseparably and unconditionally attached to the Grand Duke—that it boldly justifies the abuses daily committed by the miserable slaves and spies that surround it—and that living at enmity with the nation, it only serves to oppress and enchain her. In consequence of these rumours, I now declare to you, most respected citizen, in the name of this so hatefully accused and calumniated army, that we, indeed, have sworn fidelity to our king, but he has also sworn fidelity to the nation. As the king has violated his oath, he has absolved us from ours. We are now prepared to blend our exertions with those of the nation, and fly to arms in defence of those rights which were guaranteed us by the constitutional chart. You need but speak; your arguments and talents will serve as our guides. You see in us present the organs of a vast number of officers who share the same sentiments."

Lelewel answered, that nobody imagined the army favoured an unjust government, that the nation participated the views of the army, and all good Poles thought as we did. "Though several military conspiracies," said he, "have had an unfortunate issue, still I doubt not your efforts will be crowned with a happy result. Forty thousand men under arms, who share the same opinions, and express the same wish, cannot fail of bearing the national feeling along with them." In compliance with the opinion of Lelewel, it was determined at this interview, that the Sunday evening following, viz. 28th of November, should be the day fixed for a general rising. After a subsequent interview with Lelewel, we declared the revolt irrevocably fixed, even though it should necessarily be delayed till Monday.

Thursday, 25th November.—After the departure of Lelewel, Urbanski, Zaliwski, and myself, held an important deliberation, in which we came to the following resolutions:—

"1st. That the representatives of the society, viz. the officers of all the

* We translate this passage exactly as it stands in Wysocki's deposition, notwithstanding the obscurity to which it gives rise, as Bronikowski is found immediately afterwards in closest intimacy with the society. Perhaps the present declaration was made as a momentary blind to his enemies, in which case, some allusion might have been expected in order to clear up the incongruity.

† Lelewel is the name of the celebrated professor, so active in fanning the flame of revolt among the students of the university. He is a man of most distinguished talent, and has since been called to the cabinet.

regiments lying in garrison at Warsaw, must be immediately assembled.—2dly. That it be clearly intimated to them, that they were understood to approve our undertaking, and would be expected effectually to second the enterprise.—3dly. That on Sunday, towards evening, the plan of military operations should be read to them."

On Sunday, the 28th November, about seven o'clock in the evening, the representatives accordingly repaired to the barracks of the guards, and assembled at the apartments of Borkiewicz. During the night from Sunday to Monday we fixed our plan of military operations. The following were the main articles:—

"1st. To make sure of the person of the Grand Duke.—2dly. To force the Russian cavalry to lay down their arms.—3dly. To take possession of the arsenal, and distribute arms among the people.—4thly. To disarm the regiments of the Russian, Volhynian, and Lithuanian guard, under the command of Generals Essakow and Engelmann."

The result of this plan is now known to every one. Some of the most remarkable details may however still be interesting. At six o'clock in the evening, the signal of revolt was given by setting fire to the brewery on the Solec, close to the barracks of the Russian cavalry, but by some chance or other the fire was extinguished. The Polish troops left the barracks to repair to their appointed posts; at the same instant, a division, consisting of several students of the university, hastened, under command of two ensigns of the academy, to insure the person of the Grand Duke, who, amidst the confusion, might have run a risk of being sacrificed. This business was confided to the two Ensigns Fraszkowski and Kobylanski; the names of the others were, Louis Nabielak, Sewerin Goszczynski, Karl Paszkiewicz, Stanislaus Poninski, Zenon Niemojewski, Louis Orpiszewski, Rochus and Nicodemus Rupniewski, Valentine Nosiorowski, Louis Jankowski, Edward Trzcinski, Leonard Rettel, Antony Kosinski, Alexander Swientoslawski, Valentine Krosniewski, and Rottermund, all either teachers or pupils of the university, and men of upright character, wholly devoted to the cause.

Four light companies, and two of the sixth regiment of the line, who were dispatched to assist the ensigns, and to prevent the Russian cavalry from forcing their way into the city, were foiled in their mission by General Stanislaus Potocki, who met them on their way, and took them as prisoners of war to the Russians. The four cannons, which were to have taken possession of the posts between the *rural coffee house** and the Radziwil barracks, as well as of the passages leading to the Belvedere, and which were only intended to fire for the sake of the moral influence this would have on the troops, were seized by a Polish regiment, which I shall purposely avoid mentioning, lest its reputation should be for ever branded with infamy. At the moment the small detachment sent to the Belvedere disappeared from the little wood at Lazienki, I hurried away to the barracks of the Ensigns' Academy, accompanied by Lieutenant Schlegel, who brought us cartridges from the camp, and by Joseph Dobrowolski. We found the young men busily engaged at their theoretical studies; the two above-mentioned gallant officers instantly disarmed the Russian.

On entering the school, I exclaimed to these valiant youths—"Poles! the hour of vengeance has struck; this day we must either conquer or

* The Polish expression is *wieyska kawa*, which means a rural, or country coffee-house. It is difficult to hit the exact signification without being thoroughly acquainted with the localities.

die. Follow me; and may your breasts prove a Thermopylæ against the enemies of our freedom!" At the same moment the hall rung with unanimous cries of—"To arms! To arms!" These noble young fellows loaded their muskets and rushed after their leader, to the number of about one hundred and sixty; we took the road to the barracks of the three Russian cavalry regiments. Convinced that the select companies were hastening to join us, I gave orders to fire, partly to alarm the Russians, and partly as a signal to the companies that the struggle had already begun.

After this signal, we forced our way into the middle of the barracks of lancers, where our enemies, thus provoked, immediately assembled, about 300 men strong, and drew themselves up in a column before us. We fired upon them; they at first fell into disorder, but afterwards closed their ranks, and again returned to the attack. We received them with a fresh charge, and redoubled cries of exultation, then rushing on them with the bayonet, broke their column, which dispersed in all directions, leaving us masters of the ground, bestrewed with corpses. At this instant I received news that the cuirassier and hussar regiments were hastening from their barracks to surround us, and cut off our way to the city. The Polish columns that were to have come to our assistance did not make their appearance, and as our cartridges were beginning to fail us, we were, involuntarily, compelled to retreat. The regiment of lancers which we had first attacked, and wholly dispersed, allowed us a free passage over the bridge of Sobieski, where we formed a junction with the division that came from the Belvedere.

Under the idea that the select companies were only waiting orders to join us, I dispatched Camilio Mochnacki with instructions to have them march up as speedily as possible; he, however, soon returned, with notice that the troops were nowhere to be found, and that the cuirassiers were ranging themselves in order of battle, to cut us off at every possible point on our way back to the city. Having advanced a few paces, I came in sight of a file of cuirassiers, whom, without hesitation, I ordered to be attacked. Our intrepid youths instantly rushed upon them, and soon forced the enemy to withdraw towards the Belvedere.

We now collected our forces, and proceeded towards the rural coffee-house. On reaching the square, between this coffee-house and the Radziwil barracks, we again met the cuirassiers, preparing to attack us anew, and at the same time perceived a group of hussars coming towards us from the alleys of trees. In this imminent danger, our only resource was a rapid march to the left, in order to gain the Radziwil barracks; we luckily succeeded in reaching this spot, from whence we destroyed a number of the enemy, who seemed on the point of besieging us. Shortly afterwards, finding it impossible to restrain the impetuous ardour of the valiant ensigns, we rushed out of the barracks, burst upon the Russians, and having put a considerable number of them *hors de combat*, forced the rest to retreat. We then proceeded towards the city, the way to which now remained perfectly free.

Near the church of St. Alexander we met with General Stanislaus Potocki, the ensigns stopped him, and implored him almost on their knees to join the national cause. I united my entreaties to those of the gallant youths—"General," said I, "we conjure you, in the name of your country, of the fetters of Igelstræm, in which you so long languished, place yourself at our head; do not suppose it is only the military academy that has risen; all the troops are for us, and are already

in possession of the posts we will point out to you." As I however saw that our remonstrances were vain, and we had no time to lose, I ordered him to be set at liberty. A few hours afterwards, he fell by other hands; his obstinate resistance, and his want of confidence in the valour and resolution of the Polish soldiery, brought him to an untimely grave.

I here finish my recital. It would be useless to describe the scenes of horror and bloodshed I witnessed between the church of St. Alexander and the arsenal. Providence led our steps; God assisted our beginning; the God of our forefathers, and of our beloved Poland, has blessed our exertions, and will one day restore to our country its former limits and its ancient fame. According to our previous arrangement, Xaverius Bronikowski sent various persons into the different quarters of the town, to serve as leaders of the people. Anastasius Dunin, Wlodimir Kormandski, Louis Zukowski, Maurice Mochnacki, Michael Dembinski, and Joseph Koslowski, according to the directions of Bronikowski, began operations in the Altstadt.

The military academy is under everlasting obligation to Lieutenant Schlegel, who on this remarkable night quitted his corps to fight in extremest peril at the head of our noble ensigns. The academy is also deeply indebted to the intrepidity of Dobrowolski, whose wounds, received in this memorable conflict, will honour him to the last hour of his life. I have omitted many names well worthy of being mentioned. It belongs to history to conserve them in its public records, and deliver them down to the gratitude of their fellow-countrymen.

Written at Warsaw, the 9th December, 1830.

(Signed) PETER WYSOCKI.
Under-Lieutenant in the Polish Army.

THE CAMBRIDGE "FRESHMAN."

SEE a stripling alighting from the Cambridge "Fly" at Crisford's Hotel, Trumpington-street. It is a day or two before the commencement of the October term, and a small cluster of gownsmen are gathered round to make their several recognitions of returning friends, in spite of shawls, cloaks, petershams, patent gambroons, and wrap-rascals, in which they are enveloped; while our fresh-comer's attention is divided between their sable "curtains" and solicitude for his bags and portmanteau. If his pale cheek and lack-lustre eye could speak but for a moment, like Balaam's ass, what painful truths would they discover! what weary watchings over the midnight taper would they describe! If those fingers, which are now as white as windsor-soap can make them, could complain of their wrongs, what contaminations with dusty Ainsworths and Scapulas would they enumerate! if his brain were to reveal its labours, what labyrinths of prose and verse, in which it has been bewildered when it had no clue of a friendly translation, or Clavis to conduct it through the wanderings, would it disclose! what permutations and combinations of commas, what elisions and additions of letters, what copious annotations on a word, an accent, or a stop, parallelizing a passage of Plato with one of Anacreon, one of Xenophon with one of Lycophron, or referring the juvenile reader to a manuscript in the Vatican,—what inexplicable explanations would it anathematize!

The youth calls on a friend, and if "gay" is inveigled into a "wet night," and rolls back to the hotel at two in the morning *Bacchi plenus*, whereas the "steady man" regales himself with sober Bohea, talks of Newton and Simeon, resolves to read mathematics with Burkitt, go to chapel fourteen times a week, and never miss Trinity Church* on Thursday evenings. The next day he asks the porter of his college where the tutor lives; the key-bearing Peter laughs in his face, and tells him where he *keeps*; he reaches the tutor's rooms, finds the door *sported*, and knocks till his knuckles bleed. He talks of Newton to his tutor, and his tutor thinks him a fool. He sallies forth from Law's (the tailor's) for the first time in the academical toga and trencher, marches most majestically across the grass-plot in the quadrangle of his college, is summoned before the master, who had caught sight of him from the lodge-windows, and reprimanded. His gown is a spick-and-span new one, of orthodox length, and without a single rent; he caps every Master of Arts he meets; besides a few Bachelors, and gets into the gutter to give them the wall. He comes into chapel in his surplice, and sees it is not surplice-morning, runs back to his rooms for his gown, and on his return finds the second lesson over. He has a tremendous larum at his bed's head, and turns out every day at five o'clock in imitation of Paley. He is in the lecture-room the very moment the clock has struck eight, and takes down every word the tutor says. He buys "Hints to Freshmen," reads it right through, and resolves to eject his sofa from his rooms.† He talks of the roof of King's chapel, walks through the market-place to look at Hobson's conduit, and quotes Milton's sonnet on that famous carrier. He proceeds to Peter House to see Gray's fire-escape, and to Christ's to steal a bit of Milton's mulberry tree. He borrows all the mathematical MSS. he can procure, and stocks himself with scribbling paper enough for the whole college. He goes to a wine-party, toasts the university officers, sings sentiments, asks for tongs to sugar his coffee, finds his cap and gown stolen and old ones left in their place. He never misses St. Mary's (the University Church) on Sundays, is on his legs directly the psalmody begins, and is laughed at by the other gownsmen. He reads twelve or thirteen hours a day, and talks of being a wrangler. He is never on the wrong side of the gates after ten, and his buttery bills are not wound up with a single penny of fines. He leaves the rooms of a friend in college, rather late perhaps, and after ascending an Atlas-height of stairs, and hugging himself with the anticipation of crawling instanter luxuriously to bed, finds his door broken down, his books in the coal-scuttle and grate, his papers covered with more curves than Newton or Descartes could determine, his bed in the middle of the room, and his surplice, on whose original purity he had so prided himself, drenched with ink. If he is matriculated he laughs at the *beasts* (those who are not matriculated), and mangles slang: *wranglers, fops, and medalists* become quite "household words" to him. He walks to Trumpington every day before *hall* to get an appetite for dinner, and never misses grace. He speaks reverently of masters and tutors, and does not curse even the proctors; he is merciful to his wine-bin, which is chiefly saw-dust, pays his bills, and owes nobody a guinea—he is a Freshman!

J. F.

* Mr. Simeon's. None of our well-beloved readers, we presume, are so fresh as not to know this gentleman's name.

† One of the sage and momentous injunctions of this pastoral charge.

ODE TO COLONEL JONES.

[The cut here given (a gem our artist owns)
Begins a series meant to grace this journal,
Than Hood's more comic, caustic more than Hone's.
Whom to select provoked debates diurnal;
When just as we had fixed on Colonel Jones,
His "head" was offered by the gallant Colonel.
He, for the wood that forms it, is our creditor;
When "worked," the block shall be returned him.—*Editor.*]

I.

Dear Colonel Jones, descendant of a race
That hath the Brown and Thompson-tribes surpassed
In numbers; and that, shooting up apace,
Hath into fits good Mr. Malthus cast—
It multiplies so fast;
Whose matrons, too compliant,
Produce at every second birth a giant!
Witness the many-tongued Sir William Jones,
Who spoke all languages that e'er were spoken
(And at his fingers' ends quite perfect had 'em,
Including Irving's latest) since the tones
Of Eve first touched the tympanum of Adam.
Or shall we snatch from fiction's page a token,
And take Tom Jones?
A fellow with more flesh upon his bones,
Than all the fops and fools of modern novels,
That play the deuce with heroines in hovels.
Then there's Mercutio Jones,
Who quits the stage (ungenerous Jones!) for ever,
To manufacture orators from drones,
And make the clergy clever.
But still the list is not yet barren:
Who was the star last season?—why, John Jones,
One of the precious stones
Set in the crown of the great farce-king, Farren.

Last—but, oh! far from least—forgive the whim—
There's Davy Jones!
Renowned Welch wonder—king of whales and sharks—
Upsetter of armadas, and of arks—
Terror of chimney-corner crones,
Whose absent husbands never learnt to swim!
And here, dear Colonel, though mankind are brothers,
Exists the difference 'twixt thee and others;
For thou—while all are doomed when life is ended,
Monarchs and mayors, to descend to him—
Thou art from him descended.

II.

Oh! Colonel Jones,
Let me, ere yet I touch on the calamity
That wakes these moans,
Reflect, in admiration and in amity,
On the full radiance of thy rare career
From year to year.
I speak not of thy fame among the fighters;
For thou hast been for better things designed—
A colonel of the marching hosts of mind;
Thy sole ambition
To rank among the orators and writers,
And to excite thy parish to petition.
Full many a patriot speech, and many a swarm
Of resolutions, hast thou put together,
In Palace-yard, or Lincoln's-inn—
Collecting crowds unchecked by Whigs or weather;
Long ere the people had a chance to win—
Ere yet had risen, o'er the Tory storm,
The rainbow of Reform!
Though not, it seems, at present an M.P.,
Thou hast been, and shalt be.
Pancras and Finsbury shall plead in vain,
And Holborn fail to grasp thee for its member;
For thou, oh! Jones,
Art Mary-le-bone's,
Before the thirty-first of next December.
Thy many-column'd letters in the "Times,"
Crowning the glories of thy useful reign,
Paint the results of perished courtiers' crimes;
And shew how ministers may live again
In brothers, mothers, uncles, cousins, sisters,
And other blisters.
And can it be, that after all these labours,
You've formed the dire intention,
Which twenty papers every morning mention,
Of giving up your body for dissection,
That you and usefulness may still be neighbours?
Of leaving for the use of Mr. Hume,
The glory (gratis) of a public tomb,
And all the sweets of muffled drums and tabors!
Your skeleton denying to St. Paul,
To hang, in horrid honours, on the wall
(Oh! for some fifty notes of interjection!)
Of Surgeons' Hall!

III.

Too generous and disinterested Colonel!
Why, all this foolish nation
Deemed thee successor to thy Sea-relation,
The heir-apparent of the great Infernal—

And fancied you would intercede with Davy
To spare our navy!
We thought, oh! Jones,
That you in time would mount his thousand thrones,
If not as king,
As president, or some such thing,
To govern those Low Countries—by the year.
But you, alas! prefer remaining here;
And though the nation for your likeness grieved
(We, as we should,
Have, like the Tory aldermen, conceived
Designs on Wood),
Not satisfied with one expressive "cut,"
You wish with fifty to be slaughtered;
Though "drawn" already, not contented, but
Determined also to be quartered.
Upon my word,
'Tis strange how some folks hate to be interred.
Consider, Colonel, what you are resigning;
You'll have no funeral—no blazoned hearse,
Save in this verse;
No "nice gilt nails," no shroud, no plumes declining;
No flambeaux and no friends, no feathers fine;
No cake, no cambric-handkerchief, no wine—
No coffin, and no curate—not a tear
To trickle down,
And spoil the sable velvet of the bier,
Making the mutes and men in mourning frown;
Nothing that sets one longing to be dead,
And puts one out of temper with this life;
But, ah! instead,
(I would not shock you, but I shudder, Jones!)
Sir Astley with his knife
Picking your bones!

IV.

Yes, so it is; already Mr. Green
Regards you as a treasure in his net;
Sir Astley sends his scalpel to be set;
Relentless Bransby glares with happier mien;
Wild Wakley pants, as if your eyes were pearls,
And Earle is happier far than other earls.
The veteran Brookes
Fixes upon you his most longing looks,
And wishes they were hooks.
Short Mr. Croft of Surgeons' Hall
Feels tall!
The "University" is all alive,
And spite of Council-orders, hopes to thrive;
The new Strand-College
Totters beforehand with its weight of knowledge;
And all the faculty, lost Colonel Jones,
Grows fat upon your bones!
Meantime a grateful nation fondly moans—
Both lords with windows boarded, lads with stones;
Their sense of right the generous gift disowns,
And deems such sacrifices fit for thrones.
Oh! leave such loans
To dukes and drones!
Thine be a cenotaph—say one of Soane's;
Where crowds shall gather with despairing groans,
The marble echoing back, in hollow tones—
"JONES!"

GOETHE'S VISIT TO BEIREIS.

(FROM GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.)

* * * DR. GALL had left us, and gone to Göttingen. We now became attracted by a new adventure. The strange—in many senses, long-known and problematical—personage, Hofrath Beireis, in Helmstadt, had been often named to me. His environment, his remarkable possessions, his singular conduct, and, still more, the mystery that brooded over all this, had for a great while worked with disquieting influence on my friends, as well as on me. We could not but reproach ourselves that so peculiar an individual, pointing as he did to earlier, almost bygone times, had never been actually seen by us—that we had never, by personal intercourse, investigated him a little. Professor Wolf was in the same predicament: we two, therefore, knowing the man to be at home, determined on a drive to this Beireis, who, like some mysterious gryphon, sat watching over treasures, extraordinary and scarce imaginable. My banter-loving friend willingly permitted August, my son, now of some fourteen years, to go along with us—an arrangement which yielded mirth enough; for while the sound-hearted man and scholar made it his business incessantly to tease the boy, this latter felt entitled to use the right of self-defence, which, if it is to prosper, must act offensively also; and thus often, as the assailant, to overstep the limits; whereby their verbal rallyings rose at times into ticklings and rompings, favourable to the general cheerfulness, though in the carriage somewhat inconvenient. We halted in Bernburg, where my worthy friend manifested some specialties he had in buying and bargaining: these the young rogue, lurking in wait to catch his adversary, failed not to bring to light, and in all ways make merry with.

The no less excellent than eccentric man had, for one thing, cast a most decisive hatred on all manner of custom-house officers; even when they acted quietly and with indulgence: nay, on that very account, he could not let them go unscoffed; out of which habit disagreeable adventures were sometimes like to rise.

As such aversions and peculiarities of his kept us, while in Magdeburg, from waiting upon certain meritorious men, I busied myself chiefly with the antiquities of the cathedral; surveyed the statuary monuments, especially the tombstones. I mention only three bronze ones, erected for three archbishops of Magdeburg: Adelbert II., posterior to 1403, stiff and cold, yet careful, in some degree natural, under the living size; Frederick, 1464, above the living size, more natural, more artist-like; Ernst, of the year 1499, an invaluable memorial of Peter Vischer, to which few are comparable. With these I could not enough delight myself; for whoso has once been busied with the progress of art, its decline, deviation to a side, return into the right way, with the domination of a main epoch, the influence of individualities; whoso has cultivated eye and sense on these things, will find no dialogue more instructive than the mute one in a series of such monuments. I wrote down my remarks, as well for practice as for remembrance; and still, with satisfaction, find these notes among my papers: yet, at that time, I wished nothing so much as that some accurate copy, especially of that glorious Vischer monument, could be procured; which service has since then been laudably performed.

Town, fortress, and, from the walls outward, the environs were attentively and pleasurably viewed; especially my eye dwelt long on the large

clump of trees, which, at no great distance, rose venerable, decorating the plain. It overshaded Kloster Bergen; a spot that called up many recollections. There had Wieland, in all the concentrated enthusiasm of young feelings, taken up his abode, and laid the foundation of higher literary culture; there laboured the Abbot Steinmetz, in pious spirit, narrow, perhaps, yet honest and strong; and doubtless the world, in *its* narrow impiety, requires such light-and-heat fountains, if it is not, in its egoistic labyrinth of error, wholly to languish and freeze.

On repeated visits to the cathedral, we observed a lively Frenchman, in clerical garb, who, as the sacristan led him round, conversed aloud with his companions; while we, as used to the place, followed our silent aims. We learned that it was the Abbé Gregoire; but though I was anxious enough to make up to him, and commence some acquaintance, my friend, out of dislike to the Gauls, would not agree; and we had to content ourselves, occupied at some distance, with noting his manner, and catching his judgments, which he emitted in a loud voice.

We pursued our journey; and as the transition from one river-district into another, was always a chief object with me, the geognost, I could not but remark the sand-stone heights, which now indicated the change from the Elbe to the Weser. Helmstadt lies quite kindly; the sand there, a small river flowing through it, is tamed down by gardens, and other graceful bordering. Whoever does not bring with him the notion of an active German college, will be agreeably surprised to find, in such a position, one of our older establishments for learning, where, on the basis and funds of an ancient monastic institution, professorships of modern sort have been founded; where handsome incomings offer a pleasant abode; and old, spacious edifices give space for a dignified household, considerable libraries, valuable cabinets; and a quiet diligence can work the more actively in literary labour, as the small number of students demands not that haste of communication which, in frequented academies, is apt to confuse us.

The corps of professors was, in all senses, important. I have but to mention the names of Henke, Pott, Lichtenstein, Crell, Brown, and Bredow, that every one may estimate the circle where we travellers now found ourselves. Solid learning, willingness to impart; cheerfulness of intercourse, kept up by eager, studious youth; light mirthfulness, with earnest, well-considered employment; all this worked softly together: wherewith also the women co-operated; the elderly by domestic hospitality, younger wives with courteous grace, daughters in all loveliness; the whole seeming only to belong to one family. The large apartments of antique houses admitted great assemblages, and festivities the best attended.

At one of these, the difference between my friend and me again became manifest. On occasion of a splendid supper-party, two beautifully plaited garlands had been appointed for us strangers: the fair creature that put mine on me I had thanked with a kindly-returned kiss; and in my vanity felt pleasure as I fancied I could read in her eyes, that, so adorned, I did not displease her. Meanwhile, right opposite, the self-willed guest was struggling against his lively patroness with all obstinacy; and if the garland, in such tugging and twisting, did not utterly go to wreck, yet must the poor girl retire somewhat abashed, that she was not able to get quit of it.

Amid so many pleasant things, we might almost have forgotten the object which had brought us hither. However, Beireis himself enlivened

by his presence every feast. Not large, of handsome and agile make, as you still saw him, those legends of his fencing feats might be let pass; an incredibly high-arched brow, quite in disproportion to the under sharp-peaked parts, betokened a man of singular qualities; and, for so advanced an age, he might well boast of an especially brisk and unassumed spirit of activity.

In company, and especially at table, he gave his gallantry this quite peculiar turn—that he unconstrainedly represented himself as whilom adorer of the mothers, as actual wooer of the daughters or nieces; which oft-repeated tale all took in good part; for if no one would make pretence to his hand, fain would many a one have pretended to some share in his testament.

Introduced as we were, he offered us all manner of hospitality. A lodging in his house we declined; but thankfully passed great part of the day with him, looking at his curiosities.

Very much of his earlier property, that still in name and fame maintained itself entire, was in the sorrowfullest case. The Vaucanson Automatons we found altogether paralyzed. In an old garden, sat the Flute-player, in humblest apparel; but he flute-played no longer. Beireis shewed us the original cylinder, whose first simple tune had not satisfied him; and, on the other hand, a second cylinder, which, with aid of organ-builders kept years long in his house, he had undertaken instead thereof. This, however, as the organ-builders went away too soon, could not be completed, nor put in its place; whereby the Flute-player continued dumb as at first. The Duck, all disfeathered, stood there as a skeleton; still ate its oats quite briskly, but digested no longer. With all this, Beireis was nothing discomposed; but talked of these antiquated, half-ruined articles with such contentment and impressive emphasis, as if, since that time, the higher mechanique had produced nothing new of consequence.

In a large hall, devoted to Natural History, the remark also occurred, that whatever preserves itself was in good preservation with him. Thus he shewed us a very small Loadstone that carried a large weight; a genuine Phrenite, from the Cape, of great beauty; and other minerals, in excellent specimens.

But a row of stuffed Birds, standing crowded in the middle of this hall, were crumbling to pieces by moth-eating, so that worms and feathers lay heaped on the very foot-boards. He remarked this too, and declared that it was a stratagem; for all the moths in the house drew hither, and the other apartments were clean of such vermin. In regular series came then the Seven Wonders of Helmstadt to light: the Leberkühn Preparations, as well as Hahn's Arithmetical Mill. Of the former, some truly admirable specimens were pointed out; by the latter, complex sums of various sorts were computed. The Magic Oracle, however, was dumb. Beireis had sworn that this obedient clock, which at his command, while at a distance from it, stood still, or went on, should never again be wound up. An officer to whom, relating such wonders, the lie had been given, was declared to have perished in a duel; since which time the proprietor had firmly determined never more to expose his admirers to such peril, nor drive the unbelieving to such inconsiderate cruelties.

After what has here been stated, some observations may be allowable. Beireis, born in the year 1730, felt himself as a man of talent, capable of far-extending acquirement, and fitted for manifold action. Following the course of his time, he cultivated himself into what we name a *Polyhistor*,

or scientific Man of all-work. His activity he devoted to the healing art; but, with the happiest, all-retaining memory, it seemed to him that he might pretend to be at home in all the faculties, and honourably ascend any professorial chair whatsoever. His subscription in my son's album ran as follows:

GODFREDUS CHRISTOPHORUS BEIREIS,
Primarius Professor Medicinæ, Chemiæ, Chirurgiæ, Pharmaceutices, Physices, Botanices, et reliquæ Historiæ Naturalis.
Helmstadii, a. d. XVII Augusti, MDCCCV.

From what had been already exhibited, however, it was to be perceived that his Collections—the Natural History portion of them—could have no specific value; that, on the contrary, the class of objects he prized most were mere Curiosities—things that were to excite attention and admiration by the large sums paid for them; in which cases, too, it was not to be forgotten that, in the purchase, kings and kaisers themselves had been outbidden.

But, be this as it might, considerable supplies of cash must have stood at his command; for he had, as was apparent enough, not only watched the right season for such purchases, but also most probably shewn himself more capable of payment than others. The above-named objects he exhibited, indeed, with animation, satisfaction, and a fond minuteness; nevertheless his joy in them seemed to be, in great measure, merely historical. Where he shewed himself in true vivacity, passionate, persuasive, importunate, was in the matter of his Pictures; his newest whim, to which, without the smallest knowledge, he had fearlessly abandoned himself. Incomprehensible was the degree in which he had deceived himself, or sought to deceive us: first of all, in exhibiting certain *curiosa* of this kind. Here was a Christ, at sight of which a Göttingen professor had burst into the bitterest flood of tears; next, a naturally-enough-painted Loaf, on the table of the Disciples at Emaus, at which loaf an English mastiff had barked; another saint-picture, saved by miracle from the fire; and who knows what more of the like.

His method of exhibiting his pictures was singular enough, and seemed partly intentional: they were not hanging on the large, well-lighted walls of his upper story, but stood in his bed-room, built together round the large canopy-bed, against the walls; from which he himself, declining all help, brought them forward, and again carried them back. Some continued in the room, set up round the spectator; narrower and narrower grew the circle he stood in; so that, indeed, the impatience of my road-companion, too hard provoked, suddenly broke out, and occasioned his abrupt retiring.

This to me was actually a relief; for such pains of unreason are more easily endured by oneself, than in company of a skilful friend; where, in the mounting up of indignation, an outbreak from one or the other side is every moment to be dreaded.

And truly it was too high-seasoned this, that Beireis tabled for his guests. He plumed himself most, for example, on the fact of his having, by each of the most famous Masters, three pieces, of the first, the second, and the final style; and for his manner of setting them out, and exhibiting them, all sort of self-government which has been imparted to man could scarcely suffice. The scene was at once ludicrous, injurious, uncivil, and distracted.

The first apprentice-proofs of a Raphael, Titian, Carracci, Correggio,

Dominichino, Guido, and whom not, were no other than feeble things, produced by mediocre artists; sometimes only copied by such. Here, now, each time, he solicited indulgence for such beginnings; but cried up with admiration, in those that followed, the most astonishing marks of progress. Among those ascribed by him to the second epoch, there were not wanting good pictures; but, with the names labelled on them, judging either by manner or by date, they had simply nothing to do. Even so was it with the final class; over which the emptiest phrases, such as pretentions misjudges make use of, flowed pleasantly and plenteously from his mouth.

To prove the genuineness of such and other paintings, he produced the auction-catalogues, and joyed in the printed encomiums of what had fallen to his share. Among these were to be seen genuine, indeed, yet much-restored originals: enough! for this otherwise shrewd and worthy man, Criticism in any shape was but a word without meaning.

However, if through most of the time, your whole stock of patience and restraint were needed, yet at intervals the sight of real master-pieces consoled and rewarded you.

Of the highest value I reckoned Albrecht Dürer's Portrait of himself, painted in 1493, and therefore in his twenty-second year; half the size of life; a breast-piece, leaning on the elbows, both hands given; a purple cap, with short small tassels; the neck, to below the collar-bone, bare; on the shirt, an embroidered hem; the folds of the sleeves bound with peach-red ribbons; blue-grey vesture, decorated with yellow knots, as the handsome youth had right daintily attired himself: in his hand, significantly, a blue-flowery Eryngium, in German named *Mannstreue* (Man's truth); a serious, young face; sprouting hair about the mouth and chin;—the whole beautifully drawn, rich and chaste, harmonious in its parts, of the highest finish, altogether worthy of Dürer, though painted with very thin colours, which in some spots had shrunk a little.

This praiseworthy, quite invaluable picture, which a real lover of art would have framed in gold, and kept in his securest repository, Beireis left lying, as a thin piece of painted board, without frame or protection of any kind. Threatening every moment to split, it was haled forth more carelessly than any other, set up, and again set by; and the pressing sympathy of the guest, intreating for soft treatment and security to such a jewel, was indifferently waved aside: the man seemed, like Hofrath Büttner, to have, in such old-established confusion, a mad pleasure.

Farther, I must mention a spirited, free-painted picture by Reubens; longish, not large, as he loved to choose for such finished sketches. A Stall-woman, sitting in the fullness of a well-plenished herb-stall; cabbage-heads and salad of all kinds, roots, bulbs of all colours and shapes. She is in the act of dealing with a stately Burgeress, whose jocund dignity shews well beside the calmly-importuning manner of the seller, —behind whom a Boy, just about to steal some fruit, is threatened by her Maid with an unexpected blow. On the other side, behind the prosperous Burgeress, you see her Maid carrying a well-plaited Basket, already somewhat provided with market-wares; but she, too, is not idle; she looks after her sweetheart, and seems to answer his lifted finger with a kind glance. Better conceived, and more perfectly executed, few things could be seen; and had not we, in Weimar, determined on discontinuing those yearly Exhibitions of ours, we should have chosen this

subject, as it is here described, for a prize-picture; to see what artists there were who, still uninfected by the preponderating perversion for gaudiness, felt inclined to direct eye and talent on the rugged freshness of real life.

As regarded the history of art, Beireis, at the dissolution of the monasteries, had obtained some pictures that were important: I viewed them attentively, and marked much in my note-book. Here I find stated, that, except the one first shewn, which might pass for a genuine Byzantic, the rest, without exception, seemed to be of the fifteenth, perhaps of the sixteenth century. For a more accurate estimation, I wanted thorough knowledge; and for using what knowledge I had, the chronology and nomenclature of our wondrous Collector led me, step by step, out of the course.

For, in a word, as personally, so likewise in possessions, he insisted, once for all, on being unique; and as that Byzantic piece was ascribed by him to the fourth century, so, farther, he pointed out an uninterrupted series from the fifth, sixth, &c. to the fifteenth, with an assurance and conviction, such that thought died away within one, as is wont to happen, when the palpably untrue is confidentially imparted to us as a thing known to every one—wherein neither the self-deception, nor the shamelessness, in such a degree, seems possible.

Such surveying and considering was pleasantly interrupted by festive entertainments. Here the ancient man continued joyfully to play his youthful part; he joked with the mothers, as if they at one time had felt a kindness for him; and with the daughters, as if he meant to offer them his hand. No one answered these speeches and proposals with any displeasure; even the ablest male personages of the company treated his fooleries with some regard; and out of all, it became apparent that his house, his natural and artistic treasures, his ready money and sleeping capital, his riches, actual, or exaggerated by bragging, were a lure in the eyes of many; whence too much respect for his merits seemed to plead excuse for his singularities.

And surely there was none more adroit and dexterous to excite legacy-hunting than he; nay, it seemed a maxim with him to create for himself hereby a new artificial family, and the *un-pious* piety of a number of individuals.

In his sleeping-room hung the portrait of a young man, of the sort such as you see hundreds, nowise distinguished, neither attractive nor repelling: this he was wont to shew his guests; lamenting the mischance that this young man, on whom he had spent much, for whom his whole fortune was intended, should have proved false and ungrateful towards him; so that he had been forced to throw him loose, and was now in vain looking after another, with whom to commence a similar and luckier connexion.

In this statement there was something roguish; for as each, on looking at a lottery-scheme, draws the head prize for himself, so to each auditor there seemed, at least for the moment, a star of hope to shine forth; nay, I have known prudent men that allowed this will-o'-wisp, for a considerable time, to lead them hither and thither.

The greater part of the day we used to spend with him; and at night he regaled us, from Chinese porcelain and silver, with ewe-milk curds and cream *(fetter schafmilch)*, which he praised, and pressed on you as a highly nourishing diet. Had you once got some relish for this strange food, it is not to be denied that you liked it well, and could also recommend it as wholesome.

And so we viewed, likewise, his older Collections, for the successful procurement of which historical knowledge itself suffices, without any necessity for taste. The gold Medals of the Roman Emperors, and of their families, he had in utmost completeness got together; which fact, he strove zealously, by the catalogues of the Paris and Gotha cabinets, to demonstrate, and, at the same time, by various specimens wanting there, to evince his own pre-eminence. But what appeared most admirable in his series was the perfection of the stamps, which all looked as if they had come direct from the mint. This observation he took well; declaring that he had by degrees changed off the faulty individuals, and so with heavy charge obtained what we saw, and yet had still to praise fortune in the matter.

If now the assiduous possessor brought, out of a neighbouring press, new drawers to view, you felt transported elsewhither both in Time and Place. Beautiful silver medals of the Greek cities lay before us, which, as they had been shut up long enough in damp, confined air, exhibited their well-preserved impressions with a bluish tint. As little next were there wanting, gold rose-nobles, old papal coins, bactreates, questionable satyrical stamps, and whatsoever notably singular you could expect in so numerous and old-established a collection.

Neither could it be denied that in this province he was instructed, and a sort of judge; in earlier years he had published a little Tract, on the methods of distinguishing true from spurious medals. Nevertheless, he seems here, as in other things, to have left himself some space for caprice; for he asserted obstinately, and triumphing over all medallists, that the golden lysimachs were totally false; on which ground he treated some fine specimens of that sort, lying there, with open contempt. This, too, like so much else, we left to its course, and took delight with instruction from his really singular treasures.

Along with all these remarkable things, in the intervals of so much time which Beireis devoted to us, ever and anon his medical activity came to light; now he had just returned from the country, after happily, before day, delivering a peasant's wife; now perplexed consultations had busied and detained him.

But to explain how he could be ready day and night for such business, and yet contrive to execute it with ever-equal, outward dignity, he turned our attention to his mode of hair-dressing; he wore longish roll-locks, fastened with pins, close pitched down on his ears. The fore part of the head was decked with a toupee, all firm, sleek, and sufficiently powdered. In this wise, he said, he had his hair dressed every evening; went to bed with it all fastened up; and at what hour soever he might be called to a patient, there was he as respectable in appearance as when he came into formal company. And, true it is, you saw him in a clear suit of blue grey, in black stockings, and shoes with large buckles, everywhere the same one time as another.

During such lively conversation, and constant amusement, he had spoke little of purely incredible things; yet, by and by, he could not forbear bringing out the litany of his legends on us also. As he was one day entertaining us with a specially well-furnished repast, a fine plate of particularly large crab-fish, in a region so brookless and riverless, could not but surprise us; whereupon he stated, that his fish-basket could never be found empty of such provender; he owed those creatures so much, regarded the use of them as so wholesome, that he kept them, not only as a savoury dish for honoured guests, but as the most

effective medicine in the extremest cases, ever in a state of readiness. Now, too, he advanced into some mysterious introductions; spoke of entire exhaustion, to which, by uninterrupted, most important, yet also most dangerous labours, he had seen himself reduced; meaning us to understand thereby the painful process of the Highest Science.

In some such condition, now, was he lying senseless, at his last gasp, without hope, when a young, and to him heartily devoted scholar and watcher, driven by an instinct resembling inspiration, had brought to his lord and master a dish of large boiled crabs, and forced him to eat sufficiently of the same; whereupon he was miraculously recalled to life, and so had retained his high veneration for this nutriment.

To believe certain waggish friends, Beireis had farther, on occasion given out, that, by means of the *universale*, he could change select cock-chafers into young crabs, which he thenceforth, also by peculiar spagiric food, nourished up to remarkable size. This, as was fair, we took for a legend, devised in the spirit and taste of the old wonder-worker; such as various others that circulated at his expense, and which he, as indeed conjurors and thaumaturgists find their amount in being, was nowise inclined to deny.

Hofrath Bereis's medical repute was well established in the whole district; by the Count Veltheim Family, at Harbke, he was prized as household physician; to which family he declared himself desirous of introducing us. So announced, we made appearance there. Stately office-houses formed, in front of the high old Castle, a spacious court: the Count bid us welcome, and rejoiced to become acquainted, in me, with an old friend of his father's; for with this nobleman the study of mineralogy had for several years united us, only that his chief aim was in applying such knowledge to the illustration of problematical passages in ancient writers; in which undertaking, if you blamed him for too great rashness, the credit of intellectual acumen could not be denied him.

Towards the garden side, the antiquely-decorated, fine-looking Castle, lay with peculiar beauty. Directly beyond this, you came upon level trim spaces, to which softly-mounting hills, overshaded with bushes and trees, supervened. Convenient walks then led upwards to cheerful prospects over the neighbouring heights; and the wide circuit of these Estates, especially the flourishing woods thereof, became more and more apparent. The Count's grandfather, some fifty years before, had earnestly occupied himself with forest culture; endeavouring, among other objects, to train the North American trees to our German soil. We were now led into a fine wood of Weymouth pines, strong and high-grown, in whose stately umbrage, as before in the forests of the *Thüringer Wald*, reclining on moss, we refreshed ourselves with a hospitable breakfast, and took pleasure in looking at the special regularity of the planting; for this ancestral forest still indicated the purposed manner in which it had been laid out; the trees, placed in rows, everywhere exhibited themselves in quadrangles. Even so, at every division of the wood, in every new species of trees, the intention of the careful grandfather was discernible. * * *

The best entertainment, the pleasantest society, instructive conversation, wherein the advantages of so large a Property became clearer in detail, especially where so much had been done for the dependent classes,—awakened the silent wish to continue longer; which also a kind, pressing invitation unexpectedly met. But our dear companion, the excellent Wolf,

who here found no entertainment for his tastes, and so the sooner and more keenly was seized with his usual impatience, desired so impetuously to be in Helmstadt again, that we had to resolve on setting forth; yet was there, at our parting, a mutual relation to spring up between us. The kind host presented to my son a beautiful Encrinite from his fossil treasures; and we scarcely counted on being able to return aught equally pleasing, when a certain Forest-problem came in course. In Ettersburg, near Weimar, it was said, in a popular Journal, a species of Box-tree grew, which, in figure and other qualities, visibly resembled the oak. The Count, with inherited taste for forest culture, wanted some prepared twigs, and what else might contribute to the knowledge of this Tree; especially, if possible, some living plants. In time we were so happy as to procure him what he wished, and so fulfil our promise; had the pleasure of sending him living specimens of this ambiguous Tree, and also, in after years, to hear good tidings of their growth.

During our return from Harbke, as in our going thither, the old conjuror, our guide, had much to tell us of his feats. We now learned from his own lips, what had already been communicated by tradition; yet, strictly considered, there was in the legends of this saint a singular monotony. As a boy, young courageous determination; as a scholar, quick self-defence, academic quarrels, mastery of the rapier, scientific skill in riding, and other bodily attainments; courage and dexterity, force and endurance, stedfastness and love of action; all this lay backwards in obscure times: three years of travel remained mysterious; and much else in the narrative, at all events in the examination, vague.

Since, however, the visible result of his history seemed to be an incalculable possession of precious things, an incalculable money wealth, enough of believers, of admirers, could never be wanting to him. These two, Money and Valuables, are a sort of household gods, towards which the many looks with greedy and devout eyes. Is a possession of this kind not inherited, and of plain acquirement, but gained in secrecy, then are all other marvels dimly assented to; the man is left to his fabulous way; for a mass of coined gold and silver lends, even to the untrue, respect and importance; people let the lie pass, while they envy the ready cash.

The possible or probable methods by which Beireis had attained to this property were simply and unanimously pointed out. He was reckoned to have found out a Colour which supplied the place of cochenille; to have communicated to master-brewers better processes of Fermentation than those then in use. Whoever is acquainted with the history of chemistry, will judge whether, in the middle of the last century, recipes of this sort might be gliding about; will know how far they have in recent years become public and universal. Might not Beireis, for example, have been among the first to come upon the improvement of Madder?

With all this, however, we are to consider the moral element in which, and on which he worked: I mean the Time, the specific feeling, the requirement thereof. Communication between the citizens of our world went not on so quick as it now does; as yet, any one dwelling in remote places, like Swedenborg, or in a small university, like Beireis, had still the freest opportunity to shroud himself in mysterious darkness, to evoke spirits, and labour at the philosopher's stone. Have we not, in still later days, seen Cagliostro; how, hastily traversing large spaces, alternately in the south, the north, the west, he could proceed with his

juggleries, and everywhere find proselytes? Is it too much to say, that a certain superstitious Belief in Dæmonic Men will never cease; nay, that in every time it will find itself a habitation, where the problematically True, for which, in theory alone, we have respect, may, in practice, marry itself, with all convenience, to the designedly False?

The agreeable society had kept us longer in Helmstadt than we purposed. Hofrath Beireis had shewn himself, in every sense, kindly and communicative; yet of his main treasure, the Diamond, far from exhibiting it, he had not so much as spoken. No one of the Helmstadt university men had seen it; and an oft-repeated tale, that this invaluable Stone was no longer in its place, served him, as we heard, for an excuse to strangers also. He was wont, it appeared, to state, with a confidential air, that he had caused twelve sealed caskets, perfectly alike, to be made, in one of which the Jewel lay. These twelve caskets he had distributed among distant friends, each of whom fancied himself in possession of the Treasure; while he alone knew who had it. We had reason to fear, therefore, that our inquiry after this wonder of nature would likewise be refused. Happily, however, shortly before our departure, there occurred what follows.

One morning he shewed us, in a volume of *Tournefort's Travels*, the figures of various natural diamonds, which, in the egg shape, with partial transition into the kindney and pap shape, had been found among the treasures of the Orientals. After having well impressed the form on us, he, without further ceremony, brought out, from his right breeches-pocket, the remarkable Production itself. In size like a moderate goose-egg; it was completely clear, transparent, yet without trace of having been polished; on the side you observed a slight hump, a kidney-shaped excrescence, whereby the Stone had a perfect resemblance to those figures.

With his customary staid composure, he then shewed some ambiguous experiments, that were to prove the genuineness of the Diamond; with a little rubbing the Stone attracted paper-clippings; the English file seemed not to harm it; yet he hurried over these tests, and told us the oft-repeated story, how he had tried it under a muffle; and at the glorious spectacle of the rising flame, had quite forgotten to moderate and extinguish the fire, whereby the Stone had, in a few moments, lost above a million crowns in value. Notwithstanding which, he reckoned himself happy that he had seen a fire-work, such as kaisers and kings might long for in vain.

While he held forth loquaciously on this point, I, mindful of chomatic proofs, was holding up the Wonder-egg before my eyes, to view the horizontal window-bars through it: but found the stripes of colour not broader than a rock-crystal would have given them; whereby I might henceforth privily have my doubts whether this world-renowned treasure was quite genuine. And so, by the head rhodomontade of our wondrous friend, may this visit of ours be fitly crowned.

Such is Goethe's account of Hofrath Beireis, himself a more remarkable Product of Nature and Art, than any item in that Seven-wonder Museum of his. We have learned elsewhere that he departed this life in the year 1809; and, in spite of boiled Crabs, and the *universale*, and all his cunning spagiric food, was snapt up by the Undertaker, and con-

signed to the earth, and, to the past, like a common mortal. His goose-egg Diamond, weighing 6,400 carats, which the Emperor of China had solemnly intrusted to him, which all the kings then extant had not wealth to buy, and which, after all, was but a Madagascar rock-crystal, did not make its appearance among his posthumous effects, and, in all probability, is lost to the universe. Whether Vaucanson's wooden *Duck* got feathers again, and recovered its digestive faculty; whether the *Flute-player*, and the *Shawm-player* (for he, too, lodged with Beireis), had awakened from their unmelodious trance, we know not; the whole three were, with those moth-eaten Birds, and the innumerable other Curiosities, put up to public auction, and thus scattered through the wide world, where, most probably, little remains of them but bones and dust.

Of such a Projector-character, wherein true talent strangely unites itself with empty gasconading; and in the Philosopher-quack are found scientific insight, practical skill, faith, hope, charity, and all gifts and graces, save that of common veracity—we have seen specimens in England, but none in nearly such perfection as this of Beireis; which, therefore, as given in these few touches by a first-rate artist, we have thought right to copy and communicate.

"FANTASIA" *à-la*-HOOD.

THE project of a protegée of Mr. Hood's, put forth in the new "Comic Annual"—that of turning "Blank Verse into Rhyme"—has excited a considerable quantity of morning, evening, and weekly-journal celebrity. Every shelf of every publisher in the three kingdoms will bear groaning witness to the amount of rhyme in "blank verse" that has been produced in this most poetical of all ages; but to reverse the picture, and to throw a perfume upon Paradise Lost by adding a very novel set of rhymes to it, is certainly ingenious, and worthy of the most Johnsonian days of England. Here is a specimen of this new species of poetry, selected from the "Nocturnal Sketch:"—

> "Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads;
> And sleepers waking, grumble—'Drat that cat!'
> Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
> Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will."

Another part of the sketch introduces us to some paralytic watchmen, that prowl

> "About the street, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
> Who, in her nightly jobs, robs fobs."

Whether this whimsical scheme could be brought to bear with advantage upon any of our great rhymeless poems, we leave it to a committee of taste, of which Mr. Robert Montgomery should be chairman, to decide. How would it apply to the "Seasons?"—

> "Come, gentle Spring! ethereal hum-drum, come!"

But we shall not speculate upon the point, particularly as, although it seems difficult, it is easy as lying. We are fearful of diminishing the degree of admiration which it has excited among the critics and coteries, were we to publish the whole thirty thousand lines sent to us by a youth-

ful correspondent; who vows that, though he is only nine years' old now, he could go on inditing them till he is ninety-nine, without stopping. Posterity, however, will no doubt excuse us for transcribing some five-and-twenty of these triple-toned lines. Our juvenile genius is one of Mr. Murray's errand-boys; we shall not give his name at present, because, if he were known to be clever, it would be fatal to his character. Aristocratic authors do not like errand-boys to be greater geniuses than themselves; and we scorn to expose him to the jealousy of Lord Leveson Gower. It will be seen that he fancies himself a sort of poetical Jack-the-giant-killer; but if, instead of slaying all the living authors, as he proposes, he should slaughter one half of them only, we shall hold it to be some atonement for his presumption.—"What stuff!" he begins,

"What stuff! at such the whole divine Nine pine;
And so, I'm sure it's understood, Hood should.
Why, *I* would rhyme so, till John Jones moans, groans,
Frightening to fits Haynes Bayly, gaily daily.
Nothing so easy: though the book Hook shook,
I'd beat it—nor could Mrs. Bray say nay.
I'd crop at once, like flowers, Power's hours,
And cloud with deadly stupors, Cooper's troopers.
And Scott—yes, while a rod of flames lames James,
You'd see before my altar, Walter falter;
Strangling with arms like Biffen's, Wiffen's griffins.
Flat at a single stroke I'd floor poor Moore,
And maul, with puns like pokers, Croker's jokers;
Then make, with showers of attic salt, Galt halt;
And while I stop with brambles Campbell's rambles,
Lo! death, with one or two small shots, pots Watts.
I'd burn (in time all dross goes) Roscoe's Moscows,
And shoot, with well-aimed arrows, Barrow's sparrows.
Then, quick despatching Delta, helter-skelter,
'Midst shouts of "shame," make Mrs. Gore roar more.
Driving to deep dishonoured holes Knowles, Bowles,
I'd give, like other codgers, Rogers podgers,
And put down James and Horace Smith with pith,
Scattering, like deer before the dogs, Hogg's fogs.
No more you'd hear, when 'neath a slab, Crabbe blab;
Nor heed, amidst my guerdons, Jerdan's burdens.
Mistake not, for Trueba's Shebas, Heber's;
I'd make them both, as well as Crowe, go slow;
And knock down topsy-turvey (scurvy!) Hervey.
Poems and prose by L. E. L. sell well.
But mine should of his kindest milk bilk Dilke,
And melt with music's organs Morgan's gorgons.
Then would the author of "Tremaine" gain pain,
While he, the sire of "The Disowned" (stoned) groaned.
Thus leaving to dramatic fools Poole's rules,
And making, seven nights a week, Peake squeak;
I'd crush, great trio! Moreton, Norton, Gorton,
And down fame's hill send Croly roley-poley!"

TITHES *versus* RENT.

1. A thinking man soon finds out, that the present difficulties of one portion of the community, and privations of the other, are not owing to circumstances *inseparable from* the age and country in which we live, and the government to which we are subject.

2. A thinking man, that is, if he be not a landed proprietor, soon discards the tenet, that population has in this country exceeded its *natural* maximum; that the time has arrived for pouring out upon unoccupied portions of the globe the superfluous inhabitants of our own; that emigration is our only remedy, or that it can be made a general remedy for the evils, of which we are all sensible.

3. A thinking man sees at a glance, that the wretchedness of the poor, accompanied as it must be by poor laws, and improvidence, and idleness, and moral degradation, and moral insensibility, and vice, is the greatest of those evils which afflict England.

4. A thinking man need not be told, that the condition of the poor of a country depends upon the quantity of employment within their reach, and the quantity of the necessaries of civilized life, which this employment will procure.

5. It is obvious that manufacturing property, though of first-rate importance to a country, adapted, like ours is, to manufacture, is not the property upon which the poor depend for sufficient provision of the necessaries of civilized life.

The manufacturing property of any particular nation is exposed to many accidents in every stage of its condition, between the extremes of the highest prosperity, and utter annihilation. It depends upon such accidents as peace, war, national competition, encouragement, restriction, prohibition, fashion, price of food: it depends upon such accidents as these, whether the demand for any particular manufacture, at any particular juncture, in any particular nation, is so urgent, as to make it worth a capitalist's while to create or continue, extend or contract, the supply, that is, to call the poor into employment, or retain it in employment, paying such wages as will keep the poor in a state of rational contentment with poverty; in a state not obstructive of the moral and intellectual progress of the poor along with, and in proportion to, the like progress of the higher classes.

Manufacturing property is then, in the present state of civilization, at least, in a dependant condition itself; it is subject to all degrees of distress, and finally, annihilation; and cannot therefore be considered as the final resource against the pressure of extreme poverty.

6. The only stable source of production within man's control is the soil. To the soil then the Author of our being and its necessities directs us, whenever the mere contrivances of man shall have failed to furnish the means of subsistence adequate to the support of a moral, as well as an animal nature: *the soil of our own country,* the voice of rational freedom directs us in preference to any other: by the soil of their own country have Englishmen a right to be maintained in soul and spirit, as well as body, as long as that soil is *naturally competent* to such maintenance.

The Author of man's natural rights, and the spirit of his own political rights, both warrant an Englishman in looking to *the soil of his own country* for employment enough to occupy his powers of labour; for

such remuneration of his industry as will maintain the energies of body and mind. When the Englishman is convinced that God made man and woman to be a mutual curse, and not a blessing; when he believes that God made for Adam one *meet* to be his torment, instead of the object of his love, the instrument of his best earthly happiness; then, but not till then, let him *make up his mind to the moody, maddening maxims of emasculating Malthus:* when again he sees reason to believe that the soil of England is overcharged with population; then let him *hearken to the heart-rending exhortations of the inhospitable Horton.*

The condition then of the poor population of our country is dependant on the quantity of employment provided by the soil, and the quantity of the necessaries of civilized life, which labour in such employment will procure.

7. This quantity of employment and remuneration being not, at present, nor likely to be for ages to come, restricted by any *natural* causes affecting our country's soil, it follows, that the present distressed state of our labouring classes is attributable to *the artificial condition of landed property;* that is to say, to some contrivances of our own, by which our petty selfishness, our short-sighted prudence, our presumptuous officiousness, has thrust itself in the way of a wise and benevolent Providence; has intercepted the communications of its blessings to those who most need them; has turned aside the majestic and fertilizing streams of its equable and effectual bounty into channels cut in a soil abundantly supplied before; making that barrenness which was once a garden; converting that into the rankness of a fungus-forcing-hot-bed, which before yielded, in the full perfection of its nutritive properties, the grain by which the life of man is best preserved in its full animal vigour, its moral and intellectual dignity.

8. Whatever has been contrived by human means, by human means may be altered. There is *absolutely* no limit to the extent to which man may lawfully prosecute the work of altering any, and every thing, which man has ever, or can ever devise. The same right by which man, in time past, called any provision of the social system into existence, remains, unimpaired, to man in time present to modify the details of any such system, to expunge them from the system, to alter the system to any extent, to abolish the system altogether, to create a new system in its stead, either by positive provisions, or by leaving the common good of the community to the common operation of its common intelligence.

The rights of any portion of the community, derived *merely* from the contrivance of any portion of the community, at any period of the community, may be by similar portions of the community at any period confirmed, extended, abridged, abolished. It is the language of fashion, by which we designate the provisions of *mere* human contrivance—rights: reason would name them privileges.

9. We have thus rid ourselves of the bugbear of absolute social rights, excepting such as conscience and reason dictate to us to be the provisions of the only legislator for every age and country, the fountain, head of all legislation, the Legislator of the universe.

We shall find the appellation, privilege, a much more adequate exponent of the ideas suggested to us by mere social provisions, than the appellation right: we shall find, that the substitution of this correct

term will save us from many serious errors of deduction and inference in the process of working out the several rational problems, in which the whole subject of political truth is involved.

10. Attributing, then, the general distress of those who depend upon any sort of employment to the scarcity of such employment, and its inadequate remuneration; inadequate to the reasonable wants of civilized subsistence, after satisfying the unparalleled requisitions of our national and local taxation; assigning, moreover, such scarcity of employment, such insufficient remuneration to labour of all sorts, to the *general monopoly*, arising out of our own perverse contrivances of late years, to heap up capital into enormous masses; bringing home to monopoly in general the whole of the general distress, except that which our enormous debt has a tendency to create; it is clear, that the portion of this distress, most grievous to be borne, most obstructive of the common happiness of the nation, most destructive of the endowments, by which less cultivated humanity is distinguished from the brute creation; the most intolerable for suffering man to bear, the most painful for pitying man to contemplate, is that portion of distress, which is inflicted on us by *monopoly of land*, or, in other terms, "the existing condition of landed property."

11. Monopoly of land is the effect of large capital invested in land, with a view to farther *large* accumulation.

The great inducement to invest capital thus, results from a mere contrivance of man, and the profits of such investment therefore rank under the appellation privilege; this term being understood to imply, "factitious right, of which we do not take cognizance a priori, communicable by society, and therefore by society revocable also."

The pretence for such a contrivance is the good of the community, which community, as it first called this contrivance into operation for its good, may, beyond all possible doubt, modify or annihilate it for its good also.

12. This privilege, then, of large profits returned to large capital invested in land, may, without the least injustice, as soon as the community think fit, be curtailed, or altogether cancelled.

13. The pretence upon which, in the year 1815, the corn laws were passed, was the good of the country in general, and in particular the advantage of enticing the men of England to attend to the cultivation of the soil, as a means of independent supply for the country during war.

The houses of parliament consisted then, as they do now, mainly of landed proprietors, and landed proprietors being, as all *classes* of men always have been, averse from looking very carefully after arguments, to disprove conclusions favourable to their profit, the following conclusions were promptly arrived at:—

Firstly. That the country would be deprived of the provision of bread, in case of a war, if it did not raise enough corn for its own consumption.

Secondly. That the only way to insure a sufficient supply of home grown corn, was to assimilate the commodity of land to other commodities, in respect of the grain to be derived from its possession by private individuals, thus divesting the accumulative propensities of Englishmen (by which, though *to a certain extent unavoidably*, they are

not amiably distinguished from other nations), from trade and merchandize to the proprietorship of land.

The great majority of both houses, being by far too delicately jealous of the presumed *peculiar* dignity of the higher classes, to exhibit an *open* tendency to any of those grovelling and plebeian pursuits, by which vulgar men are wont to satiate the "auri sacra fames," were of course delighted at the prospect of indulging the hidden passion of their essentially vulgar souls, unsmutched by contact with the profane herd, amongst whom vulgar money-getters are obliged to struggle for their gains. Nay, more; how must they have exulted in their hearts, in many instances, of course incapacitated from a consciousness of wrong, by the self-deceiving force of extreme temptation; how must they have exulted in the opportunity offered by the profound stupidity of the farmers, the prostrate brutish ignorance of the poor labourers, to *enhance* their ancestral importance in the estimation of a large division of the people, at the very moment of their dealing humanity a deadly blow! With what avidity must they have seized upon the means thus offered, of disguising their attack on the comforts of middle life, the subsistence of low life, under the chivalrous baronial pretence, *Amor patriæ!*

14. As was to be expected, the selfishness of the corn laws was too gross and palpable to deceive all of those within the doors of parliament, who were even intimately connected by ties of consanguinity, and friendship, and party, with the landed proprietors: it seemed that nothing short of a direct and extensive *personal interest in the profits* of the proposed measure, could invest common sense with sufficient impudence, could work upon it with a charm of deception potent enough, to induce it to convert the comfort and subsistence of *millions* into the wealth and luxury of a few *hundreds.*

Thus we find the late Sir W. Curtis, whose property was not vested in land, and who therefore had, on this subject, a chance of forming a correct opinion—though he was in general a most unhesitating supporter of the ministry—we find this member declaring on the 17th February, 1815, in the House of Commons, that "rents having in cases *doubled,* in some *trebled* during the war, he saw no rate of taxation, no peculiar pressure on the landed interests, to justify the measure.

Thus also in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Wellesley, and Lord Grenville, similarly circumstanced with Sir W. Curtis as to landed property, at all events much less interested than most landed proprietors, protested against the corn bill on every account; asserting, that the country did not require it; that the landed interest did not deserve it; that no human interference could prevent our being always supplied from foreign countries; that the measure was being hurried through parliament without waiting for any evidence of fact in its favour, with a most suspicious and disgraceful precipitancy; but most urgently did these comparatively wise, these humane noblemen protest against the measure, because that, of all its directly mischievous consequences, by far the worst was, its "enchroachment on the condition of the poor."

To complete this illustration of the fact, that a disposition to approve of large investments of capital in land, indicates a gross vulgar personal interestedness, however disguised from the offender's conscience, by the extreme force of temptation, to illustrate this fact by one striking example more: Mr. Whitbread, the boisterous asserter of popular

rights, the man so suspected of an unlawful determination to the popular cause, as to be, by the witty author of the Rejected Addresses, chosen, along with the Pope, and the Beastly Corsican Fiend, to embody the essence of all that was odious to that courtly journal, the Morning Post; this man, impossible though it would seem for impudence to go so far, did actually declare, forgetful of the notorious profits of his own brewery, that "more human misery was caused by overpayment of labourers, than by underpayment;" that "large wages led to idleness, extravagance, and dissipation;" meaning no doubt especially drunkenness, without due encouragement to which, his beer-making would not have been the trade to satisfy so thorough a tradesman as himself.

Whatever Mr. Whitbread may have almost supposed he meant, the writer of this, in common, he presumes, with all men of plain understanding, knows, that he meant to this purport: "I have a large capital invested in land already, and I mean to invest more, as I continue accumulating from my brewery. I know, that if high wages are paid to labourers, the rent will soon be very much lowered indeed, and at last, perhaps, entirely consumed by that greedy and dissipated set of men! I am not such a fool as to care more for the public good than my own, however it answers my purpose in parliament, sometimes to say so. I am therefore for making landlords rich, and will support a 'Corn Bill.'

'Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames!'"

15. The Corn Bill of 1815, has thus been referred to, not as the origin of *all* the mischief, which has accrued to our country through rent; (this mischief indeed, has been accumulating ever since violence and conquest first succeeded, on a large scale, in overpowering the natural rights of mankind,) but in order to make, if possible, clearer that, which was as clear as light before; to make assurance doubly sure, that there is a grovelling, dirty, vulgar, unrighteous, contemptible spirit of mammon at the foundation of the arguments, by which the exclusive interests of the landed proprietors are upheld.

16. The following is an extract from returns made by farmers in different parts of the kingdom, to inquiries from the Board of Agriculture.

In the year 1790, the demands of rent and tithe on 100 acres of land, were, for £109. 0*s.* 5¼*d.*, in these proportions:

Rent	£88	6	3½	=£109	0 5¼
Tithe	20	14	1¾		

leaving an amount of profit to rent above tithe, of £67. 12*s.* 1¾*d.* Thus, 48 years ago, rent was quadruple that of tithe, and £5. 9*s.* 8½*d.* besides, on the cultivation of 100 acres.

In 1803, the corresponding gross amount being £147. 10*s.* 7¾*d.* the proportions were,

Rent	£121	2	7½	=£147	10 7¾
Tithe	26	8	0¼		

leaving an excess in favour of rent, of £94. 14*s.* 7¼*d.* Rent was, therefore, at this period also quadruple of tithe, and £15. 10*s.* 6½*d.* besides.

Again, in 1813, the amount of the two was £198. 9*s.* 11*d.*, thus:

Rent	£161	12	7¾	=£198	9 11
Tithe	36	17	3¼		

This last amount of rent above tithe, was £124. 15*s.* 4½*d.*, that is,

£26. 2*s.* 6¾*d.*, more than quadruple. The disproportion since this period has probably encreased rather than diminished in favour of rent. *Tithe, then, has never been nearly so much as a quarter of rent.*

17. But, independently of all calculation, the proof of the enormous profits of landed proprietors is established by the visible addition during the last 40 years, of acres upon acres to different landed properties; all bought with the accumulated profits of rent; besides the heaps of profit from the same source, at present in the funds and other investments. "Field has been laid to field, and house to house, till there is no place left."

18. It is possible that the country can still afford to allow the privilege of rent in *a very reduced degree* from the best land; but it is impossible for ordinary observation not to conclude, that for the worst land none at all, and for the indifferent hardly any at all, ought to be paid.

19. The profits of landed proprietors already realized, exclude rent from the claim of any farther factitious protection whatever. If farmers and labourers can pay any, and be content; let it be paid: if not; let it go, like other property invested for profit is continually going, "to the dogs."

20. The laws of the country make express provision for the payment of tithe. Rent, on the contrary, is left to arrangement between man and man.

21. Rent consists equitably of surplus produce, after all the poor who are able to work, and can get no other employ, have been enabled to earn a comfortable subsistence without help of poor laws: after the small practical capitalist, the farmer, has received the due return to his capital and skill, and industry; after the government dues, amongst which is tithe, in reality nothing but a land tax, have been levied.

22. Whenever the circumstances of a country are such, that all these dues cannot be paid without causing misery to a population, the deduction must first be made, exclusively made, from rent.

23. The capital of the merchant and manufacturer is not protected from annihilation, even. This can never be the landowner's lot, though it would be difficult to shew in what respect he deserves this advantage, more than the manufacturer and the merchant. In fact, since neither ingenuity or trouble is required at his hands, he has in all respects much less claim to consideration than either of them. He cannot, however, and need not be deprived of his great advantage over them, which results from the naturally imperishable condition of the material, in which his property is invested.

24. Let the landed proprietor not presume to crave for rent, then, to the starvation or degradation of his fellow-countrymen. Let him be abundantly thankful for the resources he has still left: let him hug himself for a lucky fellow, that he has the power of betaking himself to that liberal occupation, the active superintendance of the tillage of the earth: let him, if he be a scholar (shame upon him if he be not), take down his Cicero from its shelf, and construe, and endeavour to catch the spirit of that philosophic nobleman's true and eloquent sentence—"Nihil est agricultura melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius:" let him only beware of rendering *agricultura* by his favourite term rent: let him not mistake the sense of the word *uberius* for any profit, but that which the "bountiful earth yields to an intelligent, highly educated, learned, philosophic, but assiduous withal, and practical cultivator."

25. Whatever such a man may possess beyond his own powers, aided by domestic servants to superintend, let him assign to cultivators of his own choice. If they are not fairly able to pay him rent in cash, the representative of produce, let him be abundantly thankful that he can get some return in produce.

26. A landed proprietor, thus circumst nced, would be a fit subject for the envy of any king upon earth; a landed proprietor, who would not be satisfied with snch a condition, deserves no regard from society to his wants or wishes; a landed proprietor, who would not ten thousand times rather place himself in such a condition, than thrive in any other, by depriving his countrymen of the food, and clothing, and fuel, necessary to make life worth possessing, deserves to be forced to have a lesson of humanity, by bitter experience of the sufferings to which he is so callous.

27. Rent, then, must not be exempted from the accidents to which other *speculations for profit* are exposed. Rent must depend, like all other profits, upon the convenience and ability of the country to afford it. The amount of rent far exceeds that of the land-tax paid to the government for its own use; far exceeds the land-tax paid to the clergy under protection of government and for public purposes. The proprietors of rent are the idlest men in the country; and can, and, as often as not, do spend the rent out of the country. Rent therefore must be forced to supply all that is at present wanted to render our wretched fellow-countrymen independent of charity for their ordinary support. Rent must be reduced, till men are deterred from investing larger capital in land than they can actively manage themselves.

28. Thus will there be employment on the land for myriads of vigorous, high spirited freemen; whereas it is now crawled over and meddled with, rather than duly tilled, by only hundreds of emaciated and degraded slaves. Thus will the vast mass of property, spread amongst the middle ranks, be relieved from the burden of the poor laws, that fruitful, yet at present unavoidable, cause of immorality, imprudence, and misery. Thus will that deadly animosity against property of all sorts, which now animates our suffering fellow-countrymen, be eradicated from their hearts—thus will those who are worst off have reason to be contented with their lot—and thus, as their patience under grinding injustice proves, will they be abundantly contented. Thus will the landowner be rich in such mode and degree as will render his possessions a blessing, not a curse, to the commonwealth. Thus, moreover, will the landowner be withdrawn from the morbid excitement of the Turf and the Hell, to the substantial gratification, yielded by the interchange of a primitive and genuine hospitality amongst his equals, to the harmonizing, the godlike control of a neighbouring population, dependant upon his employ for a free subsistence, while in health and vigour, and upon his charity for relief, when the utmost exertions of lowly industry and prudence have not availed to ward off the stroke of distress. Thus will he become thoroughly acquainted with the wants, and have a genuine feeling for the interests of his fellow-countrymen, and be the fit man to represent and promote those interests in the council of the nation. Thus will he possess so rational, deeply-rooted, and entire influence over his neighbours, that no vulgar demagogue shall have an opportunity of opposing his pretensions.

29. All taxes are, of course, pernicious, in proportion as they press

upon those classes which have least to spare. Taxes tending to enhance the price of food are, *pro tanto*, the worst taxes. Land taxes, of all kinds, ought, therefore, to be commuted as soon as possible. In the mean time, however, it is not to be contradicted, that the real full, legal tithe, can at present, without inconvenience to farmer or labourer, be paid, if all but the rent of the very best land be taken off altogether, and this list be very much reduced.

30. The evil of tithe, as a deduction from profit, is sensibly felt at present, solely and entirely in consequence of the pressure of rent. The evil of tithe, as a bone of contention between parson and farmer, and through the latter the labourer also, can be remedied directly throughout the kingdom, by forcing the landed proprietor himself to pay the full tithe to the parson. It is a monstrous absurdity that this has not been always insisted on. The parson would thus have a very few to quarrel with for his subsistence instead of a great many; and these few would be, on the average, less likely to push their animosity towards him, for demanding his income, to such irrational lengths. At all events, he need not scruple to make them do him justice as men, who very well know that he has a legal and equitable right to back his pretensions, and who can pay him without greater inconvenience than usually attends the discharge of a debt by a wealthy man.

31. The landed proprietor, then, must be forced into cultivation on his own account first; and when the country deems it best for its interests, the clerical tithe-holder must be compelled to cultivate also.

32. Whatever rent continues to be paid at present should be paid in produce alone, thus in justice exonerating the farmer, the smaller industrious capitalist, from the losses incurred by monetary fluctuations, from the necessity of selling his produce at unfavourable junctures, in order to provide cash for the rent day.

33. Until tithe has been commuted for its full value in land, by imperative demands upon proprietors, thus to redeem their property from its legal dues, it would be a manifest injustice to force a parson to buy carts and horses to carry his corn to market. The landed proprietor should, therefore, be obliged to pay the parson in cash until the commutation has been made. The question of tithe has nought in common with that of bishopricks, and pluralities, and luxurious provision for parsons. All such things may be, and, no doubt, are absurd enough, still the public has a right to claim, and surely will not suffer itself to be cajoled out of the full deduction of the tenth from the landed property of the kingdom. Nay more, the parsons may be the most immoral and useless men in the country, which, by the by, they certainly are not, without in the least invalidating their claim to the property which they hold, not under divine authority, nor as successors of apostles, but as men capable of possessing civil rights, and invested with those rights by the laws under which they live.

34. A public right, most indubitably, is that of tithe, and to the most beneficial public purposes may it be, whenever the country chooses, applied. It only needs the public demand for something more than a black-coated, shovel-hatted, on working days, decent-looking; but on Sundays, demure and sanctified, preaching and prayer-reading parson. It only needs the public to require a masculine style of clergyman, instead of the old-womanish, catechetical idol of clerk, and beadles, and sextons, and pew-openers, and Sunday-school children. As soon as

there is a demand for masculine piety, and talents and acquirements in a clergyman, the supply will commence, and rapidly increase. At present, decency and demureness of manner, and tameness of spirit (without which a man will hardly suffer himself to be sufficiently cheated out of), punctuality in attendance on the formalities of church service, sanctified abhorrence of mirth on Sundays, comparative easiness as to mischief and vice on working days. At present, these are the only qualifications absolutely required by public opinion in a clergyman. What right, then, has the public to complain, if the parsons are not so robust as they might be! but only about twenty times as useful as the landed proprietors!

35. With the public is lodged the power of calling forth to its use, through the instrumentality of the provision of tithe, due to the public from the landed proprietors, a class of masculine Christians, and scholars, and philosophers, such as no nation without equal funds at its disposal, ever could possess—a class of men, independent of the ignorant, and puling, and canting pretension to piety, by which men, supported by the voluntary tithe contributions of a Christian society of the present day, must be obstructed in the wish of elevating the moral character of a population—a class of men to whom, as it would be expected of them, the education of the poor might best be entrusted, in the full assurance of the greatest benefit to be derived from their exertions.

36. The attention of the writer of this article was excited, and his spirit roused to defend the poor parsons on grounds, beyond all candid denial, free from exception, by an article on Tithes, in a late number of the Westminster Review. Nothing can be fairer than that the writer of that article should, if he thinks parsons *worse* than devils, deny them that due to which even devils are by fair men considered entitled. It is not perhaps too much, as the article alluded to evinces a coherent and sane mind, to conclude, that the writer has not yet reached this extreme point of error, in judgment, respecting parsons, however disposed, notwithstanding, to hate them, as if he had. The writer of the present article knows very well that hard names are even a worse species of argument than hard blows: their logical insufficiency being the same, while their conclusions are not nearly so convincing. He will not himself resort to such bad arguments while he has better to use, but he cannot help half asserting, that if any fighting parson of the land should take occasion to cast Bully and Sycophant in the teeth of the Westminster Reviewer, he might perhaps be not altogether without justification. Bully, for his ferocious attack upon men comparatively, at this juncture, defenceless; Sycophant, for his gross attempt to curry favour with the landed proprietors, of whom it is impossible he can approve, by suggesting that the property of the parsons shall be sacrificed to that overloaded and greedy class, to make them amends for the necessary abrogation of the corn laws—*Mala mens, malus animus.* The man must have known better. A silly man could not have written the article alluded to. It betrays hatred—savage hatred throughout. He wrote not because he loved the poor; not because he liked the rich; but because, though he cared little for the first, and hated the second, he hated the parsons still more.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY AN ULTRA-TORY.

A PLAGUE on all Reform, for raising such a storm!
It makes the place too warm for any Tory's son;
A plague upon the day when Brougham came in our way,
In office with Lord Grey, in the year thirty-one!

The world is in a fury, the people are our jury,
We've lions at Old Drury as tame as Mister Bunn;
While Cholera plays its rigs—(I wish the foreign brigs
Had brought it to the Whigs in the year thirty-one).

And then there's so much burking, and revolutions working,
With secret mischiefs working, which angry fate has spun,
I fear that their intentions, as every rascal mentions,
Have threatened all our pensions in the year thirty one.

'Neath London Bridge who steers, feels something like my fears,
And trembles for the *peers*——Ah me! I have made a pun!
But oh! I mourn our fate—for rich men and the great
Were driven from the state in the year thirty-one.

We had a glorious bustle with little Lord John Russell,
Expecting in the tustle we surely must have won;
And though but by a fraction we failed in our re-action,
They called us all a faction in the year thirty-one.

We sought—who could do less?—assistance from the press;
That left us in a mess—Courier, Chronicle, and Sun;
And had (oh, deed infernal!) since we smashed the Morning Journal,
Scarce a weekly or diurnal in the year thirty-one.

Though we bribed the Morning Post (the John Bull we paid the most),
The ministers to roast—yet certain as a gun,
The Herald and the Times, and more—too hard for rhymes—
Have chronicled our crimes in the year thirty-one.

The people have made merry with corporation sherry,
And pelted Londonderry till he was forced to run,
Because his elocution defeated revolution,
And saved the constitution in the year thirty-one.

They talk about it still, and dare to say they will
Have that accursed Bill—and must have that, or none;
While all this troubled nation is one Association,
In spite the proclamation, in the year thirty-one.

And no one ever hinders the breaking of our windows,*
They burn our homes to cinders, and think it monstrous fun;
And then, with shouts and groans, the poor Recorder's bones
They set with "Bristol stones" in the year thirty-one.

Our boroughs will be lost, I fear it to our cost,
Before the coming frost—the fate we cannot shun;
And then, dear brother Tory, farewell to all our glory—
We shall not live in story in the year thirty-one.

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* "Kings are not more imperative then rhymes."

THE NEW YEAR.

BY A LIBERAL WHIG.

All hail, auspicious Year! the glorious day draws near,
When every pensioned Peer corruption must eschew;
The boroughmongering swarm shall bow before the storm,
And give us a Reform in the year thirty-two.

Few now of any station deny some reformation
Is wanted by the nation (because they're in a stew);
The Bishops and the Peers grow fainter with their cheers,
While thinking of their fears in the year thirty-two.

And some have had discretion, in this the present session,
To make a full confession, as honest men should do;
And I have good authority to say that our minority
Will turn to a majority in the year thirty-two.

What if the Cholera rages, as so the wight presages
Who scribbled all those pages in the Quarterly Review,
We'll have a quarantine to keep the King and Queen,
And "Constitution" clean, in the year thirty-two.

Our members shall do more than they have done before,
Save some, perhaps a score—the ever-active few;
For all must use their speech, while Irving lives to teach
Some "unknown tongue" to each in the year thirty-two.

Should I behold the day when Russell, Brougham, and Grey
Shall one and all give way before the factious crew,
Then shall I look to Peel, in hopes he will reveal
Consistency and zeal in the year thirty-two.

When Cumberland talks sense on any good pretence—
Newcastle lowers his rents, and takes less than his due;
When Eldon fails to "doubt" what he has been about,
The Whigs may then be out in the year thirty-two.

When Cobbett, for a week, shall write, or think, or speak
Philosophy or Greek, in Kensington or Kew—
Why then his Indian corn he'll leave to Tory scorn,
And on the Whigs will fawn in the year thirty-two.

When Hunt shall give his aid to those he has betrayed,
And talks less of his maid, his Betty, or his Sue;
And when O'Connell's fiat shall fail to raise a riot,
The mobs will then be quiet in the year thirty-two.

When Wilberforce shall shew that blacks are white as snow,
And tithes all men shall know are blessings good and true,
With Percival at last, before the session's passed,
We'll have a general fast in the year thirty-two.

When Hume forgets his score, that two and two make four—
When Sibthorpe's not a bore, and Rothschild's not a Jew—
When Croker's elocution shall force a dissolution,
There'll be a revolution in the year thirty-two.

Give praise to all on earth whose merit is their worth—
Crush faction in the birth, like dirt beneath the shoe;
Thus shall man be judged alone by virtues of his own,
If prejudice be flown, in the year thirty-two.

Oh! could I but fulfil the impulse of my will,
Education I'd instil in men of every hue;
And then by that decree there should not living be
A soul that wasn't free in the year thirty-two.

UGO FOSCOLO, AND THE ITALIAN POETS.*

LIKE the Oriental fame of the thousand and one tales, the charm of which strengthened with the recital, there is a sort of fascination clinging around every thing of Italy and her works, that seems to grow with the lapse of time, and hold the heart and the imagination in willing captivity. In how far this pre-eminence of attraction and respect, among surrounding nations, may be founded on reason and truth, or on mere climate and conventional circumstances, would afford scope for some curious speculation; for assuredly, if we could, it would be right to divest ourselves of hereditary admiration, and all undue love and reverence for objects, not in themselves deserving of our high, enthusiastic regard. If, however, we were to let facts speak, the result, we incline to think, of such inquiry would go far to shew the justice of the peculiar claim which Italy boasts in the eyes of the world, in her history, her literature, and her arts, not only to our love and admiration, but to our unceasing gratitude for pleasures and benefits long conferred. Amidst the splendid ruins of the Grecian and Roman greatness, Italy, the nurse of learning and the arts, like the ark of the Israelites, still preserved the type of intellectual truth and beauty, and continued the links between the master-minds and diviner spirits of the old classic ages, and the periods of civilization, discovery, and refinement, to which they roused mankind, down to the present day. The Muse of Italy was of the first to break into full and majestic song; her painters first pictured the works and the visions of heaven upon the wondering earth; her princely scholars raised the first institutions of learning,—science,—art;—models of all which we now possess; her philosophers made their discoveries before Bacon wrote; without her Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, our Chaucer would not have been the same poet; without her novelists the mighty Shakspeare must elsewhere have sought his sources of magic power,—his Moor and his Juliet would not exist; Milton combined the majestic vigour and the splendid imagery both of Dante and Tasso; Dryden, Pope, and all the best and loftiest of our names turned from the classic stores which Italy preserved to us, to drink deeply after boyhood at the scarcely less inspiring fount of Italy's Helicon itself. But among the most gifted of her sons, whose genius spread light and civilization over the modern world, none assuredly hold a higher rank than her poets, standing in equally bold relief with the grand disciples of their sister art,—the Michael Angelos, the Raphaels, and the Titians of their respective times.

Like them they devoted themselves to their cause with an energy of soul that mastered every difficulty; they entered on their career with a spirit of intellectual gladiatorship, which, in each pursuit and study, ensured them success; they did not confine their knowledge to one branch of art,—men for all times and all learning, they asserted the rights of intellect; they made their voice heard and feared; they walked with princes; they adorned the camp, the court, and the cabinet, and appeared more like the patrons than the mere fosterers of learning. We might here, indeed, adduce numerous instances in which crowned heads, as in the case of the bold Aretin, yielded obeisance to the power

* Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. M.R.S.L. Second Edition, with numerous Additions. 3 vols. Edward Bull.

of the pen; when proud prelates, and princes with all the wealth and beauty of the land, courted the notice of famed poets and painters to prolong their brief and perishable names; but times and characters are so wofully altered in these matters, that one might fairly, perhaps, be supposed to be giving a sketch of the golden age, or some "author's Paradise" previous to his fall, before the flood.

As regards Italy, however, the dignity, the vigour, and the extensive influence of her literary character as it once existed, will more fully appear, if we turn for a moment from the brighter days of her intellectual supremacy, to observe how even amidst the desolation that has palsied her powers and laid waste her palaces, the genius of her former men still inspires hope in their descendants, a secret vigilance and dread in the oppressor, and bitter hostility to those principles which animate the true poet and the patriot. So sensible was Napoleon of this power of literary opinion, that, on his conquest of Italy, he left no means untried to conciliate the leading literary men of the day; and it may easily be surmised that from their influence on the political as well as the literary fortunes of their country, the poets of Italy would present a rich and interesting theme for the pen of any biographer, who had a soul to feel and intellect to appreciate the character of their works and of the times in which they flourished.

In this respect, it may justly be observed that among the writers who have recently done so much to illustrate the more important periods of Italian history, and to bring us more intimately acquainted with works of literature and art, few appear to have entered on the task with more sincerity and zeal than the author, the title of whose book is appended to the foregoing observations. It is written in a spirit of candour and truth which reflects credit on his taste and feelings, while, as we shall proceed to shew, it will be found to supply ample sources of information, at once amusing and instructive. We have felt more deeply interested in such of the lives as run to some extent, though not more perhaps, from the characters of the men, than from the manly and engaging style which the writer brings to the discussion of his theme. In presenting the reader with some examples, our veneration for these far-famed poets who gave new impulse to their language and their times, has not been a little enhanced by the agreeable manner in which their distinctive merits have been pointed out. Of the mistress of the celebrated Dante, it may be interesting to give the following particulars —at least curious and touching—from their rarity:—

"But the youth of Dante was the subject of another spell besides that of his richly-endowed and creative intellect. Of those who have immortalized their love in song, none have more intimately united their name and immortality, both as men and poets, with the memory of their mistresses than Dante. When he first saw Beatrice Portinari, he was little more than nine years old, and the details he has himself left respecting this youthful passion, have so much the air of a romance, that they have been frequently passed over with much less attention than they merit. When it is considered how much greater influence his love for Beatrice seems to have had upon his mind than any other circumstance of his life; how much more present her image is to the reader of the 'Commedia' than any other of the numerous personages it mentions; how closely, in fact, the names of Dante and Beatrice must remain united so long as Italian literature exists; we shall not fail to regard every notice that remains of their connection

as of the highest value—not as it may satisfy curiosity, far more particular in such cases than philosophy, about the exactness of trifling facts, but as serving to indicate the tone of feeling and sentiment which characterised the youth of this great man.

"Folco Portinari, the father of Beatrice, was a citizen of distinction, and it was the custom in Florence, at that period, for the better class of the inhabitants to keep the first of May with open house and various kinds of rejoicing. Dante, on the present occasion, happened to be among the guests of Portinari, and the little *Bice*, as her friends called her, who was about the same age as himself, was so gentle and beautiful, that she immediately attracted his regard. In a few years the child-like affection he had conceived for her ripened into a deeper feeling, and wholly occupied his thoughts. To this he attributes the earliest exercise of his muse, and the following sonnet is the first of his printed compositions. It contains an address to all who had any experience in the mysteries of love, and were likely to interpret the meaning of his poetic visions.

"A ciascun' alma presa, e gentil core,
Nel cui cospetto vien' il dir presente
In ciò che mi riscrivan, suo parvente
Salute in lor Signor, cioè Amore.
Gia eran' quasi ch' atterzate l'hore
Del tempo ch' ogni stella è piu lucente
Quando m' apparve amor subitamente
Cui essenza sembrar, mi dà horrore.
Allegro mi sembrava Amor' tenendo,
Mio cor' in mano, e nelle braccia havea
Madonna involta in un drappo dormendo
Poi la svegliava, e desto cor ardendo
Lei paventosa humilmente pascea
Appresso gir' lo ne vedea piangendo."

"To every captive soul and gentle heart,
For whom I sing, what sorrows strange I prove!
I wish all grace, and may their master, Love,
Present delight and happy hopes impart.
Two-thirds of night were spent, but brightly clear
The stars were shining, when surprised I saw
Love, whom to worship is my will and law;
Glad was his aspect, and he seemed to bear
My own heart in his hand, while on his arms
Garmented in her many-folded vest,
Madonna lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd;
But he awoke her filled with soft alarms,
And with that burning heart in humble guise
Did feed her, till in gloom the vision fled my eyes."

Beatrice died soon after both she and Dante reached their twenty-fifth year:—

"It one day happened that as he was brooding over the recollection of his beloved mistress, he saw, at the window of a neighbouring house, a lady of the most exquisite loveliness. Her eyes were fixed upon his melancholy figure with a look of deep sympathy, and her countenance, pale and expressive, was the counterpart of the image so strongly impressed on his heart. His tears, he says, fell freer as he contemplated this fair resemblance of his Beatrice, and he wrote sonnet after sonnet declaring the consolation he found in the sympathy she rendered his sufferings. At length, however, he perceived that his eyes began to take a greater delight in the graces of the living beauty than was consistent with the devout remembrance of Beatrice. Discovering his danger, he reproached himself in the bitterest manner for what he termed the vileness of his

heart and the vanity of his eyes; and thus expresses himself in one of the sonnets written at the time:—

" Color d'amore, e di pietà sembianti
Non preser mai così mirabilmente
Viso di donna per veder sovente
Occhi gentili, e dolorosi pianti;
Come lo vostro qual' hora davanti
Vedetevi la mia labbia dolenti;
Si che per voi mi vien così a la mente
Ch' io temo forte ho lo cor si schianti
Io non posso tener gli occhi distrutti,
Che non riguardin voi molte fiate,
Per desidero di pianger ch' egli hanno:
E voi crescete si lor volontate,
Che de la voglia si consuman tutti;
Ma lagrimar dinanzi a voi non sanno."

" The form of pity and the hue of love,
Never before did beauteous lady's face,
From gentle looks and sighs deep sorrows move,
Take with such perfect and such wondrous grace
As thine, who late beheld me while I went,
With looks that only pity did bespeak;
But now my thoughts, on thee too frequent bent,
Teach me to fear that with a heart so weak
My eyes will ever seek thee, and intent
Rest fondly on thy pale and sadden'd brow—
Sad with that love of grief which in thee dwells;
Thus you their wish increase that tears would flow,
But with that wish my heart so anxious swells,
That in thy presence, captive held, in vain
I seek by tears to mitigate its pain."

What may have added not a little to the great poet's regret for her loss, he is said to have subsequently married a perfect Xantippe, a woman of violent temper, who made sad inroads upon his peace. In describing the public career of Dante, his exile and misfortunes, as in estimating his poetical genius and works, his biographer displays a liberal and enlightened criticism, which marks the scholar and the observer of human life. In the lives of Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, together with the minor luminaries who drew reflected lustre from their brilliant course, we are presented with much interesting and curious detail; and the narrative, we think, increases in interest, as we proceed, while the occasional versions from the original Italian confer an additional spirit upon the work.

These, however, we must pass over for the more anecdotical portions, especially respecting the poets who have lived in our own times—the Alfieris, Pindemontes, and Foscolos, who have resided among us, and whose adventures teem with singularity and interest. We must first notice, however, the curious anecdote told both of Ariosto and Tasso, as illustrating the immense influence exercised by their poetry over the minds of all ranks of their countrymen. It is of Ariosto we here speak:—

" Being obliged one day to pass over a wild part of the district, the forests of which were known to be the resort of banditti, led by the celebrated chiefs

Dominico Marocco and Filippo Pacchione, he was somewhat disconcerted at seeing his path crossed by a large body of armed men coming out of the woods. As he was attended by only six followers, resistance to an attack he knew would be vain. Neither he nor his party, however, encountered any interruption, till his servant, who had loitered behind, on coming up, was asked by one of the banditti who the gentleman was that had just passed them. Being answered that it was Ariosto the poet, he immediately spurred his horse forward, and, pulling off his hat as he approached him, said that he was Filippo Pacchione, and was come to apologize for having suffered so great a man as Ariosto to pass him unsaluted."

The Life of Torquato Tasso is very ably written, and the author decides between the conflicting evidence it offers, with a discriminating and dispassionate judgment. On turning to the additional materials with which the present edition is enriched, we find among the most attractive of the list, the names of Pindemonte, Monti, and Ugo Foscolo; while the whole offers ample scope for the biographer in appealing at once to the sources both of mirth and of tears. But Alfieri is, comparatively, familiar to us, and next to him there is no one that, in force and eccentricity of character, offers so singular a picture as the learned and highly talented Foscolo. Among the anecdotes and adventures which marked his strange and chequered career, we shall select a few such as will throw more light on his genius and character, than volumes of our own observations could do:—

"He arrived in this country under favourable auspices. He was a poet, a scholar, and a liberal; and in each of these characters, there were persons of wealth and influence ready to appreciate his merits. At Holland House he was introduced to all the principal literary men residing in town. Byron, Campbell, Moore, Rogers, and other eminent persons, among whom were the present Lord Chancellor, Sir James Mackintosh, the late Editor of the Edinburgh Review, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Hallam, were his frequent associates; and the attention he received from them, is one of the best proofs that could be given of the extent of his acquirements, and of the high character of his mind.

"From the mention I have heard made of him by some of his most intimate friends, he appears not to have lost the slightest portion of his self-confidence by becoming an exile, nor to have felt in the most exalted and intellectual society which this country could afford less independent either as a patriot or man of letters, than when surrounded by his admirers at Milan or Brescia. He was at no time an example of patience in dispute, but when his own character or that of his country was concerned, he lost all consideration for either the rank, or the sex of his opponents. I am told that he was once dining at the table of a distinguished nobleman, when some person present, whose principles were widely opposite to his own, ventured to make remarks which he conceived derogatory to the honour of Italy. He did not conceal his emotion, but replied with all the force of his stentorian eloquence; the spirit of refined society quickly yielded to the indignation of the patriot, and grasping the table-cloth with both his hands, he went on encreasing in energy as he proceeded, till at last, his adversary having made a remark which added more fuel to the flame, he jumped up, and still grasping the table-cloth, drew, to the infinite consternation of the guests, most of the dishes into their laps."

In his estimate both of the life and writings of Foscolo, Mr. Stebbing awards to him, as a writer and as a man, his full and deserved meed of praise, without extenuating his errors. There are some points, indeed, as to which only a closer knowledge of, and a long personal acquaintance with, the man, might have enabled him to decide with greater confidence, and

to have raised his literary character, both in the eyes of his biographer and of the public. These are, the surprising extent of his memory, his erudition, his fluency, rapidity, and power of language, as evinced in conversation, and on public occasions; his really fine eloquence, his consistent patriotism, uncompromising spirit towards the oppressor, and his naturally generous and independent nature. He had many and serious faults, and he paid the heavy penalty of them; he was less an enemy to others than to himself.

Of that peculiar frankness, in his manners, often carried to a degree of rudeness, not a little startling to the prejudices or self-love of those with whom he conversed, and the sudden gusts of passion to which he was so liable, the following are among the not least amusing instances:—

"It may be as well, perhaps, to mention here, that he was not less ready to say what he felt when quietly chatting with his acquaintances, if he chanced not to be in a remarkably forbearing humour, than when provoked to do so on some great occasion. A friend of mine, for whom he in reality felt considerable esteem, happened to be sitting alone with him one day, conversing on a variety of topics, when the discourse took a turn which tempted my friend to dilate at length, and with great gravity, on some point in philosophy. Foscolo listened to him a long while, but at last, without saying a word, he rose, rang the bell for the servant, and on her appearance, quietly told her to request her mistress to come up stairs. The lady obeyed, and he desired, in a supplicatory tone, that she would sit down and talk with his friend, for that he had quite tired him with his absurdities.

"Many instances of his intemperate passion have also been told me by Mr. Redding, and other gentlemen who were in the habit of engaging with him at chess. He was remarkably fond of that game; but such was his rage whenever his adversary made a very successful move, that he would start from his seat, and, gnashing his teeth, pull up his hair in large quantities by the roots. It mattered little where he might be when his anger was thus roused. A gentleman, who was in the habit of playing with him in his own house, has told me, that he always took the precaution of running to the opposite side of the room before he proclaimed check-mate. On the other hand, it is generally known to his acquaintances, that being irritated in a similar manner one evening, when playing at the house of a nobleman, he started up, and, before the whole company, challenged his astonished opponent to a rencontre of a different kind."

As to the more doubtful points of his character, his admiration of the elegant and the beautiful, and his ambition to be surrounded with whatever denoted the man of taste, influence, and intellectual luxuries, we shall offer a few remarkable passages:—

"Common, however, as the opinion has been, that Foscolo's Digamma Cottage was the image of an Eastern Haram, it yet admits of being doubted whether the idea had not its sole origin in the encouragement which he himself gave, either from vanity or madness, to these suspicions. After having heard his conduct represented by several persons in a manner which did not allow of my doubting that he was a gross sensualist, I have had the advantage of conversing with other individuals, who, perhaps, had better opportunities of judging correctly respecting his character. Their testimony directly contradicts that before mentioned, and they repel with warmth the accusation that Foscolo was a sensualist. He delighted, say they, in being surrounded with whatever is beautiful, and he sought the fairest attendants that could be found, simply from the pleasure he took in beholding what is lovely. If he sometimes spoke of them, or to them, in a tone which scarcely became him as a master, it was only in conformity with his usual mode of expressing himself when elated; and his particu-

larity about their dress and appearance is accounted for in the same way. He would never suffer any servant to enter his presence, without having paid due attention to her dress, and it was his most especial direction that no person of the kind should ever appear before him in black stockings. Again, say the same individuals to me, Foscolo had the habits of a sensualist in nothing but appearance. He was remarkable for moderation in his appetites; his diet was of the simplest and most sparing kind, and he scarcely ever drank more than two glasses, or two glasses and a half of wine. Add to this, he always expressed himself with warmth against gross indulgences of every kind, and few will be inclined to believe, after reading the events of his life, that Foscolo could be guilty of flagrant hypocrisy.

"But however doubtful it may be whether the accusation above alluded to be correct, no doubt exists of his imprudence in respect to all his pecuniary affairs. At the period of which we are speaking he was in tolerable employment; he wrote for the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, and the encouragement given to his excellent essays on Petrarch, served to increase simultaneously his means and his expectations. So extensive were his designs, that he found constant employment for some young men of ability to translate or improve his language, and it was with one of these, Mr. Graham, that he was guilty of the folly of fighting a duel on account of his favourite servant. But a casual observer might have supposed that he was rapidly advancing in fortune. The establishment he kept up was one which would have swallowed up a revenue far greater than that which he could ever hope to command, had all his designs been completed and crowned with success. His debts, consequently, were always on the increase, and as a large part of his upholsterers' bills remained unpaid, he was soon involved in difficulties which rendered ruin inevitable. To accelerate the approaches of distress, his mind was at times too much oppressed with anxiety to allow of its free action, and thus the great wheel of the machine on which his whole subsistence depended, soon grew unfit for use."

When the misfortunes of his latter career began to gather darker around him, the more marked and dangerous features of this extraordinary being's temperament were more fully and strangely developed:—

"At length an execution was placed on his premises, and he then appears to have resigned himself to despair. A gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, received a message from him late one evening, intimating the circumstance, and fully expressive of the misery of the writer. The call was promptly attended to, but on the gentleman's arrival at the cottage, he was informed that Foscolo had retired to his apartment. He hastened to the room, and gaining admission with some difficulty, he discovered on the table, near which the poet was seated, a little dagger, which Foscolo always carried in his bosom, but only displayed on great occasions. After a slight inquiry, therefore, into the cause of his present distress, he settled the demand of the person who had placed the execution in the house, and Foscolo was once more at ease.

"I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. S. C. Hall, who went to reside with him, about this time, as his secretary, for the knowledge of many particulars which respect the state of his mind under these distressing circumstances. He now began, it seems, to experience the most terrible fits of despondency: 'He would sometimes ask me to pass the evening with him,' says the gentleman above named, 'but in the midst of our conversation he would cease speaking, and sit for a couple of hours wrapped in the most gloomy silence.' This, however, was not the only sign which he gave of the miserable state of his thoughts. Mr. Hall, who lived in the small house next the Digamma Cottage, and which Foscolo retained in his hands, was startled by seeing him enter his apartment one afternoon, with a worse than ordinary gloom upon his brow. 'Mr. Hall,' he began, 'I am come to see you for the last time. In two hours I shall be no more. When I was still a youth, Mr. Hall, I was numbered among the great men of my country; I was even called the first of poets, when there was no hair

upon my chin. Alfieri Monti, and the rest, all either feared or envied me; and I went on distinguishing myself, till even Buonaparte himself trembled before me. And now what am I? A poor, miserable exile! My countrymen abuse me because I do not help them; and here I am myself without friends, and without one shilling in my pocket! I must sacrifice either my honour, or my life; and I will therefore die!' Having said this, he left Mr. Hall to his uncomforable ruminations; but the next morning he made him another visit, and laughed and chatted as if he had no recollection whatever of the part he had acted the preceding afternoon.

"On another occasion, however, he addressed him in a similar manner: 'I will die!' said he, 'for I am a stranger, and have no friends.'—'But, surely, Sir,' was the answer, 'a stranger may have friends.'—'Friends!' he exclaimed, 'I have learnt that there is no meaning in the word. I assure you, I called on the editor of the ———, to learn if there had been any thing about me in the newspapers; for everybody seems leagued against me, and leaving nothing undone to plague me. I assure you I do not think I will live after next Saturday, unless there be some change.'"

The description of Foscolo, in his last moments, is at once touching and eloquent, and the estimate of his character is given in a manly and impartial manner. The following particulars are interesting, and display the proud, independent, and resentful spirit of the man, in a remarkable degree, so long as nature could assert her power:—

"The letter he had written to Capo D'Istrias remained unanswered till the tenth of October. On the morning of that day the president went to Turnham-green, but, on his arriving at Foscolo's house, he learned that he was then too near his end to be disturbed. Deeply affected at this intelligence, he sent in his name to the Canon Riego, and one or two other gentlemen who were present, and was admitted. He approached the side of Foscolo's bed with a friendly and commiserating air; but the attention was met with a look of recognition which implied more of reproach than thankfulness; and the dying man turned himself in his bed, as if wishing to hold no farther communion with his visitor. Death rapidly approached after this, but without making any alteration in the tranquillity, or rather, perhaps, in the indifference with which he had always expressed himself ready to meet it. At length it came, and, according to the account of one who was with him at the time, he underwent the last pang with as much composure as he would have drunk a glass of wine, and left the world as if he were glad to bid it farewell.

"Thus ended the career of one of the most distinguished men that modern Italy has produced. The personal character of Foscolo has been submitted to severe criticism, and, like that of most men of his disposition, it has met with little mercy. His natural candour was sufficient of itself to create him enemies in the world; but this candour, so noble in itself, wherever found, was unfortunately leavened with an asperity which too often gave to his honourable love of independence the appearance of pride and angry passion. He was thus always obnoxious to the weak and the ignorant, frequently to the calm and temperate, and occasionally to those who were in every way worthy of his respect, and who would have shewn him every kind of honour, but for his impatient and overbearing disposition. While he thus created a host of opponents by the mere faults of his temper, he added largely to their number by the imprudence of his conduct. Men of genius ought not, perhaps, to be judged of in the same way as the mass of human beings, whose actions are under the influence of different motives. Some allowance, perhaps, ought to be made for the indiscretions, not for the vices, of those, whose prudence even is derived from considerations with which that of mankind in general has little to do; but if the world ought to be thus charitable towards men of genius, men of genius ought to exercise equal charity towards the world, and not to be angry if they who have only the common

maxims of plain sense and prudence to guide their decisions, blame every departure from such guides with pertinacious severity. Thus the course which Foscolo followed could not fail of generating suspicions as to his integrity. Those who were best able to judge of him, who knew his real feelings and sentiments, acquit him of many charges; but the acquittal of a few high-minded and thinking men has seldom sufficient influence with less elevated minds to make them forego their suspicions. Looking at Foscolo without any wish to praise him for virtues which he did not possess, much less to accuse him of faults which did not tarnish his character, he may be fairly described as an ardent lover of public truth, a determined but rational partisan of freedom; as constant and devoted in his patriotism; temperate in his habits, and full of boldness and magnanimity whenever called upon to defend the cause of the oppressed. But, on the other hand, pride, with the less dignified vice of vanity, tinctured many of his best actions; he was prodigal of his means when it was his duty to exercise a provident parsimony; the good effects of his temperance and other virtues were counteracted by a weak and unjust indulgence in improper and useless expenses, and they were not unfrequently, I fear, sacrificed entirely for the gratification of some dark and latent passion.

"The splendour of his character was thus much tarnished; but, after all, let us hope that it was only the brightness of the surface that suffered; truth, if it be loved, lives in the very centre of the heart; patriotism and independence are of the man's self; and the vanity and imprudence of Foscolo never led him either to contradict his principles or to betray his country.

"As a poet and a scholar, Foscolo will always occupy an eminent station among the writers of this century. The Sepolchri, the Hymn to the Graces, and some of his minor pieces, are eminently beautiful; but the Letters of Ortis surpass all his other works, both in eloquence of language, and grandeur of sentiment. His tragedies abound in noble thoughts, but as dramas they are deficient in many of the characteristics necessary to the popularity of such compositions.

"I have but to add, that this great, but equally unfortunate and eccentric man, lies buried in Chiswick churchyard. Mr. Hudson Gurney kindly directed a stone to be placed over his grave; but it has long been covered with the grass and weeds, which indicate forgetfulness."

In justice to the accurate and laborious investigations, which it is evident the author of these Lives of the Italian Poets must have made, and to the really entertaining matter with which they abound, it will give us pleasure to hear that Mr. Stebbing has devoted his time to a continuation of the subject. The literature of Italy furnishes many other names almost of equal celebrity with those already enumerated, and want of space alone has doubtless prevented their insertion. We refer our readers to a very sufficient apology in Vol. I., for the omission of the lives of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci.

THE PROCRASTINATOR.

"Time—only regarded in Music and Dancing."
Cunningham's Fashionable World Displayed.

PROCRASTINATION may be unfortunately considered as the predominant habit of many of the inhabitants of all countries under the sun; but as it is one of the national characteristics of our sister land—"the green and *flourishing* island," I trust the warm-hearted inhabitants of that verdant country will forgive me for presenting an Irish procrastinator, as *the* procrastinator, *par excellence*. The portrait will be recognized by some, who can doubtless even now remember the original; but the principle must be admitted by all who have been acquainted with Irish habits during the past century. A more active spirit is now, I believe, alive amongst them; and, in a very few years, this, and other sketches of a similar character, will be looked upon as the records of a past race. Let us hope, however, that their virtues will survive their vices, and that they may never be numbered among the more cold-blooded nations of Europe.

"Thunder an' ages! Molly Maggs, Katty Purcel, Tim Cleary! sure ye won't answer, if I bawled myself black in the face, and skinned my throat for ye'r sakes. Mistress Molly Maggs! oh! its yourself that's the pathron of a housekeeper," continued the old steward, sarcastically, at the same time elevating his candlestick, that was simply a scooped raw potatoe, and contained nothing more distinguished than a farthing candle, which he held, so that its flickerings fell upon sundry dilapidated chairs, where the moth and the worm securely revelled amid destruction. Shaking his grey head, he repeated, as he passed from the anti-chamber into the great hall—"It's ye'rself that's the pathron of a housekeeper, Molly Machree! to see the dirty dust upon thim illigant chairs. Katty Purcel! sure, thin, you're a beautiful housemaid. Tim—Timmy Cleary; I'd take an even bet he's as drunk as Moses at this blessed minute—I'll just ring the 'larum bell; och, bother! here's the string broke, and sorra a word it 'ill spake. Bat Beetle—ah, there ye are, Batty, my boy, run agra, run, and tell every one o' them that here's a letter we should have got ten days ago, only 'cause of the delay; and masther's married—to a foreigner for any thing I know—an' he an' the new misthress 'ill be here to-night, as sure as ye'r name's Bat—that's a gay gossoon! well, ye'r a nimble boy, I'll say that for ye, it's a sin and a shame to put such feet as your's into brogues at all."

Bat's intelligence was, as might well be supposed, of an alarming nature. Soon the passage leading to the great hall echoed a scuffling and shuffling of bare or slip-shod feet, and presently the members of the kitchen household of Castle Mount Doyne crowded around the eccentric, but faithful old steward, Morty Mac Murragh.

"Och, ye'r come, are ye!" he exclaimed, without heeding their vociferous demands for news—"ye'r come, and a purty figure ye'll cut before the foreign lady. You, Mistress Maggs, as housekeeper, with a blue bed-gown, and—but I don't want so say any thing offensive—

only it 'ill take ye a month o' Sundays to hinder the clothes from falling off, if ye walk ever so easy; and you, Katty, though y'er a clean skinned girl, ye might as well be a negre, for any thing I could tell, by this blessed light, to the differ. Tim—Tim—there's no use in life in my setting myself as a pathron to ye—ye'r a sinner, Tim—I'd say nothing to ye'r taking *a mornin'*, or two or three dacently stiff tumblers after dinner, or may be a sup to keep the could out o' ye'r stomach of a winter's night, but to be always drink—drink—drinking, like a frog or a fish! Tim, I'm ashamed of ye, I am, indeed. The Lord look down upon ye, ye poor sinner. Go to bed."

Tim did not seem at all inclined to obey the old man's directions; but he stumbled as far as the door, and holding by it, maintained a tolerably erect position; while "Mister Morty," as he was called, scolded, directed, and re-directed the ill assorted servants, who had been deemed sufficient to keep the dwelling of Castle Mount Doyne from damp and decay. At last they ran off in different directions to make some—they hardly knew what—preparation; but the housekeeper paused in the middle of the hall, turned to the all-important steward, and inquired—"What time was it the masther fixed did you say, Mister Morty?"

"His honour says that he'll be surely here by Thursday, that's the Thursday that's past."

"Dear me! then he'll hardly come to-night. Bless his sweet face! When he was a boy, we always gave him a week's law; and it 'tis'n't the fashion of the family to mend as they grow older."

"Something strikes me they'll be here to-night, any way," replied the old man; "and I must insist on all being ready."

"Very well," rejoined the housekeeper, "you need not be so high about it, Mister Morty, I've lived a'most as long as ye'rself in the family, counting my mother into the time, which is all one; and though it is not natural to like a young misthress over the head, yet I'm sure my heart bates double joy at the thought o' seeing the baby I've so often nursed on my knee, a married man." She then departed, and, although persisting in her belief that her master would not arrive that night, *because* it was too near the time he had appointed, thought there could be no harm in "making herself dacent;" and having quickly accomplished her toilet, she dispatched Bat to the nearest cottage to say, that "masther was coming home that night with a new illigant wife, and that they must all come to help her to get ready;" then Bat had to post on to "Corney Phelan's, general dealer," for candles and salt, a quire of brown paper, some nails, and whatever "bits o' boords" he could spare, to make glass of, to mend the broken "windys, 'cause the lady was tender maybe, and might catch could;" besides, he was commissioned to bring twine, and butter, and pepper, and a score of things, the most necessary portion of which he, of course, forgot, and, in his zeal, rendered the other half ineffective, particularly by suffering the untied paper-bag of salt to fall into a stream, and mixing the rusty nails with the flour.

All was confusion at the castle; Tim had contrived to get on an antiquated tarnished livery; and Morty, who, to do him justice, was the pattern of neatness—*Irish* neatness, at all events—was arrayed as befitted what he considered his elevated rank in the establishment. Some poultry were sacrificed, "to make spatch cocks in a minute;" and if a great deal

was not accomplished, there was, nevertheless, a greater bustle than if ten times as much had been actually done.

The night waned on—it was clear, cold, and frosty; the candles approached the sockets of the rich old silver candelabres, that stood in solitary dignity at either corner of the dining-chamber, contrasting strangely in their brightness with the worn damask, which was still agitated by the north winds blustering through the broken panes, that Morty had not yet stopped up, though he toiled, and hammered, and pasted, with indefatigable industry. At the opposite end of the room rose a huge black marble chimney-piece, and, from beneath its distended arch, a fire, of mingled wood and turf, threw the dense and towering mass into strong shade; as it gloomed heavily over the blazing embers, a little imagination might induce the belief that it was a deep cavern, in whose interior sheltered a burning crater—so hot, and darkly red streamed the fire from within. There was a strange blending of poverty and profusion in the garniture of the table—the plate was rich, the linen poor, all that belonged to the olden time told of prosperity—but it was the prosperity of the past century; all that was modern was mean, and shewed that the careful eye and hand of a mistress had been long wanting. To be sure, the abode of a bachelor, even in modern times, is comfortless enough. Tables, and chairs, and carpets, and curtains, there certainly are, but that is all—none of those little elegancies, those sweet and tasteful solacers of existence, those *Penates* of household life, which vary and embellish domestic—did I say *domestic?*—poor, miserable mortals! I should have remembered all you can know of that sweet word is its sound—its *feeling* is far from ye; though ye be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, yet are there none to whom you can praise, even the beauty and fragrance of a flower, with the consciousness that *one* heart echoes not only your words, but your feelings.

One would have thought that Morty had some undefined notion of the sort, and of the necessity there was "to make things more comfortable" when a lady was expected, by his wandering from place to place, now wafering a slip of brown paper on a "slit" in the window-frame, then casting an eye for the twentieth time over the table, to see that, according to his ideas of propriety, nothing was wanting. He had drawn two arm-chairs under the shadow of the chimney, and placed a small inlaid table, that had belonged to his former mistress, between them, thinking, to repeat his muttered phrase, "that it would be handy for masther's tumbler, out of the could," and again repaired to the window, to reduce an obstinate board to obedience, which the wind had blown into open rebellion. When he had at length succeeded, he seated himself on the expansive window-seat, which overlooked the court-yard; and presently he saw, distinctly, in the moonlight, the figure of his master's old nurse, Milly Eldred, creeping along the wall, and stooping every now and then to cull some particular flower or plant that struck her fancy. His former lady was a native of Scotland, and much discontent had been expressed by the dwellers in Castle Mount Doyne at her importing a Scottish nurse to attend on the only child she ever had. Notwithstanding this, Milly remained at the castle; and in her age and feebleness was paid much attention. It might be more from fear than love, for divers things were whispered relative to her skill in various ways, which blanched many a rosy cheek in the adjoining village. She was, in

truth, very old—mid-way in her dotage, and cankered in her temper; these—added to the advantages which a Scotch education gives over an Irish one—rendered her an object of respect and mistrust. She soon passed from Morty's sight, and while he was yet wondering what she could be gathering at that hour, the old creature entered the dining-room, with an almost noiseless step. Her clean white apron was nearly filled with grass and tangled weeds; and her eye, still clear and blue, had in it more of light than it usually possessed. "Said ye na'," she commenced, "said ye na', Morty, that a bonny bride was coming hame this bra' winter's night; and did ye na' think to pu' the flowers to mak' her welcome; ken ye na' the song?

'The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.'"

"Whisht with ye'r ballads, agra!" interrupted the steward; "it's ill in such an ould crathur as you to be tuning up love songs—it's like sunbeams sparkling on skulls and cross bones, Lord save us! So be off to ye'r prayers, Milly, honey. Sure there are no flowers now going at all, machree!" The sibyl heeded him not; but seating herself in one of the arm-chairs near the fire, continued chaunting snatches of old ballads, and apparently arranging the offering she deemed it right to make to her nursling's bride. Morty had just determined upon a gentle method of dislodging her, when the clatter of horses, and the sound of carriage-wheels, called him and the other domestics to the steps of Castle Mount Doyne.

Mr. Mount Doyne had experienced no mischance on his journey until he arrived nearly at the termination of his own avenue. Morty, we have already seen, did not deserve to be numbered amongst unfaithful stewards; but yet, "somehow," it never occurred to him that the old trees, which had been felled for fire-wood, could impede the progress of his master's carriage, although they had fallen directly across the road, where, of course, after the Irish fashion, they would remain to be used when wanted by the servants—or indeed the neighbours, and neighbours' *childer*, who might feel inclined to cut them up for the purpose; over these trees, nevertheless, the carriage upset, and Mr. Doyne, in no very gentle temper, carried his young and lovely wife, almost in a state of insensibility, into the hall, where she again ran the risk of her life, and narrowly escaped suffocation from the smell of burnt feathers and whisky.

"Blessings upon her sweet face;" "Long life and prosperity to the both—sure they're a beautiful pair;" "Long may they live to reign over us;" "May their bed be made soft in heaven yet, I pray God;" "May they never know sin or sorrow;" "May God's fresh blessing be about them," were a few of the warm and affectionate salutations which awaited Mr. Mount Doyne and his bride; and from many glad hearts and cheerful voices did the wishes proceed; night though it was, all the peasantry, who had heard the rumour of his arrival, had crowded down to the hall, in anticipation of seeing "the young masther." But where was Milly Eldred?

When Mrs. Doyne was completely restored, her husband led her into the dining-room; there the old nurse met them, and flinging her

long withered arms round "her darling's neck," mingled tears and smiles of affection and imbecility together.

"I ha' naething to gie ye'r bonny bride," she exclaimed, looking at the young and fair creature, who, surrounded by so wild-looking a group, shewed more surpassing in her loveliness; "naething but these wild flowers, that I pu'd in the night dew. See, here is

> 'A buddin' rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
> For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou.'"

The bride took the gift, but her eyes were fixed on the donor.

> "The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
> And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there."

Again she accepted the flower, without looking at it.

> "The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
> And the diamond draps o' dew, shall be her een sae clear."

Her small white hand was extended for the third time, when she shrieked, and the leaves quivered in her fingers.

"Roses—lilies—woodbines, Milly," exclaimed Mount Doyne, angrily; "why here is nought but wormwood, rue, and nettles."

"Heck, Sirs!" replied the nurse, "if the Lord has turned my winsome flo'res into sic like, his will be done." She folded her arms on her breast, and noiselessly withdrew.

* * * * * * *

"And that odd, wild woman was really your nurse, Charles," said Mrs. Mount Doyne the next morning; "I trust, my love, you are not infected by her madness; I hope you will not give me the rue and nettles instead of the happiness you so often promised."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the lover-husband; and then he swore after the most approved fashion, and truly with real sincerity of purpose, to devote his existence—his fortune—his time, to promote her happiness; —and she believed him!

* * * * * * *

Six months passed as rapidly as if only six weeks had elapsed, and though Caroline loved her husband as much as ever, she had discovered his besetting sin. "My love," said the lady, "there is no possibility of crossing the court-yard, the weeds are so rampant, and the stones, that tumble from the castle parapet, so numerous, that I cannot now pick my steps to the little flower-garden, which your only effective servant, Old Morty Mac Murragh, keeps in such nice order for my gratification."

"Well, faith, it is too bad, and I will, indeed, send to the workmen who are engaged clamping turf, to clear the rubbish away."

"And as you have masons in this part of the world, let them be employed to take down or secure those battlements—they are positively dangerous in their present state."

"Certainly, my love."

"Yes, you say '*certainly*'—but of any thing being done there is no certainty."

"I declare that I will see to it."

"Now?"

"How can I attend to it now—don't you see I'm not shaved."

"But you ought to be—let me ring for Morty, and he will heed

your directions: forgive me, but you seem strangely infatuated by a habit of procrastinating."

"Why, yes, but I can't help it—it's a family failing. But what's the matter with your cheek—it is dreadfully swollen?"

"Only the tooth-ache."

"How could you possibly get the tooth-ache?"

"Rather, how could I avoid it? there is not, I do believe, an entire pane of glass in the castle."

"My dearest love, I am distressed beyond all measure—and as soon as I am dressed—*presently*—I'll send a man and horse off to Ballytrane for glazier, mason, and every tradesman, who can by any possibility be wanted to set every thing in order."

He went so far with this resolve as to ring for his valet, but instead of the valet came his withered nurse, bearing in her arms Fido, his favourite dog, in the agonies of death.

"Good heavens, Milly—how came this?"

"The puir beast went into Mad Ronald's stall, and the animal as ye see, jist kict the life out o' him!" The uncomplaining but suffering dog crawled to his master's feet, and looked piteously in his face.

"My poor Fido—my faithful old friend;" murmured Mount Doyne, kindly, while he examined injuries which he saw it would be in vain to attempt to heal; "but how is this—I always understood that Ronald was kept in a separate stable—his vicious tricks are known of old?"

"Heck, ye may say that! but what's to hinder any livin' thing from ganging into his stall—the door has no hinges, ye ken, and winna stay shut?"

"It is a cruel case," said Mount Doyne, "that amongst the household nothing of the sort is attended to."

"My bairn, my bairn," replied the crone, "ye attend to naething y'er ain sell; and the house ainly follows y'er example."

"My poor Fido!" continued his master, "I never past that stable-door, without *intending*—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the nurse, laying her skinny finger on her lip; heard ye ne'er that 'Hell is paved wi' good intentions?' y'er winsome wife is aye too young; she canna be expected to ken the care o' sich matters; but for her sake, e'en more than y'er ain, see, an' act ere it be ow'r late. The gloaming is o'er ye now, but beware o' the night."

Mount Doyne heard little and heeded less the old woman's advice, for he was witnessing, without the power of alleviating, the dying agonies of his poor favourite; his gentle wife shared in his feelings, and when Fido's expiring effort was to lick the fair hand which had so often caressed and ministered to its wants, she turned silently away, unwilling that even her husband should witness the emotion which she could not suppress.

More than four years had passed into the gulph of time. On the whole, matters, at Castle Mount Doyne, were rather worse than better. To those acquainted with how things were managed in what were most falsely termed "good old establishments," in the sister country, a true picture of coarse, yet lavish expenditure, has been often presented—a house filled with guests, from the garret to the kitchen—some of them, it is true, of high and honourable distinction—but the majority consisting of poor and idle relatives, too proud to work—but not too proud

to partake of the "bit and the sup," and the cast-off raiment of those who had it to bestow. "His honour, God bless him, 'ill never miss it," was echoed in the kitchen and acted upon in the parlour. And, as from hour to hour—from day to day—from week to week—and from month to month—the amiable, but indolent, Mount Doyne, put off every thing where investigation was concerned, he was, it may easily be believed, in as fair a way to be ruined as any gentleman could possibly desire. He *knew* that his agent was any thing but an honest man; and yet his habits prevented his looking into accounts, where fraud could have been detected by the simplest school-boy—he felt that he was surrounded by a nest of sycophants who slandered the very bread they consumed, and daily resolved that "*on the morrow*" he would get rid "of some Tom this, or Jack that, or Paddy the other," who was preying upon him, without drawing a veil even over his mal-practices. But no "morrow" ever dawns on a genuine procrastinator. His wife's delicacy of constitution could ill support the noisy company and late hours of an Irish house at the period of our story, and she shrank from what she could not save, into a somewhat solitary turret of the rack-rent castle; she had now also the duties of a mother to perform, and felt a sweet and holy tranquillity in watching her lovely infant, in whom a mother's fondness daily discovered increased beauty.

"You do not smile as cheerfully to-night as usual, darling," said Mount Doyne, at the same time pressing his wife to his bosom, and parting her golden curls on a brow that might rival the snow in its mountain purity; "and yet I never saw our little Charles look so beautiful."

"He is beautiful," she replied, "to you I may surely say so; I can almost see the blood circulating on his cheek as it presses the soft down pillow, and those blue veins, marbling his noble brow, which is so like your's, dearest; and now as he lays, his cherub lips just parted, look at his small teeth, shining like pearls encased in richest coral. My blessed boy," she continued with all the earnestness of truth, "I often think, when I behold you thus, that God will take back to himself so fair, so bright a creature!"

"Silly, silly girl—and can such folly make you sad to-night? for shame."

"It is not that exactly: I have had a letter from Dublin—and that situation is gone."

"D—n it!" muttered Mount Doyne, bitterly.

"Had your application been sent in one day sooner, you might have had it—and you know—"

"Hold your tongue," he interrupted, angrily; "I know I am a most unlucky fellow. Who could have imagined it would have been snapt up in that way? but I suppose you will set *that* down also to my procrastination, as you call it."

His wife made no reply, but busied herself in adjusting some portion of the drapery of her child's couch. Again he spoke—

"It is a greater disappointment than you dream of; and one I can ill bear—for to confess the truth my rent-roll has become unprofitable, and I cannot exactly tell how to lessen my expenditure."

"If the latter is necessary, nothing is more easy. Why, out of the twenty servants employed, five only are effective."

"I could not turn off the old servants and leave them to starve."

"God forbid you should leave them to starve—pension them off, *that* is the best, the only way."

"Easily said. How could I pension them off, when I find it impossible to command ready money to pay even the tradesmen?"

"Pray, when does Mr. Sheffield Shuffleton mean to take his departure?"

"When I can pay him fifteen hundred good English pounds, value received."

"My dear, Mr. Shuffleton, his servant, and two horses, have been here during the last five months—he has made good interest at all events."

"You women pretend to know every thing. What was I to do; he came for his money—I had it not to give—so of course I asked him to remain, which, don't you see, has been a great accommodation to me."

Mrs. Mount Doyne shook her head. "You forget the immense additional expenditure it has occasioned—he is what you call a regular five bottle man."

"Indeed, Caroline, it shocks me to see the note you take of such matters—there is something dreadfully mean in observing what people eat and drink."

"I would not have my husband mean—I would only have him just," she replied, with much firmness. "I would have him calculate his income, and live within it; I would have him discard an agent whom he knows to be worthless and dishonest—"

"Stop—in mercy stop!" exclaimed Mount Doyne, in a tone of sad but earnest entreaty; "would to Heaven I could do so!—but that man has me within a charmed circle, which seems hourly closing. I am so dreadfully in his power—I have suffered him to get hold on my property, bit by bit, in exchange for paltry sums lent from time to time to supply present necessities, and which, after all, were useless. If I had only obtained this situation, I should then have had an excuse for living part of the year, at all events, away from this destroying gulph."

His gentle wife uttered no reproach—no aggravating word escaped her lips. She might have told how frequently, and how earnestly, she had implored him to use his influence for that very object—and how he had procrastinated. She might have said how constantly her energies had been exerted to urge and save the being she so loved, not only from others, but from himself; but though she reproached not, she advised—implored—entreated, that, cost what it would, he would shake off that one slothful, destroying principle, and stand forth—even if poor—independent; enjoying the glorious privilege which, of all the Almighty's gifts, is the most valuable. Then she pointed to their sleeping child: she appealed to his feelings as a father, whether he could bear the reflection—if ever it should come—of seeing that dear one want—of being the means of bringing a creature into the world, endowed with beauty—enriched by a living spirit—hallowed by the finest affections the human heart is capable of feeling—born as the inheritor of name and fortune—and yet despoiled, degraded in the scale of society, by the carelessness of the being appointed by nature as his protector.

Mount Doyne was touched—convinced—promised—declared—and—persisted in his old habits.

Exactly a month after the above conversation occurred, there was deep and bitter mourning in the castle of Mount Doyne. The bloom-

ing, healthy infant—the joy of his mother's heart—the pride of his father's eyes—was a blurred, a disfigured corpse—a thing that it was offensive to look upon, and loathsome to approach. Yet *one* sat by his little cot; and though the apartment, in conformity with the *oûtre*, yet affectionate custom of the country, was crowded by the retainers of the family, and the peasants of the neighbouring villages and hills—yet *she* heeded them not—but, ever and anon, would wipe its discoloured lips, where her kisses had often dwelt with all the fervour and tenderness of a mother's love—then pressing the little hands between her own, she would rest her burning brow upon the simple pall, and pray for the relief of tears. They put him in his coffin—yet *still, she* was by its side. Then, when the deep wail and the cry arose, "lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning," and the father entered to take the last look of what he, too, had dearly loved, the feelings of the wife were overwhelmed by those of the mother; and she bitterly reproached him, as the cause of her boy's death. "Did you not promise, day after day, that the surgeon should come to inoculate him? But he is dead—and I have now no child!"

This lesson, it may well be supposed, sank deeper into Mount Doyne's heart than any other; but he said it *came too late*. It might be so for him—though my belief is, that, in worldly as well as in spiritual things, there is hope, even at the eleventh hour—nay, more than hope—certainty, if the mind so will it. It was well said by Napoleon, that "*impossible* is the adjective of fools." Nothing weds us so closely to immortality as habitual firmness. A resolved man can be, if it so pleases him, another Alexander.

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"You might well give me rue, and wormwood, and nettles, Milly, as a wedding dowry," murmured the lady of Castle Mount Doyne, one bleak December night, as the old nurse was fanning with her apron the uncertain blaze of a wood fire in her solitary chamber. "How the noise below distracts my poor head!—they have seized every thing."

"Auld Morty told me that master might have got off the sheriff's sale—only somehow he forgot to sign something.—But eh! sure it was the way of the family, they say. It is not sae in my ain country."

The lady smiled—but with such sadness, one would rather she had wept.

"Keep a good heart, lady-dear," said the old steward, kindly; "master's friends will never desert him—tisn't in an Irish heart to look could on the unfortunate. Och! they know too much of that same to think easy of it. Sure it's himself that has the grand friends in Dublin. Why not!—an' he of such an ould, ancient family—and the sheriff and all the people's gone now?"

"Taste a morsel of this, Misthress, honey," chimed in our former acquaintance, Molly Maggs; "it's as nate a hare as iver was snared. Bat Beetle caught it a purpose for ye—knowing I had the thrue Frinch way o' dressin' it; he thought it nourishin'-like, and that it might rise ye'r heart."

"Thrue for ye, Mistress Maggs," said Morty, as he followed the housekeeper out of the room; "and it 'ill go hard if I can't find a drop o' the rale sort (wine I mean) to keep the life in the craythur—though the devil of an agent thought he swept the cellar, as well as every thing else, clane out."

"My bitter curse light on him with the light of heaven, every hour he sees it!" responded the housekeeper; "it was a pity the masther wasn't more sharper-like; I only hope *she'll* last till he comes back."

"Oh! the doctor, God bless him, said she might hould for a week yet; and he was to be back to-morrow."

The woman smiled.—"Morty, ye'r as bad as a *natural*. Who ever thought of heedin' what the poor masther said as to that. What did he ever know in regard of time, except that it past, bad luck to it, like a thief as it is, and, by the same token, took every thing along with it.—There's one comfort left. If the things are all cleared out, the people are cleared too; there's none stayed out of the housefull, that gathered when there was full and plenty for them;—but, Morty, ye'r a knowledgeable man, and have read a dale o' doctor's books in ye'r time; did ye ever find if there was much in the differ betwixt the heart of a poor, and the heart of a rich body—I mean in the size?"

"I can't say I ever did," answered Morty, after a pause.

"Well, then, upon my soul, that's quarer still," observed the housekeeper. "I wonder if the priest could tell what makes the differ in people, if it isn't the size of the heart?"

"Where's the good o' botherin' ye'rself with the like o' that, in ye'r ould age, woman a-live? Don't go to ask the priest any sich questions; it would be like wantin' to pick the confessions out o' him; so be easy."

"Well, God help us! we live in a dark world, where all is wonderful;" and thus, having unknowingly echoed the sentiment of our best philosophers, Molly accompanied Morty in search of the cordial-wine, for "the misthress," whom they, at all events, had not deserted in her adversity.

The same evening, on a soiled sheet of coarse letter paper, by the light of a miserable candle, Mrs. Mount Doyne wrote to her husband.

"Charles—first and last object of my earnest love—come to me, for "*I am dying*. You said you would return by to-morrow; yet I fear—"forgive me, dearest—but I do fear you may procrastinate, and that "you may not be here to receive my last breath, and with it my parting "blessing. I have also, my husband, to request your forgiveness for "having often perhaps given you pain, though I meant it for your own "good. Once—and bitter is the remembrance—once I was cruel; it "was when our child lay dead; then, indeed, I was unkind—and "unkind to you, too—to you who loved me so dearly. I will not "attempt to refer to the past—it is past for *us;* but for *you*, in this "world there is a future, though *not for me*. Let me, therefore, con-"jure you, by every beloved and holy tie, to——"

The unhappy lady did not finish the sentence; and the letter was dispatched, a few hours after it was written, with a postscript from the faithful Morty, stating that his poor mistress had expired a few moments after the pen had dropped from her hand.

Some weeks after this, an advertisement appeared in the county papers, announcing the sale of the estate of Castle Mount Doyne; and on the very day when the purchase was concluded, and the estate of his ancestors passed into the hands of strangers, Mount Doyne left his native country for ever.

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Some said he entered into foreign service; and this idea was confirmed by a French officer's stating that there was a brave Irish gentleman in his regiment, who was universally beloved, and would have been respected but for a prevailing indulgence in a habit of indecision, which induced him to "put off" every thing that could be delayed, and that eventually blighted his prospects. He described him as being singularly handsome, but of a melancholy aspect—deficient in energy every where but in the battle-field. He was never in time on parade; and the officers used to distinguish him as the "*late* Lieutenant Doyne." The termination of his career was at least characteristic. He was rallied by his comrades, the night before an anticipated battle, on his well-known failing.

"I will be in time for once," he replied gravely, "for procrastination has cost me already too much." He *was* in time, and he was the first man who fell. "You see," he said to a companion in arms, "that I have gained my death by being in time. I speak sincerely; death is a *gain* to me—for there is nothing I would live for." A miniature was found on his bosom, evidently the counterpart of the portrait of a female that had been sold among the decorations of Castle Mount Doyne.

H.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Cobbett and the Scotch.—Antipathies, like comparisons, are "oderous," but they are wearing themselves out very fast; and we may yet live to see the day when prejudices of all kinds shall be unfashionable. Fifteen years of peace works wonders. A quarter of a century ago the French were, in the eyes of every enlightened man in England, a "beggarly race of frog-eaters;" now they are our "lively and illustrious neighbours." Having captured their metropolis, and fixed the god of their idolatry upon a pedestal at St. Helena, we exalt the whole nation to the skies; just as the victor at a game of chess vows that his antagonist, though beaten, is one of the best players in the world. We affect liberality till we actually feel it. If we were to pretend to love even the Dutch, no doubt we should succeed in becoming excessively attached after a time. If it be advisable to begin, like Mrs. Malaprop, "with a little aversion," surely a good deal must be infinitely better. Meanwhile personal antipathies flourish here and there very perseveringly in spite of useful-knowledge societies and the march of reason. We heard somebody the other night, discussing the conduct of one of our popular writers, exclaim, with true English feeling—"But what can you expect from a *foreigner?*"—"Foreigner!" shouted fifty voices. "Well, a *Scotchman*, it's all the same."

Cobbett, however, is decidedly the best "hater" of his day. He is the great high-priest of them all. His prejudices amount to prodigies; his antipathies take place of all his other attractions. They are generally harmless, and always amusing. To say that Cobbett has no honesty, is nonsense; no man living is so honest in his hatred, while it lasts. The great Dr. Gulliver Johnson shrinks upon this ground into a Lilliputian Boswell beside him. We wish somebody would make a collection of his bitterest and most brilliant essays in this way. Think of that simple, straightforward, and truly descriptive epithet of his, applied to the

Quakers—when he called them, "unbaptized, *buttonless* blackguards." It is perfect alike in antipathy and alliteration. It may be a question which Cobbett detests most thoroughly—potatoes or the political economists. Some people content themselves with a dash of dislike, or at most, a spice or so of scorn and contempt upon such matters; but Cobbett's is direct, downright, undeniable, and unmitigated hatred; and whether it be the practice of ruining kingdoms on the part of a minister, or of drinking tea on the part of the people, it is the same to him; his hatred never wants words to work with—his thunder always rolls as astoundingly as if we had never heard it before—and he seems to be in no more danger of exhausting his stores of abuse than Sir William Jones, who could have given the lie in fifty languages, at least. But perhaps the Scotch may claim the honour of having monopolized the larger portion of his detestation—as the story we have to tell will shew.

Cobbett, it seems, the other day was called upon to attend some meeting in the city; and the time not admitting of a journey to Kensington to prepare, he went to a shop in one of the courts in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street to be shaved. Not perceiving the name of Mac-something over the door, he only discovered by the northern accent in which he was requested to be seated, that he was patronizing a Scotchman. It was too late, however, to retract, and he sat down, not over-disposed to listen to the chit-chat of the operator, who, ignorant of the person of his customer, entered at once into some moral reflections upon the Bristol burnings. In the heat of his enthusiasm, he happened to stumble upon the terms, "low rabble." At this the politician started up, of course at the risk of his life, and for a moment looked as if he meant to apply the razor that had just been at his own throat, to that of the operator. "How dare you," he exclaimed, in a tone admirably proportioned to the fury of his look, "how dare you—a selfish soap-suddy Scotchman—a fellow that lives here by sufferance, and takes the bread out of the mouth of the honest British artisan—how dare you in my presence apply such a term as 'rabble' to the people of England?" The operator, all alarm and apology, hinted nevertheless, upon the strength of the weapon with which he was so formidably armed, that he had as good a right to the bread he ate as an English barber; and that among other things, he had suffered for his country. "*Your* country! What country? you don't call *that* a country! But pray let us hear how you have suffered for your country."—"Why, I happened to be aboard a Berwick smack when she was taken prisoner by a French privateer, and I remained in a French prison for seven years."—"So much the better," said Cobbett, as he resumed his seat and rubbed his hands, apparently quite appeased. "So much the better; *we saved seven years of your keep.*"

THE HORROR-HUNTERS.—Nothing is so contagious as crime. Murder stalks like Banquo, with an issue that stretches to "the crack o' doom." Iniquity has always its imitators; and the more atrocious the iniquity, the more assiduous is the spirit of imitation. We can scarcely call to mind any deed above the usual grade of villany, that has not been followed by another upon the same plan, a new edition, with explanatory notes. Whenever a genius in crime breaks through the barriers of custom in such matters, and goes out of the beaten track of horrors, he

creates a sort of school, and may boast of his disciples in infamy. The public assists this disposition on the part of the criminals, by inventing cases of guilt before they are committed. Burkings, if we are to judge by report, have been for the last six weeks as plenty as blackberries. Every lady of fifty-five within the bills of mortality has a peculiar case of burking to her own share, which she "knows to be a fact" at least ten times a day, and which she repeats with an emphasis, that intimates she not only fears it to be false, but wishes it to be true. This morbid and miserable appetite for horrors confines hundreds to their firesides, nursing their imagination to keep it warm, until some stray visitor happens to drop in, to sup off the horrors that are so hospitably served up. On other minds it acts in another way; by suggesting the purchase of an inch or two of the rope with which any conspicuous culprit is hanged; by leading men—and boys as practised in the theory of crime as men—nay, even women, to the scene of blood, to cut, by way of "remembrance," a twig from the hedge where the knife that murdered Weare was found; to chop off a fragment of the Red Barn, to be turned into toothpicks, tobacco-stoppers, and toys for the amusement of infancy; or to rush to the well in Nova Scotia Gardens, as if it were some new and anti-cholera chalybeate, to drink, we are told, (at the cost of three-pence,) a glass of the water in which Bishop stifled his victims. This is the climax of the disgusting and the despicable; and the water-drinkers far transcend in degradation the lovers of rum, that were said to have emptied the vessel in which the remains of Nelson were preserved; or the admirers of poetry, who contended so earnestly for a phial-full of the spirit in which Byron was brought to England. But they all belong to the same class, and one species of diseased curiosity leads to another. We once saw a ludicrous example of the feeling on board a steam-boat. An accident had happened to some part of the machinery that caused momentary danger, but it ended simply in a few splinters of wood being scattered about. From these, one of the passengers picked out the largest and most picturesque he could find; and with this rare memento under his arm, he strutted up and down the vessel for several hours, evidently not knowing what to do with it, and balancing his delight with his inconvenience in the most grotesque style imaginable. This at first sight appears as harmless as it is stupid; but the same collector of curiosities would no doubt have given one of his hands, and the whole contents of his museum, for the piece of Thurtell's skin, that some experimentalizer took the trouble to have tanned.

Fasting in High Life.—It appears to us that, notwithstanding the ten thousand eventful topics of the month, the speechmakers must be deplorably at a loss for subjects to debate about, and the world itself more than ever in want of something to do, when meetings are called to petition the bench of Bishops for a General Fast. A prayer to this effect has been preferred to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the inhabitants of Camberwell; and we are the more surprised at the fast-fever breaking out in such a quarter, because Camberwell has been for a century past the retreat of every common-councilman that can, by any contrivance or extortion, indulge in the luxury of what is called a country-house. We could not therefore have anticipated such a petition from them; but even if the whole court of aldermen should, by some subver-

sion of the laws of aldermanic nature, second the solicitation, aided moreover by Mr. Perceval's powers of persuasion, we think there is little chance of the Bishops being prevailed upon to sanction an ordinance that would inevitably be fatal to their own comforts for at least four-and-twenty hours. If by any chance, however, they should conceive a temporary fondness for fasting, and determine upon giving their appetites a holiday, it can make but very little difference to the nation. The fast is already a general one. All that is wanted is, a particular fast, exclusively for aristocratic abstinence. If the Lords choose to go without their dinners for a day, a resolution which, at all events would be very acceptable to their cooks and butlers, we can of course have no objection to it. Or if they should think fit to extend the fasting-period to a fortnight, our gratitude would be in proportion. Hunger would sharpen their legislative ideas amazingly; and a fourteen days' appetite would tend to give them a much clearer insight into the state of the country, than any penetration to be derived from a daily indulgence in turbot and truffles.

BURKINGS AT BOSTON.—Burking, like the cholera, will no doubt make the tour of the globe. The new world is at all events determined not to be behind the old, either in its attacks or its antidotes; in the last particular it has surpassed us—as the following story, which, coming, we believe, from a Boston paper, is of course to be credited, will abundantly testify.

It appears that burking has been for some time flourishing in the back settlements, and has excited alarm from one end of the continent to the other. On its first breaking out in Boston, a "Burking-Antidote and Pitch-Plaster Abolition Society" was formed, the members of which paraded the streets at night, not like Demosthenes, with pebbles, but with *detonating balls* in their mouths. As was anticipated, an attack was in due time made upon one of them; and the result was, as may also be anticipated, that at the moment the plaster was applied to the mouth of the member, with the force requisite for its adherence in any case—to say nothing of the extra force necessary to be employed, in order to stop effectually the mouth of a Bostonian—an explosion took place, that prevented the perpetrator from carrying his unpleasant design into complete effect, not simply by throwing him backwards at the first shock—which was the utmost that the scientific men in Boston had calculated upon—but by hurling him to a distance quite impossible to calculate, as he had not been heard of up to the hour when the first edition went to press. However, the paragraph, we are assured, concludes by stating, that the editor had stopped the press to say, that the body of the delinquent had just been picked up, in a sadly mutilated state at New York.

We regret the discovery of this important fact in science, inasmuch as it will, as a matter of course, be acted upon in England; and will thus shut out all hopes of Mr. Hunt's mouth being stopped for the next quarter of a century.

PAGANINI AND THE SURGEONS.—Exhibitions of pleasure are not a hundredth part so attractive, in the eyes of an enlighted community, as exhibitions of pain. The dramatic theatres, in spite of lions on the stage, and lures in the lobbies, can scarcely muster audiences above half

as numerous as the actors; the anatomical theatres on the other hand are daily crowded to a degree of inconvenience, that threatens to put an end to the operations of surgical science altogether. The contortions of Gouffé or Grimaldi never excited half the sensation produced by the contortions of sufferers in the schools of surgery. A spectacle was, it seems, to have taken place the other day at St. Bartholomew's hospital; but the crowd was so unprecedented and impenetrable, that neither the patient nor the surgeon, aided by a strong escort of pupils, not deficient, it is to be supposed, in the art of elbowing, were able to obtain admittance; and the operation was actually postponed in consequence. On a future day they were more fortunate—probably the Horse-guards were called out—to check, in some degree, the rush of surgeons and sight-hunters; and the operation was eventually performed. The case was one of extreme difficulty—the removal of an extraordinary tumour on the cheek of a female, which had been occasioned by a blow, and which presented a spectacle sufficiently frightful to account for the inconvenient anxiety manifested to witness it. Mr. Earle, by the skill and success of his operation, seems to have deserved the thanks and the praises he received. But the most distressing circumstance attending the postponement of the exhibition on the day first appointed was, that Signor Paganini was deprived of an opportunity that had been afforded him, for the gratification of his curiosity, by an "eminent surgeon," to whom, it seems, he had expressed an anxious wish to witness some "terrible operation." We all remember the anecdote of the painter of the Crucifixion, who flourished when art and legislature were young, and who nailed his sitter by the hands and feet to the wainscot, in order to work out his notions of agony as naturally and as vividly as possible; and we remember, too, that when the great violin-prodigy first made his appearance, some poetical describer insinuated, that his instrument looked like a wild beast, which he was managing and manœuvring with, in a style that was very likely to break the heart of M. Martin, as well as those of the professors. But with all these flourishes on the part of the fiddle-stick flatterers, we were not quite prepared to see Paganini entering himself as a sort of amateur-pupil at St. Bartholomew's. Can it be that he is going to give us a set of hospital-harmonies on his re-appearance? to describe upon a single string all the various grades of surgical sublimity, from the first incision to the sewing-up? No doubt the "terrible operation" is to be the subject of a concert; and we shall be treated next season, to the delightful derangement of our nerves, with a perfectly novel set of fac-similes of the agonies of an amputation, and the blessings of a bandage. The patients will of course feel greatly relieved by having their moans set to music. A cancer could scarcely fail of suggesting some exquisite cadences, and a dislocation would be attended with the most delightful result. His great triumph would be to send his auditors away, as if every bone within them was breaking. He broke their hearts last season, and he must now do something more for his money.

When he shall have gone through all other discordancies, we would recommend him to try an imitation of the uproar of Babel, or Bedlam, or the House of Commons, when a sinecure is brought up for slaughter. There is no fear about his failing. After these, he may tune his violin to some "Translations from the Unknown Tongue," which we are actively preparing for him.

CRIME ENCOURAGED BY LAW.—The conviction of the murderers of the Italian boy, and the frightful disclosures that followed it, are among the events of the past month that ought to sink most deeply into the public mind. Every member of society, in parliament and out of parliament, must now feel convinced that the moment has arrived, when all false prejudices and absurd ideas of delicacy must be given up; and that some immediate legislative enactment must be passed, to crush, not in its bud, but in its full growth and maturity, a crime at which human nature shudders to think what it is capable of, and to which history, blotted as it is with blood, scarcely offers a parallel.

Of the succession of revolting pictures presented in the course of the investigation, from the commencement to the close, that of the execution was not the least hideous. If punishment by death can be justified in any case, unquestionably it is this: yet surely even here the awful penalty is at least sufficient to satisfy the sternest, and the most uncompassionating lover of justice, without shocking humanity by the most unnatural of all spectacles—a criminal yelled and hooted into eternity. We are not romantic enough to expect refinement from people who make a holiday as often as an execution takes place, and who take their station at midnight, in order to view the ceremony to perfection eight hours after; but in an age like this, we cannot hear without disgust and detestation that so many thousands could be found (one-fourth of them females) to hoot the miserable beings upon the very threshold of death—to cheer and wave their hats as the drop fell—and to yell their disappointment when, by the removal of a portion of the apparatus, it was understood that one of the culprits had been found undeserving of the dreadful fate to which his fellows were doomed. The idea of justice never entered into any one mind in the multitude; the only feeling was, that a respite was a drawback upon their delight, and that to diminish the number of victims was to diminish their enjoyment. The only view in which this undiscriminating malignity can be excused is, that they regarded the criminals as fiends, who had outraged human nature to a degree that rendered justice powerless, and atonement impossible; and they were incapable of reflecting that the murderers had been previously "resurrectionists"—that they were men who had not plunged at once into the deepest depth of crime, but that they had been led on, through the loopholes which the law had left them, to the commission of a deed which, in their eyes, was only another grade in guilt—from plundering the grave, to destroying life—from stealing bodies, to stifling them. The law has itself to blame for the outrage, in throwing out lures for its commission. If the purposes of science had been provided for, as every enlightened state but our own has provided for them, this last and foulest stain upon humanity would have been spared. There are fifty ways in which, without much debate, a parliament alive to the necessity of doing something, might make such a provision.

HOLYWELL STREET AND THE "TIMES."—In our speculations two or three months ago, concerning the various courts and crevices of the metropolis into which the Cholera on its first landing in London would, in all probability, creep for shelter, it occurred to us that Holywell-street in the Strand was percisely the retreat upon which the monster

might most readily fasten his fangs; and it was suggested to us by one of the most practical reformers connected with this journal, that a convenient mode of obviating this calamity would be, to brick-up the obnoxious avenue at one end, and fire it at the other. The proposition created a "considerable sensation at the time;" and after many morning and evening papers had aided the publicity of the scheme by extracting the passage, the "Times" as a matter of course (the "greatest" is generally "behind") took it up. Not satisfied however with leaving the sublimity of the conception to speak for itself, the editor appended a moral to it in the form of a query, saying (we only answer for the spirit, not the letter, of the observation)—"But is the writer aware of the illegality and the danger of such a remedy?" (!!!) Now whether we are aware of this or not, we are perfectly aware that the "Times" has no more notion of a joke than Adam had of Almack's, and that it would be quite as much bewildered by a whimsicality of any description, as an Esquimaux would be by the Edinburgh Review. Its own occasional attempts at something which it mistakes for a sort of pleasantry induce this conviction. It has about as much humour as a hippopotamus. Its laugh is as if St. Paul's bell were to be tolled to the tune of "I'm the boy for bewitching 'em." It takes its wit as the king in Hamlet takes his wine, amidst the flourishing of trumpets and the firing of cannon; the very devils that carry the articles to the printer turn blue by anticipation. "Give me," the editor seems to say, after the manner of the Dane,

> "———— Give me a joke!
> And let the *Ledger* to the *Herald* speak,
> The *Herald* to the *Chronicle* without,
> The *Chronicle* to the *Post*, the *Post* to all—
> Now the "*Times*" feels waggish!"

And had we felt waggish when we suggested the Holywell-street explosion, we should have known, from frequent experience, that the "Times" could not by any earthly or editorial possibility have entered into the humour of the scheme; but having thrown out the hint in a spirit of seriousness and sincerity, we cannot but think that the cold water thus thrown upon the suggested fire is the result of pure malice; and that the "Times" is angry that so patriotic and original a plan should have originated in any source but itself.

As an evidence that we can be as serious upon occasion as the "leading journal," in its drowsiest fits of solemnity, we have now to announce that the plan, after mature consideration (though contrary we own to counsel's opinion—that is Sir. C. Wetherell's, who hates fires), has been adopted by the parish of St. Clement Danes, and that a proper number of barrels of gunpowder are now on their road to the Strand. Mr. Rothschild has sent fifty pounds in aid of the subscription, and the Jews generally are following his example, as they consider the event the first step to their emancipation. All proper precautions have been taken; the sharp three-cornered stones with which the passage was paved (and which were so loose as to excite an apprehension that they might be thrown up in the explosion, to the danger of the windows at the west end), have been removed within these few days, and others carefully rammed down, as any gentleman who chooses to trust himself in Holywell-street will perceive. So that the only inconvenience to be apprehended, upon a lighted "Times" being applied to the train, is,

the consternation that will be created ten miles round the metropolis, at the sight of a multitudinous wardrobe, a collection of at least a fifty masquerade-power, hurled a few miles into the air—a supernatural assemblage of coats and continuations, supposed of course to be inhabited, cutting capers among the clouds, as if they were so many studies for Cruikshank. Or it might so fall out, that somebody walking in Pall Mall may have his hat removed by the shock, at the very instant that another drops upon his head—the same perhaps that he had given to a poor relation or a servant a twelvemonth before. These are trifles compared with the important advantages that will result from the ignition, which is at all events fixed to take place in the course of the year—between the first of April and the fifth of November. But this cannot be done without money. Anybody passing through the Strand may perceive that the inhabitants at the east end of Holywell-street are decorating their houses—of course to increase their terms with the parish. Subscriptions however will be received by the churchwardens, and as the "Times" chooses to be sulky, at the office of this journal.

ACTORS AND AUDIENCES.—Straws indicate the course of the times. At the theatres, formerly, every despicable clap-trap was caught up; every sentiment that expressed the most rooted hatred to every thing foreign, and as bigoted and narrow-minded an idolatry of every thing English, awakened a spirit that made even the boxes applaud in the "still small voice" of court-refinement and politeness. It is curious to see with what a different spirit these same sentiments are received now; and with what an opposite feeling to that which existed in the days of devoted attachment to despotism, "God save the King," is called for. The performers too, Mrs. Wood and Braham may be mentioned as instances, catching up the impulse of the audience, sing it with an enthusiasm that rises far above mere professional habit, and gives truth to every tone. In the days of illumination and loyalty, when nautical dramas were as popular as King William himself has made them, any symptom of a mutiny among the ship's crew would have thrown every apprentice in the pit into a phrenzy of patriotic indignation. But a very different spectacle took place the other evening at the Surrey, on the performance of Mr. Jerrold's drama, called "The Mutiny at the Nore." The ship's company are ranged on the stage, and the mover of the mutiny invites his fellows to cross over to his side; the consequence of course is, that the officers are left by themselves—with the exception of one solitary servant of his "king and country," who only crosses half way and hesitates as to what he shall do. At this the mutineers hiss and execrate; and to the utter confusion of the actor, who had thus to balance between his country and his comrades, the audience hissed too—with a vociferation that rendered the stage hisses inaudible. This disapprobation touched upon a tender key, and for a moment seemed to turn his assumed hesitation into reality: but there was no alternative—he was obliged to make his decision in favour of "his king and country," and he retreated to the aristocratic side of the dock amidst a ten-fold shower of hisses—a martyr to his anti-mutinous principles.

Mr. Jerrold has been fortunate in exciting the sympathies of the audience in favour of his nautical heroes; it is not long ago that, as Mr. T. P. Cooke was undergoing the customary ceremony of condemnation in Black Eyed Susan, at Plymouth, some half dozen tars clambered from

the gallery, over boxes, pit, and orchestra upon the stage, beat off the actor-admiral and his train with three huzzas, and would have carried off Mr. Cooke in triumph, if he had not solicited their polite and generous indulgence, on the ground of his having a previous engagement to dance a hornpipe between the pieces. These two nautical dramas have several very exciting qualities, to account for the inconvenient degree of interest thus taken in them; that, lately performing at the Surrey, the "Mutiny of the Nore," is greatly aided in its effect by the energy and feeling with which the hero is performed by Mr. Elton, an actor of high promise and superior attainments.

THE CHOLERA.—The cholera is now generally understood to be non-contagious. The anti-contagionists have gained an important point; of the hundred and one writers on this subject, it would be as well if the cholera had taken a few, ere they had inflicted such "drugged potions" as their pamphlets on the "reading public." The opinion is in favour of an unrestricted intercourse, and if any doubt has lingered in the mind of the fearful, it must be removed by the late publication of the French physician, Antomarchi. The accounts he gives of the details of his practice at the Warsaw military hospitals, and of the experiments there, are, though revolting in the highest degree, completely conclusive as to the fact, that fear from personal contact with the cholera-patient is perfectly groundless.

This assurance divests the disease of half its malignity. To know that assistance can be rendered to the afflicted without personal risk, at least from them, will be the means of creating confidence on one side, and on the other, of leaving the dictates of humanity to work their way unchecked by personal consideration. It would be frightful to think of the condition of the poor, if the disease were to extend itself throughout our island—when the labours of medical men and attendants will be devoted principally to the richer class—if the horror of infection from personal contact were likewise added to the calamity. But in the case of cholera every one can attend on his neighbour, and little medical aid is required. Care in restoring the checked circulation of the blood is the first and most important point; and numberless cheap and portable baths are now manufactured for the purpose, which may be bought or borrowed at a few minutes' notice.

We are not, however, of the class of alarmists. The disease amongst us, we are inclined to believe, is but a mitigated Eastern cholera, after all; and when we recollect the time it has been amongst us, and the very slow progress it has made; when we see from various accounts the extreme unhealthiness of the present season,—the numbers fallen victims to our own epidemic, the "typhus;" the small-pox and measles raging in a most unprecedented manner in many parts of the country,—we are not a little sceptical as to the fact of the cholera ever reaching London. It is a little novelty for the faculty, and makes them of importance; it has made the fortunes of sundry venders of drugs, who have feed sundry Sangrados for their recommendation, *et voila tout!*

When the novelty has subsided, and with it the excitement, and with it the fees, then, *adieu cholera*. At least let us hope so.

In the meanwhile his Majesty's lieges are beginning to recover from their panic. Stomach-aches are beginning to be treated in the usual way again. Cajeput is not flown to with such avidity as it was a month

since. It is discovered not to be the panacea it was supposed. People are beginning to be reconciled to colds and coughs, without treating them as forerunners of the arch-enemy. In one respect the panic has even been of some service, though of brief duration. Sundry skins, some covered with fine garments and others with rags, have felt the application of soap and water, which they never have felt before; and drunkenness was in some degree diminished. The panic subsiding, a *re-action* has taken place. These innovations on the *constitution* have been rejected as unwholesome; cleanliness is voted a bore; and sobriety only fit for Whigs and political Unionists. If the abstinence from gin had continued much longer, it was said to be the intention of Messrs. Hodges, Deady, and Booth, to get up a petition to Parliament, amongst the venders of the metropolis, stating their losses and prospect of ruin, —not "blue ruin,"—and praying for the abolition of "cholera."

On the contrary, Mr. Green, of Marlborough-street, has made his fortune by his baths. He has likewise raised for himself a reputation likely to live longer than the smoke of his furnaces. By the help of one of Captain Jekyll's vapour baths, he has put the Duke of Welliugton into a perspiration, who was never in one before. To make a "perspiring hero" of the great captain is no minor feat.

PRIVILEGES OF THE PEERAGE.—A great event often ends in an anti-climax. Some "delicate affairs" go off with an explosion—others with a mere flash in the pan. Here is the Londonderry affair evaporated before our eyes—melted into thin air—sent on its journey to oblivion, without so much as a public subscription, or an address of condolence to either party. By the "Londonderry affair," we mean the now barely-to-be-alluded-to matter between the noble and the nurse, which by shewing how fifty pounds can weigh down a marquis into the mire of a common-law court, settled the question which had so long agitated the world, whether peers were made of the same clay as other people. Some of the delicious details of the story we have forgotten, and there is little chance now of our memory being refreshed on the subject—for the affair is compromised; the marquis has paid, if we can trust the newspapers, "a handsome compensation for the assault," together with an incredible sum incurred in costs, and other expences incident to aristocratic indulgences. Now we dislike curiosity, on this side detestation, as much as any man; we scorn and abhor impertinent inquiries; but we should so like to know the amount of the "compensation" that was conceived to be necessary in this case; and should feel obliged to any one who would enlighten us as to the exact cost of a "handsome compensation," with a comparative estimate of the expence of a good-looking compensation, and an ugly compensation. But it is really important that the country should know; because the matter becomes serious, when nurses may be assaulted by noblemen at a certain sum per head. It opens a door of attack upon old women, that may lead to frightful consequences—and nobody can say where they may end. Of course the terms will vary in proportion to the age and condition of the party to be assaulted;—the sex also may make some difference—but still it would only stand an item higher in the expence, and consequently at a certain price, prodigious no doubt, various illustrious members of the legislature may have whips as well as witticisms applied to them; and we shall have Mr. ——, Sir —— ——, and the Earl of ——, walking

home some night from Westminster, with an ugly cut and a handsome compensation a-piece. Our allusion to this affair will, we are sure, be forgiven, when it is thus seen to arise from anxiety for our legislators; for those who may come within the class of persons privileged to be assaulted upon reasonable terms—and for those also, whom Providence and Mr. Pitt has blessed with affluence, to a degree that places all purchaseable pleasures within their reach.

WAVERLEY AND WERTER UNITED.—It was our intention to have said six words upon the characteristic and affecting note which Sir Walter Scott has appended to his new, and as he informs us, his "last" tales; but the subject has already been treated of in a style of pathos so far above the reach of ordinary eloquence, that, though it exceeds our own comment in length as well as in depth, we cannot resist the inclination to extract it entire.

The Last of the Waverleys.—THE "*last*" Tales of "the Author of Waverley!" "Can such things be?" and *not* "overcome us like a summer cloud?" for it is only "like a *summer* cloud" that any thing is capable of overcoming us now, in these days of fearful excitement, and feverish and incessant longing and looking forth for that which, like the school-boy's "to-morrow," will never come. Can it be that we have lived to witness the "Rise and Fall" (for there has been no "Decline") of the greatest, the brightest, and the most beneficent genius that has blessed and beautified the intellectual world since Shakspeare? Can it be that He of the Hundred Volumes! whose pages enshrine more of wisdom, and virtue, and moral truth, and intellectual beauty—more of deep philosophy and divine charity—more of that perfect knowledge of human life which grows alone out of perfect love—more of all these, and of a thousand other beneficent things, than are to be found in the writings of any other mortal—Shakspeare alone excepted; can it be that He—the glory of our literature—the star of our country—the genius of our age—the admiration of the civilized world;—can it be that He is passing from among us, into the category of things that *were*, and that, in another week, or month, or year, *fuit!* is all that we shall have to say or feel concerning him? Even now, as we write, "his place knoweth him not." The concluding note of his new work—(they who can read it without tears of mingled sorrow and affection, know not what it is to joy or to sorrow—to hope or to fear—or to feel any intellectual emotion, whether of pain or of pleasure, that does not spring from the *blank circle* of self)—the concluding note of his new work is dated "Abbotsford!!!" But the hand which penned it is divided from that spot (one of the most romantic, and to him, doubtless, the most beloved, of its creations) by seas and foreign lands, and strangers and hirelings are tending the wants, and it may be, smoothing the sick-bed pillow, or holding the suffering head, of him over whose pages the whole English community will be *hanging* for the next month, in pleased and grateful admiration.

The thought recals us from our sombre reverie—we open the living pages of the work, the first sight of which has called forth these melancholy reflections—the "summer cloud" that overcame us *has* passed away—and all is sunshine and hope once more. He will recover—he will come back to us, renovated in heart and hope, if it be only to receive the homage of our admiration for this new token of his mighty claims upon our gratitude and affection. Nay, he cannot, he must not die! Why have we not my uncle Toby at our elbow, to exclaim for us, "by G—d, he *shall* not die!"

This is the perfection of the Pocket Handkerchief School. No words can do justice to it, and we are obliged therefore to resort to a simpler mode of expressing our admiration—as follows:—

! !

Or, as Mr. Irving justly observes, "Cjziw krfdembhpxoi tkavqklmsk!"

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

ROMANCE AND REALITY. A NOVEL, IN 3 VOLS., BY L. E. L.

THESE three initials stand upon the title-page like the weird-sisters, promising magic and marvels; but here the resemblance ends, for though they keep it to the ear, or rather to the eye, they have not broken it to the hope. *Romance and Reality* is not exactly what we had pictured to ourselves upon its first announcement; for we could not have expected, even from the impassioned and deep-thoughted writer, that has filled our magazines and memories with what Fallstaff calls "fancies and good nights," for the last half-dozen years, a work of such stirring and varied power as this which we have just perused. But it is precisely the production which all who are disposed to do justice to her genius, will be most glad to see; and which those who, having little love for poetry of any kind, have none at all for her's, because they never drank of that deep spring of feeling from which it takes its rise, and can, consequently, relish only that species of verse which is generally tried, not on the feelings, but on the fingers—will criticise with ten-fold acrimony. It would, however, task the ingenuity of envy and ill-will in this enlightened age to prove much in disparagement of *Romance and Reality*, or to shew any convincing cause why it should not rank as one of the most striking and original works of the day. It may be proved to be in parts very carelessly written—that its periods are sometimes ill-turned—that there are occasional repetitions of the same sentiment and the same quotation, or even that the sentiment is false, and the quotation inaccurate; it might be possible to pick out a few passages that look too much like fine writing, and remind us of the poet of whom it is said—

> "That not knowing what he was thinking,
> He wrote a soft song about love."

But put all these unpardonable violations of the laws of perfection into one scale, and put any two pages either of the romance or the reality of the work—the knowledge of the heart or the knowledge of society—the moral painting or the sketching of manners, into another, and who will say that the defects weigh much more than a feather against the solid gold of the opposing scale? We say, solid gold, not for the sake of the metaphor, but for the meaning; no language can be too direct and expressive, and no praise too earnest and entire, when we consider the character of the best, and by far the largest portion of these volumes. They have all the glow and freshness of youth, with the depth and earnestness of maturity. They are full of thoughts, some casual and random ones, some fanciful, some profound—but all poured forth with a profusion that, though it may detract for a moment from their effect, is certainly no argument against their value. Truth is not the less true because the writer utters it sometimes as if she scarcely cared whether it were so or not; or instead of stopping to analyze or explain an idea, hurries on to the next, and leaves the reader to make what he chooses of it. Many of the best things in "Romance and Reality" seem to have been set down in this careless and uninquiring spirit. If the writer had thought much about them, there are a few, perhaps, that she would not have written at all; but there are fifty that no form of words could have conveyed more expressively; and as many more, that she could not have excelled in any sense, if she had pondered and puzzled for a twelvemonth. These aphorisms are of all shades and colours; we pass at once from the grave to the gay, without any common-place preface or apology; the spirit of the scene, whether it be a Spanish solitude or a saloon at St. James's, takes full possession of us; whatever the subject—from the characters or no-characters of common-life, to the gallery of literary likenesses at the Athenæum, and from these again to the delineation of female nature in all its simplicity, as in Emily—and in all its nobleness, as in Beatrice—we are alike under the mastery of a spell, and the heart yields itself to a power that can either "call up its sunshine or bring down its showers." Notwithstanding the spirit and

variety, the brilliant dialogue, the innumerable sketches of character, the lights and shadows of life, "the logic, and the wisdom, and the wit," that constitute a charm of which we scarcely grow weary for an instant throughout the whole of the first and second volumes, it is in the third that the reader must look for evidence of L. E. L.'s decided and undeniable power as a novelist of a high order. In the other parts of her work she has shewn us what she can do with individual scenes and separate groupings: in the last she enters upon a new course, and displays her capability of conceiving, combining, and working-out her incidents, with a skill that few living writers possess. This is in itself a tale of deeply-imaginative power—a picture finely composed and exquisitely coloured. Of the characters, we object only to the Higg's family—a group pourtrayed with little of the fine taste and ability observable in the other portraits; and of the opinions, we can find particular fault merely with one or two passing observations unfavourable to the more enlightened and liberal characteristics of the age. Women are timid and averse to great national advances; we are afraid that more than one-half of them are Tories at heart.

Upon glancing at what we have written, we must confess it to be but a meagre description of "Romance and Reality;" but we have no space either for analysis or extract—and fortunately both are superfluous; for the work will be read by every body, whether realists or romancers.

History and Description of Woburn and its Abbey, &c. By J. D. Parry, M.A.

We need not inform our readers that the beautiful Abbey of Woburn has been the seat of the illustrious house of Russell since the year 1547, when the grant was made to Lord John Russell, afterwards Earl of Bedford, by Edward VI., its princely revenues having attracted the rapacious monastic plunderers in the reign of his predecessor. The Russells are one of England's historic families, and their name alone would throw an interest around Woburn even had they not made such an extensive repertory of the most beautiful specimens of art. Flattering, however, as the subject may be, we do not understand Mr. Parry's dread of exposing his inability for such a simple task as that of giving a short notice of the ancient abbey; a list of revenue, &c.; a rapid genealogical view of the Russell family, and lastly a catalogue of the pictures and statues contained in the Duke of Bedford's princely collection. We must however own, in justice to Mr. Parry, that his work includes a very comprehensive variety of objects, viz., from Woburn Abbey and its noble tenants, to the dairy and pig-stye; from Homer and the tale of Psyche (*vide* p. 263), to a dissertation on the "superior consideration formerly enjoyed by that useful animal of the class Mammalia, genus Bellua, species *sus*, now recognized by that unharmonious and unhonoured monosyllabic cognomina of *Hog* or *Pig*." It would be ungrateful to Mr. P., to complain of the lavish profusion with which he showers his classic and antiquarian research on us, and we dare say, many of his numerous subscribers, will be amused even with long remarks of pigs, for the elucidation of whose domestic policy, Doomsday Book, Homer, Walter Scott, &c., are laid under contribution. The catalogue of the contents of the noble picture and sculpture galleries are, to us, not the least tempting portion of the work. Some of our readers may be pleased to read the origin of this illustrious house, thus told by Mr. Parry:—

"The earliest records of this family extend back to the long period of eight hundred years, when they were settled in Neustria or Normandy, in which country they are described as being the younger branches of the Barons of *Briquebec*, who were potent Seigneurs; and this part of the family possessed the fiefs of *Barneville* and *Rozell*, or Rosel, near the bay of the same name, in the Bailiwick of Coutances. Two years before the Norman Invasion of England, a Hugh de Rosel gave in aid of the foundation of the Abbey of Caen, certain lands in Granville and Grocei. He accompanied the Conqueror to England, and was rewarded with possessions in Dorsetshire; the principal of which were Kingston, afterwards called Kingston-Russell, and Berwick, the latter of which is still in the possession of the family.

Kingston was held of the Crown by grand sergeantry, for the service of presenting 'a cup of beer to the king on the four principal feasts of the year;' as appears by a record of the thirteenth century."

ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

WE take shame to ourselves for having so long neglected to notice, in a degree somewhat proportioned to its merit, the re-edited and re-embellished series of novels known by the above title. We will, however, now atone for our neglect, as amply as our circumscribed limits will permit, by impressing upon the public a correct idea of that excellence, which in these times forms the only true claim to patronage. The object of the publishers is, to present the best works of the best authors—of the class of novelists—edited and embellished in a style scarcely to be surpassed. How this object has been attained we will proceed to shew. Mr. Roscoe has brought to the performance of his share of the labour, a mind thoroughly imbued with elegant literature, and a taste which has been perfected under the auspices of a great master. That Mr. Thomas Roscoe has made the best use of his talent and judgment is evident from the mode in which the prefatory biographies of Defoe, Smollet, and Fielding are executed. In that of Defoe, there is displayed a thorough knowledge of the cramped and disagreeable politics of that period; at the same time, he does not lose sight of those minute events in Defoe's life which tended more than any other to develope character and mind. It would afford us much pleasure did our space permit us to give an epitome of this biography; for, at this distance of time, when party animosity has ceased, and when the most striking points of Defoe's character come under fair and impartial criticism, we cannot but concede to him a high grade amongst the spirits of his day. Not the least remarkable of the circumstances attendant on Defoe's life is the fact, which we gather from a comparison of dates, that he had nearly arrived at the age of sixty, a period when the minds of ordinary men seem hastening to decay, ere he produced that work, on the merits of which his name has stood, and will continue to stand, the test of numberless literary cycles. The lives of Smollet and Fielding are executed in a style which does not derogate from the praise accorded to that of Defoe; and if the preceding volumes are equally good with their predecessors, which we have no reason to doubt, we shall have to congratulate the public upon the possession of an invaluable store of light literature, which is seldom offered to them in so cheap and commodicus a form. With respect to the embellishments, if we were disposed to be brief and emphatic, or if we were inclined to sum up their excellence, in the concise and eloquent phrases which are so much in vogue in various reviewing circles, we should say, according to the most approved fashion, "This book ought to be on every lady's table"—"No gentleman's library can be complete without this work"—"Every one must possess himself of this bijou of literature"—no matter whether furtively or otherwise; but two words will suit our purpose best—"George Cruikshank." We doubt whether any person, who is able to receive impressions through the medium of sight, could for one moment dispute the power of Cruikshank over that rebellious membrane of cachinnation, or control his mirth within seemly bounds, in turning over the contents of a portfolio which at this moment lies open before us. It was our destiny to acquire early in the career of that gifted and original artist an intense taste for his productions, and the result of which is, that we are now in possession of a never-failing cure for the "blue devils" and the "spleen." Amongst our collection we find two or three illustrations to Peregrine Pickle, viz. the "Dinner of the Ancients"—the "Duel at Antwerp"—and the "Discomfiture of the Physicians by the Gouty Colonel of Bath." These may be said, without any exaggeration, to embody the conception in the text as perfectly as the author could have desired; and the illustrations to the volumes before us are, in that respect, no way inferior, although, in one or two instances, the selection of subjects might have been made more hap-

pily. Those which pleased us most are in Peregrine Pickle—"Trunnison's leap over the Waggon"—the "Painter's escape from the Bastile"—the "Thin black Hairs"—and the "Tailors presenting arms to the Bailiffs." In Humphrey Clinker, the drowsy nonchalance of Clinker, compared with the consternation in Tabitha's eyes, which are peeping over her fan at an exhibition which Winifred is evidently glancing at with the greatest satisfaction, is admirable; so is the humour of the plate, at page 208, where Humphrey, having seized old Bramble's ear, is making for the shore, with his reprisal at sea. In Tom Jones, the illustrations are equally good; but those where Cruikshank, however, has been most happy, are the discovery of Philosopher Square pent up in the closet, the face and position of the affrighted sentinel, and the detection of Partridge's amour with the gipsy.

Chozar and Sela; or the Siege of Damascus; and other Poems, by James Fletcher, Trin. Coll. Cam., Author of "History of Poland." Second Edition.

An extremely interesting little volume, that will be appreciated by every lover of poetry. The best compliment we can pay the author is to quote a short specimen:—

"SONNET.

"The sculptured stone may never bear my name,
To draw forth liquid sorrow from the eye
Of after time, and live embalmed by fame,
An endless life of grateful memory.
Ah! no: such hope in me were far too high;
For if the glow of genius ever came
Firing my soul with heavenly ecstacy,
It was unseen as the sepulchral flame,
That never flashed upon the face of day,
But 'midst devouring darkness pass'd away.
The few beloved, howe'er, who read my mind
To them unveiled, 'mid many faults could find
Something to love, and till their hearts decay,
My memory fresh will live in love enshrined."

The Reformation in England—Family Library, No. 26. By the Rev. J. Blunt.

Mr. Blunt's work on the Pentateuch, in which he ably applied the mode of argument of the *Horæ Paulinæ*, to prove the authenticity of the books of Moses, has already introduced him to the public in the character of an ingenious advocate of the sacred cause in which he is enlisted. We remember listening, with much interest, to the course of sermons he delivered on that subject, at the University Church, Cambridge, and came to the perusal of the present work with the more avidity. Reform of any kind is always an interesting theme, and more particularly so now, when the public mind is bent on the amelioration of long-standing abuses. A popular and candid History of the Protestant Secession from the Church of Rome (Bishop Burnet is too diffuse), is an almost essential addition to the library of every English family; and we hoped that Mr. Blunt had furnished us with such a work; of this, however, we are by no means certain. Meretricious and unseemly appendages began to disfigure the church of Christ almost from its very foundation. Manicheans, Arians, Iconoclasts, and Tyrophagists, all set to work on the pillars or friezes of the Christian temple, when they came fresh from the hands of their divine architect. What then must have been the accumulation of abuses in fifteen centuries of barbarism? and what a herculean task to remove them! Such is the noble work which a History of the Reformation describes. But while recounting the abuses and follies which the Protestant abolished, the candid historian should not forget to men-

tion those which he introduced. While the Protestant ridicules the popes for their assumption of infallibility, let him turn to the Acts of Parliament of Edward the Sixth, and he will there see an equally gross assumption, that the Catechism, Liturgy, &c. were written by the Holy Ghost, which none must doubt, "under penalty of the king's dipleasure." While he makes our blood curdle with the recital of the Catholic burnings of Mary, let him add the similar persecutions of the Arians, &c. in the time of the Protestant Elizabeth; while he complains of the intolerance of the Romanist, let him read, as a commentary on it, the Act of a Protestant Parliament, which obliged all persons to attend Protestant churches under penalty of a pecuniary mulct of £200 a month.* All this, and much more, Mr. Blunt glosses over. These are, indeed, sad errors, though only of omission; but we can see the leaven of something worse working in the heart, and influencing the head which dictated this book, that "the more enlightened generation, as it *has been called*" (and is; in pity to Mr. Blunt's ignorance of such fact, arising from his seclusion in St. John's, we inform him it is), will not be easily blinded to. If the want of provision for the clergy is the main defect Mr. Blunt finds in the Reformation, after his investigation of this History (*vide* p. 321, &c.), we would advise him to look again at the revenues of our ecclesiastical princes; and, if he could, without offence to those to whom he looks for promotion, to recommend a little more equal distribution, and a little less hostile, and repugnant method of gathering them. We doubt whether the great mass of the respectable clergy would not be abundantly grateful for it, and well satisfied with the proceeds. We would, likewise, advise Mr. Blunt to return to the perusal of Milton's tract on Reformation, and read, mark, learn, and digest it. The time will come, we trust, when all traders and money-changers will be driven out of Christ's temple; and, finally, when it will be placed altogether on a different footing. We hope that the next time Mr. Blunt talks of "an abused press," he will not shield himself under the protection of a *double entendre*.

THE LAST OF THE SOPHIS, a POEM, BY C. F. HENNINGSEN, A MINOR.

Were a bill passed to abate the severity of our critical laws, Mr. Henningsen, we fear, would be but too happy to take the benefit of the act, notwithstanding his attempts to meet our demands. He presents us, indeed, with a Persico-Tartar Tale, and introduces us to the last of the Persian Sophis and Nadir Shah; but, although he adds to the already long list of that savage's crimes, by making him the mysterious ravisher of the prince's betrothed bride, our conceptions of a readable poem are not satisfied. Mr. Henningsen, however, endeavours to make up the deficiency in the notes, in which he informs us, that a mosque is a Mahometan church (considerate instructor!) that the road to the Moslem heaven was over a "strait and narrow" bridge, &c. We are told, also, that the author is a minor; but we certainly think, Master Henningsen, that we might have learnt that fact as readily from the Roman type of the poem, as the Old English letters in the title-page. Mr. Henningsen will, perhaps, in his next edition, add to his favours by explaining the following lines:—

> "——— When deep oblivion dwells
> O'er soul and sense, the heart may steal
> An hour, a single hour's repeal
> From sorrows it is doomed to feel,
> Yet why so soon, that passing dream,
> That momentary Lethe's stream?
> And why so sudden must they break,
> And we to wayward fate awake?
> To wish, perhaps, to sleep for ever,
> On what should e'er have been, or never!"

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* 23 Elizabeth, c. 1, s. 5, &c.

" —— The wave rolled clear and still.—P. 8.

We should also like to see Mr. Henningsen's theory of *"falling thunder"*—p. 40.

We will not, however, be severe judges, but for such lines as these :—

" For there, by abyss' fearful side—p. 32, &c.

We sentence the culprit to learn two columns of Walker's Dictionary, daily, for the next two years; for the following,

" He little drinks, and eateth less," &c.

to be kept on short commons once a week; and, finally, to refrain from appearing before the public during our judicial pleasure.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, its Prevention, and Remedy. By John Murray, F.S.A., &c.—Second Edition.

Mr. Murray believes he has discovered two new remedies for consumption; and he here fairly and honestly tells us what they are. He evidently writes in earnest; and is entitled to praise for his sincerity, and respect for his good intentions. His first remedy is the Chlorate of Potash, taken internally. His second, and principal means of cure, consists in inhaling the fumes of Nitrous acid Gas, properly diluted. With regard to the salt of Potash, he proposes it as new only in its application to the cure of consumption: it having been before recommended by Chaussier; but the "inhaling" he claims as peculiarly his own — or, to use his own odd phraseology — "in the vapour of nitric and nitrous acid, we stand alone." The value of Mr. Murray's recommendations, we, of course, have no means of ascertaining, and we rather think that medical men themselves are, in general, not much better off. The trial of any new remedy, to be conclusive, should be instituted at the same time, on a number of patients similarly affected and similarly circumstanced. These conditions are found in our great hospitals alone, and to them we naturally turn for information. We regret to say our inquiries on such matters have been singularly unfortunate; and Dublin, "the silent sister," is the only place whose "hospital reports" rescue her from the disgrace of neglected opportunities, and the shame of indifference to the cause of science and humanity. We can thus sympathize with Mr. Murray when he complains of the general disposition to ridicule without inquiry, and condemnation without trial. He must, however, be aware that such is the usual reception awarded to any thing new; and that we may judge of the vigour of the sapling, by the rough usage it has borne without breaking. Mr. Murray's preliminary observations are too diffuse. They are clever and entertaining; but not "ad rem." When looking for the remedies which he declares to be the exclusive objects of his work, we thought he had lost himself in his own erudition; for it was not till the 144th page we found what we were in search of. Should the success of Mr. Murray's plans call for another edition of his work, we think he might speak rather more confidently than he does in the following paragraph relating to Laennec. "Its author," speaking of his work, "fell a victim to the very disease he had endeavoured to substantiate, &c., now mingles with his kindred elements. *This is generally the fate of the good and great.*"

The Chameleon, a Collection of Tales, Songs, &c.

The Chameleon has selected from its extensive wardrobe a pretty sky-blue vest for its *début*, which, however, we fear, for the sake of the admirers of the "outward book," will soon *change*. We understand that this little *mélange* comes not only from the shop, but from the pen of a bibliopole, who, we should have presumed, in pity to the starving printers, had issued the present sheets to keep them moving, were we not informed, in the first article, that he has been long "seeking a name." Some of the prose sketches contain a flippant smartness, which will be pleasing to many, and a snack of reading, which proves that the author's study has not been confined to the labels and title-pages of h

books. But although he tells us his lute once wrought its spell on a sweet lady (vide p. 97), we must confess that we have been proof against its influence. We are also led to infer that the author has known as much of substantial as "ideal beauty," but we should deeply lament his singular and unhappy fate, were he to "exhale," in "a pure embrace," as he hints in page 75. We know not how "the sweet lady" received such confessions as this—

> "Aye! then the haunts of mirthless din
> I seek, and vex the night with riot,
> Or drench with wine the flame within,
> And mortgage years of future quiet"—p. 89.

But let us say it is his *nater*—

> "Quench'd did I say? The snow-showers fall
> On Hecla's ever-burning *crater:*
> It thunders when they meet—but all
> Their chill dims not that torch of *Nature!*"—p. 88.

The Chameleon has a long tongue, as all chameleons have, and we hope our fair friends (and we trust they are not a few), will allow him to chat away by their Christmas fire-sides, while they smile at his poetical errors, particularly as he says—

> "No: I'll no more essay to sing."—p. 320.

HISTOIRE DES CAMPAGNES DE HOHENLINDEN ET DE MARENGO. PAR M. DE BULOW.

This book must become the manual of every student of the stratagetic art, and the passe-temps of every old campaigner. Bulow, an officer in the Prussian service, is well known to most military men as the author of "Spirit of the System of Modern War," and many other excellent works connected with the profession of arms. The present volume is a valuable analysis of Napoleon's tactics in the tremendous campaign of 1800. The author measures out the field of Marengo, and walks calmly over the plain of Hohenlinden, with the practised eye of an experienced soldier. But the chief interest of the present translation is, that it contains a running commentary on the text by no other than the great general himself—Napoleon. These notes are furnished by Major Emmett, who, during his stay at St. Helena, lent it to Count Montholon for the emperor's perusal. It was returned with the numerous annotations by Napoleon's own hand. We shall not enter into an examination of the work; students of the art of war, we refer to the book itself; the ladies, idlers, and all men of peace, we send to read Campbell's soul-stirring lyric of Hohenlinden.

MENTAL RECREATIONS, OR SELECT MAXIMS; ANCIENT AND MODERN, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

"The head and front of the offending" of "Mental Recreations," are the frontispiece, in which we are introduced to an *angel* of the *feminine* gender, *en sark*, with a cat-o'-nine tails in one hand and a crown in the other, apparently saying—

> "Here they are both neat and handy,
> Which hand will you have?"

And we are led to infer from a note to the introduction, that this emblem is of the compiler's composition. We augur, however, from the sweet smile of this female seraph, that in performing the boatswain's office, she would be as lenient to the backs of her culprits as honest Sancho was to his own. Tearing away our eyes from the pretty angel and her *jellisk*, we turn to the Select Maxims. The great names appended to most of these are guarantees of their excellence, but besides these Mr. B. presents us with many of his own, some of which are rather *piquants*. Like for instance—

"The man who prides himself on his ancestry without personal merit, may be ludicrously, though justly, compared to a potatoe plant—the best part of which is underground."—page 12.

Some, however, might be spared; for instance, the remark we remember reading in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, "A pigmy on the shoulders of a giant can see farther than the giant himself;" contains all the matter of Mr. B.'s eighteen lines on Councils.—page 44.

Against the principle of a few we must enter our protest—such as that on *friends*.—page 104.

Mr. B.'s theory of thought without language we do not understand.—p. 170.

With these exceptions, we may safely recommend the work for the literary feasts of our friends, as a nice dish of the tit-bits of wisdom.

THE PIRATE OF BOFINE, A NOVEL. 3 VOLS.

We shall proceed upon a somewhat novel plan in our notice of this production. We have frequently felt, on perusing an interesting book, an extreme desire to quote the whole of it; and as our Pirate here is really an interesting person of his order, we have experienced the inclination in this instance. An extract, three volumes in length, would however puzzle our printer exceedingly; we shall therefore proceed upon the shorter, but scarcely less satisfactory plan, of quoting the first and last paragraph of each volume.

Vol. I. First paragraph.—"It was in the year 1528, that a Spanish family resided on the largest of the Arran Islands, situated in the bay of Galway in Ireland."

Last paragraph.—"The Neapolitans finding resistance useless, opened their gates to the Spaniards."

Vol. II. First paragraph.—"The night was dark and stormy—the rain fell in torrents, while at intervals vivid flashes of lightning served to guide a cavalier," &c.

Last paragraph.—"This, Florian swallowed; and feeling himself faint and sleepy, he threw himself upon his couch, and was soon buried in slumber."

Vol. III. First paragraph.—"With hurried steps, and glances impatiently cast seaward, Barroso paced the platform before his castle."

Last paragraph.—"While Felix and Blanche happy in each other, still sought to make others so, by the exercise of those virtues which alone lead to happiness in this world, and a glorious hereafter."

We are sure that the reader will not fail to derive as much information from these extracts, as from a perusal of the story. We might in addition quote some forty or fifty lines of stars * * * *, with which the narrative is liberally sprinkled, without being in the least degree broken. But we prefer selecting a passage from Shakspeare which we find at the commencement of the work, given in a style that renders it completely original:—

> "The neighing steed and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner, and all
> The quality, pride, pomp, and
> Circumstance of glorious war."

We confidently recommend the Pirate of Bopeep—Bofine we mean—to all readers of romance.

THE HISTORY OF POLAND FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. BY J. FLETCHER, ESQ., TRIN. COLL. CAM. WITH A NARRATIVE OF RECENT EVENTS COMMUNICATED BY THE POLISH ENVOY. SECOND EDITION, GREATLY ENLARGED.

Confined at this time within the sphere of interest for our own political arrangements, it seems as if we could scarcely steal a moment from them even to lament over the unworthy fate of the brave Poles. How different would have been our feelings had that unfortunate country been the caterer even

to our most trivial follies or pampered tastes! Had the ladies been deprived of a choice importation of ribbons or gloves, we should have had a whole army of Amazons to enlist in their cause, or had we been obliged to take our tea for a week without sugar, or our fish without sauce, in consequence of their oppression, how we should be now animated with sympathy for their wrongs and detestation for their tyrants! Are our feelings isolated from the rest of our fellow-men, as well as our country? How shall we appear at the bar of history in future years when our sons and grandsons shall inquire where was England when Poland fell? But bear up manfully against fortune, ye brave Polish exiles; can the throne of the Czar, framed of such numerous and incongruous materials, cemented with blood, and bound with chains, stand for ever? Can the nations of Europe always harden their hearts? we trust not—future generations will blush at the supineness and callosity of their forefathers, and Poland may yet be free. We are, however, happy to find from a second edition of Mr. Fletcher's work being called for, that there are still some hundreds who feel an interest for the fate of this gallant nation. We recommend all who have been lukewarm in the cause to peruse the history, where they will learn what noble fellows they have suffered to be trampled on by numbers. The intrinsic interest of the Polish annals is not as the too many ignorantly suppose, of temporary duration; they present one of the most singular *studies* of policy and government that the world ever furnished, which such men as Milton,* Rousseau, and Voltaire, have turned their attention to. We should also recommend all who wish to take a just view of the more recent Polish History, not to follow such guides as the reviewer who has stated his presumption that "the more immediate statements may be suspected of partiality, on account of their avowed source." But unfortunately for the reviewer, Orginski, the author whose "*voluminous*" work he alludes to, cannot be suspected of partiality, at least to the Polish patriots, by any person who has read his four volumes and supplement. The additional matter of the present edition will be found to contain much interesting information. The work altogether evinces talent of no common order. It is highly creditable to Mr. Fletcher as an author and as a man, and we again dismiss the volume with our good wishes.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.—FOURTH AND LAST SERIES.

As we suppose that most of our readers have already perused "the new Waverley Novel," we need not give any lengthened analysis of the interesting fictions which are included in this Fourth and last Series of the Tales of my Landlord. The four volumes contain two romances, one is entitled "Count Robert of Paris," and the other "Castle Dangerous." We think the preface the most interesting portion of the volumes. The description of Paul Pattison arriving at the house of our old friend Jedediah Cleishbotham, must remind every one of some poor scholar whom he may have seen at some period or other of his life, exactly answering to the masterly delineation of Sir Walter Scott, who, by the way, has closely followed Juvenal in his description of this particular subject, and with such excellence, that he has, in fact, almost surpassed the great Roman satirist.

The scene of Count Robert of Paris is laid at Constantinople, on the shores of the "many-billowed Hellespont." The plot is confined to a conspiracy against the life of the reigning emperor, Alexius Comnenus; its development and total failure, together with an account of the second Crusade, may be said to constitute the tale. The great beauty in all Sir Walter Scott's novels consist in their entire harmony of parts—like a time-piece, each portion being indispensable to the whole—together with a faithful and sometimes exquisite delineation of character. In the tale of Count Robert we do not recognize the first charac-

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* The connection between England and Poland during the Commonwealth was very intimate, and the interest which Milton felt for the latter country is evinced in his brief History of Moscovia (in which the singular history of Borin is fully related), and his translation of Tobieski's proclamation.

teristic of Sir Walter so clearly, and the second cannot be said to be so strongly marked as in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, and many others of that class. We do not feel that sympathy in the success and misfortune of individuals, however high their rank, without the charm of locality. And thus Hereward is the character whom we chiefly admire, and in whose fate we take the greatest interest, simply because he is a Briton. But in all of Sir Walter Scott's novels, however uninteresting they may be, which is but seldom the case, there are always certain redeeming parts which abundantly reward the perusal. Thus for instance in Count Robert of Paris, at the beginning of the first volume, the description of Hereward sleeping under the grand gate of Constantinople, and his attempted assassination by the Milesian; his interview with his commander, Achilles Tatius; the character of Agelastes, the ambitious philosopher, the grand mover of the conspiracy, who hides pride under the garb of humility; the haughty and proud Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius, together with the Emperor Alexius, who penetrates through their designs with (what we now call) the cunning of a Greek. We may likewise refer to Count Robert and the *ourang-outang*, who takes no inconsiderable part in the story, as among the best of the portraits. In the lady of Count Robert of Paris, a perfect Amazon, and in her servant, Batha, we recognize the pencil of Sir Walter Scott. But though beautiful passages abound in great profusion, yet, comparing the tale with some of its predecessors, we must say, "sequiturque patrem haud passibus æquis."

Castle Dangerous transports us from Constantinople to the strong-holds of the Douglas family in Scotland. In the war between England and Scotland, to establish the independence of the latter, Sir John De Walton said that he would hold the Douglas Castle for a year and a day against the Scottish power. Augusta de Berkely, the heiress of a large estate, promised her hand in marriage to him if he succeeded in the attempt. Sir John De Walton eventually marries the Lady of Berkely, although the Earl of Douglas recovered his own castle before the year and the day had elapsed. There are the adventures of Augusta, who travels into Scotland, impatient of the various contradictory rumours which are brought of the fate of her lover—there is the quarrel between John De Walton and the knight, second in command at the castle, Sir Aymer de Valence—there is the story of Sister Ursula, and others of equal spirit and excellence. To our historical readers we need not say, that some of the leading incidents are directly in opposition to historical facts.

At the commencement of the fourth volume there is a description of what are called the pleasures of the chase; a few lines will suffice to show the spirit of the passage:—

"If indeed one species of exercise can be pointed out as more universally exhilarating and engrossing than others, it is certainly that of the chase. The poor over-laboured drudge, who has served out his day of life, and wearied all his energies in the service of his fellow-mortals—he who has been for many years the slave of agriculturers or (still worse) of manufacturers—engaged in raising a single peck of corn from year to year, or in the monotonous labours of the desk—can hardly remain dead to the general happiness when the chase sweeps past him with hound and horn, and for a moment feels all the exultation of the proudest cavalier who partakes the amusement."

And if our sturdy and independent husbandmen, once the pride and boast of England, the same class who drew their cloth-yard shaft at Agincourt, and who dealt their deadly vollies at Waterloo, are now the "slaves" of agriculture, who but Sir Walter Scott, and such as he, has made them so? The happiness, independence, and honour, of millions of their fellow-countrymen would they sacrifice, rather than curtail by one inch their robes of pride, or pluck one strawberry-leaf from their jewelled coronets. We should feel more honest pride in being a tiller of the earth—"over-laboured drudge" though he *now* be—an occupation which sages and warriors have ennobled, than in "sweeping," even with the sounding concomitants of "hound and horn," after the most stinking fox that ever was cubbed!

Sir Walter Scott intimates "that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public." And he concludes the whole so beautifully, that we cannot help quoting his words:—"The public has claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

We hope it will *not* be the last time we shall see Sir Walter as a novelist or poet. In no other character can he appear to such advantage, and in no other can we so conscientiously award him the following tribute—

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

Newton Forster, or the Merchant's Service, by the Author of the King's Own. 3 vols.

The present has been called a novel-writing age; by which we presume is meant, an age that produces a vast number of novels: but in point of fact it is no such thing; for ninetenths of the three-volumed works that require us to add another wing to our libraries once a year, are no more novels than pantomimes are epic poems; or to use a figure more to Captain Marryat's taste, than steamboats are seventy-fours. Still we have no more objection to works of this order, and Newton Forster is one of the best of them, than we have to pantomimes and steam-boats; but another name should be invented for them. They should be called Kaleidoscopes or Cosmoramas in three volumes; where we pass without any note of preparation from Moscow to Madras, and from St. Paul's to the Pyramids. The idea of a novel leads us to expect, not a succession of splendid pictures, linked together, as in Stanfield's Diorama, by the branch of a tree, or a few feet of London fog; but *one* picture—a plot in short, where the events are not stray-children of the inventor's fancy, but incidents lawfully-begotten of each other, all journeying on like pilgrims by different roads, but meeting in the end at a Mecca, in the shape of a moral. We may with justice say however of Captain Marryat, that his pilgrims ramble along quite as pleasantly as Peter Pindar's traveller, who was wise enough to "boil" the peas upon which so many novel-heroes hobble; and this illustration by the way, reminds us of another from the same source, that Newton Forster is a sort of razor, not meant "to shave," but—"to sell."

If there were no other points of interest in these volumes, the opinions and observations scattered through them, touching the merchant's service, and other subjects upon which the knowledge and character of the author give him a right to speak boldly, would alone recommend them to us. He is at no time more impressive than when he casts anchor to tell us the why and wherefore, and to deliver himself of his sentiments. His experience supplies him with safe ground, and his earnestness makes him eloquent. It is in this earnestness that his great power lies; he writes with firm nerves—or as an Irish reviewer might say, with his fist doubled. His descriptions of events and persons thus acquire a directness that gives them peculiar force, and leads him to depend more upon the strength than the skill of his blow. His sea pictures are made up of the old materials; his shipwreck in the work before us, is full of the old phrases, such as "forked lightning," "angry surge," "redoubled fury," and "huge monsters of the deep,"—yet so far from being common-place, it is one of the most vigorous descriptions to be met with any where; and might go far to ruin the navy by deterring youngsters, in these circulating-library days, from aspiring to be mariners and midshipmen. He has a large amount of melo-dramatic tact besides; as is indicated in various points of this scene, in his battles and a hundred others. Above all, he has great knowledge of character in various grades of life, and very little ill-feeling to induce him to distort his pictures, and to hold

up one class of men at the expense of another. A voyage to India, for the hero gets into more services than one, offers a tempting opportunity for sketching character, and it is done with great shrewdness and humour. The effect would be vastly heightened by the introduction of a few delicate touches in place of a few coarse ones, but the reader will find all very pleasant as it is. Among the defects of the King's Own, it seems, is the absence of a marriage at the end of it. Captain Marryat has terminated the career of Newton Forster more pleasantly, by winding-up his wanderings with a wedding—so that in one respect at least the work has some resemblance to a novel.

Hood's Comic Annual, for 1832.

Mr. Hood must be happy beyond all living example, for he is not only a master of the opposite arts of pun and pathos, but the world is so inconsistent with itself, as to be willing to acknowledge it. He is the Garrick of literature—the *Hamlet* and *Abel Drugger* of book-making. Having scarcely completed our glance at his "Aram," we are called off by his "Annual"—from deep feeling to high fun. We must be careful in what we say of the "Comic;" because we are so grateful for a broad grin, that our eyes are frequently closed to defects in proportion as our mouth is extended by drolleries. As far as we have been able to see his faults this year, they are these; a gradual "decline and fall" of humour in his cuts—a less immediate and irresistible attack upon our fun-faculties—and a disposition (which we have had all along to complain of) to turn painful incidents into very indifferent jokes. He seizes upon every thing that falls in his way; and trusts to his own unrivalled tact, to make what is mere dross pass current, in particular circles, for gold. But then there is no lack of the true ore in other parts; he has some fancies in this volume—first-rate and never to be forgotten (as the newspapers observe when a duke dies). The Pugsley Papers are at the head of them; and the Plan for writing Blank Verse in Rhyme, the Letter to an Old Sportsman, the Domestic Didactics, and the Ode to Mr. Hume, are not low down on the list. A dozen journals have had the advantage of us, or we could quote twice that number of pages that would make even the Reform Bill Minority laugh—which we should hold to be the criterion of comicality.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

1. *The Overture to Fra Diavolo.*—2. *I don't object, Duet, sung by Miss Cawse and Mr. Penson.*—3. *On yonder rock reclining, sung by Miss Romer.*—4. *The Gondolier, sung by Mr. Braham.*—5. *Vainly, alas! shou'dst soothe the pains, by Mr. Wilson.*—6. *Oh! hour of joy, by Miss Romer.*—7. *Young Agnes, beauteous flower, by Mr. Braham.*—8. *I'm thine, I'm thine, by Mr. Wilson. The whole composed by Auber, and arranged by Rophino Lacey. Chappell.*

Of the overture we cannot say much in praise. It is little more than a *melange* of the principle *motivi* of the opera, and although they are all very pretty in their situations in the piece, they sound rather meagre when worked into an overture; not that we object to the leading subjects of operas being introduced into their overtures, on the contrary, we love Der Frieschutz and Oberon, and *they do* most certainly contain the principal subjects of their operas; but they are so naturally interwoven and worked up, that the effect is wholly different. The only part of it we relished was the latter movement in 6-8 time, and which accompanies the Carabiniers in many parts of the opera. Its effect is truly military.

No. 2 is, on referring to the title-page, called "The Matrimonial Duet." According to this nonmenclature, No. 5 should be called "The desponding Brigadier's Song," and No. 6, "The Song of the Young Lady just going to be married." But the duet, itself, makes up for the absurdity of the title-page. It

is lively, stirring, and piquant; the en-harmonic modulations at the beginning of page 2 are beautiful, and carry us into the opening subject again in a most agreeable manner.

No. 3 is the most striking air of the opera, and Auber has founded the whole character of the music throughout, upon the singular tonic harmonies which begin the symphony, and recur in the latter part of the song. The idea is at once original and simple in construction.

No. 4 has no pretensions, and but little merit. It is one of the ten thousand French airs we constantly hear ground upon the organs at Paris.

Nos. 5 and 6 belong to the same class as No. 4, and if we are not mistaken, we have heard No. 6 many years ago. The first four bars, at all events, we can swear to.

No. 7 opens with a pretty sequence of 6ths, which gives an original turn to an otherwise common-place melody. In one or two places the words are badly accented, which render the song difficult to be sung in tune.

No. 8 is the worst song in the opera, and can only bear listening to at all with the French words. The translation completely destroys the character intended by the composer, in the latter part particulary.

The words are—but the reader shall give an opinion—

"'I'm thine,' she oft would say,
'For ever thine,'—
'Other's love may fade away,
But never mine.'
Yet she now leaves my heart to grieve
And break with woe;
I scarce her falsehood can believe
I lov'd her so."

Loved her how? The concerted mu^{s}ic, which is probably not published, is by far the best of the opera. The second act contains some descriptive music, and the instrumentation throughout is excellent. Auber has certainly established a new school of music in Paris—a mixture of French and Italian—but nervous and spirited. We cannot but admire him; for while he writes for popularity, he never loses sight of design and construction in his works, and in Fra Diavolo, particularly, he associates particular characters with particular passages. Thus the singular harmonies in No. 3 accompany the Brigand chief throughout the opera. The arrangement and adaptation of this opera is very creditable to Mr. Rophino Lacey; for it is no very easy matter to arrange an opera, the principal part of which is performed in music, and to give all the spirit of the original in a translated form.

Ecco quel fiero istante. An Arietta, composed by Henry Smart. Cramer & Co.

The words of this song are selected from one of Metastasio's operas, and and adapted by Mr. Smart very happily. The melody is flowing, and the harmonies chosen with taste. At bar 2, line 2, page 3, the words "ti sovverrai" might have been better accentuated, but it is a very trifling fault.

Under the Walnut Tree. A Ballad; the Words and Music by George Linley, Esq. Chuppel.

The Walnut Tree is a barren affair. It shews neither the blossoms of genius nor the fruits of study. When its short season is past, not the kindliest spring can ever revive it.

Not go to Town this Spring, Papa. A Dialogue, the Words by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq. Chappel.

This dialogue can scarcely come under the head of Musical Criticisms. Its principal attraction is the words, which are tacked upon a spurious sort of melody.

The Emmethaler Shepherd. A Swiss Song, arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano, by F. Stockhausen, the words by I. A. Wade, Esq. Chappel.

For the arrangement of this song we can say nothing; any boy who has just learnt his table of Intervals could do as well, and if he had any natural taste, much better. The words are very chaste, and the air itself, with the exception of the latter part (which we suspect does not belong to the original), is as fresh as the mountain on which it is often breathed. In the last bar but one of page 1 in the melody, there is a passage peculiar to the Swiss music. It is from the 5th note of the scale to the sharp 4th, then to the 2d, &c.; the reason why this 4th is so often made use of in Swiss songs is, that in the scale of the Alp horn the 4th is naturally sharp, which accident has very much increased the peculiar character of the Swiss music.

Goethe's Song of Mignon, "Know'st thou the Land;" the Music by Beethoven. Wessel and Co.

There is in this, as well as in all the works of Beethoven, something totally different from every other writer. He, alone, sought for treasures in the mine of his own genius, and he found them; all composers had their models to work upon. Haydn formed his style upon the Bach's Emanuel, Bach in particular; Mozart upon Haydn; Weber upon Beethoven; but on whose style was Beethoven formed? The chief peculiarity of this song is in the rythm. The second phrase contains but three bars, and the fourth, two. There is then a ritornello of two bars, and a coda on the words, "Know'st thou the land," which rises in a sweet, but interrogatory manner. Then follows a 6-8 movement, which will remind the hearer of part of his *Adelaide*, though the *time* is not the same. By all who have studied the music of Beethoven this song will be admired.

When we two parted. Written by Lord Byron, and composed by C. Rudolphus. Wessel and Co.

We see no reason why a law should not be instituted to punish musical robbers as well as house-breakers. The crime of the one is quite as great as the other. The melody of "When we two parted" is, with the alteration of a note here and there, no other than "Love's Ritornella," the song of the Brigand. The accompaniment of the one might almost be played to the other, and the number of phrases is also the same. This is a most unblushing robbery. But, perhaps, Mr. Rudolphus, like the man in the "Forty Thieves," thought there was no harm in stealing from robbers; for Mr. T. Cooke ought not to lay claim to "Gentle Zitella." We have seen it, with a trifling alteration, bearing the name of Dominico Corri; and the words have gone the rounds of nearly all the composers in Great Britain. So much for novelty.

Deux Petites Polonaises, pour le Piano-forte. Composè par J. P. Pixis. Wessel et Co.

If these Polonaises are intended for the learner they are bad; for they contain octaves and full chords throughout, and require a masculine hand to perform them properly, and that, well done, no effect will be produced. Of course they are not intended for the musician.

1. *Deux Danses Autrichiennes pour le Piano-forte.*—2. *A March, performed by the Prague Minstrels.*—3. *The Farewell of Raoul Concy. All composed and arranged by Ignace Moschelles. Wessel and Co.*

No. 1 are merely arrangements, and all that can be said of them is, that they are cleverly done, with a link here and there which serves to hang the subject upon, and which renders them very like rondini. They are good things for beginners.

No. 2 is spirited enough; but requires a military band to give any thing like effect to it.

No. 3 is a song by Blangini, with an accompaniment for the piano, by Moschelles. This air was introduced at the first concert Moschelles gave in

this country, in a Fantasia for several instruments and a voice. It was sung by Mademoiselle Cinti, with some delightful variations, and produced a novel effect. This is but the Romaunt, extracted from the Fantasia, but it is very charming. It is too well known to need criticism.

Four Rondinos for the Piano-forte, composed by Charles M'Korkell. Wessel and Co.

The above little rondos are very creditable to Mr. M'Korkell. There is but little difficulty and much elegance in them. Although they cannot boast of originality of passages, progression, or harmonies, still the author has happily availed himself of his reading of Hummel and Moschelles, and made an agreeable melange. In No. 2 there is a nice bit of melody, well sustained by good harmonies. No. 4 is the best; but we would advise Mr. M'Korkell to correct a little oversight in the 6th and 7th bars of the introduction.

Hilarité, Palacca Brilliante, for the Piano-forte, composed by C. M. Von Weber. Wessel and Co.

We never see the name of the ill-fated Weber but we blush for our countrymen—we mean that portion of them who call themselves amateurs—we blush for them that they should have allowed him to remain in London without attention or patronage; that they should have suffered him to announce only a single concert,—which they did not patronise. Never shall we forget his consternation upon entering the orchestre, and seeing but few, very few benches in the room occupied. He was then very ill; but the hope that this concert would have produced a little annuity for his family buoyed him up. His cruel disappointment hastened his end. How differently was Rossini treated here. The nobility and the wealthy thronged to his concerts; gold was showered upon him; he basked in the favour of the great. The name of Rossini was on every tongue—he was the idol of the drawing-room and the boudoir. Was it because he was presuming and superficial? There can be but one opinion. Weber was modest, unassuming, and profound; therefore the great would have nothing to do with him. He met with the fate of genius: he lived neglected, and he died in poverty! But our veneration for his name, even engraven upon a title-page, has power to touch our feelings, and has led us into a longer digression than some of our readers will thank us for.

We are not over-fond of polaccas. There is something mawkish and commonplace in their style usually; but the one before us is so unlike all other pieces of that class, that we cannot but marvel at the ingenuity of the composer in avoiding so successfully the oft-trodden path, and admire it as a composition. The opening, which is bold and joyous, strongly reminds us of a passage in the overture to Oberon, and immediately afterwards a cadence from the chorus of Turks, in the second act of the same opera. There are, however, some awkward skips which require a wide hand to perform cleverly. A *cantabile tenuto* follows, containing a charmingly sustained melody, with a portion of its accompaniment *marziale*, which gives it a singular but agreeable effect. It increases and seems to tell a story—the advance of a troop—the return of a soldier—and the "hilaritie" follows with the same stirring spirit as at the opening. There are then some brilliant gambols, and the conclusion is military. We feel pleasure in complimenting Mr. Wessel upon the correctness and neatness of the engraving, and getting up of the whole of the above pieces.

The Swiss Soldier. A Scena, composed by David Lee. A. Lee and Lee.

There is nothing new in this song. The movement with which it begins is an evident imitation of the march and solo in the latter part of *La Gazza Ladra*. Something good might have been made of the words, which have an effect about them. The latter part of the "Fairest Flower" is likewise introduced. We excuse Mr. D. Lee for stealing from his brother, but let him, in the name of heaven, not extend his plagiarism beyond his family.

The Gascon Vesper Bells. Composed by David Lee. A. Lee and Lee.

This is a pretty little song, but outrageously like Moore's "Hark! the vesper bell is ringing." By the way, how absurd it is of the music-sellers to have engraved upon songs that never have become popular, 4th, 5th, or 6th edition; we never heard of this song, yet there is the 7th edition modestly stuck upon it.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. J. G. S. Lucas has designed and engraved a companion Print to his Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza: entitled, the Destruction of the Cities of the Plain.

A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters to 1830; by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A., Vol. II.

The Offices of the Holy Spirit: Four Sermons, by the Rev. Charles Simeon.

Sermons, by the late Rev. Edward Payson, D.D., Pastor of the Second Church in Portland, in the United States.

An Essay on the Rights of Hindoos over Ancestral Property, according to the Law of Bengal; by Rajah Rammohun Roy.

Remarks on East India Affairs; comprising the Evidence to the Committee of the House of Commons on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India; with Suggestions for the future Government of the Country; by Rammohun Roy.

Who can They be? or, a Description of a Singular Race of Aborigines, inhabiting the Summits of the Neilgherry Hills, or Blue Mountains of Coimbatoor; by Captain H. Harkness, of the Madras Army.

India; or, Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants; by Robert Rickards, Esq., Part IV.

Six Weeks' Tour in Switzerland and France, giving an accurate Account of the different routes, and affording every necessary information for the guidance of future Travellers; by the Rev. William Liddiard.

The Records of a Good Man's Life; by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, Author of "May You Like it,"

Summer Thoughts and Rambles; a Collection of Tales, Facts, and Legends; by Henry Glassford Bell.

The Double Trial; or, the Consequences of an Irish Clearing: a Tale of the present Day; by the Rev. C. Lucas.

Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for 1831.

A Numismatic Manual; or, Guide to the Study of Ancient and Modern Coins, with Plates from the Originals; by John Y. Akerman.

Kidd's Guide to the "Lions" of London; or, the Stranger's Directory.

Saturday Evening, by the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm."

Essays; Moral, Political, and Literary, selected from the Quarterly Review.

The Young Gentleman's Pocket-Book, containing a Series of Choice Readings in Popular Science and Natural History.

Maternal Sketches; with Minor Poems: by Elizabeth Rutherford.

A New Novel, entitled Reform Gleanings in Natural History: by Edward Lesse.

Historical Drama: a Series of National Tragedies, intended to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and Religious Institutions of different early Eras in Britain: by J. F. Pennie.

Ten Sermons upon the Nature and Effects of Faith; by the Rev. James Thomas O'Brien.

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MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE present, as we observed of the previous month, seldom affords much novelty of agricultural report. On the approach of Spring, the plot will thicken. There has been too much rain during the month, for our heavy lands, already water-logged and sodden; but on the whole, it has been a mild and favourable autumn for the operations of the season, which, to use a common phrase, are on a full average of forwardness. As to the light and thirsty soils, they continue to enjoy in full measure the benefits conferred upon them during the three or four past years. The early sown wheats are doubtless too forward, and in some danger of exhaustion from their rampant luxuriance; and that which is still more to be apprehended and regretted, their almost equal sharers in the soil, the weeds, are also too generally a most magnificent crop. The short time which the seed has required for germination has occasioned the least possible loss. From the excitement of so much watering, joined with the mildness of the weather, with almost constant South-westerly winds, the grasses, both natural and artificial, have obviously outrun their strength, and been deprived of a great portion of their nutritious power; and the vetches and winter beans, are so prematurely forward, that they must suffer universally, in the event of a severe frost. The quantity of the sainfoin seed in the S. W. counties makes some amends for deficient quantity. Trefoil was short in the straw, but the quantity of seed considerable, and where it escaped damage from the rains, the sample good: this we fear is more than can be said generally of the clover and the other grass seeds. In Scotland, perhaps generally, some portion of the wheat sowing will be deferred to the commencement of the new year, latter December being there deemed the worst seed season: yet there remains a strong objection to this practice, in the possible case of a continuous frost. The late wheat crop in Scotland is said to be excellent in quality, but defective in quantity both of corn and straw; the demand for wheat at market ready. Their barley crop was unusually extensive, from so much failing wheat having been ploughed up, and the land resown with barley. This grain is not so generally discoloured in the North as with us, and the weight superior, amounting to 58 lbs. per imperial bushel, in the best samples. The grain being sold by weight, the growers are said to derive a considerable advantage in that respect, by their superior method of winnowing. Hay and straw sell at a high price. The Scots, more fortunate than their brethren of the South, in wheat and barley, are far less so with their other crops. Their oats, a principal article, are very deficient, quantity and quality—pulse unproductive—potatoes an inferior crop, not well secured—turnips materially injured in the first instance by mildew, subsequently by frost. Many farmers at a late fair sold their turnips at a high price to the drovers, who were unable to dispose of their store cattle. One drover, who had 500 head of cattle, disposed of them at 2l. a head less than he had been previously offered. Fat stock of the best quality, being very scarce, rendered high prices.

Throughout England and Wales the deficient character of the wheat crop with few very favourable exceptions, is too fully and experimentally confirmed; and the dullness in sale and late decline of price, must be attributed as well to the unusual quantities thrashed for market, as to importation, and it is prospectively ominous that many parts of the country are left almost bare of wheat, whether in the hands of the farmers or millers. Oats are deemed the most productive crop of the year; beans and peas a failure. That nutritious article, the Swedish turnip, is generally a satisfactory crop, the bulbs remarkably large; and mangold has proved somewhat beyond expectation in quantity; where housed dry, of good quality.

The market prices and demand for store cattle have rather declined since last month; not so perhaps for fat stock, in some measure, on account of the graziers holding back their beasts on a speculation of superior Christmas prices, in which they suffered considerable disappointment. Sheep have not lately been so quick of sale, but they have suffered no depreciation, obviously from the considerable diminution of the national flock by the rot, which, from the constant moisture of the atmosphere, is unfortunately recommencing on certain unfavourable soils. Pigs gradually advancing. The late demand for milch cows brought many to market and reduced the price. A singular and pleasing account has reached us from some of the dairy counties, that from the vast quantity and full bite of

grass, notwithstanding its supposed deterioration in nutritive quality from super-abundant moisture, the cows are rendering a full spring supply of milk, and the butter wearing the beautiful and inviting yellow hue of May. Our horse markets have not varied in character for years—always plenty of ordinary quality, yet not so depressed in price as in former times. The really useful and those of high qualification, no where abundant, or to be obtained under a very high price. Promising and hunting-like horses, masters of weight, producing 2 or 300l. *plus.* Racers at a higher figure than was ever before sported in England, and never before was there a more ordinary stock of that class bred. Wool in demand, and has reached the clip or July price, with the appearance of an advance. Hops are stationary, the duty, as we anticipated, having reached a higher figure than generally expected. Many of the farmers of low and wet soils, withdrew their live stock to the home stall, on the commencement of the present month. The abundance of out-door provisions has left the most ample stock of fodder and roots known in any year, for winter supply; but it is to be feared, many farmers do not possess the means of providing live stock for its consumption. As yet, however, the national demand has been fully supplied.

The 33d anniversary of the great Smithfield cattle show has lately passed, our annual attendance on which, has never yet failed. As usual, the space was filled, up stairs and below, to its utmost capacity. Assuredly, there were no symptoms of farming and grazing depression visible at this show. All the animals most *scientifically* fattened. Lord Althorp, equally ready to promote the improvement both of two and four legged live stock, gave his attendance and assistance, on the day before the meeting.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.—Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.—Retail price, 10d. to 1s.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46s. to 78s.—Barley, 25s. to 40s.—Oats, 20s. to 30s.—The London, 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 40s. to 80s.—Clover ditto, 50s. to 110s.—Straw, 24s. 3d. to 36s.

Coal Exchange—Coals, in the Pool, 24s. 3d. to 32s 6d.

Middlesex, December 23rd.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—We owe to an able and much respected friend, and indeed to our friends generally, for doubtless it has concerned many of them, an apology for a strange mistake that crept into our last number. We were somewhat abruptly admonished of our error by a note from a correspondent, intreating us to use our interest with Messrs Jennings and Co. of the Poultry, to obtain for him the editorship of the Landscape Annual, vacant by the lamented decease of Mr. Thomas Roscoe. We were struck dumb with sorrow and surprise at such intelligence, having on the previous evening seen him in his usual health and cheerfulness. Deeming it a duty to offer consolation to his afflicted widow, with a heavy heart we repaired to her residence, where instead of a closed house and all the other signs of mourning, we found his family at dinner, with as few signs of wailing, as might be expected from those who possessed light hearts and ample appetites. The affair was quickly explained—The writer of our biographical notices had unwittingly substituted the name of Thomas Roscoe, for that of his father, the late William Roscoe, Esq. of Liverpool, (whose portrait embellishes this number,) an error which had created premature hopes in our aspiring correspondent. We have had some difficulty in pacifying Messrs. Jennings, who talked seriously of an action for damages, about to be suffered by the "Landscape Annual." Mr. Roscoe has only requested this public apology, and indemnification of certain sums paid for the postage of letters arriving daily from all parts of the country condoling with Mrs. Roscoe on her bereavement. The house, as the playbills say, was "crowded to excess" for some days, with visitors offering consolation and advice; and Mr. Roscoe's friends and relatives at Liverpool, had already purchased mourning before the mistake was rectified.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

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TO "OUR CRITICS."

We owe many obligations to our contemporaries, daily and weekly, metropolitan and provincial; and we are always glad to acknowledge them. But the sweets we are thus grateful for, cannot be supposed to render us insensible to the bitters which are now and then, inadvertently no doubt, administered to us. In short, we have a grievance to complain of:—it is this; that a few of our friends occasionally do us the honour to quote from our pages, without the slightest mention of the source from whence the extract is derived. *The Globe* (and there is no journal, morning, evening, or weekly, that we respect more) flattered us exceedingly by burthening one of its columns with three passages from our last number; but unluckily the effect of this kindness was a little diminished by the omission of the title of the work from which they were taken. This, however, is not so bad as the treatment we have met with at the hands of three provincial journalists, who (each of them) carefully selected the most brilliant paragraphs of the whole number, and placed them to the credit of the "*New* Monthly Magazine!" We have too much respect for the talents and liberal spirit of the editors of that journal, to suffer any little frivolity of our own to be attributed to them; and we are not merely willing, but anxious, to bear the odium of any extract that may be made from our pages. But, after all, the obligations acknowledged at the commencement of this paragraph, far outweigh any causes of complaint that even the ingenuity of discontent could devise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those of our correspondents who have favoured us with their addresses will hear from us before the 5th of the month; all others will find their communications at the publisher's after that day.

Articles intended for insertion in the ensuing number must be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

It is requested that *all* communications may be addressed "*To the Editor*" only, and forwarded to Messrs. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane. It is scarcely necessary to say that no *unpaid* letter can be received.

The writers of poems, and other short pieces, are requested to keep copies of them.

H. BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XIII.] FEBRUARY, 1832. [No. 74.

A PROJECT FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL IGNORANCE.

(REJECTED BY THE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

THE MARCH OF KNOWLEDGE.—It is full time that the career of this democratic principle should receive a check. We do not allude to its fatal effects upon the continent—a Bourbon in exile—a Polignac in captivity—a Miguel in danger;—let foreign nations protect themselves; our own perils are too many and imminent to give us time or space to discuss those of our neighbours. Our object is to kindle a flame of resistance to the further advance of knowledge in our *native land*. There is no chance of quiet until we overcome this domestic enemy. Jeremy Bentham is not a more irreclaimable radical, nor Daniel O'Connell a more indefatigable agitator. It is this unseen but restless demagogue, that has raised the cry of reform from every corner of this deluded country. Hence the broken sleep of my Lord Duke of Northumberland; hence the shattered health of his grace of Newcastle; hence the tear on the venerable cheek of my Lord Eldon. The classic union of ease and dignity is dissolved; there is no repose in the snuggest sinecure; no peace of mind in benefice or bishopric—all because of knowledge. While we yet speak, it menaces the chastity of the constitution in Scotland, and its very life in Cornwall; fulminates fierce anathemas against the patriotic section of the peerage; and darts a sacrilegious glance at the temporalities of the church. Were principles indictable like persons, knowledge would long since have been tried for sedition, perhaps for treason, and sent to the colonies, or the gallows. It would hardly have escaped so many Tory administrations to become the ally and instrument of Whigs and Radicals. The Attorney-Generalship of Sir James Scarlett would have saved us the trouble of devising the plan which we now offer to the conservative party, and which we humbly submit is the only way left to avert their ruin. We speak

in sad earnest: unless the measures we are about to propose are speedily taken, we venture to predict that at the close of another century, probably much sooner, the friends of established institutions will look round them in vain for a single sinecure place; nor will there be a mitre, nor so much as the shovel-hat of a dean, throughout all England.

We begin, by taking for granted, that the most effectual way of counteracting the influence of knowledge, is by the instrumentality of the antagonist principle—ignorance. The grand object, therefore, is to augment the quantity of the latter as much as possible, and bring it into action (if we may use the phrase) with the greatest possible mechanical advantage. Now, if we remark the proceedings of the Knowledge-party, we shall find that the secret of their success consists, not in the intrinsic strength of their cause (as they insolently pretend), but in the organized and systematic plan of operations they have long and steadily pursued; not squandering their resources in desultory efforts, or relying upon the powers of individuals, however vast their learning, or splendid their talents; but concentrating their forces in a variety of societies and associations, such as Mechanics' Institutes, Circulating Libraries, Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, &c.,—acting, in fact, upon the same principle which led those kindred spirits, the Reformers of Birmingham and other places, to form themselves into the confederacies called Political Unions. To this systematic method of carrying on the war, it appears to us, that knowledge is indebted for all her successes; and it is our deliberate opinion, that the interests of ignorance owe their present depressed (though far from desperate) condition, to the neglect of corresponding operations upon that side. Their dependence has been entirely upon occasional sallies and detached movements—a speech of my Lord Londonderry, or my Lord Dudley, a pamphlet by Mr. Sadler, or an article in the Quarterly, by Basil Hall, or the Ex-Secretary of the Admiralty. All that mere personal prowess could do was unquestionably done; powers of dulness and mystification, almost supernatural, were put forth by individuals; and, as far as either cause was capable of being furthered by the mere quantity of ignorance or knowledge in an isolated effort, Lords Londonderry and Brougham were equally powerful supporters of their respective parties. But it was not upon this sort of guerilla warfare the latter nobleman and his friends reckoned for success: no! they established lectureships; pulled down ancient alehouses and erected Mechanics' Institutes; they founded a society for *the avowed purpose* of extending useful, and (mark the arts of the seducers!) entertaining information; they encouraged Lancastrian schools; patronized Hamiltonian, Pestalozzian, and divers other systems for propagating knowledge as it were by force of steam; and to crown all, they founded an Institution in the democratic precincts of Russell-square, to which they gave the name of University, with the fraudulent intent of masking its real object, by leading the unthinking to regard it as a similar establishment to those of Oxford and Cambridge; whereas it soon came out, that its views were diametrically *opposite*, and that in reality it was only another engine for carrying on the trade of disseminating truth and knowledge.

Having thus stated the machinations of the enemy, and the successes that have attended their manœuvres, our advice to the conservative party is simply as follows:—The Romans overcame the world by adopting the military arts and weapons of the nations by whom they were themselves

originally vanquished. "Fas est ab hoste doceri," was their maxim. Let the foes of education but follow the same line of policy, and it is highly reasonable to expect that the same good fortune will be their guerdon. As the partizans of knowledge combine their lights, so would we counsel those of ignorance to unite their opacities—to unite them skilfully and methodically—perhaps we might be permitted to say scientifically—with one grand object constantly in view: the distribution of the greatest possible quantity of ignorance amongst the greatest possible number of persons, which might be called, to adopt an expression from the Benthamites, THE GREATEST-IGNORANCE PRINCIPLE.

It was once an hypothesis of astronomers that night was caused by certain dark stars, supposed to rise at sunset, and irradiate the earth with darkness, precisely in the same way that the sun irradiates it with light. However this question be determined, it is certain that intellectual night is capable of being produced in an analogous way. An ignoramus may do as much to obscure and perplex any given subject as a philosopher to elucidate and explain it. It is notorious that speeches, books, and sermons are as valuable instruments of communicating error and folly, misinformation and non-information, as the opposite elements. This is matter of daily experience, and we have only to read the parliamentary debates, or look over the booksellers' catalogues, to get as many instances as we like. Now we are prepared to shew that not only is ignorance susceptible of propagation, but of propagation by system, or in other words, by means of societies and institutions similarly constituted to those which Brougham and his myrmidons have established, and are daily establishing, for the diffusion of knowledge. If a single ignoramus (as nobody denies) is often so mighty at overshadowing the topic he treats of, whether it be scientific, political, or moral, the effect to be expected from a college of ignoramuses, or any similar institution for collecting, as it were, into a focus all the rays of darkness in the kingdom, must necessarily be prodigious. And why should not the conservative party have their mechanics' institutes, their circulating libraries, their societies for the diffusion of useful ignorance, &c., as well the reformers and radicals? A mechanics' institute, provided with a *proper* lecturer, would answer just as well for inculcating the baneful effects of machinery, or the blessings of the corn-laws, as the opposite doctrines. The member for Preston has delivered philippics without number against threshing-machines and harrowing-machines; and we see no reason why, if adequately salaried, he might not lecture the labouring classes once or twice a week to the same useful purpose. We seriously suggest this to the Tories, as the most effective way of employing the talents of their new auxiliary, Mr. Hunt. In like manner Mr. Sadler—what might not his profound ignorance of the true principles of political economy accomplish, if, instead of being dissipated in replies to the Edinburgh Review, it was uniformly and steadily brought into action from some professor's chair, endowed by his noble patron the Duke of Newcastle? The abilities of Mr. Goulburn might in the same way be turned against those of Sir Henry Parnell. What a glorious obscuration a course of public lectures by the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer would shed over the whole science of finance! Why, he would involve it in such a night that the knowledge of the Irish baronet, which now shines so conspicuously in his late publication, would look like a star of the twelfth magnitude, or require the eye of a Galileo to discover it. In the next place, nothing would be

easier than to defeat Lord Brougham's favourite project, or hobby, the establishment in every town and village of circulating libraries for the labouring classes. By merely keeping these institutions faithful to the principles on which our ancestors founded them, we should foil the noble philosopher at his own weapons. Instead of such books as "The Working Man's Companion," "The Advantages of Machinery," and "The Mechanic's Magazine," the shelves should contain nothing but novels and romances, such as "The Atrocities of a Convent," "The Enchanted Castle," &c. for adults; and for children, "Jack the Giant-killer," "Cinderella," and "The Life and Death of Cock Robin." There is an obvious objection to historical romances, as well as to travels and voyages; but a few such works as Croker's edition of Boswell could do no harm. Many useful hints for new works might be taken from the publications on the other side. For instance, as there is a book entitled "*The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,*" so there might be prepared another on "*The pursuit of ignorance under difficulties,*" in which all the temptations to the acquisition of knowledge, and the countless obstacles to be surmounted in the present trying times (when that tremendous character, the schoolmaster, is abroad,) by those who are nobly determined neither to be frightened nor flattered into education, might be fully set forth, and illustrated in the lives of noblemen and gentlemen who have set the most brilliant examples of this never-enough-to-be-lauded resistance. Instead of the plebeian names of Franklin and Watt, and Black and Saunderson, the work we contemplate would be dignified with the names of dukes, bishops, generals, and even princes of the blood royal. We should have Northumberlands, Newcastles, Winchelseas, Wharncliffes, Wellingtons, a host of Right Reverend Prelates, and a Royal Highness or two. We should never be obliged to travel out of the peerage for instances; certainly never to descend lower in the scale of rank than members of the House of Commons.

But to proceed with the main parts of our plan, we would most earnestly recommend the formation of "A SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL IGNORANCE." That ignorance *is* useful, is well known to those who have governed England for the last hundred and fifty years: they have experienced its advantages in so many ways, it has been the means of raising them to such a height of prosperity and power, that gratitude alone obliges them to omit nothing that can save its interests from ruin. The society we now propose would have ten supporters amongst the aristocracy for one supporter of its rival; and as to writers, we may be sure, that as the harvest would be rich, so the labourers would be many. Murray would of course be the publisher; and, to suit the present crisis, the subject of the first number might be, "The evils of a representative government." The next and last proposition we shall make (for we do not mean to give more than an outline of a plan on the present occasion), is the foundation of a new Royal Society. The members should have affixed to their names the letters F.S.I., or Fellow of the Society of Ignoramuses. Nothing could look better than Sir Robert Inglis, F.S.I., or Captain Gordon, F.S.I., or the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, F.S.I. Not to be behind its rival at Somerset House, the chair of this new institution ought to be filled by a Royal Duke, and the choice would not be a matter of much difficulty; the public having long since conferred a title upon a particular personage, which marks him out for president of such a society the moment it shall be incorporated.

If the ignorance party should be prevailed on to follow the advice thus frankly, though humbly tendered to them, they will have one great advantage which their adversaries never had and never can have, namely, the authority and influence of the whole corps ecclesiastic exerted in their behalf: hierarchy and priesthood will be with them to a man. There will be no need to order the bishops to charge. Down to the minor canons all the artillery of the church are ever ready to open their brazen mouths upon the cause of education. The incumbents of fat benefices know that ignorance and tithe are as near akin as cause and effect, and piously do they believe that tithe and gospel are convertible terms; so with their whole "vis inertiæ" of soul and body will they not fail to throw themselves into the front of the battle. Then consider the universities on the Cam and Isis; from remote antiquity how skilfully fortified against useful knowledge; and (with the exception of a few traitors in the camp) how admirably garrisoned! Under the joint command of her two representatives—representatives in the true import of the word—Oxford might make good her stand against the strongest force that Gower-street could send against her, particularly with such a Tyrtæus as Mr. Robert Montgomery to animate her members to the conflict. At first sight it seems deplorable, that the Political Economists should have succeeded in establishing in the university in question a professorship of that branch of knowledge; but on the plan already explained it is far from matter of regret; all that is necessary is to take care that the chair be always filled by a *proper* person, a point which might be secured by framing an oath to be taken by candidates, solemnly abjuring (like transubstantiation and divided allegiance) the doctrines of free-trade and the other best-established principles of the science.

That even by the plan here suggested, the career of intellect, after it has been suffered to acquire so vast an impetus, would *easily* be stayed, we do not presume to assert; but sure we are, that by no other project devisable in the brain of man will so desirable a consummation ever be effected. The mass of reason and intelligence now accumulated in this once ignorant and happy country is enormous; and unless an overwhelming weight of the contrary materials be collected and thrown into the opposite scale, the evils we have already experienced are light compared with those which await us. There must no longer be any waste of ignorance permitted; its energies must be economised and concentrated. Dissipated as they too long have been, they have produced no more effect than gun-powder in a school-boy's squib; constrain their action to regular channels, and they will do the execution of gunpowder in a soldier's rifle. To resume a former metaphor, we must not only have dark stars, but dark constellations—ay, and not only constellations, but systems. The luminaries in the firmament of folly must learn to regulate their motions, and darken the world by rule. The wandering stars must observe orbits, and the Wetherells and Londonderries, who may be said to be the comets of the opaque system, must leave their eccentric courses, and become more efficient, even at the expence of being less conspicuous, in the grand confederacy against light. All the obscurity that can be collected from every quarter of the unintellectual world is not—depend upon it, my lords and gentlemen of the conservative party! it is not—more than enough to compensate the illumination with which the instructors and reformers of

mankind have deluged society—to dispel that unnatural glare which hurts the tender vision of so many peers and placemen, and scares the poor bishops from their comfortable slumbers—and to diffuse once more over the nation, if not the blessings of utter darkness, at least that "dim religious light," in which, and in which alone, the ineffable advantages of a gorgeous church and a borough parliament will ever be discerned by the bulk of the people. Keep no terms, noble lords and honourable gentlemen! any more, with knowledge. It is a foe you may hope to conquer, but will never conciliate; you must destroy it, or be destroyed by it; you are its natural prey; and an alliance betwixt you is impossible, until the wolf lies down with the lamb. Its policy and your's are at eternal variance. In the state, it aims at the total abolition of pensions and sinecures, of close borough and commercial monopolies, with every thing, in short, after your own hearts; in the church, it will never rest while a mitre glitters, or a tithe-pig wags its consecrated tail. An aristocracy, like yours, of wealth and blood, it scorns; and, had it power to-morrow, it would substitute one of talent, industry, and virtue — the qualities most congenial to its plebeian tastes. In short, it goes about "like a roaring lion, seeking whom it may devour;" and its voracity will never be appeased, until reform has finished his work of havoc, and there is nothing left worth living for in England. Already has this evil made terrific progress; already has many a venerable prejudice given way, and many a time-honoured abuse been trampled down; the flag of knowledge, inscribed with the ill-omened word Reform, floats from many a fortress, which was fondly deemed impregnable to truth and reason; but still it is not too late to avert your ruin. A vast deal is still left worth fighting for; there are still offices in plenty unincumbered with duties; there are still bishoprics; there are still corn-laws; still many a way open into the pockets of the people. But to save these good things from the fate that has befallen others, the genius of ignorance—your genius—noble lords and honourable gentlemen! must rise with collected strength, and go forth in the spirit of ten thousand Vandals. From no second irruption from the store-house of the north does your country look for her deliverance; but to the Goths and Visigoths of her own soil. On you, the Wellingtons and Wetherells, the Newcastles and Northumberlands, the Sadlers and Sugdens—whether, in the Commons' House of Parliament, or in the hereditary chamber, you "darken counsel by words without knowledge"—on you devolves the proud task of beating down the arch-enemy, and establishing the throne of ignorance for ever in England.

THE RE-ASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT has once more met for the "dispatch of business"—that is, they have re-assembled to talk about trifles, and to do as little as possible. The debates of the last fourteen days sufficiently shew, that the favourite plan—the most pertinacious interruption, with the smallest possible progress—will be consistently adhered to, as long as the Reform question shall be agitated. Indecent haste, and unconstitutional hurry, are still the watchwords of the Opposition; their Jack-the-Giant killers are, night after night, employing their pigmy faculties in spreading straws over the pit, on the brink of which the Ministers are stalking with giant-strides, as if they really meant to walk into it. This is no time for parliamentary etiquette, and slow-paced politeness; every mind in the country is made up on the subject, one way or the other; and all that the house has to do nightly, is to divide. Our state-Falstaffs must learn, that there is a time when discretion ceases to be the better part of valour. It is well for them, that the country has still confidence in their integrity and good intentions; but good intentions alone will tire the most confiding people in time, who will be apt to require other demonstrations of integrity, than deprecatory addresses to Sir Robert Peel, and gentle dissuasives to Mr. Croker. It would be ludicrous—if Lord Althorp, by listening with such gravity, did not render it lamentable—to see some "friend to the constitution" start up at this the eleventh hour, and declare that the whole foundations of the state were giving way, because Lord John Russell had represented, that the borough of —— contained only two hundred houses, instead of two hundred and one. He might as well say, that a plot existed for pulling down St. Paul's, because he had met a man with a pickaxe in Cheapside. It is the business of these people to talk, and the business of ministers not to listen. Such springs will serve well to catch woodcocks, but, from the company we find him in, Lord Althorp should be a bird of higher wing.

A more formidable battery, however, has been opened upon the ministry. They have been nearly burnt to death, between the two slow fires of Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Herries. Belgium and Russia have been hurled at them, at the same moment. They escaped, however, both from Scylla and Charybdis; and we hope the danger of a defeat has inspired in them the only thing that they require—the courage to conquer.

The Fast-Day, a farce, has been read in the parliamentary green-room, and is to be immediately produced. Of course Mr. Perceval is the author of it. He spoke with closed doors, and an open Bible. Nobody seemed to recollect that three-fourths of the nation are keeping fast-days all the year round. Mr. Goulburn concurred in the propriety of *national humiliation*, but said, "he preferred it in *the usual way*." National humiliation, we imagine, means national starvation and bankruptcy; and few statesmen understand "the usual way" of producing these results better than Mr. Goulburn.

Lord Eldon was very facetious the other night on the subject of the Birmingham petition in favour of the Bristol rioters. The honour which government might have done itself, by saving the unhappy men, would have infinitely exceeded even the satisfaction with which a legislator like Lord Eldon must contemplate their doom.

A RAMBLE WITH THE TRAVELLERS.

OUR recollections of Travellers have been called up, by a perusal of Mr. St. John's lately published "Lives" of some of the most celebrated of them.

To the philosophic inquirer, surveying with anxious eyes the various moral features which characterise the physiognomy of the great human family, the study of man under the variations of climate must continue to be one of surpassing interest. The researches of such men as Pococke, and Chardin, are to him magic threads, by whose guidance he is enabled to penetrate into the devious labyrinths of fiction and fable, and to trace out with a precision otherwise impossible, the footprints of ancient customs which have been worn out by the successive generations of time, and the introduction of a more refined civilization. The true traveller is in fact the philosopher of history, and he beholds, as in an enchanted mirror, the past ages, in their pride and magnificence, passing before him. Gibbon formed his idea of the "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,*" while lingering among the ruins of the Coliseum. But independent of any higher or more consequential reason, the narratives of travellers will always be read with delight, for their own sake. They prove to us in every page the correctness of Lord Byron's remark, that "*truth is stranger than fiction.*" The imagination of the most fertile novelist cannot pourtray feelings so various, or shades of character so many-coloured, as are to be found in the high-ways and by-ways of human life. The wonderful sights of *Ibn Batuta,* are contrasted with the plain and unornamented science of Hasselquist, and the cold and passionless classicalities of Pococke, with the daring and untiring enthusiasm of the unfortunate Ledyard. We have romance and reality so pleasantly blended, that we do not stop to separate one from the other. We have not forgot the pleasure with which we dreamed in silent wonder over the terrible accounts of "fish which resembled a mountain," and whose eyes were like two doors, "so that people could walk in at one eye and out at the other;" or of the pearl-divers, who remained under water for two hours without any personal inconvenience; or of that extraordinary tree which possessed the power of bestowing *rejuvenescence,* so that any one fortunate enough to catch a falling leaf, was restored by an alchymy more rapid than that attributed to the philosopher's stone, to his summer bloom and activity. The celebrated Michaelis, thought that the stones upon which Moses had commanded the laws of God to be graven, might be at some future period discovered in Palestine; and many early eastern travellers were not without a hope of taking the accurate dimensions of the foot-prints of our Saviour. Some odd twenty years ago, we never doubted the Indian traveller, when he described the *Land of Darkness,* as being situate forty days' journey from the city of Bulgar, in Siberia.*

Those days of beautiful credulity are gone by, and we are now desirous of obtaining the reality without the romance. The diffusion of travellers over the world, has been gradually increasing from William de Rubouquis, who hoped to convert the Khan of Tartary to the ca-

* The narrative of the extraordinary traveller to whom we allude, *Ibn Batuta,* has been translated, it may be recollected, by Professor Lee. It abounds in marvels of the most startling character.

tholic religion, down to the explorer of central Africa, who expected to find Timbuctoo a city of Emerald Palaces. Bruce has been succeeded by Lander, and Lady Montague by Mrs. Colonel Elwood. But in proportion to the increased love of discovery, the glory of the emprise was abated. A voyage to Canton is thought little more of than a sail to Dublin, and a month in Barbary scarcely entitles the tourist to any honorary attention. In a very scarce work, "The Travels of Certain Englishmen into various Countries," we remember to have been extremely amused at the quaint and hyperbolical terms in which the editor eulogises his hero; "By land," he says, "he travelled farther than Jacob, and the same way that Jacob did, from Hebron to Padan Aram; and hath had hard lodging in his travel as Jacob had, *viz.* the ground to his bed, a stone for his pillow, the skie for his covering, and sometimes the aire for his svpper." The conclusion of the preface deserves to be quoted—"And thee, gentle reader, travelling towards the heavenly Jerusalem, where God grant we may at length all arrive. *Jesus Christ being our pilot and Jenizary to conduct us thereunto.*"

William Biddulph, from whose letters, published in 1609, these extracts are made, lived, as the reader will perceive, in the reign of Elizabeth; and we observed an instance of the estimation in which she was held, in a marginal note, where he alludes to a report of her death which had reached him in his travels. "Queen Elizabeth," he says, "was famous throughout the whole world, and her death will be wailed by heathen people."

One of the most curious manuals for travellers we have seen, is a little work purporting to be written by the "three much admired, Robert, late Earle of Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, and Secretary Davison."* Even in the sixteenth century, that affectation which has since been the distinguishing characteristic of English tourists, appears to have been common—Lord Essex, writing to his cousin, in 1596, cautions him against, "being given to affectation, which is a general fault among English travellers;" and the advice of Sir Philip Sydney to his brother, as to the manner of his behaviour to persons whom he might meet in his wanderings, is worthy of a place in the note-book of every traveller. "Task him well," he says, "before you drink much of his doctrine, and when you have heard it, try well what you have heard before you hold it for a principle; for one error is the mother of a thousand. But you may say, how shall I get excellent men to take pains to speak to me? Truly, in few words: either much expence, or much humbleness." The latter would be the preferable method, a meekness and teachableness of heart will always meet with correspondent gentleness from the intellectual learned.

But we are wandering from the Travellers. One of our chief favourites is Pietro della Valle: as Mr. St. John very justly remarks, he was endowed with qualities almost certain to make him illustrious,—enthusiasm, romance, and enterprise. Gibbon, while attacking his wearisome vanity and frequently tedious egotism, yielded him the high meed of knowledge and judgment, and considered him the most acute observer of Persia and its inhabitants that had hitherto appeared. The most romantic in his adventures of all true travellers, as the Poet

* The title, if we recollect rightly, is to the following effect. *Profitable Instructions, describing what special observations are to be taken by travellers, in all nations, states, and countries.*

Laureate has styled him, he seems to have been carried forward by the natural impetuosity of his character. He speaks of his "always hungry intellect," and the love-disappointment which he experienced at Rome, was perhaps the most fortunate event of his life, for it turned his abilities into that track which led him in after time to the Temple of Fame. His vanity is excessive, but then it is rendered amusing by the hyperbole of its nature. He has left a ludicrous description of the "miseries" he underwent at a dinner to which the Indian king invited him, and of his extreme anxiety not to touch anything likely to soil his fingers, which, considering the nature of an Oriental repast, must have been very difficult. There happened unfortunately to be a dish of rice and butter before Pietro, which the king was exceedingly desirous he should taste. He made many excuses, but the king obviated them all by offering to send to his house for a spoon. "The servant," Della Valle informs us with great complacency, "brought back a silver spoon, a fork, and a clean and fine napkin, very handsomely folded in small plaits." Having laid the napkin on his knees he began to eat; and the royal entertainer and his company being astonished, as they well might, at these "exquisite and, to them, unusual modes," exclaimed, "*Deuru! Deuru! A great man! a god!*" Indeed so highly did the king and his party seem gratified, that our traveller narrowly escaped death by repletion.

But the character of Pietro della Valle offers traits of a different kind; we have rarely read anything more touchingly beautiful than the narrative of his wanderings in India, accompanied by the coffined remains of his lovely wife Maani. We would refer our readers for this pathetic passage in the history of the Italian to his own letters, or to the elegant abridgment given by Mr. St. John. A change had truly come over the spirit of his dream, and he went forward upon his future pilgrimage as one having no hope in the world. He writes from Rome, three years after, to his friend Schipano, in terms that convince us that his love of her who was "to be no more seen" upon this earth, had suffered no diminution. The burial of the body of Maani is affectingly related. "On St. James's Day," he says, writing to his friend, "the 25th of July last, intending to bury the body of Sitti Maani Gioëride, my wife (which I had brought with me so many voyages) in the Chapel of St. Paul, belonging to the Church of Asa Coeli, in the capital, before I unclosed a coffin of lead prepared, I resolved to open the innermost wooden coffin, that I might see how it was after so many years. I found the flesh of the head wholly consumed. The rest of the body seemed better preserved, but because the face was no longer to be seen I would not unfold the linen further. The dry herb wherewith I had first filled the vacuities of the coffin were still entire." He then proceeds to say that he descended into the vault and assisted in placing the coffin "with his own hands," and he concludes thus: "This last office of piety which remained I have paid to the mortal reliques of my dear consort Sitti Maani; yet it is not the last that I perform to her other and immortal part, which I accompany with suffrages; neither have I abandoned those in the tomb, but deposited them, intending (when it shall please God) to have my own ashes laid in the same place and to rise again with her." We quote, with trifling alteration, from the translation of 1665.

Our space will not permit of our lingering with Della Valle, but the passage in which he alludes to the peculiar mode of instructing Indian children may be noticed. It was after passing the Western Ghauts that

the traveller's observation was attracted by the singular manner in which some little boys were learning arithmetic. It must be almost unnecessary to remind the reader that on that method the celebrated Madras system was subsequently founded. Della Valle little thought, when writing to Schipano, from Ikery, in the November of 1623, that in less than two hundred years that "pretty and easy way of learning" would be modelled into a scheme of education, at once the most simple and the most successful which has ever been discovered.

Africanus is another favourite. The fact of his having actually visited Timbuctoo has contributed in modern times to enhance his reputation, which is deservedly high for deep and accurate knowledge and elegant and perspicuous narration. He flourished long before Della Valle, but we have not bound ourselves to any chronological arrangement in these remarks. He made two visits to Timbuctoo, first with his uncle, who was sent on an embassy from the King of Fez, and secondly about the year 1516. His picture of the African city differs widely from Caille's. The king, he says, was viewed with terror by his subjects, who approached him in the most humble posture, "falling prostrate on the ground and sprinkling dust upon their heads," a humiliation in which strangers and foreign princes were obliged to participate. M. Caille, on the contrary, describes the reigning prince as very gentle and benevolent, and his government perfectly patriarchal. So far the country appears to have improved since the time of Leo. They both agree, however, in praising the mild and inoffensive manners of the inhabitants.

Algiers has undergone a far greater change since the visit of Africanus. The modern traveller seeks in vain for the *ædificia sumptuosissima* of which he speaks. Algiers is seen to most advantage from the sea, where it presents a beautiful spectacle, glittering with thickly planted olive and orange trees. A very interesting account of the state of Algiers, immediately preceding the French invasion, may be found in a work entitled *Tableau du Boyanne de la Ville d'Alger et de ses Environs*, published at Paris in 1830. Its author, M. Renaudôt, is we believe an officer in the artillery.

Leo Africanus, like other travellers, conceived an exaggerated idea of the villas and gardens surrounding Algiers; they have been reckoned at twenty thousand, but M. Renaudôt states the estimate to be at little more than half that number.

With respect to females, we are told;—"a Moor observed one day to some follower of the Bey of Muscasa, that he had just been cutting off the head of one of his wives, who would not live in peace with the others. His friend replied, with great unconcern, that he acted perfectly right, and hoped that he would meet with one of a more quiet temper." We recollect an anecdote somewhat similar in Mr. Turner's "Turkey." A lady was congratulating Signor Papathopolo, a rich Greek, on the many virtues of his wife. "*Bisogna che sia buona*," he answered, "*altramente si taglia la testa*;" which may be roughly Englished, that if she did not conduct herself to his satisfaction, he should think himself at liberty to take her head off. If the relations of the wife be rich enough to prove that the husband has been unjust in his complaints of her, they may succeed in procuring his punishment for the murder. But this is only to be effected by large presents.

M. Renaudôt tells so singular an anecdote of filial affection among the

Moors, and one so peculiarly characteristic of the people, that we are induced to translate it from his own work.

A Portuguese surgeon was accosted one day by a young Moor from the country, who, addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drogues* to kill his father, and as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well), he replied, with *sang-froid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?"—"Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; "he has made much money, has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and he seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course, appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well and departed. About eight days after he came again, to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well-feigned surprise, "he will die." He composed accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, (who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable); "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied, mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt now that he is a Marabout"—(a Saint).

The Moors in Africa afford abundant matter for sad and melancholy reflection. The territory of Algiers, it will be remembered, embraces a considerable portion of the Numidia and Mauritania of the ancients, The names of Massinissa and Jugurtha occur to the memory, the first rendered immortal by the picturesque and affecting narrative of Livy, and the second by the fiery and melo-dramatic history of the penetrating Sallust. If the traveller be inclined to seek for the descendants of those men who bearded the Roman power with so much vigour and intrepidity, he will find them, to borrow the words of M. Renaudôt, miserably clothed, and knowing nothing of their ancestry, or the names of the places which they themselves inhabit, and acquainted only with the deserts, which ignorance and barbarity are daily extending around them. Wonderful and inscrutable to our aspurged eyes are the changes of time! Over how many hundred cities, once the thrones of magnificence, has the river of years rolled since the brief segment of time from the creation until now! The Turkoman looks out from his black tent upon the broken temples and ruined pillars of the gorgeous Persepolis, and the wretched and half-starved peasant hides himself among the aqueducts and triumphal arches of Imperial Carthage! W.

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IV.

"ANTI-RADICAL."

INSCRIBED TO SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

ODE TO SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

"Descend, ye Nine!"
Yet stop!—
Ere from your seat celestial ye come down,
To drop
Benignity and balm into my line—
Teaching me how to win the olden crown
Pindaric;
To blend, in fact, with drolleries divine
A pathos deep as Garrick;
Let me but pause a moment—to prepare
A "name" for him
Who here hath found a "local habitation"—
The monarch of all wisdom and all whim,
Whose train our pages are most proud to bear.
Yet, ah! to find a fitting designation
Would tax the skill of the united Nine,
When phrases were most fine.
How shall I name thee, how conceive the stanza,
Oh! Knight illustrious!
Knight of the rueful visage, windmill-warrior—
Or, what is more appropriate, Sancho Panza;
The 'Squire of Toryism stark staring mad,
Doomed, on a hack (has Cruikshank shewn a sorrier?)
To stumble on with "motions" most industrious—
Punning, predicting, proverbizing still—
To save the falling and to smite the bad;
Slaughtering the Whigs, that take their wicked will
Of weak and innocent boroughs—washing out
The state's dark stains with rhetoric's ablution;
And slaying those foul fiends who go about
(As Hampden, Sidney, Russell did, no doubt)
Deflowering the virgin-Constitution.

II.

Again, and yet again, Sir Knight, I ask,
How merely mortal quill should treat of thee,
Most merry and immaculate M.P.
(I wish the poet-laureate had the task!)
Oh! who could paint a rainbow with one hue,
Or harlequin—all blue?
As little may I hope to find one name
Descriptive of thy glory and thy fame;
Thine—whom a crazy world, that always snarls,
Calls "mad Sir Charles."
Whom brother-members, in familiar parley,
Jocosely designate as "old Sir Charley."
But whom we here pronounce, in purer taste,
The droll Democritus of dull debaters—
The Pan of politics, the prince of satyrs,
The Great Unbraced;
Patron of habits loose—and looser reasons;
So loose that even Tories fear to trust 'em;
Denouncer of high treasons
Against the hoary majesty of custom;
An ex-expounder of the libel-laws,
Levelling the tree of freedom with "old saws;"

The fabled nibbler, the illustrious Mouse,
Burning to set the British lion free
(As Castlereagh
Was wont to say)
From the vile net of Liberty.
Oh! great Grimaldi of the lower-house;
Clown in the parliament's long pantomime;
A merry-Andrew, holding up the pall
Of sixty boroughs stifled in their prime—
Mourning their fall
In fine Joe-Miller jokes and apothegms,
That, set in dulness, glisten more than gems;
Oh! Lord Low Chancellor in that strange cause
Of "Twenty Millions *versus* Twenty Tories,"
Ungrateful would it be to give thy glories
Less than a super-natural cognomen.
Thou art a link in nature—though not lit;
Zoology must leave thee still unclassed—
Unless some showman,
Who deals in curious monsters unsurpassed,
Fine dwarfish giants, and fierce poodle-bears,
Should in his great sagacity think fit
To take thee, as first conjuror, to fairs.

III.

An odd conundrum art thou, great Sir Charles;
A sort of Philip Quarles,
Mistaking England for a desert isle,
Where "learned lions, and "right reverend" leopards,
Should feast—instead of shepherds.
Thy arguments quite equal Captain Shandy's;
Thy speeches—might be measured by the mile;
Thou beau-ideal of the anti-dandies,
The very Brummel of the race of slovens!
Yet chiefly *this* thy future bards shall sing;
Thou art the rival of the famed Fire-King,
Who for a "crown" (but not like thine, we know)
Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.
Would shut himself, rare oddity! in ovens.
Yes, though thou art indeed the "ancient Pistol"
To that most funless, and yet fine "old Jack,"
Whose sack
(I mean the woolsack) was his constant care—
Thy letter to posterity must bear
The postmark "Bristol."
Of this renown thou canst not be bereft;
Thou art the martyred knight who fled, in fear,
A blazing city, to be roasted here—
The lawyer who, in common, somewhat thrifty,
And long inured to smoke, behind him left
One Wig, to fall beneath the strokes of fifty.
What were Napoleon's retreats to thine?
Oh! clear "explainer," learned inuendo,
Lucus a non lucendo,
Oh! greater than Guy Fawkes, oh! Phœnix fine,
Thou with the heroes of mythology,
When the Millenium comes, must take thy station;
And Herschels yet unborn shall find in thee,
A tail-less comet, or a constellation.

SPECIMENS OF LATIN COMEDY—THE CAPTIVES, OF PLAUTUS.

No. I.

Comedy, which might be etymologically interpreted "village-song,"* cannot be better defined than in the words of the great Roman orator, who calls it "the imitation of life, the mirror of custom, the image of truth." The primary object of comedy is the amusement of the people; and, therefore, all compositions which accomplish this end may lay claim to the title. But the Greek and Roman comedians took such different courses for the attainment of their common end, that their dramas can hardly be considered as belonging to the same class of writing. The comic writers of Greece took for their subjects the political measures of their most distinguished statesmen, and withheld the poignancy of their satire from no member of their councils or their senate, when they thought they could employ it to the gratification of the people. Thus the comedy of Greece acted as one of the mightiest engines for the conservation of the public liberty. Such unsparing attacks, however, on the character and the integrity of her legislators could never consist with the grave and aristocratic spirit of Rome. Her comedians were not suffered to imitate those of Greece, by exercising that political *surveillance* over the conduct and the proceedings of her statesmen; and were thus compelled to seek, in private life, for suitable subjects for their pen. The Latin comedy was more adapted to the bacchanalian festivals of half-civilized Rome, than to the fastidious ear of refined and philosophic Athens. But, though the construction and design of the Latin comedy differed so essentially from that of the Greek, Plautus did every thing in his power to give his plays a Grecian air, by using Greek names, and frequently copying even whole scenes from the Grecian comedies.

But our object is not to try the patience of our readers with a regular and consecutive history of comedy, or to risk a tedious and uninteresting comparison of the Greek, the Latin, the English, and the French; but to present them with a few well-selected specimens of the best portions of the comic writers of ancient Rome: we shall imitate the John Bull custom of Horace, and rush at once *in medias res*.

The most ancient author, of whom any entire comedies are extant, is Plautus. The first of his plays, from which we shall take our extract, is entitled *Capteivei*—the Captives; we have been induced to begin with this in preference to any other, not only because it is one of the best of his comedies, and was pronounced by that celebrated scholar and critic, Gotthold Lessing,† to be the most perfect comedy that had ever, up to his time, been acted on the stage, and was particularly recommended by M. Lemercier‡ to the study of young poets, but because it differs greatly from his other plays, and may be considered as the first of that class of dramas, called *Comedies Larmoyantes*, which at one time obtained such popularity in France.

We must first give a short account of the plot, that our extracts may lose none of their interest from being deprived of their connection.

Hegio, the chief character in the play, is a gentleman of Aetolia, the

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* κωμης ωδη.

† See his Beytrage zur Historie und Aufrahme des Theatres.

‡ Cours de litter. tome II.

central district of Greece; he had two sons, one of whom, when only four years old, was carried off by a slave, and sold in Elis, a country in the north-west of the Peloponnesus, or the Morea. Hegio was soon afterwards deprived also of his other son, and has to lament that he has "begot his children only to be childless;" for a war subsequently broke out between the Elians and the Aetolians, and he was taken captive by the Elians. The bereaved father, with a view of afterwards ransoming his son, by an exchange, purchased an Elian prisoner, called Philocrates, together with his servant, Tyndarus; and the play opens with the master, Philocrates, personating his slave, while the slave, Tyndarus, assumes the character of his master. Hegio, a good-natured old man, though none of the keenest, is thus deceived, and is persuaded to send the true Philocrates (the master), under the name of Tyndarus (the slave), to Elis, in order to effect the exchange of his son. The fraud, however, is discovered to Hegio by one of his other captives, called Aristophontes, before Philocrates returns; and we find the old man execrating both master and slave, and lamenting that he has "lost the kernel, and, for security, the shell is left" him. Hegio, now fearing that he has lost all hope of ransoming his child, condemns Tyndarus to labour in the mines. Just after this Philocrates returns from Elis with Hegio's son, and also brings with him the fugitive slave, who had stolen his other son in infancy. It is then discovered that Tyndarus is this son, who was sold by the slave to the father of Philocrates, and was by him appointed to wait on Philocrates, who afterwards treated him as his confidant and friend. Our readers cannot but be struck with the great resemblance of this plot to that of Ben Jonson's comedy, entitled, "The Case is altered."

The scene is laid in Calydon, a city of Aetolia.

One of the most interesting characters, which we have omitted to mention in our account of the plot, that there might be no interruption to the thread of the narrative, is the Parasite. He is the broad comic character of the drama. In this, as in most of the other plays of Plautus, the Parasite is a sort of episodical character; he is not so familiar on the modern stage, but he is chiefly exhibited in the old comedies of Ariosto and Aretine, who copied so servilely from the plays of Plautus and Terence. On him we depend chiefly for the humour of the piece. In the *Captives* he goes prowling about all day for a supper, and failing in all his attempts, at last we find him entering on the stage, at the commencement of the third act, with the following amusingly lugubrious soliloquy in his mouth:—

> It is a sad case for a poor wretch to prowl
> In quest of a meal's meat, and at the last
> With much ado to find one;—sadder is it
> To fish and hunt the live-long day,
> And at the last find nothing; but most sad
> To have a keen and craving appetite,
> Without a morsel to appease its longing.—
> A plague upon this day!—I'd dig its eyes out,
> Had I the power; it has so filled mankind
> With enmity towards me.—Never sure
> Was there a wretch so starved, so crammed with hunger,
> Or one whose projects have so little prospered.—
> I fear my throat and belly must keep holiday.
> Would it were hanged for me, this scurvy trade,

This Parasite's profession!—Our young bloods
Consort not now-a-days with us poor drolls;
They care not for us humble hangers on,
Who are content to take the lowest seat
At table, who bear buffets like a Spartan,
And have no other fortune but our jests.—
Their choice is to associate with their equals,
Who, having supt with them, return the favour
At their own houses.

Human nature has altered but little since the days of Plautus. Hungry wits, who trust to their pleasantry alone for a supper, are not in danger of having their digestion impaired by a surfeit. Although, by the way, we might instance a few diners-out at the present day as splendid exceptions. The Parasite continues:—

Buffoons they now
Count nothing worth; in fact they're all self-lovers.
For when I went from hence a while ago,
I went up to these youths in the forum.
"Good day," said I:—"where shall we dine together?"
No answer.—"Who speaks?" says I: "Who now
Will promise me a dinner?"—Still silent all,
Not a word did they reply; nay, not a single smile.
"Where shall we sup then?" says I: still no invitation.
One of my best jests, such as heretofore
Have got me supper for a month, I then
Repeat them.—Not a soul vouchsafed to smile.
I then found out, 'twas a conspiracy:
Not one e'en deigned to imitate a dog,
When he's provoked:—But if they did not choose
To laugh outright, at least they might have shewn
Their teeth, as though they smiled.—Finding myself
The scoff and mockery of these sparks, I leave them,
March up to others, others still, and others;
But no, 'twas just the same; all in confederacy,
Like the oil-merchants in the market.—Well then,
Finding myself thus fooled, I came back hither.
There were more parasites sauntering in the forum,
And to as little purpose as myself.—
But I'm determined that the law shall right *me*
Against all those who join in combination
To have me starved.—I will appoint a day
For them to give me their answer. I will have
Large satisfaction.—Dear as are provisions,
They shall be fined at least ten entertainments.
Now to the port where I have yet one hope
Of feasting:—if that fail me, I'll return
To this old Hegio, and his scurvy supper.

Hegio had previously invited Ergasilus, for such is the Parasite's name, to sup with him, warning him, at the same time, that he would have but an *aspera coena*, or homely supper. We shall see, by-and-by, the result of Ergasilus's visit to the port. Hegio now appears on the stage (with Aristophontes behind), giving an account of his yesterday's proceedings, in which he tells us that, upon going to see his other captives, and on asking if any one of them knew Philocrates of Elis, Aristophontes cried out instantly, that he was his friend and intimate. Tyndarus (who, as our readers will recollect, personates Philocrates),

somehow gets scent of the matter, and is greatly alarmed, and appears in the next scene in the most distressing torture of mind, almost frantic with the fear, or rather confident expectation, of a discovery of his fraud:—

Ah! fatal moment! Would I were dead now,
Rather than alive!—Hope has deserted me,
No succour will come near me.—The day is come
When there is no chance to save my life!
My ruin's unavoidable,—no hope,
That can dispel my fear,—no cloak to screen
My subtle lies, false dealings, and pretences:
No apology can excuse my perfidy,
No subterfuge can palliate my offence:
No room for confidence, no place for cunning.—
What hitherto was hid is brought to light,
My tricks laid open, and the whole discovered:
Nor have I aught to do, but meet my fate,
And die at once for me and for my master.
Aristophontes, who is just gone in,
Has been my utter ruin; for he knows me,
He is a friend and kinsman to Philocrates.
Salvation could not save me, if she would:
Nor can I 'scape,—except that I contrive
Some cunning trick, some artifice.—(*Cogitating.*)
A plague on't;
What can I think of?—What devise?—My thoughts
Are foolish,—I am at my wit's end.

Tyndarus now sees Hegio and Aristophontes advancing, and, accordingly, retires on one side; he is evidently quite perplexed, and, as he said, "at his wit's end." However, like many a man besides, though desponding and hopeless, when brought to the test, he acquires a confidence and dauntlessness not easy to be shaken. He resolves, as we shall see in the sequel, to meet it *in limine*, to deny all acquaintance with Aristophontes, and to braze him out with sheer impudence. But seeing an interview unavoidable, he could not help half turning aside, and inly muttering—

Can there exist a greater wretch than I am?

Aristophontes perceived Tyndarus turning aside as if unwilling to meet him, and accordingly saluted him with the following interrogation:—

Why is this, that you avoid and slight me,
Tyndarus, as though I were a stranger, and you ne'er
Had known me?—It is true I am a slave,
As you are:—though in Elis I was free;
You from your youth have ever been a slave.

Hegio saves Tyndarus the trouble of replying—

In truth I am not in the least amazed
That he should shun you, and avoid your sight,
Or hold you in despite and detestation,
When for Philocrates you call him Tyndarus,
Tynd. Hegio, this fellow was at Elis deemed
A madman:—give no ear to what he says.
'Tis there notorious that he sought to kill
His father and his mother, and has often
Fits of epilepsy come upon him,
Which makes him foam at mouth.—Pray keep away from him.

The unsuspicious Hegio gives ready credence to the ingenious figment of Tyndarus, and follows his advice by ordering the slaves to remove Aristophontes from his presence. Aristophontes, infuriated to the last degree at the abominable effrontery of Tyndarus, almost too full of rage to give vent to his real feelings, and, to undeceive their common master, breaks out in these words:—

How say you, rascal! that I am mad, and sought
To kill my father and my mother, and have often
Fits of epilepsy come upon me,
Which make me foam at mouth?
HEGIO. Be not dismayed. Many under this disease
Have laboured, and spitting has recovered them.
TYND. I know to some at Elis it has proved
Of special use.
ARIST. And will you credit him
HEG. I credit him!—In what?
ARIST. That I am mad!
TYND. See how he eyes you with a furious aspect!
'Twere best retire.—'Tis, Hegio, as I said:—
His frenzy grows upon him,—take you care.
HEG. True,—when he called you Tyndarus, I thought
That he indeed was mad.
TYND. Nay, but sometimes
He knows not his own name, nor who he is.
HEG. He said you were his friend.
TYND. I never saw him;
Alcmaeon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus,*
Are just as much my friends as he is, Hegio.
ARIST. How, rascal!—do you dare bespeak me ill?
Do I not know you?
HEG. By my troth, 'tis plain
You know him not, when for Philocrates
You call him Tyndarus:—you are a stranger
To him you see, and mention him you see not.
ARIST. 'Tis he pretends himself the man he is not,
Nor owns himself the man he is.
TYND. (*Ironicè*). Yes, to be sure, you'll get the better of me,
In reputation for veracity.
ARIST. You, as it seems, my truth will overpower
With falsehood.

Aristophanes now finding it impossible to extort a confession from Tyndarus by any other means, determines to put the question to him *point blanc*, and continues—

Look me in the face now.
TYND. Well.
ARIST. Do you deny that you are Tyndarus?
TYND. I tell you, I deny it.
ARIST. And do you say
You are Philocrates?
TYND. I say, I am.
ARIST. (*to Hegio*). And you,—do you believe him?
HEG. More than you,
Or than myself.—The man you say he is,
Set out this day for Elis to his father.

* These were three noted madmen; of whom the two first became insane from having killed their mother.

Arist. What father? He's a slave.*
Tynd. And so are you
Once free as I was,—as, I trust, I shall be,
When I have gained this old man's son his liberty.
Arist. How, rascal! dare you say you're born a freeman?
Tynd. Not *freeman;* but *Philocrates,* I say.
Arist. See, Hegio, how the rogue makes sport with you!
For he's a slave, and never owned a slave
Besides himself.

Aristophontes here taunts him with his having been a slave; and Tyndarus, resolved not to be behind hand with Aristophontes in this way, begins rallying him, in his turn, with his quondam servitude:—

Tynd. So then—because you lived
A beggar in your country, without means
For your support, you would have every one
Placed on the self-same footing with yourself?
No wonder:—'tis the nature of the poor
To hate and envy men of property.
Arist. *Hegio,* take care; nor rashly credit him;
As far as I can see, he means to trick you:—
Nor do I like at all his talking to you
Of the redemption of your son.
Tynd. I know you wish it not; but with the help
Of Heaven I shall accomplish it:—I shall restore
His son to him, and he will send me back
To Elis to my father; for which purpose
Have I sent Tyndarus.
Arist. Why, you are he;
Nor is there any other slave at Elis
Of that name but yourself.
Tynd. And will you still
Reproach me with my state of servitude
Brought on me by the chance of hapless war?

Aristophontes now grows quite enraged at the shameless impudence and assumption of Tyndarus, and Tyndarus takes advantage of his fury to confirm what he had before said to Hegio about his madness.

Arist. I can't contain myself.
Tynd. Ha! do you hear him?—
Wont you fly out of his way?—He'll pelt us with stones
Unless you have him seized.
Arist. I'm vext to death.
Tynd. Look how his eyes strike fire!—A cord, a cord,
Good Hegio!—Don't you see his body's charged
With livid spots all over?—The black bile
Disorders him, poor fellow!
Arist. The black pitch
Disorder you beneath the hangman's hand.
Tynd. How wild he talks! By evil spirits he's possessed.
Heg. Suppose I order he be seized?
Tynd. You would act by far the wisest part.
Arist. It vexes me I cannot find a stone
To dash the villain's brains out, who insists
That I am mad.

* In law, slaves were not considered as having any relations.

TYND. There—do you hear him, Sir?
He's looking for a stone.
ARIST. Shall I beg, Hegio,
A word with you alone?
HEG. Speak where you are,—
What would you?—I can hear you at a distance.
TYND. If you permit him to approach you nearer,
He'll bite your nose off.

Aristophontes now prevails, though with difficulty, on Hegio to grant him a private audience, which leads to the final disclosure of the artifice, as has been detailed in the account of the plot. When Hegio's eyes were opened to the gross imposture that had been played off upon him, his natural facility of temper resigned its sway, and the frenzy, which his disappointment and mortification excited in his mind, ended in the condemnation of him who was afterwards discovered to be his own son, namely, our old friend *Tyndarus* the *psuedo-Philocrates*.

We are now brought to the commencement of the fourth act, which shews us plainly that the Parasite's attempts have not been ineffectual; for Ergasilus appears on the stage in a state which must remove every lingering doubt of his having done ample justice at least to the wines, if not to the viands of some bountiful patron. Hegio perceives him advancing at a distance, though, as Ergasilus's eyes had probably suffered some obscuration from his potations, he did not descry the old gentleman; and thus we find him walking towards Hegio's house, and vociferating:—

Haste, haste, Ergasilus—look to thy business.
(*Very loud*) Hence,—take care,—I warn you, and forewarn you.—
Let no man stop me in my way, unless
He thinks he has had enough of life;—
Whoever stops me, he shall kiss the ground.
I'll do't—by heavens I'll do't.—Let every one
Pursue his own track, nor by any thing
Clog up the street.—My fist is a *balista*,
My arm a *catapulta*, and my shoulder
A battering-ram.—On whomsoever once
I dart my knee, I'll give him to the ground.—
Whatever mortal I shall light upon,
I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch
In picking them up again.—If any dare
Oppose my cause, I'll make him well remember
The day, the place for evermore, and me:
Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.
I give you notice, caution you beforehand,
That it may be your own fault, if you're caught.—
Keep home, then guard you from assault.
Then for your bakers, breeders of swine,
Rascals who feed their hogs with refuse bran,
That no one can pass by their bake-house
For the stench;—let me but see one of their swine
Here in the public way, my fists shall give
The owner such a dusting . . . . . .
Then for your fishmongers, who hawk about
Upon a four-legged, dull, provoking jade,
Their stale commodities, whose very stench
Drives off our saunterers from the forum:—troth,
I'll beat their filthy baskets 'bout their chaps,

That they may know how much offence they give
To others' noses . . . . . .
No more a parasite, but I'm a king,
More kingly than a king—a king of kings.

Ergasilus at last arrives at Hegio's house, and stands thundering at the door for admission; but Hegio, being just outside, requests him to desist, and, upon coming up to him, finds the parasite in transports of joy about something, but what he could not conjecture.

Now order,—says Ergasilus.—
Heg. Order what?
Erg. A roaring fire.
Heg. A roaring fire?
Erg. Yes, a roaring fire;
A huge one let it be.
Heg. What, you great glutton,
Think you that I will set my house on fire
To please you.
Erg. Nay, prithee, don't be angry.—
Will you order, or will you not, the pots to be put on?
The dishes to be washed? The larded meats
And kickshaws to be set upon the stoves?
Won't you send some one to buy fish?
Heg. He dreams with his eyes open.
Erg. Bid another go for pork, lamb, pullets.
Heg. Yes, you understand good living, had you
The wherewithal to get it.
Erg. For hams,
For choicest fish and fowl, and a fat cheese.
Heg. Easier 'tis for you to talk of all
These dainties, than with me to eat them.

The visit of Ergasilus, however, was not all annoyance; for though the combined excitement of the juice of Bacchus, and of its consequent ecstatic delight, would not allow of an immediate enunciation of the object of his peremptory call, Hegio was soon rewarded for the trouble which his guest had caused him, by the pleasing news he brought. Ergasilus had seen Hegio's captured son, Philopolemus, at the port. Hegio's joy at the intelligence was only equalled by that of his informant; though the joy of the parasite probably arose less from his delight at the restoration of Philopolemus, than from the prospect of his preferment to some honourable station in the extensive household of Hegio—a prospect which was no sooner anticipated than realized; for Hegio immediately elevated him to the dignified post of head cellar-man, and gives him a *carte blanche* to provide a magnificent banquet worthy of such an occasion.

This was the height of the parasite's ambition (as may easily be conceived when we see him, in one instance, swearing by "holy gluttony," as the dearest and most sacred object to which he could address his invocations), and we accordingly find him congratulating himself on his new honours in the following soliloquy:—

He's gone: and has entrusted to my care
The high and grand concern of catering.—
Immortal gods! how shall I cut and quarter!
How I shall chop the crags from off the chines!
What devastation will befal the hams!
What a consumption rage among the bacon!

What massacre of fat sow's pap. Of brawn
What havoc there will be!—Then what fatigue
Awaits the butchers! what the pork-sellers!—
But to say more of what belongs to a good repast,
Is loss of time, and hindrance.—I will now
Go enter on my government, and sit
In judgment o'er the bacon,—set at liberty
Hams, that have hung untried or uncondemned.

Hegio's servants, unaccustomed to such lavish profusion as Ergasilus was contemplating with such rapture, were quite alarmed at his portentous threats, and terrified at the prospect of such promiscuous expenditure; though their fright probably arose more from an apprehension of the result of such proceedings to themselves, than from the strangeness of the circumstances; for Hegio was one of that class of gentlemen, who, though they possess considerable wealth, conduct their establishments with a frugal, if not a parsimonious economy. The consternation of Hegio's domestics is amusingly described in the following scene, in which a lad comes rushing out of the house, to give the signal of alarm to any one he could find. His exclamations may not be unworthy of a translation:—

May Jove, and all the gods, Ergasilus,
Confound thee and thy belly, with all parasites,
And all who shall hereafter entertain them!
Storm, tempest, devastation, have just broke
Their way into our house!—I was afraid
He would have seized me, like a famished wolf;—
I was, indeed, in a most piteous fright,
He made such horrid grinding with his teeth.—
Soon as he came, he knocked down the whole larder,
With all the meat in't:—then he snatched a knife,
And stuck three pigs directly in the throat;—
Broke all the pots and cups, except the measures,
And asked the cook whether the salting pans,
With their contents, might not be clapped upon
The fire altogether all at once:—He has broke
The cellar door down, laid the store-room open.—
Secure him, I beseech you, fellow-servants:—
I'll to my master, tell him he must order
Some more provisions, if he means to have
Any himself:—for as this fellow manages,
There's nothing left, or will be nothing soon.

Hegio is now returning from the port with his son Philopolemus and Philocrates, till at last they arrive at the house, where they all meet together—Hegio, Tyndarus, Philocrates, Philopolemus, and the slave who stole him; and now, on comparing notes, they discover that Tyndarus, whom Hegio had condemned to labour in the mines, is in reality his son; and Tyndarus has some faint recollection that his father's name was Hegio. The chains are accordingly taken off from Tyndarus, and fastened on the slave who stole Philopolemus, and to whom we are primarily indebted for the Capteivei of Plautus.

Thus then have we presented the readers of The Monthly with the first of our series of "Specimens of Latin Comedy"—a subject which has been much neglected in modern times, and in England almost entirely forgotten. How deserving it is of this neglect, our readers will

now have some opportunity of judging. But it can be no inconsiderable acquisition to the English littérateur to rescue from the obscurity of an antiquated dialect of a dead language, the comedies of one, whose purity of diction and elegance of composition induced Varro to say,* that "if ever the Muses were to speak in Latin, they would use the language of Plautus." It was no disgrace to Plautus, that, while he was dazzling his countrymen by the coruscations of his wit, and instructing as well as amusing them by the productions of his pen—it was no disgrace to him, we say, that he had to labour in a mill, in order to save himself from beggary; for such was the case; but if we occasionally meet with an equivocal expression in his writings, or a metaphorical allusion inconsistent with the modern rules of decency, we cannot be surprised. The faults of Plautus were not the faults of the man, but those of his circumstances and his age. Livius Andronicus, his predecessor, was a slave before he was a poet; and Terentius, his successor, bent his neck to the yoke before he figured on the stage. But Plautus was at the same time a miller and a comedian; as, in after times, the far-famed Cincinnatus was at once husbandman and dictator. And as, in the one instance, Rome disdained not to furnish her theatre from the mill; so, in the other, she disdained not to take her legislator from the plough.

CALAMITIES OF CARVING.

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to *carve!*"

I HATE carving—hate it in all its branches, moods, and tenses—abhor it in all its figures, forms, and varieties. What is carving, in fact, but a spurious kind of surgery, which we are called upon to exercise, without the advantage of a common apprenticeship? Far from crying, like other children, for a knife and fork, *my* early years were marked by a decided aversion to those weapons; and when my uncle, who brought me up, first put them into my hands, and abstracted my spoon, I regarded it as the loss of a sceptre; nay, its consequences amounted almost to a prohibition of food, and I felt something of the horror of anticipated starvation. Long, indeed, I endured the mortification of seeing dinner come and go without the ability to secure a tolerable meal; for my uncle was a martinet in all matters of the table, and his whim was, that the plates of the youngsters should be removed as soon as the knives and forks of the elder branches had ceased to ply. My cousins got through their work adroitly: they had the advantage of early initiation in the mystery; moreover, they had a natural liking for the instruments which were my abhorrence. With a quick sense of shame, much natural timidity, and an appetite of no ordinary cast, many a meal passed with ineffectual struggles to assuage that hunger which is the unfailing attendant of a sound constitution, and regular bodily exercise. On one occasion, the effort to satisfy myself had nearly cost me my life. Spurred to despair, I attempted to dispatch the slice assigned as my allowance, without the preparatory process of cutting.

* Quintil. Inst. Orat. x. 1. c.

At length I succeeded in mastering the difficulty of the knife and fork as far as regarded this preliminary step; but, truly is it said—

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

Carving was still my abhorrence. An expert carver was ever allied, in my imagination, to an executioner, or headsman. He who asserts a liking for the art, tells us, we know, a gratuitous falsehood. Your professed carver is a lover of good dinners, a man of tit-bits; his passion for which has conferred upon him the facility of dissection. Can it be credited, then, that he is fond of an art, which imposes the obligation of offering the choicest parts to others in entire exclusion of himself? Can he expect us to believe that he desires to sit utterly dinnerless two or three times a week, as infallibly he must, if he acquit himself in the style the hateful office enjoins? Yet, as I cannot compete with, let me not abuse him. If absurd custom demands that the lady of the house must sacrifice one of her guests to the comfort of the others; or if any one, in an insane moment, volunteers himself as the victim, he gains a reputation which I have never been able to achieve by similar means. It were vain to recount the miseries in which my want of relish for this mystery have involved me. Not to mention the positively painful situations in which it has placed me, the minor distresses I have endured are beyond the power of enumeration.

Judging by the obstacle the barbarous art of carving has proved to my views, and observing the beneficial effect which has attended adepts in it, I conclude the man who can carve well to be in the direct road to the highest offices of church and state; and if I were asked what were the three grand requisites for success in life, I should unhesitatingly reply, in full conviction of the truth, the first, *carving*—the second, *carving*—the third, *carving*.

I was designed for the church, and despite of my lack of qualification in the carving art, which, with men of my cloth, is considered nearly as essential as subscription to the thirty-nine articles, I entered into orders. The living of S—— soon afterwards became vacant, and the bishop of the diocese, to whom I was slightly known, and who had been on terms of intimacy with my father, expressed himself disposed to confer it upon *me*. The friend to whom I owed this communication, gave me, at the same time, an invitation to dinner for a day in the following week, adding that his lordship would be of the party. I would fain have declined this intended kindness; but reminded that the bishop would be there, whom it was important I should meet—that my temporal interests might greatly depend upon it, I consented, but with a reluctance which, though not expressed, ill comported with the service my friend conceived he was rendering me.

The chance of being placed next to some dish which might call my carving into play, would, in this instance, have dictated a refusal, and in all cases the apprehension has heavily outweighed any enjoyment, which otherwise I might have anticipated. Many a time have I dressed to join a convivial dinner-party with the same stagnation of feeling, the same half-conscious sense of the operation, with which a culprit prepares himself for the scaffold. My mind recoils at the jostling, the shuffling, and manœuvring, I have been guilty of to avoid proximity to a particular dish, which might be supposed to contain a *joint*; in fact, I have always shirked a large cover, as though a living tiger were

crouching beneath it ready to spring upon me. But the day for my meeting the bishop arrived. As it was (to use my friend's expression), one upon which my temporal interest might greatly depend, I resolved, as far as possible, to atone for my ignorance in carving, by looking through various books upon cookery, which contained carving instructions.

One I was possessed of, which treated largely of this infernal art, and presented pictures of birds and beasts, with lines drawn, indicating the course the knife was to take. I studied hard, and went through the whole list. I then paced my room, and, in imagination, cut up, in the most approved manner, all animals, common and uncommon; and though thus, in some measure, theoretically prepared, still I made my appearance with a fluttering heart at my friend's house. As I entered it, a combination of fumes, escaping from the kitchen, reached my olfactories; and as I followed the servant to the drawing-room, I resolved to avoid conversation before dinner, and recal my morning's study, fixing my particular attention upon the dishes, which I might now, from the hint given to my nose, expect to appear. But, strange to say, none but the most unusual viands would now occur to me; and I was busily engaged in banishing visions of quails, herons, swans, and others of the feathered race, least subject to human mastication, when dinner was announced.

The only seat unoccupied upon my entrance, was one next the lady of the house; and before I could well extricate myself from my musings, my friend begged I would lead her to the dinner-room. I offered her my arm therefore, though I would gladly have exchanged this distinction for a howling wilderness; since it seemed to bespeak the probability of my sitting next her, and if so, I knew too well, though she did not, what was likely to follow. As I augured, so it proved—she assigned his lordship a station on her right hand, and placed me on her left—the post of honour, it might be; but I remember the pillory occurred to me, as a sort of paradise compared to it. The cover being removed, a turbot was exhibited to view; the lady turned to me, requesting my assistance. My last hope, flimsy as it was, hung upon his lordship's soliciting this distinction; but he sat erect and mute; and when she politely handed me the fish-slice and the knife, I felt about as much obliged to her as though she had presented to me a poisoned goblet and a dagger. But there was no retreating; I was tied to the stake.

Now be it known I was no gourmand, and independently of my gross want of skill, I knew not for my soul, why one part of any creature designed for our use was not as good as another. Moreover, the tail of the turbot was towards to me, and I judged from this circumstance that it was designed I should commence there. I began therefore at the tail, and insinuating the fish-slice at its very extremity, turned over a thin fin-less morsel to his lordship, whose plate was first at my elbow. The bishop looked any thing but the living of S—— at me, as it was placed before him. The lady soon perceived my error, and before I had dispatched another plate, pointed to the upper part of the fish. I dashed in the slice, under the superintendance of her fair finger, and detached a portion for the other guests; for every one, as fate would have it, would eat fish, and no one would taste soup—a sound which my ear eagerly longed to catch, as a remission of at least a part of my sentence. Unceasing demands made me desperate, and I laid about me

with knife and slice, but with so little address, that before half the company were supplied, the turbot lay an unsightly heap of ruins, and the most experienced eye might have been puzzled to determine what in reality it had originally been. This achieved, I waited in grim despair a second attack upon the next dish, and in the brief interval, I had full leisure to observe that I had disconcerted the lady, and displeased the bishop; which did not, however, so entirely absorb my faculties as to conceal the certainty that I was undergoing the ban of several of the other guests. But before I could cast up the sum total of my demerits, a servant appeared, bearing an enormous dish and cover, which he placed in the situation the hapless turbot had so recently occupied. The cover being taken off, a turkey was exposed. I had as soon it had been a rhinoceros. However, limited as was my information, I chanced to know that the breast was the favourite part, and desiring to atone to the bishop, on whom I kept a penitent eye for my late infraction of the law of gulosity, and considering I could not do too much to repair my error, I sent him a junk in the form of a wedge, that might have puzzled the capacity of an alderman. Here I was again set right by my fair and offended auxiliary, who, in evident perturbation, audibly whispered "*thin*, Sir, if you please, *thin*." I took her at her word, dispatched slices to the others which rivalled Vauxhall. "The cry was still they come;" turkey, nothing but turkey would go down—all the fish-eaters had suddenly become bird-fanciers. A legion of plates were at my elbow, and it was now necessary to disengage some of the limbs. My fate had reached its crisis—in endeavouring to cut off one of the legs, I suddenly drove the ill-fated bird to the edge of the dish, and sent the gravy it contained, like a jet d'eau over the spruce dress and rubicund face of his lordship. No trap-door opened under my feet, for which I heartily prayed, and prayed in vain. The bishop, after vainly endeavouring for a moment to rid himself of the effect of the accident, was translated to an adjoining apartment, to which the servants accompanied him, and when he resumed his seat, who can paint the anger that sat on his brow? on the brow of him, who, from his sacred calling and exalted station, is said to be "above the atmosphere of the passions?"

At length the cloth was removed—I had not swallowed a morsel, and the bumpers I drank to subdue my uneasiness, assailing an empty stomach and disquieted spirit, soon attacked my brain; I went through almost every grade of intoxication. I talked incessantly; became vehement and vociferous; and finally was fast verging towards something worse, when a glimpse of my unhappy state, before reason was quite dislodged, helped me to discern the expediency of a retreat. I made an abrupt exit, but I have no distinct idea how I succeeded in getting home. All I remember is, that I tripped in the mat on leaving the dinner-room, and turning my head into a battering-ram, made a forcible entry into an opposite parlour, where, as my evil stars would have it, my fair hostess had retired to write a note. I was past making any apology. The servants, alarmed at the noise, ran to my assistance, and though stunned by the encounter between my skull and my friend's mahogany, I recollect, when they took me up, hearing one of them answer the inquiry of the lady, "It's the gentleman, ma'am, what splashed my lord bishop." These were the last words I heard that

night, and certainly the bespattered diocesan was the first image that occurred to me the following morning. It was plain my prospects in that quarter were utterly ruined, and as I lay in bed I revolved and re-revolved, with the advantage of a parched tongue and fevered brain, the means of ridding myself at once from all the disquietude which I felt must ever be my lot whilst carving was in fashion. If I looked back I saw nothing but suffering, acute suffering—if forward, I perceived one interminable vista of similar discomforts. It was clear, that to avoid the dissection of dishes, which despite of my efforts to escape were often placed under my distribution, I had feigned sprained wrists, cut fingers, and sudden indisposition, until they could be feigned no more. Something therefore was immediately necessary to be decided upon to relieve me from the burden of such an existence as I was enduring. Mine was no common calamity—a marriage, a bankruptcy, a duel, may occur in the course of a man's life-time; but carving is of diurnal occurrence—no man is safe for four-and-twenty hours—no sooner is one dinner dispatched, than in some way or other, another must be in preparation; and who can endure an everlasting conflict with antipathies? I resolved therefore to quit England, once and for ever—a country where the very poor are the only very happy people—for they have no dinners.

Arriving at this determination, I wavered for a time between China and France. The Chinese, I had heard (like sensible people), always eat alone; but I knew less of their general habits. France occurred to me as the land of ragouts, hashes and fricasees; of course, little or no work for the knife, and much for the spoon. I determined therefore for France. I rose with alacrity, dispatched my affairs, collected my moveables, and made all ready for a start.

Fortune, however, could not be satisfied without a parting blow at me, even when I had consented to succumb to her dictates and expatriate myself. During a ride which I took to bid farewell to my few remaining relatives, I was approaching, about fifteen miles from my house, an inn which I had been in the habit of stopping at, when a fellow belonging to it called to his companion, and exclaimed, in a subdued tone which he thought could not reach my ear "I say, Tom, here comes *Chops*." I looked round, but perceiving no one, dismounted and entered the house. Presently after, having ordered some refreshment, I heard one of the waiters in the passage ask another, if a party who had just arrived were to dine in the Unicorn. "No, no," said he, "they can't dine there, *Chops* is in that room." Assured, as I was the only tenant of it, that they must have some reference to *me*, I rang the bell, and when the waiter entered, insisted upon an explanation. After much prevarication, and a promise on my part of entire forgiveness whatever it might be, he said, "Why, all the servants calls you so, Sir, because you never orders nothing but *chops*."

It was too true; my anti-carving faculties had doomed me to a monotony of mutton—to perpetual dinners upon chops.

Now, fortune, I defy thee—I am on board the packet—the wind is fair, and in a few hours I shall be across the channel.

B. F.

A MODEST DEFENCE OF LITERARY PUFFING.

"Puffing is of various sorts. The principal are the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication."

THE CRITIC.

"*Et tu brute!*" What! a truculent and despiteous attack upon the pleasant and profitable practice of literary puffing from the reviewers! Nay, this would "raise a soul under the ribs of death;" and I must positively run a tilt with my grey goose-quill against these dirt-throwing Zoili, giving no quarter, not even to the Quarterly, until I make them confess that they are themselves the authors of the very evil they deprecate, and infinitely more culpable, both as to fact and motive, than the parties they presume to arraign. They really remind one of the fuliginous kitchen utensil, in the proverb, reproaching a more cleanly one with its blackness; or of the goose finding fault with the gosling—"Why do you go nodding and waggling, so like a fool, as if you were hipshot foundered?" *Gentlemen* Reviewers! (excuse this term; it proceeds from my recent perusal of the "extinct titles")—*Gentlemen* Reviewers! you are like Othello, not because of your black looks, or of your stifling the innocent in their own sheets, but because your occupation's gone. The field-day of the Reviews is over; they are giving way to Magazines; they are gasping for the breath of life; their final extinction is rapidly approaching. Of the minors, several have already yielded up the ghost; some, volunteering the punishment inflicted by Mezentius, have protracted their sufferings by incorporating themselves with a defunct brother; others have struggled to escape extinction by changing their titles, or periods of publication; all are rapidly diminishing in influence and circulation; and if two or three still command a sale of any magnitude, it is precisely because they are no longer reviews, but party pamphlets, criticising authors, not books—appealing to the passions and prejudices of a particular class, instead of addressing themselves to the lovers of general literature: and who are the writers selected for this honourable office? One or two men of eminence are admitted, that their names may give a sort of sanction to the work; and these individuals may perhaps have virtue and independence enough to spurn the shackles to which their coadjutors must submit; but the mass are notoriously mercenaries, who, with the natural irritation of their tribe, are embittered against the possessors of talent in exact proportion to their want of it. "Let those teach others who themselves excel," was the maxim of former times; but in the march of no-intellect we have reversed all this; the convicted dunce wields the magisterial rod, the ass sits in the professor's chair, and both are naturally severe, because the Boetians have found, by degrading experience, that it is much more easy and pleasant not to like, than *to do the like—Hi præ cæteris alios liberius carpere solent, qui nil proprium ediderunt:*—those men will be most disposed to depreciate others who have done nothing themselves. But the Latin quotation does not accurately describe the Zoili in question. Generally speaking, they are not men who have written nothing, but who, having signally and miserably failed in their own literary attempts, take their revenge by attempting to run down and destroy those who are likely to succeed, more especially in the departments

where they themselves have demonstrated their incapacity. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*—hence their virtuous indignation—hence their impartial strictures—hence their disinterested regard for the sacred cause of literature! Not infrequently they are known to be actuated by less amiable motives than even these—by some petty, paltry, dirty personality; but it is immaterial whether ignorance or malice prompt them, for both concur in the same language, as geese and snakes both hiss; and of all such critical sibilations, it may truly be said, without the poor conceit of a Paranomasia, that the author upon whom they are inflicted—"laudatur ab *his*." Like Fuller's earth, their abuse may defile him for a moment, only that when it is rubbed off it may leave him the cleaner; and even this evanescent injury it is not in the power of every puny whipster to inflict, for we must not suppose that all weeds sting because nettles do. It has been well said of calumnious imputations in general, that they resemble the rubbish thrown up by a furious volcano, of which the lighter portion is dispersed by the winds, while the heavier falls back into its own mouth—a remark specially applicable to the angry diatribes and scurrilous personalities of reviewers. He of the ungentle craft, whose assault upon puffing has stimulated us to this defence of injured innocence, does not attempt to absolve his own tribe, and his own art, ingeniously confessing, that "title-pages, prefaces, advertisements, *and even critiques*, may be clubbed together as one great lie." Can he wonder, after this candid admission of a fact, which the public had long since discovered, that reviewers, utterly disregarded by all classes, even down to boarding-school misses and pensive lieutenants, as criteria of literary merit, have fallen into their present state of languor, exhaustion, and approaching dissolution? It is really edifying to hear literary bravoes, whose profession it is to stab in the dark, who never venture from their hiding-places without a crape over their features, who may be hired for a miserable pittance to attack either friend or foe; it is truly instructive to hear such men assuming the high and noble tone of indignant virtue, and stigmatizing the poor puffer as the most odious of caitiffs, because, forsooth, he may not always be sincere and disinterested in his praises! Oh, the candid, honest, truth-loving varlets! As if it were not a thousand times more honourable to deal in unmerited encomium than in hired detraction!

I have said that reviewers themselves were the real authors of all the puffing evils and enormities against which they vent their spleen, and the assertion is susceptible of very easy proof. What! is a bane to exist without its antidote; are malevolence, scurrility, perversion, and all the captious chicaneries of corrupt hypercriticism, to have undisputed possession of the literary field; are authors, *ex necessitate*, such nefarious felons as not to be allowed benefit of clergy? No; as Nature, where she plants a vegetable poison, generally provides an antidote, so in the moral world she causes sympathies to spring up by the side of antipathies. Extremes, moreover, have an inherent tendency towards each other; the pessimist makes the optimist: and thus it is that the unfairness, the bitterness, the rancour of reviewers have generated those much more excusable failings, if such they may be termed, of superlative, fulsome, high-flown panegyrics. One excess invariably begets another. If a reviewer endeavours to shew that an author is a slavering idiot, his friendly puffer naturally attempts to prove that he is an Admirable Crighton; and if the latter do not always come into

court with clean hands, it is precisely because he has had to deal with so dirty an adversary as the former. The washerwoman cannot cleanse our clothes from the filth which the scavenger throws about him, without being herself occasionally contaminated; but her occupation is not on that account the less necessary or the less respectable. It is natural that stains and dirt should hate the whitewasher who obliterates them, but it is, nevertheless, they themselves who have called him and his art into existence: and thus do I maintain, that as the devil is the father of lies, so are reviewers the parents, and the cause of puffers.

Be it observed, that in all these mutual mal-practices, acting and re-acting with aggravated effect upon each other, the author has no share; he has parted with his copyright, has no interest in the conflict, and can find no more pleasure in being made the shuttlecock between the black and white battledore, than would a well-dressed gentleman in being alternately jostled by a miller and a chimney-sweeper. Were the author at the same time the puffer, I should scorn to become his champion, for I abhor all egotism, holding it to be a disfigurement rather than a beautifying of one's proper features. Minerva threw aside the flute, when she found that it puffed up her own cheeks—a classical authority against every other description of self-inflation. Bobadils and Bardolphs, ancient Pistols and Falstaffs, with all such thrasonical and blustering bragadocios, have only rendered their cowardice the more conspicuous by vaunting their valour. Did the Gascon expect to be believed who boasted that his seven-foot mattrass was stuffed with the mustachios of the enemies he had killed in battle; or he who declared, that it became him to be cautious in approaching the foe, because, as he was all over heart, the prick of a pin would kill him; or he who, being observed to tremble before an onset, said that his body shuddered at the thought of the dangers into which it would inevitably be hurried by his valorous spirit? Such philautical hyperboles are not less ridiculous and offensive than vain, for we may be assured that the more we speak of ourselves in superlatives, the more will others speak of us in diminutives; and the less we put ourselves forward, the more will the public be disposed to advance us. "Præfulgebant Cassius et Brutus eo ipso quod eorum effigies non visebantur," says Tacitus. There is the authority, indeed, of a distinguished nobleman and author, for a certain degree of personal boastfulness, as well as for an occasional extension of truth—"The exercises I chiefly used, and most recommend to my posterity," says my Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "were riding the great horse; and I do much likewise approve of shooting in the long bow." His posterity, I hope, have disregarded his injunction; and, indeed, I have been given to understand that some of them suspect the above words to convey a different meaning from that which they would seem to import, a question into which I enter not, being reverently chary of wresting the sense of our ancient writers!

And now then, the literary puffer not being the author of the works eulogized, what can be more amiable, more benevolent, more praiseworthy than his character? Whether it be by premeditated accident or fortuitous design that his laudatory paragraphs go the round of the papers, dividing the attention of a breathless public with Warren's Blacking and Rowland's Kalydor, how philanthropical is his practice, and how benignant must be the motive that prompts him! Howard sinks into insignificance, compared with a public benefactor who so con-

siderately points out to us the tit-bits of literature, makes us think the better of one another, and inculcates a liberality of judgment, which must be equally gratifying and improving to all parties, ever excepting the critics. Has not the eulogist, moreover, when by constant puffing he spreads and diffuses the leaves of his favourite book, and purifies the peccant humours of the critical world, the example of Nature before him, who by a similar process unfolds the vegetable leaves, and disperses the foulness and ill humours of the atmosphere?—Even should the amiable encomiast undesignedly bring grist to his own mill, by availing himself of a natural and most useful auxiliary, surely he is not more culpable than the miller who confessedly lives by puffs, and yet pursues his avocation without impeachment; so true is it that one man may steal a horse, while another must not look over the hedge.

A few words as to the alleged evils of this system, which, according to the reviewer, is to effect an universal corruption, a pervading disregard of truth, a total depravation of literature, results long since predicated from the abuse of criticism, but no more likely to be realized in the one case than the other. Reviews having been detected, have utterly lost their influence, and such must speedily be the fate of puffing. Both evils will work out their own cure, and the latter the most rapidly, and certainly, if there be any truth in the dictum, that "praise undeserved is censure in disguise," or that—

> "A vile encomium doubly ridicules,
> Since nothing blackens like the ink of fools."

The wine-merchant and the blacking-vender, whose trades ought to be united, like those of the ancient barbers and surgeons, in the same company, have not injured the genuine commodity, by puffing the spurious one; it does but occasion us a little more trouble to examine our money, when we know that counterfeit coin is abroad. No one will be twice taken in by the same imposture, or if he is, *qui vult decipi, decipiatur*. Auctioneers' statements, such as those of a hanging wood, where there is nothing but a gibbet, or of a purling stream, which is represented by a stagnant gutter, do not operate any delusion, being now looked upon as professional lies, a mere *façon de parler*. In this instance, then, the evil has effectually wrought its own cure, as it will ultimately, ay, and speedily too, in the case of literary puffing. Minor publishers will follow the example of the first offender, their paragraphs will be huddled together in the same corner of the paper, the public will take no more notice of them than they do of the wall-writing of rival competitors in blacking, and the booksellers will gladly discontinue an expense, when they find it to be at once burthensome and unavailing. In the event of such a consummation, it is to be hoped they will add the amount saved to the copyright, the authors being the only parties who have any real right to complain in the whole transaction.

It is a mistake to suppose that puffing is a peculiar characteristic of the present era, or even that it has suffered any material increment in the last half century, as any one may see who will read over the Critic, published nearly fifty years ago. The suppression of lotteries has in fact very much diminished the quantum of this offence, and even the asserted augmentation and flagrancy of literary puffing is rather a change of form than any addition of substance. All publishers in their advertisements are in the habit of subjoining commendatory extracts to

the works announced, cited probably from reviews of their own dictation, or under their immediate influence, if indeed the encomium within inverted commas be not altogether quotations from their own heads—and this is held to be an allowable practice; but if the paragraph in question be detached, and inserted separately, there is as furious an outcry against the offender as if he had committed high treason against the majesty of Paternoster Row. Truly this is a distinction without a difference, and I suspect that those who clamour against it are more jealous of its apprehended success, than scandalized at the offence itself. Even Sheridan has failed to notice one species of literary puff, from which the present era is happily exempt, and which may be termed the puff devout, if it might not with more propriety be designated the puff profane. It is that wherein a work is attempted to be sanctioned, and its circulation to be extended, by obtaining for it the imprimatur of Heaven, a daring act of irreverence, limited, I believe, to Lord Herbert of Cherbury. This nobleman having secret misgivings as to the propriety of publishing his work "De Veritate," since the whole frame of it differed from all former writings concerning the discovery of truth, wished to obtain a sign from heaven as to the course he should pursue; wherefore taking the work in his hands, and kneeling down, he devoutly besought some manifestation of the divine will. "I had no sooner spoken these words," says his lordship, "but a loud, though yet gentle noise, came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon I resolved to print my book." If this be not rather a miserable evidence of vanity and self-delusion, it is unquestionably the most audacious puff upon record.

There is one more species of puffing, scarcely more justifiable than the above, to which I shall only allude, in order to stigmatize it with reprobation, and to express deep regret that it should ever be resorted to by publishers who make the smallest claims to respectability. Sheridan thus admirably describes it in the Critic—"The puff collusive is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets. 'An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem, called Beelzebub's Cotillion, or Proserpine's Fête Champêtre, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read: the severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking; and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought up by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age.' Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth: first that nobody ought to read it; and secondly, that every body buys it; on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition before he has sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for scan-mag!"

If booksellers now-a-days do not venture to recommend their publications upon the ground of their indelicacy, they scruple not to attract readers, by openly setting forth the personality and scandalous nature of the work they are puffing, thus pandering to a vice which is the stigma and opprobrium of the day, adducing as a merit that which ought to condemn the book with every right-thinking and right-feeling reader, and perverting public morals by an unblushing substitution of wrong for right. "That's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in him that uses it. Oh, reform it altogether!"

THE PARISIAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.*

" ——— Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum."
HORACE EPIST.

THE English, in general, have a very incorrect idea of the Parisian Press, of its influence, and of the character of its editors; and I have often heard very able politicians speak of some Parisian journal in a manner so contrary to its real merit, that I conceive it to be very essential to truth to expose the system of the Parisian press; speaking impartially, avoiding exaggeration, and refraining from personalities as much as possible. But if my just criticism, instead of being useful to their future conduct, should excite in them the spirit of revenge, I advise them to beware, lest, to defend truth, I should be obliged to reveal secrets which are buried in the bottom of my heart, and which will there remain until my honour is compromised by their concealment; then they will know, but too late—

" Quod nos tela etiam, ferrumque haud debile dextra
Spargimus, et nostro sequitur de vulnere sanguis."
VIRGIL ÆNEID.

I shall divide the Parisian daily journals into four classes—*The Slave Ministerials, The Occasionally Ministerials, The Slave Opposition, The Occasionally Opposition.* The *Legitimist,* The *Bonapartist,* and the *Republican journals,* are comprised in the class of the slave opposition. The independent portion of the press will occupy but little space in this article.

The *morning papers* are—
The Moniteur Universel.
The Journal des Debats.
The Constitutionnel.
The National.
The Temps.
The Journal du Commerce.
The Nouveau Journal de Paris.
The Globe.
The Quotidienne.
The Courrier Français.
The Tribune.
The Echo de Paris.
Galignani's Messenger.

The *evening papers* are—
The Gazette de France.
The Messager des Chambres.
The Revolution.
The Courrier d'Europe.
The Stenographe.

The small theatrical journals, such as the Figaro, &c. form no part of the present subject.

The Moniteur Universel is the French official journal; it is printed by the government, and, of course, its composition is most insipid, and most insignificant. This paper was established after the first revolution of France, and has since served, without exception, all the rulers of the French dominions. M. Sauvo is its acknowledged nominal editor; but its real editor is always the first secretary of the minister of the interior. The columns of this paper are open to all the *paid defenders* of the reigning administration; and at present M. Barthe, the minister of justice, often inserts in it long elaborate articles in favour of his colleagues. Facts have been so repeatedly misrepresented in this journal, that it is fallen into the greatest discredit; and for this reason is styled by the public, instead of Le Moniteur Universel, *Le Menteur Universel.*

* We have been favoured with this communication by a foreigner of high rank, and give it in his own language. [Ed.

The Journal des Debats is one of the best written and the best arranged journals of Paris. Its political principles are purely aristocratical; and its editors have always been of the Bourbon party, and sham constitutionalists. When Polignac came into administration, Bertin de Veaux, its principal editor, became all of a sudden of the opposition, and concurred with the other journals in overthrowing the prince's power. But when the fatal ordinances of Charles X. appeared, the Journal des Debats would not sign with the other journals the protestation of illegality; and having made its submission to Peyronnet, obtained the license to continue its publication. After the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons, this paper became the champion of the family of Orleans, and has done, and still does, all in its power to render Louis Philippe as little democratical as it is possible. The most renowned members of the *juste milieu* fill the columns of this journal with their lucubrations; and one may easily perceive those that belong to Guizot and Dupin, and those that have been written by Sebastiani, Thiers, Villemain, and other partisans of Perier. I must, however, say, that the Journal des Debats gives often the best foreign information; that morals, decorum, and delicacy, are always observed; and that an article of this paper will produce a greater sensation on the public than articles of any other journal of Paris.

The Constitutionnel, which has long been, and is still considered by many foreigners *the political arm* of the French press, has at present very little influence on the enlightened portion of the French nation. It owes its celebrity and circulation to its early appearance as an opposition paper soon after the restoration of the Bourbons, and to the gorgeous title of *Constitutionnel*. Its object is rather a commercial than a political one; for it is the property of a few individuals, the greater part of whom have no other interest at heart than to get money. This is the reason why the Constitutionnel has no fixed principles, and is sometimes ultra ministerial, and at other times as much the reverse; for whenever one of the proprietors has been denied a favour, or a sinecure, by a minister, for any of his protégés, it is to be expected that a rude attack will be made against the administration; but it will cease the day the demanded favour has been granted. This stratagem is so well known in Paris, that when such a change takes place, it is a common saying—"Le Constitutionnel est faché; on lui a refusé quelque chose." I must however add, that among the fifteen share-holders of this paper, there are two honest and truly independent writers, who for a very long time have not participated in its management; and one of them has also attacked the professed principles of the Constitutionnel, addressing letters to the National and other journals, to acquaint the public of his being quite a stranger to the system of politics adopted by his co-proprietors. By so doing he obtained a sensible amelioration in the political editorship of the Constitutionnel, and has been appointed chief conductor of it about a month ago. Every one is therefore now more satisfied with its articles. As for foreign news, this paper contains good interest; but not seldom its accounts are much exaggerated, and sometimes officially contradicted.

The Courrier Français, established in 1818, has distinguished itself by its constant opposition to all the administrations of the restoration, and by its repeated attacks against the despotism of the *mock constitutional power* of the Bourbons. Often its editors incurred the severity of

the king's attorney-general, and of the judges, literally at the disposition of the government; and twice not only its editors were prosecuted, tried, and condemned to fine and imprisonment, but the publication itself, by an extraordinary interpretation of the constitution, was suppressed for two months.

However, on its re-appearance, the Courrier Français recommenced with increased force its opposition, and soon became very popular all over France. The eloquent Foy, Benjamin Constant, Girardin, Lamarque, De Tracy, and the most celebrated members of the opposition, in order to remunerate the zeal and perseverance of this journal, filled its columns with their articles, and from this epoch its influence and circulation increased with astonishing progress.

Notwithstanding the powerful aid of so many literary and political contributors, one of the editors, in order to maintain the independence of the Courrier Français, and pay the continual fines which were imposed month after month by the corrupted judges, sacrificed his entire fortune, and for several years was reduced to subsist upon the emoluments derived from his employment as editor. Although Richelieu, Decazes, Villele, Martignac, and Polignac, did always all in their power, first to ruin the Courrier Français, and afterwards to bribe its editors, their intrigues had no success; and to the last day of the restoration, this journal lost no opportunity of exposing any fault of the government, or of censuring the least act of arbitrary power; and as often these attacks were corroborated by facts, they excited public indignation, and prepared the struggle of the late revolution of 1830. During, and after this epoch, the editors of the Courrier Français have constantly distinguished themselves for their personal courage, their independence, and their active co-operation in restoring order and tranquillity.

Under Louis Philippe, they have kept themselves at a dignified distance from the Palais Royal, and thus have avoided to fall in the snares of the court, and have been forgotten by their ancient friends in the distribution of *places* and *honours*.

From what I have just mentioned, it may be easily perceived that the Courrier Français is one of the best opposition papers of Paris; but it must be allowed, that sometimes its opposition is too violent, and that personal animosity often occasions some ungenerous attack against the government, and, consequently, an indirect appeal to the *mobility* of the lower classes, encouraging them to use their numerical wisdom and preponderance. However, when in any popular movements the general welfare of the nation is at stake, the Courrier Français, fully aware of its influence on the minds of the people, always enforces order and forbearance, and certainly more than once the government have felt the benefit of it.

As for its principles, no one can exactly say to whose party the Courrier Français belongs; but it is certainly liberal, and much inclined to Bonapartism, with republican institutions.

The National owes its origin to a dissident member of the Constitutionnel, the present much renowned M. Thiers, the champion of Casimir Perier. This historiographer having been humiliated in his pride by the refusal of his co-proprietors to allow him to become one of the chief conductors, gave up his share, and established the National in opposition to the Constitutionnel. This paper, in the beginning of its opposition, published some very strong articles against the administra-

tion of Polignac; its editor was tried and condemned, and, it must be said, the prophecy which it contained with regard to the eldest branch of Bourbon, was fully accomplished by the ordinances of Charles X., and by the late revolution, during which the National gave proofs of courage and character. But on the 29th of July, while all the walls of Paris were covered with placards—"No more Bourbons,"—M. Thiers, who had had an interview with the Duke of Orleans and with M. Lafitte, published a small paper in favour of the present King of France, representing him as a revolutionary general, and as a great friend of the national independence and of the freedom of the French nation. Thousands of these papers were given in the Faubourgs, and thus the multitude began to think and speak of the Duke of Orleans, and then the members of the Provisional Government prevailed on Lafayette, and Louis Philippe was proclaimed "The Provisional Lieutenant-General of France!" About this important affair strange rumours were spread; some said that M. Thiers received for this service a very great sum of money; others insisted that he did it only because the Duke of Orleans had been generous to him during the restoration; certain it is, that as soon as Louis Philippe was elected King of the French, this journalist became a counsellor of state, had all the places he demanded, and is now considered as the favourite of the reigning dynasty; and what is truly extraordinary, since M. Lafitte has lost his influence at court, M. Thiers, who owes all he possesses to the ex-banker's generosity and friendship, has forgotten the past, and is become one of his opponents. For what regards the National, the ancient colleagues of Thiers would not change their principles, and are still working hard in opposition to the system of the administration of Perier; but their opposition is often too virulent, and their attacks are sometimes very unconstitutional. Nevertheless, the National is a well-conducted paper, its principles are truly based on the honour, independence, and freedom of France, and its influence is very great with the enlightened portion of the nation, and particularly with all classes of students in France.

The Temps is a journal of the fashionable world, and consequently has no fixed principles of its own. It was established about three years ago, under the auspices, and with the funds of seventy-one opposition members of the Chamber of the Deputies, of whom several filled its columns with their articles. The editor is well known all over France for his cunning and abilities in similar enterprises, and is a man perfectly fit to direct the material part of a journal. His private character is not highly honourable, and his conduct in former political and commercial transactions has incurred the just reproaches of all those who know him. For under the administration of M. de Villele, being the editor of the *Tablettes Universelles*, without the permission of the proprietors, he sold them to government, and left Paris in a great hurry, to escape from the prosecution of those who had been defrauded by such a scandalous transaction. However, with regard to the present publication, he seems to meet with the approbation of his constituents, and the circulation of the Temps increases. At the epoch of the late French revolution, the editor of this paper gave undeniable proofs of his personal courage, opposed himself most bravely to the brutal force of the gendarmes, who went, by the order of Mangin, to seize and destroy his printing-office. He succeeded in concealing some presses, and during *the three glorious days* was very active in publishing, and circulating

among the people and the army, articles fit to excite great courage in the former, and desertion in the latter. It must be allowed that he strongly contributed to promote the success of the insurrection, and the triumph of the popular party. When the new government of Louis Philippe was established, the Temps by degrees became the partisan of the *juste milieu*, and the champion of the Guizottine administration. At the resignation of Lafitte and Merilhou, Casimir Perier, the intimate friend of Guizot and Dupin, was chosen to succeed the former, and, it may be said, that he became the *seven ministers of France*, as his colleagues are bound to his tyrannical control. Since Perier reigns over Louis Philippe and his subjects,* the Temps militates in his favour; but now and then Sebastiani is rudely attacked, and his expulsion is strongly recommended. This must be attributed to the private animosity of a writer to whom Sebastiani has not granted a demanded consulship. This journal exercises no great influence on the public in general; but its articles have much power over the principal agents of the administration, and are not disguised by those friends of the new king. Klaproth, the well-known master of several *unknown tongues*, is the conductor of the foreign department of the Temps.

The Journal du Commerce was chiefly established for the amelioration and welfare of commerce, and the best French economists contributed to its publication. For a very long time it has been of great service to commercial men. Politics were not the main object of this publication; but no subject of importance on this point was ever neglected. Since the revolution of 1830, the editors of this journal have shewn great personal independence; for they have neither demanded, nor obtained any favour, or places. Very little of all that has been done by the different administrations of Louis Philippe has been approved by the Journal du Commerce; it is for the movement party, and strongly co-operates in forwarding the popular interests. Such is the prudent manner which the editors have adopted in attacking all the past and present ministers, that their journal has never been compromised, and it is, perhaps, the only opposition paper which, since the late revolution, has not been prosecuted by the king's attorney-general.

The Nouveau Journal de Paris is the most scandalous ministerial paper of Paris, and it is truly despicable. Voltaire was very right in saying—"Il y a une certaine fatalité attachée à certains noms." For the old Journal de Paris, by selling its independence and its opinions to M. de Villele, disgraced all those who had had any thing to do with its publication; and the Nouveau Journal de Paris has done still worse; for after having been for some time one of the warmest defenders of popular rights and national independence, it has sold itself to Casimir Perier, and to the nabobs of Louis Philippe. Such is the submission of this paper, that not one article, nay, not one word, can be inserted in its columns unless it has first been approved of both by the secretary of Perier, and by the appointed censors of Louis Philippe. *Ab uno disce omnes.* The Journal de Paris has fallen into such contempt, that although it is dispatched *gratis* to several places, no one takes the pains to peruse it; but all the public authorities dependent on the ministers,

* Now Casimir Perier, and his successors, may reign over the King of the French, if they can, but as for his subjects it is impossible, since it has been proved before the Chamber of Deputies, that *the French are no longer subjects of the King of the French!!!*

have been, and are obliged to take in this paper for the welfare and conversion of their subalterns.

The Quotidienne is a true jesuitico-aristocratical journal, but it often combats under the standard of Bonapartism and Republicanism, for the purpose of embarrassing and overthrowing, if possible, the present state of things in France. Its influence is immense in the south and west provinces, and particularly with the nobility, the clergy, and all the partisans of absolute monarchy. The Quotidienne is conducted with the greatest ability, and some of its articles, written against the existing government, are very interesting, and standing on facts and logical principles, produce a great sensation on the public in general. It is for this reason that all the ministers who have been in power since the revolution of July, have been very sanguine in prosecuting the Quotidienne, whose editor, M. de Brian, has repeatedly been tried, and condemned to imprisonment and fine, and is still to be confined for more than another year. But neither the assiduities of the attorney-general, nor the severities of the jury, have yet deterred the editor from persevering to attack the dynasty of Orleans, and all the consequences of the revolution. It is very remarkable that, notwithstanding this paper is of the most daring opposition, it often contains, before any ministerial journal does, very important and interesting information, which can only be known to persons who approach the king, and must be in the most intimate acquaintance of the ministers. This seems to me to be a convincing proof that some of the faithful servants of Louis Philippe are still inclined *servire Deo et Mammonæ.*

The Tribune is a journal which forwards more than any other Parisian paper the movement party and the republican system. Its writers and editors are almost all young men belonging to the secret societies of France. M. Marrast, one of them, took a very active part in the late revolution, and is one of the most violent members of the society of the *Amis du Peuple,* and makes in this journal a continual personal war on Casimir Perier and all the champions of the *juste milieu.* His historical narration of the political transactions of *the three glorious days of July* has produced a great sensation on the public, and has exposed in a clear light the duplicity and cunningness of many mock patriots, especially of Casimir Perier. It is to be remarked that what he has advanced has never been contradicted, either directly or indirectly, by the partisans of Perier. The Tribune is much esteemed by all the students of France, and exercises a very great influence on the lower classes of the population of Paris. "The patriot king," and his most intimate friends, are often personally attacked in this paper, and by written documents and historical facts, they are exposed as opposed to the principles of the present state of things. It is on these grounds that the Tribune has been *twenty-eight times* seized, and its editors brought before the jury. But notwithstanding all the endeavours of the king's attorney-general in all the tyrannical trials, they have only *twice* been found guilty of libel. There is no rumour circulated either on the exchange, or in the public, which can injure the dynasty of Orleans, or the ministry, that is not inserted directly in the columns of this journal, and soon is known to all the lower classes of Paris.

The Globe was founded about ten years ago by M. Dubois, a very clever, and very studious gentleman, and for a long time has been the best French scientific, philosophical, and literary journal. All the per-

sons who supported his management were well known for their liberal principles, and the learned public perused their publication with great interest and profit. In 1830, under the impolitic administration of Polignac, the Globe became a political paper; and in its first number it contained an article so hostile, and so historically true, against the Bourbons, that it was immediately seized, and its author and editor, M. Dubois, was tried and condemned. When the revolution of July arrived, M. Dubois was still confined. For the first three months after the new era of France, the Globe continued in its system of opposition, and always defended the sovereignty of the people. But towards the end of 1830, this paper became the journal of the well known religion of Saint Simon, and since that period it is entirely devoted to promote and defend this new sect. It must be allowed that some members of this incomprehensible doctrine are men of great abilities, and very eloquent; but, in spite of their endeavours, in July last, the number of their congregation had not yet amounted to a hundred. The Globe, therefore, having become the property of a sect, does not belong to the public press, and has no influence on the people. Whenever, out of curiosity, any person takes the pains to peruse this publication, disgust, generally, or a stronger sensation, is the consequence.

I have always thought the writers of the Globe as persons who are deranged; and I have formed this opinion, lest I should be obliged to think that they are impostors and rogues.

The Echo de Paris is a mere recapitulation of all the Parisian morning journals, and it is published every day at eleven o'clock; but as no body is influenced directly by the Echo de Paris, I think I have already spoken enough of it.

Galignani's Messenger is an English and French *mélange*. It contains political articles, extracted from the English and French journals, but with so little care and skill, that it is truly astonishing to see that it still has a great circulation. A good English paper, in my opinion, could not fail to repay an intelligent speculator.

The Messager des Chambres is an evening journal, and owes its origin to the administration of Martignac, for it was established to defend its system. When its patrons were expelled from the ministry by Polignac, the Messager attacked continually, and strongly, the new administration; and with the revolution of July it became again ministerial, and has been ever since the most servile defender of the system of Perier and Guizot.

The Gazette de France is the best conducted evening paper, and may be considered as the greatest enemy of the dynasty of Orleans, and of the revolution of July, for its attacks are constitutional, and founded on the faults of the present government. Its circulation is immense throughout France and the continent; and its principles are in favour of legitimacy. The principal writers of the Gazette de France are not, as one would think, illiberal; but they defend, to gain money, any system; and when they meet any writer of the National or of the Tribune, they do not deny that they defend *a bad cause*, and against their own conscience.

The Stenographe has been lately established by some young reporters of the morning journals; it is published in a corridor of the Chamber of Deputies when the house is sitting, and is of the *juste milieu*; but exercises no influence, and often reports the most absurd foreign news.

The Courrier d'Europe has been founded by the partisans of Henry V., and is conducted with much ability. The celebrated lawyer, Berriyer, writes daily in this journal; and his articles, under the cloak of nationality and justice, are subversive of the principles on which stands the present government of France. Its influence and circulation are great in the south and west provinces; and there is scarcely a curate or a priest that does not promote the welfare of the Courrier d'Europe.

The Revolution is the most violent Parisian journal, and, faithful to its title, it is continually advocating the revolutionary party, and exciting the lower classes to assert their rights by general assemblies. Like the Tribune, it carries on a personal war against Louis Philippe and all his ministers by relentless attacks. The famous Republican Bonapartist, Lennox, fills often its columns with his projects, and letters addressed to the king and the nation; and under the mask of the national dignity and common welfare, does all in his power to overthrow the dynasty of Orleans, and to promote the interest of young Napoleon. But the attorney-general is indefatigable in ordering to seize, and prosecute this journal; and the editors have often been tried, and condemned to prison and fine. This, however, has not deterred the young writers of the Revolution, and they continue, with increased animosity, to embarrass the existing government, and to create disaffection in the population.

Now that I have given an idea of the Parisian press, and of the spirit that animates its editors and writers, I think that the English may form their own opinion as to its influence on the public. They will perceive the present order of things is tottering, and that soon there must be a great change in France. Will it be Republican, or a third Restoration?

P.S. Since this article was composed, two other new journals have appeared in the French capital. They are *The Patriot* and *The Mouvement*; and both of them, from their first appearance, have declared a systematical opposition to the *juste milieu*. The Patriot is edited under the immediate direction and control of M. Mauguin, one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies, and one of the best *jurisconsult* and statesmen of France.

The Mouvement has been established by General Dubourg, the only officer of rank who, from the first day of the revolution of 1830, declared himself for the popular party, and who contributed very much to the triumph of the citizens, and to the tranquillity of the metropolis. But a few days after the victory, he was disgraced by those who had got into power by cunningness and baseness, and since that period has been six times arrested under suspicion of Republicanism and Bonapartism. However, after having been each time arbitrarily confined for five or six weeks, he has always been restored to liberty without appearing before the jury. From the above statement, the reader will easily perceive that this journal has no mercy for the existing government of France.

RIVERS!

RIVERS!! How many delightful recollections; how many fine associations; how many splendid visions are called up by this word! The glory and riches of empires are linked with it, as well as all that is beautiful or picturesque in nature; but it is my intention at present to take up the subject in a matter-of-fact way, and to write a plain explanatory paper—not a rhapsody. There is no word perhaps to which so great a latitude of meaning is allowed as this word river. The garden of an acre, and the garden of a rood, have common features: they are both gardens; only the one is a little, the other a big garden. The mountain of four thousand, and the mountain of twelve thousand feet, differ in sublimity; but they have a thousand points of resemblance—they are both called mountains, and nobody sees any thing absurd in the designation. But where shall we find any similitude between the mighty flood of the Amazons, and the sparkling stream that bounds our garden, or winds through our lawn? Yet, they are both called rivers; the term is applied indiscriminately to the wide waters of the new world, and to the trouting streams of our English counties—to the vast expanse that embraces the rising and the setting of the sun, and to the insignificant current that may be diverted to turn a mill-wheel. There is evidently nothing in common with these, excepting that they are both running water; and yet, I fear, there is no mode of distinguishing and duly settling the claims of running water, unless by prefixing augmentatives or diminutives to the word river.

I would make the following classification:—First come the *mighty* rivers. These are the rivers of South America—the Amazons, the La Plata, the Oronooko. Then follow the *great* rivers—a more numerous class—the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile and Niger, and some others; but none of this class are to be found in the continent of Europe, which supplies the third *grade:* these I would designate the *large* rivers; for great and large are not entirely synonymous; and, to most minds, the term *great* river, and *large* river, will present a distinct image. The lower we descend in the scale, the more numerous do we find the species. The continent of Europe abounds with examples of the third class—such as the Rhine, the Danube, the Rhone, the Elbe, the Tagus, the Ebro, the Guadalquivir. The fourth class is still more numerous; and of this class, which I would call *considerable* rivers, we may find examples at home. Father Thames takes the lead, and the Severn, and perhaps the Trent, the Clyde, the Tweed, the Tyne, and the Tay, may be entitled to the same distinction. Abroad, it would be easy to name a hundred such; let me content myself with naming the Loire, the Meuse, the Soane, the Garonne, the Adige, and the Maine. Fifthly, come the *small* rivers. Multitudinous they are, and not to be enumerated in the compass of a magazine; but, as examples, I may name the Wye, the Dart, the Derwent, the Dee, the Aire, the Spey, the Ex, and a thousand such; while on the continent, of the same class, may be mentioned the Gave, the Seine, the Reuss, or the Sambre. The word river can no longer be employed. Now come the family of *streams*—nameless, unless to those who live upon their banks; then follow *rivulets;* and lastly, we close the enumeration with *rills.*

With each of these classes our associations are in some degree dif-

ferent. With the mighty river we have no distinct association; all is vague and indefinite. We know that they flow through vast unpeopled solitudes; and our only image is a joyless waste of waters flowing in vain. Our associations with the *great* river are less depressing, and somewhat more defined; the sun rises on one bank and sets on another. We have a vision of cities, and even of commerce; but with these associations of life many dreary ones are mingled. African deserts; American forests; flocks of buffaloes; the solitary lion slaking his thirst; or the great river-horse walking by the shore. How different are the associations—now, indeed, recollections—called up by the third class. We see the large river rolling its ample flood through cultivated plains, watering them into fertility and abundance; and images of life and utility are vividly present with us. Our associations with the fourth class are similar, but more varied, and more defined. These lie nearer home; and with the ample stream of the Thames, the Clyde, or the Garonne, are presented a thousand images of cheerfulness and activity, the very opposite of those which were associated with the mighty rivers of the New World, giving no token of man or his works. Again, our associations change at the recollection of the next class. We have to do with nature rather than art; utility is confined to the turning of the mill-wheel, or the irrigation of the meadow. The small river cannot bear upon its bosom the commerce of kingdoms, but it is familiar with the charms of nature; it visits by turns the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful; and our associations are with these: we see effect added to the wild and desolate; grace, to the gentle and pastoral. And now we come to the family of streams—the rifest of all in pleasing associations, and gentle and endearing recollections. For who is there that has not passed a day—a long summer day—upon the banks of a clear brawling stream? And who is there that does not associate with it a thousand images of simple rural life, and a thousand scenes of quiet delight? The heart of an angler "leaps up" at the recollection; he sees the green pastoral slope before him, and he knows that at the foot of it runs the trouting stream; he quickens his pace, unscrewing his rod as he walks on; and now he sees the clear, yet dark-coloured water tempting him forward, with all its eddies, and dimples, and little rapids, and noise and bustle. But it is not the angler only to whom the stream recals pleasant and endearing recollections; he is but an indifferent worshipper of nature, who cannot wander the live-long day by the margin of a stream, without a rod. But the *rivulet* and the *rill* yet remain to be noticed; and with each of these our associations are somewhat different. Rivulet—

Free rover of the hills, pray tell me now
The chances of thy journey, since first thou,
From thy deep prisoned well, away didst break,
A solitary pilgrimage to take.
Among the quiet valleys, I do ween
Thou with the daisied tufts of tender green,
Hast loving lingered; didst thou not awake
With thy soft kiss, the hare-bell bending low,
Stealing her nectar from the wild bee's wooing?
And thou hast toyed (though thou wilt tell me, no)
With many a modest violet, that looks
Into thy glassy pools in secret nooks.
Come, tell me, rover, all thou hast been doing!

As for the rill, the tiny tinkling rill, our associations are of the simplest, gentlest character—far-up valleys, heaths, and mosses; and that music—

> "The noise as of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Beauty of scenery is almost, though not altogether, in an inverse ratio to the magnitude of the river. Scenery is evidently out of the question with rivers, whose banks cannot be distinctly seen from the centre of the stream. The next two classes—great and large rivers—do not certainly offer so great attractions as the fourth and fifth classes. The scenery of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, is sufficiently celebrated; but at the hazard of appearing singular I will venture an opinion, that the scenery of the Upper Rhine, the Upper Rhone, and the Upper Danube, is more beautiful than it is lower down. The banks of the Rhine, from Schaffhausen to Cologne, may be more gigantic, and possessed of stronger features, but it is certainly less varied, and, as it seems to me, less interesting than between Schaffhausen and its source. The banks of the Rhine, too, between Geneva and Lyons, are much more beautiful than between Lyons and Avignon. The same may be said of all large rivers—of the Danube, which is more interesting above than below Vienna; or the Guadalquivir, which loses below Seville all the attractions it possessed between Seville and Cordova. And the reason is obvious. A river does not become large until it descends into the plains; and it is not among plains that we must look for fine scenery. It is among small rivers, or the beginnings of great rivers, when they too are small, that we must go to feast with nature. The Gave, the Reuss, the Wye, the Dee, or the Spey, will satisfy the most extravagant expectations of the most ardent worshipper; and many, too, of the insignificant streams, nay, even nameless rivulets, will conduct the traveller among scenes of surpassing beauty. Among the Pyrenees, among the Bavarian Alps, and in the Tyrol, I have often been led by such companions among the most majestic scenes that nature offers to the contemplation of man.

It has often been a question with me, whether it is more agreeable to journey up or down a stream. In journeying down, there is certainly more companionship, for we are fellow-travellers; and there is no small pleasure in seeing our companion, for whom we naturally acquire a kind of affection, growing daily bigger, receiving the contributions that pour into it, and, as it were, making its way in the world. But, on the other hand, if, in journeying upward, the stream be less our companion, in as much as it is ever running away from us, this is balanced by other advantages. There is still a fonder feeling engendered by going back with it to its infancy, and tracing it to those small beginnings, from which, like many other great things, it must ascribe its origin. Gradually we perceive its volume diminishing; now we may wade across it; now, leap over it; now, we are able to bestride it; and, lastly, we stoop down, and drink from the spring.

This naturally leads me to speak of the sources of rivers. "Throwing my shoes off," says Bruce, in his travels to the source of the Nile, "I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick

grown over with flowers. I after this came to the island of green turf, which was in form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at this moment." This rapture was perhaps foolish, but it was natural; and even those who cannot, like Bruce, boast of having accomplished that which has baffled the inquiry and industry of both ancients and moderns, will yet admit, that there is a peculiar pleasure—a pleasure, perhaps *per se*—in reaching the source of any well-known river. This may partly arise from the consciousness of having overcome difficulty; for to reach the sources of any of the greater rivers some difficulties are to be vanquished; and it may also be in part attributed to the many associations that are instantly awakened, as following the tiny rill with our eye, imagination continues to accompany it in its long and victorious course, fertilizing empires, enriching cities, and carrying the products of industry to the remotest parts of the habitable world.

The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the Western Hemisphere, or even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man hath never yet wandered; what appearances of nature may preside over their birth we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of Bruce that the source of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European continent are many of them well known; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain; the large rivers have not one, but many sources; and, as the source *par excellence*, we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the line of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller rivers. Of these, I may mention the Soane, the Gave, and the Sourgue—the two latter especially. The Gave rises in the magnificent amphitheatre of Marboré; and the Sourgue bursts at once, an imposing torrent, from the immortal fountain of Vaucluse.

Different, very different, are the associations called up to different minds, by the contemplation of a river's source. The utilitarian would most rejoice to stand by the spring from which swells forth the Ohio or Mississippi of the Western Hemisphere, destined to carry the riches of one world to contribute to the wants and luxuries of another; or he would rejoice, like Bruce, to stand beside the sources of the Nile, appointed by its inundations to fructify lands, that, without it, would be deserts; or place at the source of the Rhine the utilitarian, the historian, the novelist, and the simple lover of nature, and the thoughts of each would run in a different channel. The utilitarian would see in it a mighty artery, carrying on the circulation between Western Germany, the Netherlands, Holland, and the rest of the world; the historian would recal to his memory the epochs in which the Rhine has been the

barrier to conquests, the scene of warfare, or the object of treaties; the novelist would see only the grey ruins of the baronial castles that frown upon its heights, and would recollect only the feuds of feudal times, and the legends that tell the achievements of chivalry, or the triumphs of love: while the lover of nature would see but a rich assemblage of images; a blending of nature with art; woods, rocks, and cataracts; and the noble stream gliding away, beautiful, if even it bore upon its bosom no token of industry—and interesting, even if a battle had never been fought upon its banks—or if its time-worn castles had never been built for any other purpose than to adorn the landscape.

I.

THE CURRENCY AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Believing that the question of the currency—though now almost buried in oblivion—is yet the one important subject for the consideration of all who view with dismay the calamitous condition of the country, we propose, in the following remarks, to turn aside from the warring ranks of Reform, to exhibit the fatal consequences of that unjust, unnecessary, and violent alteration in our circulating medium which has brought on the present melancholy stagnation of our trade; from which has resulted the hunger, nakedness, and disaffection of the working classes; with all that train of ills, the hourly accumulating weight of which now threatens to hurl this monarchy to the ground.

To exhibit a full view of the present condition of our affairs, we must return and re-examine the track which we have travelled since the days of "Prosperity Robinson;" that short gleam of sunshine in the wilderness of war, when all was joy through the tents of Israel, and the nation, like an overloaded camel, appeared to have arrived at last at a well, and a green spot. Suddenly the scene was overcast again, and the panic ensued. We propose, then, to shew that this panic was produced by bad legislation; that the subsequent one pound note act—though intended as a remedy—was an aggravation of that great national calamity, and that, if it be not now speedily repealed, that favourite and never-failing political recourse, "the hand of Providence," can alone save this country from universal ruin, despair, and civil war.

This glorious and beautiful scene, exhibited by the country during the administration of Robinson, has been called a prosperity of paper; and so it certainly was, for a prosperity of paper is a prosperity of national credit. It was a prosperity of flourishing manufactures, agriculture, and foreign trade; it was a prosperity of improving towns, roads, and public institutions; it was a prosperity of increasing wages, blankets, and household furniture, and of decreasing crime and poor rate. Suddenly all these blessings were swept away by that tyrant of the commercial world—the Bank of England; for the panic was occasioned by a most capricious, unjust, and arbitrary contraction of its issues, when our most substantial merchants, manufacturers, and provincial bankers, were suddenly and treacherously consigned to beggary and oblivion. But, notwithstanding the heavy blow thus inflicted on the nation by the overgrown power of the Bank of England, our trade would soon have revived again, owing to the vast accumulation of capital and stamina made during even that short period of prosperity in

a country possessed of such vast capabilities as this; if the whole commercial fabric of the nation had not been shaken by the fatal one pound note act—a measure which has perpetuated the miseries of the panic—which has starved despairing thousands, and brought England and Ireland to the verge of rebellion.

For it is apparent that the bankers are the supporters and Corinthian pillars of trade, and that a paper circulation is the essence, profit, and credit of the business of a banker's transactions of loan—discount and deposit being peculiarly liable to hazard—whilst the profit upon notes in circulation is certain and unfailing. It is equally clear that the five pound notes, still permitted to be received by the public, are useless to that class of society who deal in labour, there being an indispensable necessity for something smaller to change them with; and, since the small notes have been forcibly withdrawn by law, the whole paper circulation of the kingdom has been at once swept away, and the banks, restricted to unprofitable gold, can no longer grant the public that accommodation from which they are debarred themselves.

We propose, to examine first the justice of thus passing a law for the purpose of destroying the business of a banker, and, afterwards, the expediency of this extraordinary measure.

A banker is a dealer in money; he possesses the common right of all other traders to take and to give credit; he has a right to issue all the notes which the public will voluntarily take; and his own judgment, self-interest, and local knowledge, will regulate properly the amount of his issues, for the redemption of which his estate and mansion are at hazard. On the other hand, the public possesses the right, power, and opportunity to judge of the trustworthiness of the banker. Common principles of mutual self-interest thus operate throughout. If banks occasionally fail, so cotton spinners sometimes fail; a law prohibiting a banker from issuing less than five pound notes is an oppression similar to a law forbidding a baker from selling less than five loaves of bread, or a draper less than five yards of cloth, and it is entirely inconsistent with the freedom of trade, that the greatest trade of all, and that which governs and supports all others, should thus be fettered and destroyed.

But as few ministers of this country have ever consented to see the plain, secure, and easy methods of government, by following the common rules of natural justice, we will examine those motives of supposed expediency in which this fatal measure originated, and upon which it has been persevered in till chaos is well nigh come again. We appear to be destined to destruction by our false worship of the "golden calf." Our ministers will not learn the alphabet of political economy; they do not know that gold and silver possess no natural properties superior to paper, shells, or other convenient representatives of the various commodities of life; that specie cannot be eaten, worn, or administered as a drug; and that a paper circulation is superior to gold, as much as lighter commodity is more convenient than one heavier and more costly of transportation. No alarm need ever be entertained for an abundant supply of the precious metals in this country, for the rate of exchange is at all times in favour of England with every nation to which we trade, exclusive of the celestial empire; consequently bills upon our bankers are above par in foreign countries, and, by the amount of the premium, so much better than gold. The specie of such countries is thus at our entire command, and can all be brought to England in as short a time as

it would occupy to convey it; and when Lord Ellenborough laments that forty-five millions of gold have been exported to China in a period of eighteen years, he may be assured that that sum is a portion only of the amount brought to this country, in a similar time, from countries with which we have this favourable balance of trade; that this partial outlet of our specie produces no injury to this nation whatever; that abundance of gold will ever be in our power whilst we continue to export cloathing, tools, and blankets, to the people of France, Russia, and America; and that bullion committees, bank restrictions, and currency regulations, are mischievous follies in a nation possessed of our mines of coal and iron, a temperate climate, and patient, ingenious, and industrious people. That there is no deficiency of gold in this country is proved by that fatal declaration of the Duke of Wellington, that there were twenty-eight millions of sovereigns in the Bank of England; for this immense mass of gold might as well be all thrown down again into the mines of Mexico as lie buried in the vaults of the Bank. We want, then, an instrument for the dispersion of this gold, a service which the country bankers and the one pound notes effectually performed.

But it is advanced that London, Liverpool, and Manchester, possess no paper circulation, and, none being wanted in these cities, it is not required elsewhere. Here the reverse is the truth. London, Liverpool, and Manchester, from their advantages of situation, great capital, and other commercial and manufacturing advantages, have a balance of trade against the country, as England has against the nations; this brings in abundance of provincial gold upon the bankers in those cities, which, therefore, require no paper circulation; whereas the country bankers require a circulation of small notes as a counterbalance to the advantages of those cities. Consequently London, Manchester, and Liverpool, will absorb, at last, the whole metallic money of the nation—ruin will encompass first the distant portions of the empire—a deficiency of reaction in the suppression of the usual supply of commodities into the starving country will carry the misery to the cities, and over all the kingdom. The suppression of the small notes has produced the famine, fires, and insurrectionary movements in Ireland. This measure counteracted the good effects of Catholic emancipation; we gave the people of Ireland religious liberty, and took away their bread; we stopped the overflow of our superabundant capital into that impoverished country, and rendered it impossible for an exhausted, disorderly, and famishing people to pay their ancient rents, rates, and tithes, whilst this new extraordinary inroad upon their trade rendered money of double value, and unattainable to the mass of the people. Abroad, the consequences of this measure have been equally fatal. In the United States of America the low prices of the staple exports of that country—erroneously attributed to the operation of their Tariff—has almost dissevered the southern from the northern states of the Union; in the West Indies, the depreciation of the value of sugar, coffee, and rum, has aggravated to despair the distresses of the planter; and all nations are now so dependant upon our commercial policy, and so compelled to follow in the wake of England, that this violent alteration in our moneytary concerns has shaken and distracted the globe.

All these evils are said to be rendered necessary by the excess of speculations in preceding years. That many speculators arose during the season of the administration of Robinson is certainly true; that much

injury was sustained by their hollow operations is equally certain, and so there will ever be some portion of dishonesty and folly amalgamated with the vast and complicated transactions of a great commercial nation. But still the common principles of human self-interest will protect us sufficiently against the effects of speculation, for bankers do not usually give away their notes for nothing to these speculators: the speculators do not deliberately encounter ruin and a prison; our insolvent and bankruptcy laws are the only available defence against speculation, and since none are compelled to speculate, or to be speculated upon, it is apparent that the loss of property consequent upon such transactions is the proper punishment of voluntary folly.

But let us examine these speculations, and lay bare the imbecility of Robinson and the other ministers of that time. It has been shewn by the author of the "Wealth of Nations," in his consummate reasoning upon the subject of monopolies, that the only companies entitled to special incorporation are joint-stock banking companies, road companies, and fire and life insurance offices; those alone having these three requisites to be of great national utility, such as cannot be executed by private capital, and the affairs of which can be brought into a regular routine of management. This is founded upon the equal rights of all subjects in a free state, where the exemption from the usual severe liability to contracts and the other privileges of a joint-stock company ought only to be granted in return for some national advantage; besides that the operations of private self-interest are more beneficial to the whole community than the waste, irregularity, and fraud, which are found in all incorporated bodies. Now the various companies incorporated by Robinson were of no national utility—washing, milking, and mining can all be carried on by private individuals. These companies should have all been stopped in parliament; and if the Bank of England was induced to contract its issues by the mania for these speculations, still the panic, and the ruin of thousands, is much more directly at the door of those improvident ministers themselves. Thus legislative folly destroyed one of the most prosperous scenes of commerce ever known in England, when comfort reigned almost universally through the country; our wealth was overflowing upon every land, and Lord John Russell and Parliamentary Reform were neglected, forgotten, and unknown.

But the suppression of the paper currency has been persevered in by all succeeding ministers upon a principle of over-trading, over-production, and over-population—new terms in the art of government, which seem to have been borrowed from the Suetan or from Satan. Our own poor exhibit no superfluity of wages, clothes, or food; our gaols are crowded; Ireland is strewed with men expiring in the agonies of want; and we yet live under a government which in the midst of famine, fires, and rebellion, yet attributes our calamities to an over-production of the blessings of existence. A short time, indeed, will this monarchy endure if this diabolical policy be followed, and if our ministers do not speedily unlock the sluices of the stagnant pools of trade. The history of China presents a timely warning to these over-population ministers. That empire has seen twenty-two dynasties, each brought to the throne by a vast and bloody revolution, caused, says Montesquieu, by commercial restraints upon an industrious people in a populous empire. Their government discourages navigation and foreign trade; the cities are jealously guarded from commercial intercourse with strangers; sump-

tuary laws prevent the circulation of the money of the rich; and though China contains the wealth of half the nations, yet its masses of gold and silver lie accumulated, buried, and useless. Bread cannot be obtained by the people more than in the poorest country; travellers see the lower orders devouring offal and vermin; at length famine drives even that feeble race to despair, gang-robbery, and rebellion, and the throne is, of course, overturned. This is the inevitable order of events. In this small island these scenes of revolutionary violence will arrive too soon, for it is not in the power of human government to stay the increase of our race. Encompassed by the sea, we cannot fly beyond these sanguinary laws, and it is upon extensive continents alone, where abundance of land is open to a retiring population, that tyrants have existed who have laid their dominions waste. It is a temptation of their fate that our ministers should presume to stem the increase of mankind; our population has doubled since 1798, and, in defiance of human regulations, will continue to multiply with all the rapidity of progression; whilst emigration, cottage destruction, and transportation are but as drops subtracted from the sea. Under a just government there can be no surplus population in this country; wealthy, fertile, and secure at home, with the stores of all nations poured at our feet, and a superabundance, not of people, but of the blessings of existence. Give us but our natural rights of human intercourse and barter—abolish the monopoly of the trade in money by the Bank of England—abolish the monopoly of the trade in bread by the aristocracy in the corn laws, and the monopoly of the trade of half the world by the East India Company, and there is then a certain, plentiful, and unfailing provision in this country for five hundred millions of people, if so many could stand upon the island. Clear away these obstructions from the channels of trade, and the tide of population, however full, will then flow easily and usefully along. Indeed, no alternative remains, for the people of Israel will be strangled no more; there is a fiery pillar in the sky, and our ministers must retrace their fatal steps, or Pharaoh, and all his host, at last will be buried in waves of blood.

But it is the province of a counsellor not only to point to the errors apparent to us all, but to exhibit also their most speedy and effectual remedy.

The Bank of England, then, is at the head and front of our commercial dangers, and ought to be abolished. The Bank of England is a common joint-stock company—consisting of Mr. Horsley Palmer and his partners; men who have no more right than any other company of money-dealers to the rank, style, and title, of the Bank of England; for it is the magic of its name alone which enables this bank to monopolize the whole credit of the English nation—to create panics, and desolate the commerce of the kingdom. There is no necessity for any national bank in this country: the same amount of capital is in the kingdom—the trade in money should be allowed to flow in its natural channel, like the trade in corn, iron, wool, or other merchandize; and a national bank is no more required than a national tallow-chandlery, or a national bakehouse. Even retrenchment demands the immediate abolition of this charter: for the Bank of England receives annually two hundred and sixty thousand pounds for the management of the national debt; and as this enormous sum is the mere commission of the banker, we propose to remove the management of the national debt to some

cheaper money-house; for this business merely consists in taking the daily transfers of stock, and paying the quarterly dividends to the respective fundholders, in which the Bank of England incurs no hazard whatever—but, on the contrary, usually holds about four millions of the public money, received from the Customs, Excise, Post-office, and other branches of revenue—the Treasury being proved by the Report of the Finance Committee to be merely a piece of straw. This business, then, can be managed equally well by any other responsible banking-house; and if an advertisement were inserted in the newspapers, that upon a certain day, contracts for the annual management of the national debt, directed to the Speaker, would be opened in the House of Commons, it would probably be found that the bank of Coutts and Co. would undertake the management of the 3 per cents. for the sum of ten thousand pounds per annum; and Jones, Lloyd, and Co., or Baring and Brothers, the whole remainder of the stock, at a sum of four or five thousand pounds; for an immensity of business may be transacted for a certain sum of fifteen thousand pounds per annum, without any hazard whatever, and with the advantage of immense sums of the public money in hand. The interest upon the accumulating unclaimed dividends will alone pay this annual expense for management; and it cannot therefore be politic to continue gratuitously to present two hundred and sixty thousand pounds annually to Mr. Horsley Palmer and his partners in the Bank of England, whose whole original capital is only about fourteen millions—not greater than other banking concerns—but who, by plundering the revenue, have supported a mass of extravagance, forgery, and defalcations; maintained an immense nursery for clerks, patronage, and directors, and yet have been able to lend us back about twenty millions and a half of the public money. This twenty and a half millions may therefore be repaid by the new contractors for the management of the national debt, or the sum may continue to rank amongst the other stock, the Bank of England to receive the interest upon it, amongst other fundholders, from Coutts, Jones, or Drummond. It only remains for the parliament, in the ensuing session, upon the application for a renewal of the charter, to take away the name of the Bank of England, and substitute that of the Threadneedle-street Joint Stock Banking Company; and if Mr. Horsley Palmer and his partners cannot carry on their business under that name, and upon a level with the other bankers of the kingdom, it is then certain that the Bank of England is in a most desirable situation for being converted into a bazaar. Almost all our calamities have arisen from the dishonest privileges granted by law to the Bank of England; the authorized suspension of its payments in the specie, contracted to be paid upon the surface of its notes, was a violent, unjust, and arbitrary exercise of power, which led to infinite calamities at home, which for thirty years has involved us in senseless foreign wars, and rendered Europe one vast slaughter-house. The time, therefore, is providentially arrived for the destruction of this internal tyranny; and we shall be traitors to our children if, after the present session of parliament, a stone of the Bank of England remains upon a stone.

Having thus slain and dismembered this dragon of the commercial world, the repeal of the one pound note act, and of all other restrictions upon the trade in money, may with safety follow, and, indeed, the

repeal of the many restrictive laws upon our trade, is the only policy by which the future affairs of this country can now be carried on without vast and furious convulsions. All interference with our trade is needless, impolitic, and unjust; for commerce consists of an infinitude of small wheels, each best directed by the judgment, industry, and skill of individuals. These will always harmonize and combine into one self-regulating engine, which no ministry can ever adjust, but which all their measures inevitably tend to derange. Our whole commercial policy, monopolies, bounties, and prohibitory duties, are at variance with natural liberty, reason, and good policy; they all counteract themselves, waste millions of the public money, and disorganize the course of trade. The capital and labour of nations should be allowed to flow, without interruption, in the channels which nature opens peculiarly in all countries; for governments are not instituted to superintend the common transactions of the people; and it is a maxim given to us by Burke, that after the authorities have repressed violence and discountenanced fraud, the less that they interfere with the affairs of mankind the better. This is a just sentiment—it embodies the whole origin, objects, and duties of human government. In an enlightened condition of society, mankind require but little government at all; and to establish a pure administration of justice, and to defend the country from foreign invasion, is all that the public should usually yield to the powers that be. Freedom of person is only the half of liberty; free trade is included in the security of property, and without an unfettered right to pursue the course of commerce where we will, our freedom is a shadow. There is the liberty of conscience, the liberty of the press, and the liberty of trade. We ought to be determined upon real commercial liberty, because upon that all other liberty depends. A restrictive commercial policy has destroyed the commerce, wealth, and liberty of every great, prosperous, and powerful nation. Venice, Spain, and Holland, have all fallen beneath the weight of tyrannical restrictive chains, and destroying monopolies are fast hurrying England into the condition of the states of modern Italy; a land of palaces and of hovels—of nobles and of slaves. Self-preservation, therefore, requires that the government of England should no longer oppose an extension of commercial liberty; nor, with all our superabundance of the blessings of life, can we enjoy comfort or repose, till our ministers shall learn that their wisdom is folly, and that our legislation is the curse of the country.

Certain it is, that by a repeal of the one pound note act, and the abolition of the Bank of England, the government may soon mitigate the public misery, and render England once again a peaceful, a contented, and a loyal nation. This must be the work of a Reformed Parliament.

ELLISTON AND THE ASS'S HEAD.

ELLISTON was, in his day, the Napoleon of Drury-lane, but, like the conqueror at Austerlitz, he suffered his declensions, and the Surrey became to him a St. Helena. However, once an eagle always an eagle; and Robert William was no less aquiline in the day of adversity than in his palmy time of patent prosperity. He was born to carry things with a high hand, and he but fulfilled his destiny. The anecdote which we are about to relate, is one of the ten thousand instances of his lordly bearing. When, the season before last, "no effects" was written over the treasury-door of Covent-garden theatre, it will be remembered that several actors proffered their services *gratis*, in aid of the then humble, but now, arrogant and persecuting establishment. Among these patriots was Mr. T. P. Cooke—(it was just after his promotion to the honorary rank of Admiral of the Blue). The Covent-garden managers jumped at the offer of the actor, who was in due time announced as having, in the true play-bill style, "most generously volunteered his services for six nights!" Cooke was advertised for *William;* Elliston having "most generously lent [N.B. this was *not* put in the bill] his musical score of *Black-Eyed Susan*, together with the identical captains' coats, worn at a hundred-and-fifty court-martials at the Surrey Theatre!" Cooke—the score—the coats, were all accepted, and made the most of by the now prosecuting managers of Covent-garden, who cleared out of the said Cooke, score, and coats, one thousand pounds at half-price on the first six nights of their exhibition. This is a fact; nay, we have lately heard it stated that all the sum was specially banked, to be used in a future war against the minors. Cooke was then engaged for twelve more nights, at ten pounds per night—a hackney-coach bringing him each night, hot from the Surrey stage, where he had previously made bargemen weep, and thrown nursery-maids into convulsions. Well, time drove on, and Cooke drove into the country. Elliston, who was always classical, having a due veneration for that divine "creature," Shakspeare, announced, on the anniversary of the poet's birth-day, a representation of the Stratford Jubilee. The wardrobe was ransacked, the property-man was on the alert; and, after much preparation, every thing was in readiness for the imposing spectacle.—No! There was one thing forgotten—one important "property!" *Bottom* must be a "feature" in the procession, and there was no ass's head! It would not do for the acting manager to apologize for the absence of the head—no, *he* could not have the face to do it. A head must be procured! Every one was in doubt and trepidation, when hope sounded in the clarion-like voice of Robert William. "Ben!" exclaimed Elliston, "take pen, ink, and paper, and write as follows!" Ben (Mr. Benjamin Fairbrother, the late manager's most trusty secretary) sat, "all ear," and Elliston, with finger on nether lip, proceeded:—

"My dear Charles,

"I am about to represent, 'with entirely new dresses, scenery, and decorations,' the Stratford Jubilee, in honour of the sweet swan of Avon. My scene-painter is the finest artist (except your Grieve) in Europe—my tailor is no less a genius, and I lately raised the salary of my property-man. This will give you some idea of the capabilities of

the Surrey Theatre. However, in the hurry of "getting up," we have forgotten one property—every thing is well with us but our *Bottom*, and he wants a head. As it is too late to manufacture, not but that my property-man is the cleverest in the world (except the property-man of Covent-garden), can *you* lend me an ass's head, and believe me, my dear Charles,

"Your's ever truly,

"ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON."

"P.S. I had forgotten to acknowledge the return of the *Black-Eyed Susan* score, and coats. You were most welcome to them."

The letter was dispatched to Covent-garden Theatre, and in a brief time the bearer returned with the following answer :—

"MY DEAR ROBERT,

"It is with the most acute pain that I am compelled to refuse your trifling request. You are aware, my dear Sir, of the unfortunate situation of Covent-garden Theatre; it being at the present moment, with all the 'dresses, scenery, and decorations,' in the Court of Chancery, I cannot exercise that power which my friendship would dictate. I have spoken to Bartley, and he agrees with me (indeed, he always does), that I cannot lend you an ass's head—he is an authority on such a subject—without risking a reprimand from the Lord High Chancellor. Trusting to your generosity, and to your liberal construction of my refusal—and hoping that it will in no way interrupt that mutually cordial friendship that has ever subsisted between us,

"Believe me, ever your's,

"CHARLES KEMBLE."

"P.S. When I next see you advertised for *Rover*, I intend to leave myself out of the bill to come and see it."

Of course this letter did not remain long unanswered. Ben was again in requisition, and the following was the result of his labours :—

"DEAR CHARLES,

"I regret the situation of Covent-garden Theatre—I also, for your sake, deeply regret that the law does not permit you to send me the 'property' in question. I knew that law alone could prevent you; for were it not for the vigilance of Equity, such is my opinion of the management of Covent-garden, that I am convinced, if left to the dictates of its own judgment, it would be enabled to spare asses' heads, not to the Surrey alone, but to every theatre in Christendom.

"Your's ever truly,

"ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON."

"P.S. My wardrobe-keeper informs me that there are no less than seven buttons missing from the captains' coats. However, I have ordered their places to be instantaneously filled by others."

We entreat our readers not to receive the above as a squib of invention. We will not pledge ourselves that the letters are *verbatim* from the originals; but the loan of the Surrey music and coats to Covent-garden, with the refusal of Covent-garden's ass's head to the Surrey, is "true as holy writ."

A LEGEND OF THE EGEAN.

When Homer sung, there stood, on a promontory of the largest and most fruitful island in the Archipelago, a small temple, dedicated to Apollo. Thither did the shepherds and vine-dressers repair to hear the will of the just gods expounded by the sage Eobardus. No other priest nor priestess aided his ministry, yet he dwelt not alone. There was a maiden ever with him, trained to watch that the fire was not quenched on the altar, that the image of day's lord lacked not its offerings of hymns and garlands.

Now the islanders had but few themes for conjecture, yet, albeit, they knew nothing of Aphelia's birth, they dreamt not, while she was a child, of slandering Eobardus as her father; neither did they, when she became a woman, dare to doubt the sanctity of the tie which bound her to the servant of Sol. So innocent were these simple peasants; so charitably, peacefully good was their priest; so celestially pure the young and lovely Aphelia!

Her nymph-like form was fair as alabaster, her face well nigh as pale; yet her dark eyes floated in the dews of health; her black tresses shone with the lustre of youth; her elastic step was all airy grace and freedom. Gentle she was, and gay, yet proud, even to a sweet shyness, with all, save her revered instructor. She loved to listen as he related the histories of other lands, but most was she wrapped in that of her own. It was this:—

Their late king, Lysander, had two brothers. The youngest, Palemon, early left the court, and sought glory in arms. After some years he returned, the widowed father of a hopeful prince, but found that his sovereign, queen, and their infant, were no more; the people groaning beneath the yoke of the second brother, Thracius. Filled with dire misgivings, Palemon set forth for Delphos, where his great piety extorted from the oracle this sad truth: that the unnatural Thracius had secretly put the royal pair to death, and given over their child to a man pledged for its destruction. His subjects, apprized of this, instantly deposed him, and elected Palemon in his place; but he, having too mercifully banished, instead of executing or imprisoning his guilty brother, had been, for more than fifteen years, forced to wage war with him, even on their contested territory.

Eobardus and Aphelia knew not how soon the beauteous valley which lay beneath them might become the scene of bloodshed and desolation. Constantly did the maiden implore her protector that he would devote her to the god, believing, in her ignorance of evil, that the most savage passions must respect the sacred person of a priestess; but though Eobardus still kept her within the temple, he delayed her consecration. Long and oft did she kneel, praying Apollo to befriend the righteous cause, and defeat the fratricide, the traitor, the usurper, the foe to concord.

At last she was awakened by great shouts, and the shepherdesses came to her, saying—

"Sing, sing, oh Aphelia! and bid the worthy Eobardus exult; for, lo! Palemon, the avenger, and his brave son, Laurelius, have slain the tyrant, and dispersed his invading legions. Yea, there shall be peace in our isle, under an upright ruler. Praise be to Apollo, to Mars, and to Jove!"

Eobardus embraced his young charge with tears of holy transport; and the maiden said,—"Assuredly, father, it is now that I ought to make my vows in token of gratitude to Phœbus!"

"Aphelia," returned her monitor, "not so. It is now that thou mayest safely leave me."

"Leave thee, and live, my sire? It cannot be."

"Child of mine adoption, it must be; but mine eye will watch over thy roof; thou shalt see me day by day. It is time that thou shouldst think and act for thyself, acquiring those feminine and household arts of which, as yet, thou knowest nought. I am to bestow on thee a cottage, with a garden, a field, a vineyard, and a flock. The venerable Phrosyne, thy nurse, shall still attend thee. There thou wilt be at liberty to make friends of thy kind; shouldst thou love, consult me on thy choice, my daughter! for it is the will of higher powers that thou shouldst be the mother of warriors."

Behold, then, Aphelia, whose life had been hitherto so ethereal, cheerfully lending her small snowy hands to the tasks of a rustic. No hearth was so neat as her's. She spun, she gardened; she learnt to buy and sell. Her wine, her mead, were soon famed in the isle. Her economy, her bounty to the poor, endeared her to all hearts; and was there a dispute, of so temporal a nature that the peasants would have blushed at appealing to Eobardus, they carried their cause before his pupil, whose keen sense of right, and deep love of harmony, so obviously blended, that her decisions were sure to silence, if not to satisfy both parties; and young or old would whisper—"Aphelia is inspired!"

Yet her high thoughts and lonely musings interfered neither with her womanly duties, nor her child-like calm; though she said and did all things with an air so noble, she was so sincerely kind, so free from vanity or lightness, that the shepherdesses were not jealous of her, and even the swains she rejected remained her loving servants.

"Be as my brother, dear Alexis!" would she say, with an artless smile; "I will pray that Cupid may draw his arrow from thy breast, and heal the wound; but I cannot, my sweet friend, ask the young god to pierce my bosom for thy sake. Be as my brother."

It was early spring when she settled in her cottage; and after some months of prosperous labour, she bethought her, that, besides her due and daily service at the temple, it behoved her to thank Apollo in the very scene he had blest. So, one eve, just after sunset, she went alone to an open space, in a myrtle thicket by her dwelling, piled up a little altar of turf, laid on it some boughs of laurel, a piece of honeycomb, a bunch of grapes, then kindling it from her lamp, knelt down, and sung praises to the god of light.

It must have been a rare spectacle, that virgin in her fearless solitude. If the gross sylvans lurking near could there have dared to gaze and listen, they must have unlearnt the ill desires, by which they so oft profaned scenes no less fair, and weepingly have owned, what a hallowed thing is love when inspired by chastity!

So entranced was the maid, that, every now and then, she imagined the rich tones of a lyre filling up the pauses of her chaunt; but ere she could ask herself if this might be so, a heavy peal of thunder crashed over her head, and a dart of lightning paled the fires of her bloodless sacrifice. Aphelia started to her feet, crying bravely—

"How have I offended? What god is angry with me?"

"Oh, Aphelia!" murmured an exquisite voice near her, "the sight of beauty thus employed must needs be acceptable to Heaven!"

Again the maiden sunk on her knees, and bowed her forehead to the earth, she knew not why. As she did so, she felt as if fond arms were exerted to raise her; and the same delicious accents continued.

"But that thou canst fear, I would not call aught so lovely mortal. Look up, dear, pious maid! though a stranger, I am not an enemy; speak to me, Aphelia!"

Trembling in his support, she turned her tearful regards towards him; but—oh, the glorious eyes which were feasting on her blushing face! Her own fell again to his feet; but though pride, awe, wonder, and gratitude, oppressed her spirit, yet, in that instant's glance, she had taken in an image, which her senses had carried to her heart, forbidding it to dread.

Never had she conceived aught so majestic, so divinely proportioned, as that boyish, and plainly-attired form. The fair and blooming face was smooth as that of womanhood; the features, though regular to a perfection such as she had not even imagined, were o'er-informed with varied expression, the wild, golden curls encircling them like rays. At his side hung his lyre, his bow and quiver. Aphelia felt as if her heart was melting away.

"Heiress of a strange but splendid doom!" cried the youth, "I have been sent far, a willing wanderer, in search of thee, and came to thine abode with Eobardus; thou wert not there; so, leaving the good old man to rest his limbs, I sought thee here, but would not disturb the rites in which I saw thee occupied. Behold one free from the selfishness of passion; if thy heart hath already selected its mate, I may soon have the power to crown thy choice with competence."

"Doth not my lord know," she answered, in a low voice, "how little the gifts of Hymen or of Plutus tempt his servant?"

"Nay, speak as to one more humble than thyself, and tell me—how canst thou, so delicate, so queenly, bear to labour for thy bread in obscurity?"

"It is the will of the gods; and while my life is spotless, I am content."

"Hath then Aphelia no wish?"

"My master knows I have."

"Name it, as to a friend who may not guess, yet burns to gratify it."

"I pant to be more wise, more good. If thou wilt make me so, I will bless thee."

"Come with me, then, to Eobardus."

The priest received them with delight; and though he called this wonder nothing but Myrtillo, the maiden perceived that he treated the youth with great reverence.

"Wilt thou not offer thy poor guest aught wherewith to refresh him?" asked Myrtillo, gaily.

Aphelia spread her board with simple dainties, and would fain have served him like a menial, but he would not permit this, so the wrinkled Phrosyne stole from her the honour of waiting on their mysterious visitant, whose every look and word betrayed the soaring, the refined nature of his soul. Sometimes he took his lyre, and sung to her lays, in which reason and honour seemed to have been arrayed in words by the Graces: then talked he to her of Pallas, and the Nine; of the independence

to which mortals may attain, by emulating the superior gods. He instructed her on many subjects of science and philosophy, but the moral of his brilliant discourse was ever the same.

"Let us use what talents we possess in the service of benevolence and truth, sacrificing vanity and covetousness at the commands of justice and of duty, so will our deeds be grateful to Jove, whether we sit on thrones or work in the mine."

And Aphelia felt more enamoured than when he had spoken of her own charms. The hours passed fleetly, and it was after midnight when Eobardus and Myrtillo rose to depart.

"As soon as the sun sets to-morrow expect me again, loved and excellent maiden!" So saying, the youth imprinted one balmy kiss on her forehead, and was gone.

Impelled to admire, nay adore, Aphelia felt dazzled into a kind of delirium; so infinitely above her, above aught she had ever known, was this gracious being, she scarce dared acknowledge her suspicions even to herself; that one whose smile brought joy to millions, should deign to bend his eyes on her, was ecstacy supreme; for all night, and all day, till near the appointed time of his return, she stood at her door, watching the sun, and, though with fresh devotion, she thought he would never sink into the sea. A butterfly flitted by her, and she cried aloud, "Oh, Psyche! powerful as was *he* thou lovedst, his might was not that of mind, of virtue; but I can never offend by curiosity. My lord's will be mine! Eobardus, sure, knows all—yet Aphelia dares ask nothing."

She turned to her favourite laurel, and, with a dignified rapture, spoke again—

"Yet, bounteous as he shines, had he addressed me rashly, I too would have besought the continent Dian to have rooted me among these trees, rather than have earned his fickleness by mine own folly; but so mild, so candid! what should I think? I cannot blame the enthusiastic pleasure with which I anticipate our next meeting; for there is in my heart already an esteem so rational, a tenderness so confiding, that, could I retain his undivided affection, and know that he depended on me for happiness, which he could nowhere else command, I could doat on him in his age; but, oh! I shudder at the price I may pay for his precarious favour. Fatal distinction! He will leave me while I am still young, and when I die, he will not weep; for eternal memories, immortal hopes are his. He cannot sympathize with human emotions!"

Her sublime shepherd himself stood before her, and alone. She bowed in silence.

"Fairest," he said, "assert thyself, discard this timidity, and, as we may meet daily for some while, I pray thee treat me as an equal!"

And again he led her in, and gave her new lessons in wisdom and in goodness. Nor was she his only scholar. Among the shepherds he perfected order and humanity; softening their manners, by giving them an increased taste for the temperate, decent charities of life. Beneath his care Alexis became a poet, and ceased to weep that he had loved Aphelia vainly, in the pride he felt, while singing her praise to the wonder of his kind. Many envied Myrtillo, yet none could hate him; for, simply as he dressed and fared, he had some secret hoard, from which he could reward the industry, and right the wrongs of those around him.

"Mine Aphelia," he modestly sighed, one evening, as they sat alone

together, "I am called so much from thee by day, that I would thy home was my own. Send me hence no more, lest I return not again. Dost thou not love me?"

"Oh! my patron, my benefactor, my governor and guide!" she answered firmly, "thou art my spirit's light, and vital heat; yet I would rather meet thee no longer, than unworthily retain thee. Be this interview our last, if my words displease. I will not tempt the Fates by presumption, nor aid my lord to offend a higher power; yet if thou knowest it to be right that I should consent, Eobardus will know it also. Love like mine deserves his blessing; without it, let me remain thy maiden slave."

Myrtillo, with a wondering smile, led her to the temple; its priest, after due prayers, uniting their hands, assured the bride that Juno sanctioned these nuptials.

"Ambitious visionary!" whispered Myrtillo, on their way home, "the realities of life will sorely try this dream-love of thine."

Fearful changes, indeed, befel them. All at once his mystic treasures seemed to fail him, and he was forced to toil, with his fair partner, through the cold rainy season, upon scanty food. Of the villagers, some pitied, some neglected, others reviled them; even Eobardus could do nothing to ameliorate their wants. Myrtillo's cheek thinned, his complexion tarnished; nay, he would sometimes treat his wife with indifference, almost harshness; yet, strange to say, she loved him more devotedly, more happily than ever, and would exclaim, with a fervor unfelt before,—"Oh, dearer for each imperfection! mine equal! my fellow-being! my husband! thou canst suffer with me; thou wilt never leave me, but requite this zeal, when our locks are grey. Thrice welcome, poverty, that unteaches me my fears! Yet we shall be rich, beloved! for we shall be parents."

Nevertheless, he would turn from her cheering smiles with a doubtful sigh; but the strength, the sweetness of her patience failed not; even when surrounded by fears and pains, she became a mother. Her boy was strong as the young Alcides, handsome as a demi-god; and Myrtillo embraced them both with so exultant a delight, that she fancied herself more dear to him than ever.

Scarce was she again in her garden, the sweetest flower it had ever seen, when her husband, with a thoughtful aspect, addressed her.

"Aphelia! thy poor and lowly love must seek his fortunes other where."

"Wheresover it pleaseth thee to lead, we will follow," she answered.

"Pardoning creature! yet, how must thou regret that thou didst not wed the rich, the equable Alexis!"

The wife looked on him upbraidingly, but only sighed forth—

"I have worshipped thee as a divinity, I have loved thee as a mortal. I must obey thee in all things, and ought to blame thee in none. Cease thou to care for me, I will never complain; but doubt not my truth, oh, Myrtillo! if thou wouldst that we should still live in peace together."

"Nay," returned he, "nothing but misfortune hath followed the blendure of our destinies. What if I disunite them?"

"Wayward man, thou canst not," she replied, sportively, holding her infant towards its sire.

"But I may leave thee—woman!" he answered coldly.

She did not weep, but pressing her babe to her bosom, uttered slowly—

"If thou canst be happier, I will strive to live on the remembrance that I *have* been happy, and on the presence of my son."

"He is as much mine as thine, remember," retorted the father. "If I bore him from thee to my home, he might rise to high honours."

Aphelia gazed on the being who thus spoke. The bloom returned to his visage, the unearthly radiance to his eyes; he stood over her with such an air of conscious power and freedom, that, prostrating herself before him, she cried wildly—

"It is then as I feared. Jove warned me by his thunders in vain! Take our son, but, ah, in pity, take his mother's life too. It will be no sin *in thee!*"

The supposed Myrtillo kissed her, saying hastily—

"No, beloved! keep thy boy. If I reclaim ye not shortly, conclude me no longer an inhabitant of this world."

He was gone; and when Aphelia fled for comfort to Eobardus, she learnt that *he* also had departed, none knew whither.

Now, added penury fell on the widowed one; bereft of her helpmate, and encumbered with an infant. The aged Phrosyne could give her little aid, and less advice. Fain would Alexis have shared his all with her; but declining every benefit from him, the matron struggled on.—"It is the will of the gods that I should be thus tried," she thought; "but while they spare my child and my health, I dare not repine—for my conscience is unburthened. Nor avarice, vanity, nor unholy passion, brought me to this. No, my babe! thou wert not born in infamy, and, therefore, I shame not to see thee inherit the blue eyes, the golden curls of thy sire. Whatever he may be, I am his spouse, and will train thee to integrity for his sake."

One day, as she sat nursing her little one beside the door, she was startled by the sound of music; and, on looking up, beheld a grand procession winding along the road. In a sumptuous car sat a warrior of mature age, attended by soldiery and slaves. She would have retired, but that her boy, caught by the glitter, held out his dimpled arms, and laughingly sprung to and fro in her embrace, to the sound of the cymbals.

Presently the car stopped, the commanding hero alighted, and approached her. She stood as one in a dream.

"Aphelia," said the stranger, mildly, "Eobardus hath told me thy history. What he permitted is forgiven, but must be forgotten. Felicity awaits thee; thou hast no choice but to accept it; thy child, too, shall be protected, so thou thinkest no more of the faithless, the abject Myrtillo."

The woman's fortitude returned. Looking with scorn on all this pomp, she said—

"Never shall my son or I abide where we may hear my husband slandered. Honest labour in this hovel is the felicity I choose."

"Know, then," exclaimed her hearer, sternly, "that I am Palemon, thy king, and can chastise the disobedience of a subject."

"If I speak treason, slay me!" answered Aphelia, undismayed.

"Not so," returned her sovereign; "for learn that thou art the child of Lysander, whom the good priest swore to destroy, that he might preserve. Behold, an oath made unto a sinful mortal is not held binding by the righteous gods."

"Mighty kinsman!" cried Aphelia, "if these miracles be true, yet

can they in no way change me. I care not what I am, so I die that shepherd's loyal wife."

"Perverse, degenerate princess!" said the monarch, "suppose thy minion dead."

"Prove it, great king! I can but die too, rather than disown him."

"How, while mine own son is ready, in spite the past, to espouse thee."

"He cannot force me to be his—oh, Palemon!"

"But I, Aphelia, can consign thee to a dungeon, and separate thee for ever, both from Myrtillo, and this pledge of your ill-starred loves."

"Affliction, indeed, dread king, thou canst make me endure; but shalt not bend my soul to vice. Thou mayest rob the widow of her liberty, her offspring, but not of her truth."

"Ha!" whispered the brother of her sire, with solemn significance. "What if Apollo himself should convince thee that there is, there hath been, *no* Myrtillos to set thee free?"

"All gracious deities forbid!" ejaculated the young matron, energetically. "There was—there is—there can be none but Myrtillo for me. My poor, frail love!"

"Dreamer! the weaknesses and errors for which thou lost that being, though they wronged and pained thee, were but assumed."

"It matters not," almost shrieked Aphelia, "if—whatever else he prove—he *was* the faultless, the wise, and constant lord I at first believed him; shall I be less faithful than I would be to him, were all the imperfections thou namest redoubled? No! he shall not cast me off, or if he doth—I will never be another's!"

She swooned upon the earth. Palemon himself raised her and her child to the car. On reviving, she found herself within the temple. The shrine was decked with branches. The sacred fire was kindled. Before it stood Eobardus, in his robes of office. At sight of his familiar face, Aphelia rose, and cried aloud—

"Bear witness, oh servant of the sun! If I be not Myrtillo's wife, I am henceforth the priestess of Apollo. This boy also do I give unto him, vowing that we will acknowledge no other king, no other ties. Who shall dare dispute the firmness of mine oath?"

There was a brief silence; and then a thrilling voice replied—

"Aphelia! that dare I."

She lifted her eyes. Above her shone the features of her love; but the radiant garb, the laurel crown, renewed her every terror.

"What!" added this beauteous vision, "have I not done enough in educating thee for thy lofty state, in trying thy virtue by poverty, unkindness, desertion, all that can tempt a woman? Must I also own thee as a peasant's bride, or part with thee, and mine heir, for ever? No; thou who wouldst not yield to light love, even, as thou believedst, with a god; though, to conceal my birth, I availed myself, on detecting it, of the delusion I sought not to create. Accept thy mortal husband's reverence with his passion. Start not. This wreath I wear but in remembrance of the cruel Thracius's fall; the locks it clasps shall grow grey ere the brow it shades ever more, even feigningly, frowns on my beloved. Grace but a palace as thou hast dignified a cot, and be assured, that a maid—a matron—noble as the wife of Laurelius, must, indeed, be ever the favourite of Apollo!"

"Oh, my life!" sighed Aphelia, embracing him, "so that thou art holily mine, I heed not whether thou art a rustic or an emperor."

The father of her love now entreated her pardon for his apparent severity; Eobardus, for his seeming abandonment, though, in truth, he had secretly hovered over her, ever observing her conduct, and ready to prove himself her friend. He apologized not for having trained her in seclusion, as there alone could she have been safe while Thracius lived.

This good priest, with the disinterested Alexis, and the worthy Phrosyne, shared the prosperity of their beloved princess. Eobardus recorded her life, on a richly illuminated scroll, which was handed down from generation to generation, until it was so worn out, that I found some difficulty in transcribing it. But to the lays of the younger Alexis do I owe the little more I have to add. These are a few extracts from his great poem—The Laureliad.

"Blest is the man whose mate, though wedding him under the idea of his being a god, yet becomes only the more attached and dutiful on finding out that he is but human."

"Blest is the wife who discovers that her husband's faults were all pretended, and his virtues his own."

"Blest is the parent whose children please him, by pleasing themselves."

"And thrice blest the people, whose king hath voluntarily undergone their tasks, trials, and privations; who hath devoted his thoughts to their improvement; for their sakes reducing oppression to the dust, and raising merit to its birthright."

I. H.

SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

Oh, Love! who hath not felt thy mighty power?
Seek in the deep cold earth the treasure it contains,
Seek for that pure, chaste heart; the blest remains
Of all that cheered my youth's first blissful hour:
Tear from the hand of Death his lovely prize,
And fix once more thy precious ensign there;
Renew the flame that burned so fresh and fair,
And guides me still, though quenched, alas! it lies.
The panting stag by cruel hunters driven,
Ne'er seeks the stream, as I my treasure lost.
Sweet pilgrim, whither flown? Death's power is crost,
Since she who bound me here hath fled to heaven!—
Oh, bondsman blest,—sweet was such slavery,
Thy chains are broken now:—alas! thou'rt free!

A WARRIOR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Ignorance of the common affairs of the world in which they live, and a deficiency of memory truly deplorable, have been long considered as afflictions almost peculiar to the "higher classes." I do not mean those convenient lapses of memory which have been the characteristic failing of great men in all ages; but inherited constitutional defects, fostered by education and example. Men possessing a greater abundance of the good things of this life, think little and know less of the affairs of others; however, it is some consolation to those of humbler pretensions, that they can occasionally enjoy a laugh at the expense of the privileged; while it is not discreditable to the good humour of the others that they are generally disposed to join in the mirth which their peculiarities create. Many amusing instances of affected forgetfulness are related; but the affectation of ignorance is even more amusing than that of loss of memory. To corroborate my assertion, I shall adduce for example as pretty a bit of coxcombry, in this particular department of exquisitism, as it has ever been my fortune to witness. And, be it understood, what I am about to relate is no fiction; but the narration of a scene which actually occurred, without pledging myself, however, to the very words used on the occasion, though certainly to the spirit of them.

On one of those very hot days in the summer before last, I called on a friend who holds an appointment in the Tower. For the convenience of attending to his duties he has a house within the fortress, and thither I repaired to await his usual time of returning home.

I seated myself by an open window; and, gazing at the White Tower, the visions of past ages were speedily conjured up, and would have taken entire possession of my faculties had they not been put to flight by a vision of a very different nature. Directly opposite the window at which I had placed myself, there is a shady avenue of lime-trees which stretches across the parade. My attention was attracted by the appearance of two young men emerging from the umbrageous shelter of the trees, and sauntering listlessly along until they nearly reached the window at which I was seated. One was an officer of the Guards, then on duty at the Tower. He was dressed with all the elaborate minuteness of a finished exquisite. Not the slightest crease or wrinkle was discernible in his well-cut regimental coat; it seemed actually pasted on him. Buttoned up to the throat—his waist contracted to the smallest possible dimensions—the sun shining fiercely on his bright red regimentals, and reflected from the glittering gilded ornaments with which he was bedecked—his face flushed with heat almost to surfeit—he seemed almost an object of compassion; it put one in a fever to gaze at him; he looked like a red-hot man, a very Phœnix amidst the flames! His companion was attired in *mufti*, that is, as men dress who are not military. The two gentlemen drew still closer to my window, when the guardsman halted and took up a position against a stone pillar, or wall, I forget which, apparently overpowered with exertion. He twitched a small riding-whip backwards and forwards with a most laudable degree of perseverance, and looked stedfastly on the ground—or perhaps it might have been at his boots, I can't say—as it seemed, in profound meditation. His companion stood with his arms folded, and in an attitude equally contemplative with his friend. If one might

judge from appearances, some weighty consideration pressed heavily on them both.

"Well, my dear boy Harwison," said the Guardsman, doubtless meaning to say Harrison, but having some difficulty in pronouncing the letter R.—"I do consider this the most frwendly act, the most disinterwested piece of frwendship I've ever expewienced—'pon my soul I do."

"Nay, my dear boy," returned the other, "no thanks—you think too much of my little exertion in your favour. Though, to serve a friend, I will say it is not a trifle that can stop me."

"Twifle! my dear fellow," said the Guardsman—"twifle do you call it? If it were only a twifle I should say little, but serving a frwend at the wisk of your life is no twifle, egad!—'pon my soul it isn't."

I doubted the correctness of my remaining within hearing of a conversation of so serious and important a nature, and therefore moved the window a little higher, that the noise might give them warning of my vicinity. It made no difference. They did not move from their position. The guardsman, indeed, discomposed himself for an instant by casting up his eyes; but seeing the occasion of the noise, he yawned and resumed his attitude.

"Yes, Tom," said the military Exquisite, "this is the only dwawback on the service; and I can't for the life of me see why the City Light Horse Volunteers should not be placed on this cursed duty. It would suit them much better than the Guards. It is not the thing for gentlemen—it isn't, 'pon my soul."

"They would be much more at *home* here, than the Guards, certainly," said Harrison.

"I would almost as soon be sent into countwy quarters," continued the Guardsman; "there are farmers' daughters and people who can amuse one *there*—'pon my soul I would."

"It is devilish hard on you, I must admit," rejoined his friend.

"Hard on us, my dear fellow! it's banishment; positively banishment from the common wights of civilized life. I would as soon have a commission in the archers of King Tamyhamyhe of the Sandwich Islands!—'pon my soul I would."

"It is exceedingly severe, I must say."

"Severe! my dear fellow, it's atwocious," said the Guardsman, almost emphatically, "positively atwocious; the genewal complaint of the serwice; to be sent to this cursed jail—Oh! it's monstwous!—'pon my soul it is!"

"Monstrous hardship indeed," said Harrison.

"Hardship! my dear boy. There are few can bear hardships better than myself; I can make my dinner of a broil'd chicken and a pint of hock at any time, on necessity, and in winter I have more than once slept in a room without a fire!—'pon my soul I have!"

"Well, never mind," said Harrison, "it is but for a short period."

"Short pewiod! my dear fellow. You've an odd idea of a short pewiod. If the place was bearwable indeed; if one's frwends could come; but then that cwuel distance from town, and that impenetwable barwier, the city, wenders that impossible—'pon my soul it does."

"Not impossible," remarked Harrison, "they can surely come as I did."

"As you did! my dear fellow, my twump of twavellers!" said the Exquisite, "no, no; I can't expect that; you're one of a thousand. I know of no one beside yourself who would wisk his life to see a frwend in distress. Yes; I do wemember one; but he insured his life before passing the city; and wewy wight too—'pon my soul it was."

"Well, but I obviated the necessity of that," said Harrison, "for I came by water!"

"By water! my dear fellow," said the Guardsman, with incredulous astonishment. "No, no, Harwison; you're joking me: I never heard of your ever having been at sea in your life; you're joking—'pon my soul you are."

"Not I indeed," returned the other, "I embarked at Westminster-bridge, and landed here at the Tower."

"Embarked at Westminster-bwidge, and landed at the Tower! My dear Harwison, this is a discovewy indeed," said the Guardsman, with as much earnestness as was consistent with an Exquisite to assume. "You are entitled to my gwatitude in evewy wespect, you are indeed, Harwison; I must write circulars to my frwends diwectly. The wigors of my exile will be considewably ameliowated, when they know they wun no wisk of coming thrwough the city. You are entitled to my gwatitude, my dear boy—'pon my soul you are.—Egad, I think it is a hoax after all—'pon my soul I do."

"You may rely on what I say," said Harrison seriously.

"Rely on what you say! my dear fellow, you delight me. I must wite immediately and send invitations. But where the devil is that fellow Buckley? never in the way when I want him. You must be devilish hungwy, Harwison—'pon my soul you must."

"And if I were hungry," said Harrison, "I think I can even now detect the scent of some food which would destroy the appetite of a cannibal; faugh! it's boiled beef!"

"Boiled beef! my dear fellow, you don't say so; what a horwor! Let us move. The man who could eat boiled beef wouldn't scrwuple to commit a murder—'pon my soul he wouldn't."

Just at that moment, two gentleman came up the paved way leading from the archway, under what is called the Children's Tower. One was an elderly gentleman of almost venerable appearance; his hair was quite grey, and he carried a small book in his hand. The curiosity of Harrison seemed suddenly excited, and touching the Guardsman, he exclaimed—

"Look yonder; don't you know who that is?"

"Know who *that* is!" said the Exquisite, "how *should* I know? Egad! I don't know myself in this place—'pon my soul I don't."

"Why, my dear fellow, it's Scott."

"Scott! What, Scott of the Guards?"

"No; Walter Scott."

"Walter Scott!" said the Guardsman, pausing; "and prway, Harwison, who *is* Walter Scott?"

This was a climax that I was hardly prepared for, though the intelligence was most gratifying; for I had the satisfaction of following the "Wizard of the North" through the departments of the Tower, and the information I gained from the remarks he made, which were by no means meant exclusively, fully compensated for the time I had wasted on the hero in the scarlet coat—that pink of chivalry—and his intrepid companion.

THE POLISH WIDOW TO HER SON.

PLAY on, my lovely infant child, and I will watch the while—
The ills, that sadden all around, have not yet check'd thy smile;
And as thy cup of life may near its brim alone be sweet,
Be happy, ere the gathering clouds above thy path-way meet.

Thou heedest not the sable robes thy little limbs that fold;
Thy Father's and thy Country's fall are both to thee untold;
The very eagles of our foe, that pass so proudly by,
Are mark'd by thee with childish joy, not knowing tyranny.

But this will change—the dream will pass—and thou must learn the tale
Of deeds that blanch the manly cheek, and make our maidens pale;
And when to me thou'lt sweetly turn of ages past to know,
Oh! how shall I reply to thee, and hide a mother's woe?

To speak of Poland's ancient fame—and then her fallen state;
To mention Kosciuszko's name—and then record his fate;
To tell thee of a Father's love—and then a Father's grave,
Who perish'd for that native land he had not power to save.

Yes—this will truth demand from me, a tale unspoken now,
And then, methinks, the cloud of grief will darken o'er thy brow;
And make that youthful spirit, erst so gentle and so gay,
To thoughts of sadness and of strife become an early prey.

And, when to manhood's state arrived, thou'lt spurn the Polish dance,
To learn to urge the war-horse on, or couch the Polish lance;
The spirit of the fallen brave shall be revived in thee,
And thou shalt long to strike a blow to set thy country free.

In vain will dangers frown around, and prudence bid thee hold,
The ardour of a noble mind shall not be thus controll'd;
Though baffled oft, again, again the Poles will claim their right,
And rather die than tamely crouch before a despot's might.

Perchance that little hand, which now is grasping at the flower,
May be the first to draw the sword against oppression's power;
Or to the Polish winds unfurl the banner of the free—
They wafted it in days of yore, and what hath been may be.

But, ah! again the patriot band may only strive in vain
Against the myriads of the foe upon the Polish plain;
And nations, powerful and free, again may view them fall,
Unmindful of Sobieski's name, or honour's sacred call.

And then, my son, thy father's doom may speedily be thine—
To meet the "soldier's fiery death" while in the foremost line;
Or worse! if wounded in the fray, with mingled pride and pain,
Through life amid Siberia's wastes to drag the galling chain.

Oh! fears have thrill'd the mother's breast, however Hope hath smiled,
Or Fortune seem'd to hover o'er the cradle of her child;
Then think, thou tyrant of our race, what feelings mine must be,
To see the prospects of my son thus darken'd o'er by thee!

C.

TITHES, VERSUS RENT.

Soon after the article with this title in the preceding "Monthly" had gone to press, a friend of the writer's put into his hands a Treatise on Tithes, by one Parson Bearblock. The writer, having no predilections for parsons or tithes *in the abstract*, but only *in comparison with landlords and rent*, threw the book aside, taking for granted, it was a question-begging high-church farrago. Chancing to take it up a day or two after, he was agreeably surprised, to find it written in a very good spirit; and, bating a few professional absurdities, just suited to confirm the opinions which his own unprofessional observation had led him to form upon the subject.

The writer has plenty more to say, in the same strain, as in the former article; but, though like most men, who take the trouble to think seriously and constantly upon any subject, he believes firmly in the correctness of his views, and flatters himself, that those who happen to light upon his reasoning, will agree with him, he is much more anxious to contribute to the cause of truth, than to gain any credit to himself as its advocate. He offers no apology therefore to sensible and serious readers, for making the matter of Parson Bearblock's treatise the leading, and a large portion of the present article.

The present is a most critical juncture. Reform is wanted almost every where: in most places so thorough a reform, as to be very aptly styled Radical Reform; but, though no time must be lost in setting about this general business of reform; though the Tory cry, "Wait a little longer," must be treated with the contempt due to its sinister intentions; still, even at this juncture, requiring as it does, *promptitude* and *decision*, *hurry* and *rashness* will be as mischievous as at any other season.

The writer has, of course, the highest opinion of his own sagacity and conclusiveness; but his *amour propre* is not so pervading, as to entirely supersede his judgment. He knows when to yield the *pas*, especially for his own purposes, to so satisfactory a personage as Parson Bearblock.

The writer is really a very public-spirited individual! Above all things his object is, at present, to save the good, well-meaning public from doing itself immediate, irreparable injury: from mutilating itself: from cutting off its nose to be revenged on its face. Nobody so fit as the writer to help the public, *from his own resources*, as far as sound logical induction from *general* facts, from matters of notoriety, may be useful for the purpose: but the writer not being a man of business, but only a looker on, is not, of course, intimate enough with the details of transactions between landlords and parsons, and farmers, and labourers, to furnish from his own resources that most satisfactory, and, at this day, universally acceptable proof, by *induction from particular instances*. Parson Bearblock, as will presently be seen, is an admirable ally for the writer in this respect.

Parson Bearblock's weak point is the assuming, that the right to tithe, in the present day, is derived from Heaven: all he says to this effect, is of course quite inadmissible, though excusable enough in one *brought up at the feet of Gamaliel*. Especially, should Parson Bearblock be excused for forcing the Jewish economy forward in his defence against the person who had impugned the right of parsons to tithes.

This erring individual had, it seems, become from a thriving brewer a bit of a landowner; and having, according to the parson's very plausible account, been, while in the brewing line, distinguished from ordinary brewers by a reluctance to admit the claims for poor-rate upon the profits of his coppers, and mash-tubs, and coolers, it was not odd that he should be similarly disinclined to allow the parson's interference with his produce, as soon as he became a *country gentleman*. It appears, that this gentleman was so far prejudiced against *the system* of legislation upon which the poor-laws are founded, as to forget the obligation to bear his share of the burden of its *positive legal enactments*. Accordingly, in the excess of his zeal (no doubt only against the theory of the poor-laws, and not with an eye to his own personal exemption) he went such lengths, as to make out the profits of his brewery very much less than they were upon inquisition proved to be. This was patriotic, doubtless; but still it indicated a mind not disposed to stick at trifles; and common candour therefore obliges us to make great allowance for the parson, who pressed the divine right of tithe into his service against so dashing and unhesitating an opponent as this *ci-devant* brewer. This slight preamble was necessary to illustrate the animus by which Parson Bearblock was actuated in his treatise. Now for the contents of the text, as they bear upon the argument, "Tithes *versus* Rent."

Parson Bearblock's gentleman brewer had stated, *totidem verbis*, that the parsons had "forfeited by their conduct all their right to tithe, and to the protection of the state," and urged as a *raison de plus* for their being still farther bullied, "they are perpetually quarrelling in law-suits." Our parson answers thus. "Our adversaries are the quarrellers; for they have been beat in nineteen out of twenty tithe-cases, that have come before the courts!"

"No part of the community," says Parson Bearblock, "have suffered so much oppression as many individuals among the clergy. No men have been so harassed to get their daily bread, though they have seldom demanded more than half their due. Lord Mansfield declared once in the House of Lords on a tithe-cause, that 'he was ashamed to see such a cause in that house; for it was one of the blackest complexion that ever disgraced any tribunal.'"

The parson being considered a knowing man, was asked to value some tithes in the West of England. He found the parish of vast extent, and that the poor bullied vicar had been awarded, by composition, to the amount of £268 per annum. This sum he had, with the utmost difficulty obtained by pleading to his *liberal, benevolent* parishioners in *forma pauperis*. These considerate souls though, had so harassed him with a law-suit about pews, that he became involved in debt, and died in a low and miserable way, wholly insolvent; leaving his property in the pockets of his parishioners, *unthanked, though by no means unregretted;* for his successor was not so likely to be dependent upon their will and pleasure for his subsistence. "I gave," says Parson Bearblock, "my opinion, that £1,400 would be a moderate annual composition for the tithes. Up was the parish in arms, of course, directly. Exorbitancy, extortion, oppression, downright robbery, was the cry! but what was the issue? Why, a composition to the amount of very nearly £1,200, in preference to setting forth the tithes in kind.

In this instance then, the *landowners* had been pocketing nearly £950 a year, during the life of the former *vicar!*

"Again," says the straightforward Parson Bearblock, "the vicar of a parish in the eastern part of Kent, requested me to value tithes, which to his predecessor had yielded £500 per annum. I named £1,200 as the lowest estimate. A gentleman, whose proportion of tithe had hitherto been five times less than my estimate, sent the following reply to the notification of the new incumbent. 'Sir, your estimate so much exceeds my opinion of the value of the tithes, that it requires not a moment's hesitation on my part to declare, that I never will accede to such terms.' A similar answer was received from all the interested parties; who, of course, did not like to surrender the profit which had been hitherto allowed them. Our parson, however, knew what he was about. He produced his calculations before some of the principal occupiers; who acknowledged his *candour and fair dealing*, and retired to try and agree amongst themselves to raise the £1,200. They were all, however, too much bent upon cheating each other, to come to an agreement as to the proportion to be borne by each; and it ended in the tithes being leased to a respectable gentleman for the whole sum of £1,200, and the gentleman, who wrote the note, applying to be admitted as a partner in the bargain."

"The landowner," says the parson, (this most admirable parson for the writer's argument) not only takes his full rational rent, but he can, and *often does, exact* more rent than the land is worth; and there are farmers in many parts of this kingdom who know this, and suffer under it. If therefore tithes were abolished, the industry of these farmers might *be almost crushed;* for in these cases of excessive rent, the farmer's greatest profits arise from *the moderation of the clergy* in taking a composition, instead of carrying off in kind, that portion of the produce which belongs to them. The farmer commonly appeals to the lenity of the parson, of which lenity the landowner reaps the benefit.

A Devonshire farmer is on record, as having once on a time caught a glimpse of the truth, and asked in vestry, "who are to have the tithes when they are taken from the parson?"—"The landlord," was the answer. "Then," said he, "I'd rather they should 'bide as they be, for I can always deal better with the parson than I can with the landlord."

Parson Bearblock was gratified by the compliment paid to his fairness on one occasion in Hampshire, where the farmers actually solicited him to value the tithe, on their part, against the incumbent's surveyor. What a very Daniel in judgment must this parson have proved himself, for even farmers to allow his merit? to prefer his decisions to those of a common surveyor! Where is the large landowner whom they would have so trusted, but for their dependence upon the general disposition of the landowning class to cheat the parson. The parson's case against that of the landowner is as clear as light.

Again, this parson—to be depended upon even by farmers—valued some tithe at Hertford at 4s. 9d. an acre. The tithe-payer was, in this instance, a noble lord, a landowner, *par excellence*. No doubt our parson, moderate as he always was in his estimates, was even the more disposed to favour the delinquent in this case, *because he was a noble lord*. A professional, if not constitutional determination to aristocracy, was one of the parson's misfortunes. One might have expected him to be cured, by his past experience, of any undue respect for the class: but no—only 4s. 9d. did the parson award his friend the incumbent;

four shillings and ninepence did the nobleman refuse to pay, instead of (as the parson afterwards ascertained he ought to have paid) £2. 18s. 0d. Thus the noble lord was not content with the parson's tameness, or rather meanness, in offering to take *less than one twelfth of his due!* Here be facts for the dispassionate and candid amongst the men of England! The Lord deliver them from the judgment of such wholesale-parson-haters as a Westminster reviewer! Our parson was a most veracious parson; but human credulity would have been too much taxed to believe him, had he *merely stated* his knowledge of the *ci-devant* brewer, above alluded to, having written as follows, in consequence of a similarly moderate demand by a parson, of 4s. 9d. an acre on land possessed by the noble house of Cowper. The evidence of his own words yet remaining, the just and patriotic malster, (for it seems he had substituted malting, as well as landowning, for brewing—any thing to gain an honest penny!) after quoting some sarcasms of the poet Cowper on the peculiar failings of the clergy, continued in his printed pamphlet thus:—"Had the pious poet, when he wrote these lines, foreseen, with prophetic spirit, what would have fallen (namely, the affair of the 4s. 9d.) on the offspring of his illustrious house! could his imagination have reached the hateful scene of such a rector, who, after every offer of conciliation, could consign the revenues of his living to an alehouse-keeper, to exercise his dominion over the estates of the nobility, gentry, and tenantry of the parish, celebrated as the birth-place and residence of the noble house of Cowper! had he seen the dejection of the husbandman, placed beyond the power of nobility to relieve! had he seen the delightful domains of his relations overshadowed by such a scene, and reduced to such *a state of ecclesiastical vassalage!* as must wound the feelings of every true Briton, his pen would have fallen from his hand before he had finished the portrait, his tender heart-strings would have broken, and his pious spirit would have fled from these scenes of noise and strife to the peaceful realms of eternal bliss!" So much for Parson Bearblock, and the farmers, and gentleman brewers, and *noble corn-dealers!*

The writer of the present article felt, in his own instance, the general prejudice against a book, *by a parson too,* on tithes; and, as he considers himself a fairer man, more inclined to give the devil himself his due than most men in England, he is well aware how little can be known by third parties in general, by mere uninquisitive lookers-on, of the comparative merits of tithes and rent. The fair-dealing writer himself was prejudiced against Parson Bearblock's book; and he feels certain, therefore, that gentlemen in general, who are not nearly so fond of inquiry as he is, would as soon think of reading a religious tract on the peculiar acceptability to Heaven of mortified, discontented spirits, and sour faces, as upon the treatise on tithes in its own proper form.

Gladly, then, has the truth-loving-writer availed himself of the friendship of the very discriminating editor of the-*as-it-is-now-conducted-undoubtedly-sound-principled,-universally-interesting,-extensively-circulated,-and-indeed-pretty-generally-appreciated-and-acceptable-publication, the Monthly Magazine,* to insinuate the matter-of-fact evidence of the tithe-treatise into the ear of those before whom he pleads the cause, "Tithes *versus* Rent."

But time's up—Parson Bearblock's seasonable interposition has

enabled the tithe-champion to get his second wind. He's on his own pins again—odds are on the tithe-man. Look out there, seconds, bottle-holders, ring-keepers; there's a blustering, bullying-looking fellow there, just behind the titheman, that looks as if he meant foul play—I'll be hang'd if he isn't like a Westminster reviewer! Who knows but he's a knife in his sleeve, and is watching his opportunity to stick tithy under the fifth rib. Keep an eye on him, and rap him hard over the shins if he breaks the ring. Now for the last round: the renter's sadly distressed, and all but settled. Step into him, tithy, and finish him off hand.

Tithe has completely answered its original intention. *Legal tithe* was instituted, when *voluntary tithe* was discontinued. The portion of voluntary tithe which was expended on the poor, was never otherwise than a most miserably insufficient provision for them.

Legal tithe was instituted to support a vigorous and pretty nearly incessant system of preaching and praying. It has not been owing to parsons; but to the improved taste of society acting upon parsons, that daily genuflexions, and chauntings, and responses at matins and vespers in cold chapels and churches, have been discontinued. Parsons have furnished society with all that was contemplated by the original institution of church property; they have always been ready to supply as much preaching and praying as there has at any given time been a demand for. This is an unanswerable vindication of the parsons' *moral* right to the property they at present possess; since the moral right to property, held upon the performance of stipulated observances, depends upon nothing else than the due attention to those observances. The *legal* right to tithe is unquestionable. The *rational* right must endure, until after rent has been quashed; it is still found prejudicial to the good of the country, to charge the land with the deduction from its produce of even a tenth. Then, and not till then, will *a consistent and patriotic radical reformer* lift up his voice against the payment of tithe.

It would be just as reasonable to give the hideous new palace to the Duke of Devonshire, instead of converting it to a public purpose suited to its capabilities (supposing it to be condemned as a kingly residence), as it would be to let the landowners get hold of the tithes, merely because *the present proprietors of them are not more useful than ever they were intended to be.*

As in the natural and moral worlds, the mass of that which is good and useful is of a retiring and unobtrusive character, so also in the political world, the good and useful work in comparative secrecy. The benefits which the lower orders especially, and through them, of course, all others, derive from the essential parts of institutions, which *exaggerated radicalism* condemns in the lump, because it is not painstaking enough to try to find out good as well as evil, nor candid enough to notice good when it chances to meet with it; these benefits are so real, and so many, that it behoves every man who can make himself clearly understood by the public, to try to save the public from doing itself irreparable injury by *utterly abolishing* such institutions. All intelligent and candid reformers must exert themselves, especially just now, to help disabuse their less intelligent brethren of the bitter, unmitigated, unchristian, unmanly hatred which exaggerated radicalism induces them to entertain towards institutions, from which, in the midst of their manifold abuses, a great deal of daily, noiseless, unpretending good is derived

to society. If there be any one truth in politics beyond rational contradiction, it is this—that "very few, if any, of the institutions of this country can be destroyed, absolutely destroyed, without great and lasting injury to the very lowest orders of the community." Reform, more or less, all of them require; most of them so thorough a reform as to be aptly styled radical; but absolutely to destroy these institutions, would be to perpetrate the most malignant, cruel, devastating, enslaving act of political criminality that the mind of man could devise, or his violence accomplish. The writer considers the reservation of a tenth from *private* property in land, for purposes of religious and moral *public* improvement, to be one of those institutions which must only be reformed, not abolished. Rent he considers to be tolerable as long as it can be afforded, but not a moment longer. He considers it to be clearly one of those social privileges which have the least of natural justice for their foundation; one of those cumbrous items in the lading of the state-vessel, which must be first thrown overboard in order to enable her to ride out the tempest.

Humanity and reason alike demand, that the intentions of those who have bequeathed property for benevolent purposes should be adhered to, as much as present interests may allow. It is inhuman to cut off from a dying man the satisfaction of doing good to his country, by a virtuous and wise disposal of his property. Yet this must be the case, unless he can feel assured that the public will not *wantonly* set aside his provisions, but, though the inevitable changes of human affairs must, of course, render it, sooner or later, necessary to modify his bequest, will religiously adhere to the spirit of it; until, as is still farther possible, the very spirit of it shall be no longer compatible with public interests. The unreasonableness of wanton interference with bequests is obvious; it would, by destroying the confidence of testators in the public, cut off from it the benefits of such confidence.

To apply this reasoning to the question of tithe:—

This reservation from the property of individuals grew out of the pious and, *at the time,* wise intention of providing for the permanent support of christianity. It never occurred to the good souls, the testators (how should it? the world was then its infancy of civil and political knowledge) that there ever would be a better way of maintaining gospel truth than public preaching and praying. It never occurred to them that printing and mechanism would put the Scriptures and *Common Prayer* (that degrading title! preciously *common* indeed has prayer become! too common, by half, to be efficacious. Just as common, and just as indicative of spiritual aspiration, as Sunday clothes, and church bells, and pew openings and shuttings, and a thousand other *common* things) in the hands of every reading christian. Nay more, that pious tracts, with such enticing titles as "Crumbs of Comfort," would be comeatable for a halfpenny, or the mere asking the nearest good and charitable lady of the village. The good testators had themselves been edified by priest, and book, and bell; how should they dream of its being ever possible to do without them? We have, that is all the men amongst us, long ago found out that there is nothing more for the *mere priest* to do for us. Every man is aware now-a-days that a priest is as much in the dark about all real difficulties in religion as himself; that a real *bona fide mystery* is a mystery to the priest as well as the simplest clown in the land. Still the good testators, our ancestors, knew nothing of this; nor do we owe them the less consideration on

that account. We are quite as much bound to adhere to *the spirit* of their bequests, though we cannot to the *letter*. We are bound, by humanity and reason bound, to apply the funds they set apart for a religious purpose to a religious purpose, as long as those funds can be, by dint of our contrivance, efficaciously so applied.

Now, no fair man, in his senses, will suspect even, much less assert, that to give up any portion of the tithe to the landlowners would be to convert it to a religious purpose. Such a purpose would be absolutely diabolical.

We all know how injurious over-feeding is to the lower animals; how it makes them dull, and slothful, and useless, and positively mischievous, as consumers of what might else be usefully bestowed. The application of this simile to the overloaded man of wealth is obvious. We must not then be so far beguiled by the solemn, oracular coxcombry of a Westminster reviewer, as to aid in the wicked work of increasing the religious disadvantages which nearly now overwhelm our land-owning brethren. They have long been so full as to be in constant imminent danger of forgetting God, of denying him, and, in pride and self dependence of heart, exclaiming, "Who is the Lord?" If we would, with the property bequeathed by our ancestors for God's service, promote the views and objects of the devil, let us give the tithe, or a portion of it, to the landowners. They can then escape the arch fiend's fangs by nothing short of a miracle. If, on the contrary, we will act as humane and reasonable men, and regard, as much as possible, the intentions of our ancestors; if we will resist the temptation to return evil for evil, let us snatch the aristocratic brand out of the fire; let us save and try to convert to use what remains of it, charred and disfigured though it be. Let us, to drop figurative language, rather insist on the landowner's refunding every shilling of which he has ever cheated the public by defrauding the public officer—the parson. Let us not suffer him to escape the necessity of surrendering to the public at present, towards an improved method of cultivating christianity by the philosophy and general ability, rather than the lungs and sanctified demeanour of parsons, *every shilling* of profit, or by computation, *every square inch* of land, for which neither himself or ancestors ever gave a shilling of purchase money.

Though rent were quashed, or all but quashed, or only paid in such proportion of surplus produce as a cultivator, chosen by a proprietor, could afford to assign him after full employment and full payment of labourers, still would land be well worth buying.

A trading speculator does not scruple to forego the interest of money for years in order to insure a profit at last. Such profit would be the possession of an imperishable property conveyable to children's children, or relatives or friends. Is it not plain that, in the course of a hundred years, the family of one who had thus laid out his gains in lucrative business, would have more of those gains to shew than if he, the original accumulator, had continued speculating with and risking his gains, in order to accumulate still more?

Where is there a wealthy mercantile concern which dates the origin of its mercantile wealth so far back as a hundred years? There is none such to be found. The mercantile families, who have not insured themselves against chance and change by investments in land, are very short-lived families indeed. Their gains, and along with them their names, soon perish.

The writer is here endeavouring to shew that landed property possesses, independently of lucrative rent, immense advantages over any other in the fact of its durability. The writer knows full well, if his attempts to advertise the public of a most important truth should attract any attention, how commonly the counter argument will in society assume the tone of indignation and impassioned sense of injury.

"What, then," will the Duke of Newcastle's class, in all its degrees, exclaim, "am I not only to be deterred from doing quite what I will with my own, but is my own to be rendered absolutely profitless to me? '*Quousque tandem abutere Radicalis patientia nostra?*' As well take my property from me at once as abolish its uses! This is surely the first time that any such principles were openly avowed in decent society! If this be not to advocate spoliation, it is the next degree to it, and must soon lead to it," &c. &c. &c.

It is, therefore, important to shew that *to deprive a landlord of a portion of his rent profits is not to rob him of his property.* The landowner will, of course, be very slow to apprehend this fact, and will never candidly admit it. The public, however, the humane and compassionate public (the most humane and considerate, notwithstanding what blockheads sometimes say to the contrary), is to be prevented from feeling anything like pity for the landowners; it must be heart-hardened, without loss of time, against all appeals in the shape of the *argumentum ad misericordium* in favour of rent.

There is not, within the whole compass of political verity, a more certain truth than this; and with this the titheman purposes to floor the rentman of the Westminster, beyond any chance of his coming up again to time. "The security of landed property, and the returns it will yield to a cultivator (not a rent receiver), constitute advantages far beyond those of any other sort of property, and these are all the advantages to which landed property is entitled."

And now, having beat the renter out of all power of farther mischief from him, and jumped over the ropes of the ring in token of my own unabated powers of fight, let me, good gentlemen patrons, have a word with you before we part.

Gentlemen of England! if you'll only be persuaded to set apart a little of the zeal and energy with which you prosecute the various pursuits of ambition and profit, for a *personal*, inspiriting, manly interest in the advancement of unadulterated christianity; if you'll only take the lead in religious matters, instead of leaving them, as beneath your manly dignity, to the well intentioned and amiable, but feminine and misjudging patronage of your grandmothers, mothers, wives, and daughters, the work of substituting a body of masculine, philosophic, clerical, christian philosophers, for the present *aides-du-camp* of the dowagers and faded spinsters of the country, will have been accomplished in a very short time indeed.

You shall not, gentlemen of England! good and well-intentioned fellows as you are in the main, while I have a voice to expose the injustice, "*dum spiritus hos regit artus,*" shift the blame of the present comparative inefficiency of the parsons to their shoulders, from the only one's that ought to bear it—from your own!

I tell you plainly it is your own fault that the interests of christianity are entrusted to less clear-sighted and experienced persons than yourselves. I complain not of those amongst you who care nothing about religion. Every grown gentleman has an undoubted right to despise

religion in his heart, provided he do not, in consequence, interfere with the interests and tastes of his neighbours. But I make a charge against the religiously disposed laymen of England, that they never have yet, as a body, approached the subject of religion like rational, serious men; that they have hitherto prostrated their intelligence at the petticoats of religious ladies, and the cassocks of presumed spiritual pastors and masters. I assert that there has been, up to the present moment, no national demand, from the masculine intelligence of the country, for a system of masculine and practical religion.

I assert that the parochial parsons would not have been able, by their own unassisted efforts, to create such a demand in general society; that the *good parsons* are the sort of wishy-washy old ladies they usually are, the mere bugbears to frighten boys and girls into decorum, because they could not keep their characters unimpeached without being so; because the absurd control over them, vested in the wig and apron of a diocesan, backed by constitutional prescriptions, has hitherto made it impossible for a manly parson to procreate a masculine system of religious instruction beyond the precincts of his own premises. It is not owing, then, to any inherent fault of parsons themselves, much less to the mode of property by which they are maintained, that they are priggish, quizzical nondescripts, neither man nor woman. From one set of the men of England, those, namely, who are too manly, too much engaged in more *important* matters to pay any attention to religion, the parsons have been, and, of course, always must be, estranged. The other set, the well-meaning, religiously-disposed men, have conspired with the good women of the country to make the parsons fools; to make them believe, for instance, that, because they are called in old books *Stewards of God's Mysteries*, they really know more about mysteries than other men; that they are the only men who can read and understand the plain words and sentences of the Bible; that, by virtue of apostolical ordination, they know more about the Bible than equally sensible and well educated laymen who attend to the subject. The gross, voluntary flattery of these good laymen and these good ladies, joined with the approval and patronage of civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and the aristocratic landowners (the sly landowners, who find their account in the moral emasculation of the parson, to whom it answers, more than to any other set of men, that the parson should be a spiritless, mistaken creature), all these circumstances combined have made the parson the nondescript he is when he is *a good parson*—have fretted many a parson of sense, and spirit, and sound religious principle, into such a contempt for the peculiar duties required of him, as to make him sick of *the profession*, as it is politely termed; and thus gain him, amongst the self-constituted and satisfied religionists, the character of a bad parson.

The writer has a friend, a retired medical practitioner, of a very radical cast of opinion, but withal manly and candid, and inclined to give the devil his due. This old gentleman, having kept an observant eye upon society during a long experience, assures the writer that he has not known more than two or three downright bad subjects amongst parsons; that he never knew a parish in which the parson (though not the wisest man in it by a good many) did not set the best moral example of any gentleman in it; that he never knew a parson who was not grossly cheated out of his dues, besides being expected to set a liberal example in alms-giving, to the exoneration from that duty of those who were defrauding him.

PARLIAMENTARY PASTORALS.

No. I. BY CORYDON CROKER; FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS THE "POTATO-POET."

Oh! ye Clubs, spread your doors open wide,
To your darkest recesses I fly;
From those terrible Whigs I would hide,
And escape from each Radical's eye.
'Tis a shame that no author can brook
To be damned in that Scottish Review;
But Macauley has cut up my book,
And my speeches demolishes too.

Quotations of Latin and Greek
I always have ready at hand;
When the subject inspires me to speak,
With an eloquence brilliant and grand:
I own that I sometimes misquote,
And am often more flippant than fine;
But I learn all my speeches by rote,
And I sometimes forget ev'ry line.

But never from History's page,
Will I think of quotations again;
For so little I look like a sage,
When my blunders are proved to be plain.
And I've had so much drubbing of late,
That I always feel nervous and shy,
If Jeffery should join the debate,
Or Stanley should rise to reply.

Yet my friends echo loudly their "Hears!"
When they think I've been making a hit,
And they flatter me on with their cheers,
While mistaking my nonsense for wit.
I have spoken when late was the hour,
Yet they made the roof ring with their joys;
Poor things! what they wanted in power,
They determined to make up in noise.

'Tis in vain I am witty and wise,
In my best and most eloquent mood;
The reporters compress my replies,
And omit all I thought was so good.
Though attacked by a ruffianly Press,
One Paper at least I can boast;
Yet between you and I, I confess,
There's seldom much sense in a "Post."

E'en the "Bull" seems to lie upon thorns,
And roars with a terrible look;
Yet he does little harm with his horns,
Though possessing the power of a Hook.
But our "Standard" flies high and erect,
As it waves its proud flag to the wind;
(Not a soul, I believe, can suspect,
How much they may tremble behind.)

I pass by King Charles and his Horse,
As I go to St. Stephen's alone;
And I look to the right with remorse,
Where so long I made all things my own.
If I hadn't adhered to his Grace,
When he made that rash vow 'gainst Reform;
I might have been still in my Place,
Like "the Pilot that weathered the Storm."

No. II. By the Damon of Newcastle.

My Boroughs are furnished with tools,
The best, and most willing of slaves;
If the world does not take them for fools,
It is not the less sure they are knaves,
Not a man who would do as I pleased,
If my bidding were flagrant or fair,
But with joy on his person I seized,
And I hastened and settled him there.

Though he looked very gravely and wise,
And spoke very learned and fine,
Yet his speech was a trap to catch flies,
For his principles always were mine.
When he rose in the House to impart
His reasons persuasive and terse,
Though he pressed both his hands to his heart,
His argument lay in his purse.

But I always took very good care,
That my votes were not given away;
Like the jackall, I looked for a share,
While the lion was gorging his prey.
For the minister had at command
Nice pickings, as much as one wishes;
And always allowed me a hand,
In the share of the "loaves and the fishes."

I had always some snug little berth,
For my uncle, or cousin, or brother;
And I knew what each sinecure's worth,
When I pensioned my sister or mother.
But I fear the Reformers will take
Without scruple the whole of my gains;
And my heart feels as if it would break,
Though I've long been concealing my "panes."

Are not Boroughs most excellent things!
Do not all our "great interests" share 'em!
Is not talent hatched under the wings
Of Gatton, and Haddon, and Sarum!
Though it may be as newspapers say,—
One's a wall nearly down to the ground;
And the eggs it is likely to lay,
May be not, like itself, very sound.

Lord Grey must indeed be as mad
As the mob he incites to rebel,
If he knows not that, though it be bad,
The "System" still works very well.
And how shameful to sweep from the nation
Those customs so old and divine;
By a change in the representation,
And a downfall of all that is mine.

But a struggle shall firmly be made,
And "the Church is in danger" we'll swear;—
(Though, I must say, I'm far more afraid
That my Boroughs are doomed to despair.)
'Tis unjust to give up to the crowd,
What we have a right to alone;
And a shame if we are not allowed
To do what we like with our own!

THE DRAMATIC MONOPOLY.

It would at first sight appear surprising, that this question should ever arise. The very title of our article, a "Dramatic Monopoly," is in itself an absurdity;—the sole right of judging every effort made in dramatic literature—the sole right of appreciating every attempt in the histrionic art, with an almost equal control over the works of our native musical composers, and those of a no less gifted body of painters! If such a power had been created in a time of literary debasement, and political slavery, it surely could never be allowed to continue in an age of regenerate genius and lynx-eyed freedom. But it is so—here, this day, in England. It must then be perpetuated in behalf of some Pericles, whose equal judgment and faultless discrimination render him the only arbiter, fit to decide on the productions and the reward of the highest art? No. On behalf of two trading corporations interested in keeping the reward at the lowest possible rate, and so confident in their patent rights, that they prefer making *objects* of those whom chance, subserviency, family connection, or aristocratic recommendation may offer, to taking the trouble of assisting the progress of ability, or cheering with hope its diffident aspirators. This is not the language of rhetoric, or the mock feeling of interested advocacy. It is the plain unvarnished truth. Let us take the facts as they are on record in every newspaper of the day.

Some prosecutor, whose name we presume he will have no objection that we should forget, at the avowed instigation of the proprietors of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, carries on proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, and, by virtue of a statute, long since repealed by common sense and common usage, obtains a verdict against a manager of the name of Chapman, for performing certain pieces, actually purchased by him of the author, and played by actors whose talents found their market in the salaries he paid them. It was decided virtually to be against law, that any plays should be bought in London, except such as the larger theatres chose to purchase, even should they themselves refuse such productions when offered; and that any actor should presume to use the gifts of nature and education for the benefit of any other establishments, even though the monopolists might think proper to dismiss him.

This was pushing the argument to a sufficient extent of absurdity, but with the usual senselessness of oppression, they forgot that such an argument is a two-edged weapon, and they determined on trying its use a step or two further. They caused notices to be served on all the minor managers, threatening them with a like fate, unless they might prefer the pleasing alternative of closing their doors. Utterly reckless of the fate of twenty-five hundred individuals directly dependent on the establishments they sought to destroy, and of the losses which must fall upon many thousands more, the patent proprietors determined at one blow to secure their monopoly. The public, these proprietors thought, cared little for those engaged at the minor theatres, and would hardly take the trouble to understand the general question. They were mistaken on both points. The public viewed, with kindness and sympathy, the honest exertions of so many hundreds, supporting themselves and those dependent on them by honourable exertion; the public saw with

no little indignation, an attempt made by those who called themselves the patrons of the drama, to destroy the livelihood of so many of its members; and, although it would have been difficult to awaken the attention of any considerable number to the oppression allowed to exist in the monopoly of the regular drama, a prosecution for the performance of a new piece, bought and paid for by the person representing it, was at once tyranny made palpable to the understandings of all. And thus has the whole question been agitated by the very act of the soi-disant patentees themselves, at a time when it is the interest of all monopoly quietly to relax its grasp, and not, by a tighter pressure of the rein, to make itself more palpably, and more hatefully felt. We are now at liberty to consider the English stage open to an entirely new settlement. The dramatic Polignacs have cast down the authority they should never have possessed, and it is the business of those interested in the well-government of the state, to give a new constitution to the Drama.

Let not our legislators imagine that this is a task unworthy of their care, or one which ought to be postponed to a hopeless future. The dramatic literature of England is the noblest monument of its poetical glory. The truth and wisdom contained in this high dealing with the feelings and the destinies of man, are the household texts even of political science. How often does a quotation more vivid than the reality, more apt than the fact itself, serve, not merely to ornament, but to enlighten their debates! Have not all the greatest spirits of the time appealed to Shakspeare and our elder dramatists, as their teachers in the knowledge of humanity? To parliament in this very question is confided the fate of all future competitors for this usefulness and this glory. The splendours of war pass away before the opening eyes of the world as an exciting but a feverish dream. Mankind are beginning to recognise their real benefactors. The legislator who secures their rights, the statesman who watches over their prosperity, are the objects of their wiser gratitude. Nor in this thankfulness is forgotten, the minister of the poetic fire—whether his inspirations be poured out upon the canvas or the marble, his oracles delivered by the tongue of eloquence, or inscribed by the pen to eternity.

The discussion which arose with certain of the minor actors, in a mere defence of their existence, has now entirely altered its form and bearing. They had appealed to the public, and the public replied to the appeal, with this very just proviso, that as they were now parties to the contest, their own interests should have a share in the treaty. Undoubtedly the real interests, the ultimate ones, of all the servants of an art dependent upon public protection, must be identified with those of the patrons. The benefits of fair competition are, in a word, the objects sought by both. Let us regard the question by the light of the past, and the glimpse we may snatch of the future—first, as it relates to the actors; next, as it relates to authors; and the public part of the discussion will almost work itself out incidentally to such a division.

The only four houses legitimately entitled to perform any thing above the rank of burletta in London, Westminster, Southwark, the immensely populous suburbs—in short, within a circle whose diameter is forty-two miles, more thickly inhabited than any such space in the whole civilised world—are the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Haymarket, and English Opera House. By a natural use of the monopoly, the seasons of these houses are so fitted to each other, as to occa-

sion the least possible interference for themselves; consequently for the public and the artists, the least possible competition. The seasons of the first two are by this contract limited to nine months each, that of the Haymarket to four months, and that of the English Opera House to six; thus amounting in effect to two houses open for eleven months each in the year, for the exclusive performance of tragedies and comedies, and another open for six months for the performance of opera and melodrama. The actors of the larger houses are those, with very few exceptions, employed at the two smaller ones; so that hitherto, at least, scarcely more than two companies have been lawfully exercising their art in this vast area—the only part of the British dominions capable of affording an adequate remuneration to the highest attainments in the art.

But, lest this competition should allow too great latitude for the demands of artists, another very natural combination has ever and anon been resorted to; to limit the salaries at each house by a fixed scale, with a stipulation that the actor refusing the terms offered by one, should not exercise his trade at the other for one whole year after such refusal. This regulation, has, of course, sometimes been enforced and sometimes broken through, as imagined temporary interests of the ephemeral managements have prompted the one course or the other; but it has been frequently acted upon, and its spirit is a consequence of monopoly far too natural to be long in abeyance.

It is necessary too, that the physical endowments of actors should fit the monstrous arenas in which they are to be exhibited. By virtue (or by vice) of the patents, there is neither beauty, grace, nor expression, in any delicate organization. A whisper must be given in the undertone of a speaking-trumpet. The silent anger of the eye and mouth might be discerned by the first row of the pit, but the galleries would infinitely prefer the dignified demonstration of a knock-down blow. Passion must lose its very class and kind in the exaggeration with which it must be notified and proclaimed. Tenderness must be vociferous, and melancholy uproarious. If any one doubts, let him carefully read any of our stock-plays with a view to the discrimination of their various feelings, and then take a peep at the stage-versions. It is not the fault of the performers, or the audience; it is the size of the theatres. It would, however, be no dishonest or unfitting occupation for a critic, to take a view of the most popular performances of the English stage, with reference to their intrinsic merits as opposed to these accidents.

We put it to the performers of the greater houses, whether they consider it worthy of their station, in their art, to suffer this question to be exclusively agitated, and probably settled, by those minor actors, into whose hands chance and oppression have at the moment thrown it. Have they no interest in the honest settlement of this matter upon a fair, liberal, and permanent basis? We are far too deeply impressed with the high merits of many of them, to imagine that any alteration which can tend to the benefit of their profession at large, must not bear them on still in the vanward to reap the advantages, though their own inactivity may deny them the fame. Surely an entire body, esteemed by the nation at large, and cherished by those who appreciate their art, need not fear the unpopular authority of two corporations, whose every act is but a step nearer to their own fall. If by one gracious and

honest effort they choose to free themselves, that freedom cannot be denied them. If it be possible that so just a cause can be lost, their pusillanimity must be at once the cause of defeat, and the excuse of the victors. But let us hope better of them. We need not gratuitously pay them so ill a compliment, as to suppose that they cannot perceive a better reward for their services from twenty unconnected competitors, than from two mock-bidders, who have previously settled among themselves the price at which the auction shall close. We cannot suppose them to be so insensible to the higher objects of their art, as not to prefer its exercise where it may be best discerned and appreciated.

One of the objections which we have heard, and which we consider as the only one in reference to this part of the subject which merits a reply, is the idea that the drama might thus become vulgarized—that the performance of the great tragedies, entrusted to unworthy hands, would have the effect of corrupting the public taste, and leading it from the real criticism of acting, to the love of unnatural farce, and melo-dramatic high colouring. Let us examine the position. The question is only this; whether an actor shall play a particular character under the free patronage of his audience, or by the fiat of an individual speculator; whether excellence is best understood and appreciated by those whose money rewards its exertions, and who pay in exact proportion to suit their appreciation, or by a manager, whom a thousand interests but those of the art may prompt to use such ability, without much reference to its proper claims. And by which is the public taste the more vulgarized? By the performance of any known character by an incompetent individual, who may be instantly compared with those who have ably sustained the part; or by the absence of ability in writing, as well as acting, by the venting of nonsense which, however badly, may not be inappropriately mouthed? Comparison, free, and unlimited, is the only test of excellence; those who reward talent are its only efficient judges; and real ability need no more fear the eclipse of pretension than the lustre of the sun need shrink from the ray of a rushlight. But there is a means of vulgarizing their profession, which some of the defenders of its assumed dignity do not appear to remember. To make the principal attractions of a national theatre consist of the worst kind of melo-drama; to depend for the resources of its treasury for one-third of the season upon an exhibition of wild beasts, in a performance not even possessing the claims of ingenuity, and a clever display of the qualities of the quadruped performers; for another third of the season upon a comic pantomine, and probably for the remainder upon an Easter spectacle—these are indeed effectually to vulgarize the drama. The question is one in which all personality should be scrupulously avoided; but as the illustration is so strikingly before us, let us ask what must have been the impression of a Frenchman on reading the bills of Drury-lane theatre for some months past, and comparing the display of the tragedies of *Macbeth* and *Virginius*, and of the name of a representative of the principal characters now, at all events, unrivalled—with the type of *Hyder Ali*, and the ambitious announcement of M. Martin! Again and again we call upon the actors, as a body, to consider the subject with as much attention and as little prejudice as can be brought to the task. It would surely be ungraceful in them to accept the parts of camp-followers, and share in the booty, though they dreaded the conflict.

Those, however, who are by far the most deeply and permanently concerned, as individuals, in procuring a just settlement of this cause, are the dramatic authors. Indeed, they have much to claim from the equitable consideration of the legislature. A law of acting copyright, over which their own supineness has so long nodded, is absolutely necessary to secure to them the moderate reward of their labours; and it may be urged in reply to any seeming indifference upon the present question, that they have been too inactive even to apply for a protection, which they would probably gain without opposition, and which would have the speedy effect of doubling the incomes of many of their body, without inflicting the slightest injustice upon any one. To be sure, it is impossible to live out of the world and in it at the same time; and those who are accustomed to the dreamy repose of their own thoughts, find it painful to be awakened to the necessities of their interests. When aroused, however, they can be efficient in no common degree, and we do not fear that it will be impossible to excite them now. Let them gain one or two points, and they may safely sleep for the remainder of their lives—and this is holding out no slight boon to these lovers of idleness.

Some illustrious exceptions, however, to the general inactivity, have had the good sense to perceive, and the honest energy to declare, their interests in the debate. If the competition, which is necessary to secure a fair price for talent, be an argument with actors, it is much more so with authors. Their art is one only to be learnt by personal experience of effects—one whose probation cannot, like that of actors, be passed in provincial towns, but which must from the beginning have its growth and encouragement, where only authorship is paid—in the metropolis. If the size of the monopolizing theatres be an objection to the exercise of the art of acting, how much more fatally does it affect that of writing. The necessity of removing the interest from the ear to the eye, must reduce plays from being the vehicles of thought, passion, wit, sentiment, and wisdom, to mere pantomimic pageants. Here is the real secret of the deterioration of the drama; the art itself is changed: it is no longer a combination of metaphysic plot, of character, and language; but must, from the size of the houses where it is represented, become a series of practical jokes, or physical situations. Nor does this baneful influence confine itself to these larger houses. The people once led to believe that they may enjoy the drama through the readier medium of the eye, consider the listening to poetry as a severe employment, instead of a delightful relaxation. Indeed, we have sometimes been tempted to go so far on this point, as to consider the tripartite stage of Shakspeare, and the simple dress of his times, as apter vehicles for the realities of his dramas than the gorgeous scenery and careful costume of the present era; but this, perhaps, is a whim. The certainty is, that audiences do not now go to listen; that authors are, in consequence, released from the necessity of writing what should be listened to, or but little encouraged if they complete this condition; that a play dependent principally on character and dialogue, must be a short play to be tolerated, even though the plot be pleasant, and the execution adequate. We are quoting sentiments, avowed by such of the monopolists as have the power of thinking upon the subject; and let him who doubts, ask the "readers" for the two larger theatres.

And is it possible that the conceptions of authors should suffer no

mutilation from these two beds of Procrustes? Is it possible that they should not either be so framed as to avoid having the head lopped off, to make the body fit in the first instance, or that they should, to be represented, be forced to be seen headless after all? Are no fine ideas cast aside on this account? and are there no others sacrificed, because the outline of the plot offers no character for A, B, or C? or the whole might not be advantageously cast among the performers of either theatre? It is by this that authors are become—the few who, dramatically born, must continue dramatists, in spite of their interests—the slaves of individual caprice. It is by the monopoly that they are obliged to give up originality for conventional idea, that they are obliged to build up a new monster for the representative of an old one.

What would have been the fate of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," or "The Tempest," if now submitted for the first time to the consideration of a manager of Covent Garden or Drury Lane Theatre? The highest use that would be made of them would be to submit them, properly cut, to Mr. Farley or Mr. Barrymore, as pretty openings for pantomimes. Such is, indeed, all they are fit for in the present state of the houses. In theatres, where every word might be heard without painful attention, the case, to be sure, would be somewhat different. The very unfrequency of such subjects would give them a sufficient share of attraction to remunerate author, actors, and manager. Again, how many more plays would be written, if a popular author, in taking up his pen, considered himself amenable to no criticism but that of his own judgment and the taste of the public. Certain that his production would find its value in an open market, he would commence his task cheerfully, and complete it without misgiving. The mere amount of remuneration for each play might not be quite so great at first, but the gross amount would be tenfold, and each author's share proportionate. Let every writer take into his consideration the time he expends upon the chance of getting a play brought out, in conciliating those who ought to hail him with welcome, in the agitation of reconciling almost impossible interests; let him add this to the time taken in composition, and then say how enormous a portion of his life each play costs him. Let him compare, too, the honour and pleasure of the two occupations—that of cultivating his own imaginations to their perfection in his closet, with awaiting the caprice of others in halls and porters' lodges. With his unfettered strength, exerted in the certainty of an independent reward, would he not write four times the number of plays that he can at present? Would he not work out those finer sketches which he is obliged to lay aside for something more common-place and palpable, and therefore more certain? Would he suffer his energies to be diverted to less worthy pursuits, because by them only he can live? What is the hope of a dramatic author of the first class, as the monopolists would have the arrangement remain? Take up the files of bills of the two great houses for many years, count the number of new pieces, assess the sums yearly paid to authors, mark the number of those forced upon the manager, by aristocratic influence or private connection. If the trade were free, who would dare ask of a manager to ruin himself by the performance of any play he could not conscientiously offer to the public?

We know that it has been said, that plays fit to be acted cannot be

procured. Plays so far fit for spectacle, as to agree with the size o. these theatres, and yet fit to be considered high literary efforts, are, to be sure, not easily produced; but, in the main, this cry is cant, mere cant, and those who use it are fully aware that it is so. In a free market, would *Rienzi* and *Foscari* have each lain upon the shelf for more than four years, and the talents of their authoress been cast by neglect into contributing to annuals, and the editing of American stories? How long did *Alfred* remain unrepresented? In the feverish excitement which attends the career of one play towards its representation, is the mind left calm enough to proceed to the creation of others? Are poets proverbially so philosophic?

Look at the past and the present, reason from experience or from common sense, employ certain knowledge or uncertain speculation, and all must agree with us in denouncing the present system as a huge burking-machine of dramatic genius. It is a Juggernaut, senseless itself, before which life falls prostrate, and is extinguished. In the name of civilization, in the name of honesty, in the name of those imprescriptible rights of mind, which Nature and Providence have given—down with it!

Our limits warn us that we must close. The view of the matter, as it concerns the public especially—hints for the practical settlement of the question—some words on the rights of vested wrongs, and other points which claim our attention, may be offered hereafter.

BREVITIES.

Public men cannot always go direct to their object, as the crow flies. It is but fair to make allowances for the thick medium in which they act, and the courtly windings they are often compelled to follow.

A wise and benevolent man may reasonably wish for children, if able to maintain them; but perhaps he is neither very wise nor very benevolent if he suffers his deprivation to make him unhappy. What is it we admire or find interesting in children? Their beauty, innocence, helplessness, cheerfulness, simplicity; but he is a selfish sot who cannot appreciate those qualities in the offspring of others as well as in his own; and who, having the power, wants the inclination to cherish and attract them to him.

"Former," "latter," and "namely," are three verbal dowdies—the anti-graces of diction, who still, by prescriptive right, are sometimes found in good society.

We feel astonished that torture should ever have been used by rational beings, as the means of getting at truth; but, no doubt, when it was abolished, many admirers of the good old times thought the innovation exceedingly dangerous. In like manner our posterity will scarcely believe that persons were allowed to vote away the public money, as representatives of the people, who literally had no constituents at all, and purchased their seats in Parliament as regularly as their chairs for domestic purposes.

The anger of a generous man is effectually disarmed by a little gentleness on the part of its object—as a bread and milk poultice is sufficient to allay a casual inflammation in a healthy frame.

THE LAY OF A LOST MINSTREL.

Bill of the Broom in youth had been
A tailor—cutting blade;
And proved his trade he did not love,
By making love his trade.

His "heart's delight," industriously,
By toil made many a penny,—
Jenny hard worked at spinning, and
Worked hard a spinning-jenny.

All day he'd watch the attic pane,
To see how Jenny got on:
His heart would "cotton" to the maid,
While she, sweet maid, made cotton.

The youth he wrote to tell his flame,
She answer'd, maiden silly;
He wore her *billet* on his heart—
Her heart was on her Billy.

The course of true love, saith the bard,
Never yet smooth did run—
A rival had begun his suit
Ere Bill his suit begun.

Smart Stephen Strap, with sayings sly,
Jenny would oft divert,
Crying, "Bill's not expert at seams,
He only seems expert."

In wrath the tailor learnt the end
Of such a fair beginning,
He sent her spinning-jenny first,
And then his Jenny, spinning.

The faithless one with Stephen wed;
Cried Bill, half-broken hearted—
"She'll think, of course, that I am dead,
When told that I'm departed."

So quick enlisting (no one now
His valorous heart impeaches),
He breeches-making still pursued,
Simply by making breaches.

But wars must end; so Bill returned,
And stood, with humbled mien,
(Being cleaned out with crossings foul,)
To keep the crossings clean.

Yet still he on his rival smiled,
Whom clouds now hung above;
For Jenny shewed the love of power,
More than the power of love.

But tailors die as well as men;
For death grants little leisure,—
Nor e'er was known to disappoint,
If once he takes his measure;

And fits his customer so tight,
No room he leaves for dodging;
Though if he calls him from his board,
At least he finds him lodging.

Bill's fall, which happened on his stand,
By every one was wept,
To think that he who swept the way,
At last away was swept!

H.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

SAVINGS IN ST. SAVIOUR'S.—Parish economy is often as bad as parish extravagance. The London Bridge Committee, and the parish-dignitaries of St. Saviour's, have been laying their apologies for heads together, in order to bring about the demolition of a beautiful portion of one of the most beautiful and antique pieces of architecture in existence—the the Church of St. Mary Overy, Southwark; the resting-place of Gower, the father of English poetry, of Philip Massinger, and of other rare and revered benefactors to our literature. It seems that the Spiritual Court, or the building called Our Lady's Chapel—certainly one of the most remarkable of the many architectural beauties of the edifice—is a little in the way; according to the elevated notions of the Nashes of Tooley-street; and as uniformity, in the opinion of such persons, takes place of every other architectural consideration on earth, of course our Lady's Chapel must give way, that decorations, in the form of new wine-vaults and a lamp-post, may figure among the ornaments and utilities of the Surrey side of the bridge. Mr. Weston, "the banker," was by far the loudest and most enlightened supporter of the pulling-down principle; telling the parishioners, in the true spirit of a borough-banker, that "they should not allow any nonsense of national pride to deter them from merging all objects in their own advantage." Architecture and antiquity are fine things, but, as Mr. Weston says, we must look "to the present times, and to ourselves." The demolition of this magnificent appendage to the church would be a pecuniary saving to the parish; he had made the "calculation" with considerable nicety, and found that the "householders would be gainers" by its destruction. That is, Mr. Weston, as the occupier of a spacious dwelling, would save six shillings upon his next church-rate; and the other inhabitants of the parish would average an advantage of eleven-pence each. We recommend Mr. Weston to propose, at the next meeting, the pulling down of the church altogether; it would realize a sum sufficient to enable the whole parish to live tax-free for a twelvemonth. We ourselves would give something for a nail from Massinger's coffin.—Luckily, however, there were some spirited and sensible people at that and other meetings, and discussion is to precede the demolition.

"PECULIARITIES" OF THE PRESS.—We never could find out what those people are made of, who lay down a newspaper and say "there's nothing in it." We pity the news-lover who travels from the *Advertiser* to the *Albion* (farther he cannot go), and cries "'tis all barren." To us every column is a casket of gems. The most shocking accident, or the most horrible offence, will often provoke very ludicrous associations, simply by the manner in which it is set forth. The stereotyped phraseology of the press is to us a standing joke—a perpetual and never-to-be-exhausted spring of "rational entertainment." Is there an unusual shower of rain in any village within five hundred miles of London?—of course, its like was not known "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Does it happen to take place in town instead of the country?—of course, "the metropolis was visited by one of the most awful," &c. Is there a chimney on fire?—of course, the "devouring element" blazes through a long paragraph. Is a straw-bonnet-maker's apprentice robbed of her reticule, or exposed to the indignity of having her veil gently thrown

back, displaying her beauties to the gaze of the vulgar?—of course, the deed was perpetrated either by a "wretch," or a "monster in the human form." Is somebody *acquitted* by the Lord Mayor upon a charge of swindling?—of course, he is a "person of very interesting appearance." Is somebody *convicted* upon a similar charge?—of course, he is a "suspicious-looking character." Does a gentleman fail to recover, at the hands of a magistrate, a wife who has run away from him fifteen times?—of course, his feelings "may be more easily conceived than described." Do five fools, aged fifty-one years each, happen to meet together at any time on this side of the antipodes?—of course, it is discovered that "their united ages amount to two hundred and fifty-five years." Are people married now-a-days?—no, they are always "led to the hymeneal altar." Are they hanged?—by no means; they are "launched into eternity." Do rich landowners give their famished tenantry a dinner at Christmas?—it is hailed as a noble specimen of "genuine English hospitality;" and in this spirit the following must of course be regarded:—

"*Good Cheer.*—Yesterday being Twelfth Day, the whole of the prisoners in the Borough Compter were regaled at the expense of John Holmes, Esq., the high bailiff, with roast beef and plum-pudding, plentifully served to them, with a comfortable sufficiency of *good old English porter*, for which the objects of the bounty shewed a becoming gratitude by their peaceable and orderly demeanour; concluding the repast by wishing happiness and long life to their *generous benefactor*, not forgetting their *humane keeper*, Mr. Law."

Now we can find no fault with this good cheer; on the contrary, we wish every prison in the kingdom had a high bailiff like Mr. Holmes; but still we are a little anxious to know what "good old English porter" is, and where it is to be obtained. Or is it to be had only by becoming an inmate of the Borough Compter? The "humane keeper" forms a peculiarly novel termination to the paragraph—though the phrase "not forgetting" is certainly somewhat equivocal.

The School-master "abroad."—Abroad in this instance means America, where steam and the school-master have lately been walking hand in hand; and the result is, the invention of one of the most wonderful machines that ever obtained a patent—or indeed that ever puzzled and petrified mankind since the days of Archimedes. A mechanic in America, we are told (but, by the by, we are not told whereabouts), "has invented a machine for *seminaries*, which by means of steam, not only warms the room, but flogs the boys *on a graduated scale*, according to their offences." We earnestly trust that the patentee may be prevailed upon to send a model of his invaluable machine to that joint-stock company of grandmothers, the Society of Arts; and we hereby throw open our pages to him, in the hope that he may be charitably induced to describe the extraordinary invention. No preparatory seminary, establishment for young scoundrels, or boarding-school for young blockheads, should be three months longer without it, if our morals are to keep pace with our mental progression. Eton and Westminster would be under eternal obligations to the inventor; for it has been for a century past perfectly clear, that mere manual labour is utterly inadequate to the infliction of the proper amount of flagellation, required by the young aristocrats and juvenile boroughmongers at those celebrated public seminaries. Such a machine must be a rare godsend to Dr. Keate,

or his deputy, as well for its heating as its beating capabilities—making the ushers red-hot, if need be, and correcting the refractory branches of the rising generation without the least trouble to the present inflictors. As the boys are now subjected to the additional penalty of purchasing their own rods, they must under the new system become responsible to the coal-merchant of the college, in proportion to the extent of their punishment. The "graduated scale" in this new steam-flogging apparatus, we confess provokes a little scepticism; and we should really like to know the various quantities of hot-water required for the correction of those school-boy-enormities, which we ourselves once practised with so much pleasure and so little impunity. If one quart would award punishment for the crime of "fagging" a junior boy to death, or kicking him eleven times round a room two hundred and fifty feet long, how much would be required for him who should omit to cap to the head usher, or whose parents had forgotten to send the periodical basket of game? It would need a nice calculation to deal with the minor offences of way-laying servant-maids, driving cattle far a-field, setting dogs at lame itinerants, and breaking the windows of democratic pastry-cooks that have the impertinence to ask for their money.

Would it be possible to render such a machine of any practical use in that political Eton College, the House of Lords? If by means of steam, flagellation could be bestowed in proportion to the folly exhibited, Lord Londonderry would, in one single month, find his coal-mines in some danger of exhaustion.

Black and White.—One of the greatest evils that can happen to humanity is to be "put into black and white" against one's will. You happen to make confession of some infirmity—or to be critical upon a a friend, in the strictest confidence—and the account is served up to you in print the next morning with your coffee. Happily, the days of Swift and Pope are past: we are no longer in danger of standing in a poetical pillory, or of creeping to immortality in a couplet. Epigram has had its elegy. But prose is at work: paragraphs are let loose upon us with the fangs of panthers, and jokes go off at us at every corner, like spring-guns. There is no getting at the news, without seeing that Hook or Rogers has said something smart at our expense. And the best of these jokes is, that nobody inserts them: they drop from the stars, and the very printer cannot guess how. We are held down, like Gulliver, by a thousand little cords, and are assured that it is merely a gossamer's web. To figure in paragraphs in this way, is to get into "black and white," as effectually as the heroine of a comic engraving that we have seen, who is placed between a chimney-sweep and a miller. You come in collision with scandal, in the first place, and are, of course, darkened all over; when, in order to shew that black is not "so black," but that white is "very white" indeed, up comes some good-natured friend of an opposite colour, and covers you with his floury defence. Your situation is then supremely enviable.

Anti-mustachio Decree.—When sentence of shaving was passed the other day upon the mustachios of our military exquisites, a panic ensued quite equal to any demonstration of horror that could be expected, if Mr. Hume were to succeed some night in stopping the army-estimates, and in abolishing half-pay altogether. But, of course, these ringleted

Cæsars and whiskered Alexanders best know what is the most valuable article about their heads, and have a right to take care of it. At all events the regulation and its results are not confined to England;—in the chamber at Cassel, we are informed, "a deputy denounced as unconstitutional, an order issued by the regent, forbidding the civil officers to wear mustachios. He said, the sultan himself had no right to touch the beards of his subjects; and that if to-day mustachios were disposed of, to-morrow every Hessian may be ordered to have his head shaved." Now this looks sadly like a piece of satire upon the parliamentary protestations and prophecies of our anti-reformers at home. They have said the same thing over and over again: "the king himself," say they, "has no right to touch the boroughs of his subjects; and if to-day Old Sarum is disposed of, to-morrow every anti-reformer may be ordered to have his head shaved." Nothing can be more likely. We admit the conclusiveness of the reasoning, and are happy to think that the poor cutlers of Birmingham are likely to be so extensively employed; though, to be sure, the number of the foolish daily grows fewer, and the demand for razors and strait-waistcoats may not after all be very excessive. At Cassel, the chamber passed after a short discussion to the order of the day;—ours is still likely to be a long discussion, and "order" will not come till it is over.

Fire-proof Dresses.—Among the many, or rather the innumerable triumphs of science that happen hourly, may be mentioned the invention of a new and very satisfactory fire-proof great coat, or other outward garment, formed of course of some exceedingly incombustible materials, and capable of being shifted with surprising convenience. We imagine it to be a sort of cloak or mantle, made of real Thames water—but at all events it is something quite as effective in shutting out the effects of fire, as the dress of Chabert himself. By the way, as the fire-king was said to have died lately, it is possible that his wardrobe fell into the hand of somebody who intends to assume to himself the merit of the invention. No matter; the dress is proposed for general adoption in all cases of fire, and tailors, duly instructed, are already at work in various directions. Now we must admit that this invention or discovery, in an age of incendiarism like this, is peculiarly well-timed; but we must also acknowledge that it is calculated to give some colour to the rumour circulated in anti-reform circles, that, as soon as the lords shall have thrown out the bill a second time, it is the intention of the reformers to burn London *à la* Bristol, cutting off the communication between Surrey and Middlesex by setting fire to the bridges. It was their intention at first to apply their torches to the Thames itself, but this they are determined to leave for the anti-reformers to do. Sir Charles Wetherell, who is known to be very particular about his costume, and also very tenacious of burning his fingers, has already given orders to Stultz for one of the new dresses—observing facetiously, that if it could be made *smoke*-proof, he should prefer it.

Jack Mitford.—We have had the loves of the flowers,—we shall shortly be edified by the "lives of the caterpillars;" for the newspapers of the past month, have, with scarcely an exception, treated the world with a biography of the worthy whose name commences this paragraph. Jack Mitford was the prime manufacturer of sixpenny infamy, in the

shape of lying lives of actresses, &c., and, consequently, his memory deserves to be embalmed in the columns of the best public instructors. He was the Jack Ketch to the Court of Scandal, and would execute any one for less than hangman's fees. He was one of those filthy satyrs, who drag on a life of dirt and drunkenness, by poisoning the minds of the young, and pandering to the impotence of the old. It was therefore fitting that his departure from this world should be reported with due emphasis by our daily and weekly contemporaries, who, in the plenitude of their charity sank the iniquity of their hero, and touched with graceful regret upon his incidental weaknesses. However, it cannot be disguised, that the booksellers will have a heavy loss in Jack. He was the Sir Walter Scott of a crim. con. case,—and for the illustrating a seduction,—the colours of Charles Phillips were dull and leaden compared to the rainbow tints of this literary *Bishop*. He *burked* a reputation with the readiest dispatch, and on the most moderate terms: one glass per character was his usual price; and any advance on this, his general fee, would purchase the worldly perdition of a whole family. Jack's appearance was in unison with his *no* character: the shell was worthy of the pearl. He looked the offspring of crime and misery. We never saw a human creature bearing more indelible marks of the filthiness of his craft. He looked as though, a moral ogre, he lived upon murdered reputations. The dirty means by which he gained his "daily *gin*," seemed to corrode even his outward man: active depravity had anticipated the marks of age, and stamped him prematurely old. Of his acquirements, one of his biographers speaks as follows:—

"Jack Mitford's acquirements were very varied. His name is, unfortunately, too much associated with a class of works in our *literature* (!!), which, to name, would sully the purity of our pages. But, alas, Jack Mitford was but *little to blame* for this prostitution of his pen! Those filthy miscreants who live by pandering upon the worst of vices, and excite in action those feelings which, if suffered to mature, would undermine the very fabric of society, found in the needy resources of this unfortunate man, and his taste for gin, an engine suited to their purposes. Under the influence of this liquor, they bought him over to their interests, and while insensible of its fumes, he used his pen for purposes which his saner moments viewed with horror and indignation!"

A piece of rascality, committed in the "saner moments" of Jack Mitford, has come to our knowledge, which in few words we will relate. Mitford waited upon a gentleman engaged in the conduct of a journal, with a written report of the proceedings of a libel case, tried that day in the Court of King's Bench. The copy was accepted, and the case, in which Mitford flourished as a witness, and most vehemently belaboured Adolphus, appeared in the paper. It was scarcely published, ere a notice of action, by the alleged plaintiff, in Mitford's report, was served upon the proprietor of the journal. Then—and unhappily not till then—the whole affair was discovered. The report was one of "Jack's" ingenious lies, committed in his "saner moments,"—and the plaintiff, a gallant officer, who really had a suit pending, stipulated to receive upwards of ninety pounds from the duped journalist, as a consideration to forego all further proceedings. Of course "sane" Jack Mitford shared in the spoil, though we doubt whether he viewed it with "horror and indignation."

Jack, it is said, wrote the poem of *Johnny Newcome in the Navy*. His biographer says:—

"Mitford was then a beggar, and Johnston the bookseller, who published it [the poem], was afraid to trust him with money, knowing that when he had cash in hand, he would not work. Each morning he received a shilling, and a certain quantity of paper, which he engaged to fill with rhymes and deliver by night. His method was to put some gin in a blacking-bottle, and twopenny-worth of bread and cheese, with *an onion* and some salt! Thus provisioned he repaired to Bayswater fields, where he sat and wrote. It was a dry summer, and he seldom had to encounter rain. In a gravel-pit, near the water-works, he made a bed of grass *and nettles:* the nettles that grew on each side he twisted over so as to form *a canopy*, and here he lay for forty-three nights—the poem being finished in that number of days. *Before* day-light [it was a "dry summer"—Jack must have been an early riser] he would rise and wash his rag of a shirt in a *stagnant pool*, which he put on wet, and yet never caught cold, nor did he ever enjoy better health than when confined to his nettle-bed and a shilling per day."

The biographer descants on the luxury of "an onion," a couch in the fields, and the ablution afforded by a "stagnant pool," with the *gusto* of an experienced sensualist. However, we can believe, if we except one particular, the whole account as applied to Jack Mitford. We do not, or we should be heretics indeed, dispute the blacking-bottle and gin—we can away with the onion, and grass bed; nay, we will strive to believe the nettles—(how real poetry is often associated with matters of fact! a satirist making to himself a bed and curtains of nettles!)—but we cannot, though we stretch our belief to the wonders of a Waterton or a Munchausen—no, we cannot yield credence to the "rag" washed in the "stagnant pool." The clean shirt we turn from as apocryphal.

It is said that a statue of Jack Mitford is about to be erected at the corner of Holywell-street, a place peculiarly benefited by the labours, not only of his drunken months, but of his "saner moments." If it be asked why we devote this space to the exhibition of this literary *Abhorson*, our reply is, that the exposure of such creatures goes far to neutralize their venom. Unhappily, in these days, miscreants of the Jack Mitford *genus* are not uncommon; and though they may elaborate their poison over champagne instead of gin, they are alike worthy of the cold contempt of those whose reputations they would vilify.

The Greenwich Rail-road.—The world seems never at a loss for projects. One rail-way makes many, and the frog Greenwich is puffing itself into the ox Manchester. A company has been formed, with a capital of the usual number of hundreds of thousands, or millions, for the purpose of establishing a rail-road communication between the metropolis and Greenwich. We like new projects, if for no other reason than to shew a spirit of resistance to those who hate innovations of all kinds; but we confess that we are romantic enough to like them the better when they happen to be based upon some object of utility. But we are as yet at a loss to discern the peculiar desirableness of this new rail-road from the Green-park to Greenwich-park, and from Greenwich-hospital to Guy's-hospital. Such a communication would no doubt tend greatly to facilitate the progress of the flys, caravans, and stages, on Easter and Whit-mondays; and the tumbles down One-tree-hill might be rendered much more regular by means of a rail-way; but we can see little other good that it is likely to effect—unless indeed it should tend to the comfort and convenience of the old pensioners, in their occasional peregrinations to town. They might pay their visits to their shipmates

in Wapping, and be dispatched back to their quarters with the velocity of a cannon-ball. Something might be thus saved to the country in the article of wooden-legs; but still we are a little sceptical as to the advantages that are to result from the Greenwich Rail-road Association.

The Advantages of going to Jail.—Mr. E. G. Wakefield's recent pamphlets, "Swing Unmasked," and "Facts connected with the punishment of Death," are just now going the triumphant round of the newspapers. The Times quotes, the Sun praises, the Spectator adopts; while all three agree in opinion that they contain much shrewd observation, much sound, practical morality, much valuable, and even novel, information. Assuredly these are signs of the times when a gentleman goes to Newgate to complete his education! Had Mr. Wakefield never honoured that classic region with a three years' residence, instead of being the man he now is, "a thing of mark and likelihood," he would merely have been one of the multitude, a cypher in society as in literature. But going to jail has been the making of him! It has not only enlarged the sphere of his observation, but, strange to tell, even improved the quality of his ethics. He enters Newgate a thoughtless, reckless *roué;* he comes out of it a sage, a moralist, a philosopher! As Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress washed off all his earthly stains in the chilly waters of Death, so Mr. Wakefield regenerates his intellectual Adam in the purifying atmosphere of Newgate. In fact, he perfects his education, and takes his degree there, precisely like a student after a three years' residence at the University. Since therefore this incarceration has redeemed our clever pamphleteer, by expanding his judgment and maturing his powers, who knows whether it may not be made to produce the same blessed effect on others? At any rate the experiment is worth trying. This is the age of theory, when all systems, all opinions, whether fantastic or otherwise, are sure to meet with encouragement. With due submission, therefore, we propose that all our embryo politicians be henceforth sent, one after the other, to jail; some for two, some for three, some for five years, according to the urgency of the case, and the extent of their acquirements, in order that they may be thereby qualified, like Mr. Wakefield, to enter on the great business of public life, in a shrewd and practical spirit.

A Proposition fairly Canvassed:—Is the World good or bad upon the whole?—In those instructive volumes recently published by Colburn, entitled "Jefferson's Memoirs," the great American philosopher, writing to his friend Lafayette, is made to say "the world is good upon the whole; were I to live my days over again, I would do so most readily." This is undoubtedly high, but it is far from being decisive or even weighty authority. And why so? Because from first to last, from the alpha to the omega of his career, Jefferson's life was one long, uninterrupted triumph. The stream of his good fortune knew neither flux nor reflux, but flowed on from youth to age in a broad, calm, and unwrinkled channel. He never knew disappointment except by name; nor adversity except as he witnessed its effects on others. At twenty he was a rising man in America; at twenty-five he was her prodigy; at thirty he drew up the Declaration, and witnessed the achievement of her Independence; at forty he was her Secretary of State; at sixty her President; and up to the period of his dissolution her most venerated

patriot, statesman, and philosopher. During all this time he enjoyed unabated health and consequently felicity, for—so intimate is the connection between health and happiness—there can be no true pleasure, and not much social feeling, where the gastric juice is disordered. To such a man the world was of course "good upon the whole;" but his was an extreme case; and it is by general, not particular examples, by the authority of the aggregate, not of the individual, that matters of fact must be decided. Ask the majority of our Spitalfields, Manchester, Macclesfield, and Congleton mechanics; of our labourers, West India proprietors and ship-owners; of our lawyers, clergymen, authors, actors, half-pay subalterns, and tenpence-a-day soldiers;—ask each, or all of these, what they think of the world, or even put the question to the vote throughout the kingdom; and let us be guided by them, not Jefferson, in our opinion of its worth. For our own parts, so far from thinking the "world good upon the whole," daily experience convinces us more and more that it is a sorry business at the best, and that Burns and Chesterfield spoke but the strict truth, when the one declared that man was made, not to rejoice, but to mourn; and the other expressed satisfaction that his bustling and varied life was at length drawing to a close. The question is one to be decided, not by two or three major authorities, but by a thousand minor practical ones.

Theatricals in High Life.—The Duke of Bedford and the Marquis of Londonderry, however little they may agree in the House of Lords, have exhibited something like a reciprocity of taste out of it—in running a race of private theatricals against each other. The Duke, however, has not appeared himself; but at Wynyard Park, the Marquis has superintended the production of the *Wreck Ashore*—in which Lady Londonderry, as *Alice*, entirely eclipsed Mrs. Yates; while his lordship—but hear his critic:

"The melancholy incidents of the piece were frequently enlivened by the Marquis of Londonderry, and his *talented* son, Viscount Seaham; the former of whom, in the character of *Marmaduke Magog*, the parish-constable and beadle, and the latter in "the cute country lad," *Jemmy Starling*, kept the audience in roars of laughter, whenever they appeared on the boards. The Marquis possesses a *rich vein of comic humour*, which he kept in full play throughout the whole of his performance. His lordship reminded us of a popular actor, named *Rock*, who figured on the Durham boards, some twenty years ago, and to whom, in our opinion, he bears a very striking resemblance *as a comedian*. Of Lord Seaham, who is not eleven years of age, we cannot speak in terms *sufficiently intelligible*, to convey to our readers an idea of the gratification we derived from his performance. To say we were *delighted and astonished*, is to say *too little*; and we shall, therefore, content ourselves, by simply expressing a hope, that the *splendid talents* of the heir of Wynyard, developed thus early, may hereafter be employed in the *service*, and to the *advantage* of his country."

It is rumoured that John Reeve intends to start for America; for it it is evident that he has no chance against a Marquis, who happens to be so perfect a genius in the parish-beadle business. The reference to *Rock* puzzles us. Does the critic mean Captain Rock? Mr. Buckstone, also, when he wrote and acted the part of *Jemmy Starling*, little thought that he was so soon to be extinguished by so wonderful a little viscount as Lord Seaham. How his lordship's capacity, however, for playing *Jemmy Starling* is to tend, as the critic hints, "to the service and advantage of his country," we cannot surmise—except as it may tend to keep

him, for a few hours now and then, out of the House of Lords. That may be something.

BURNS AND HIS DINNERLESS DEVOTEES.—We had hoped that the meeting at the Freemason's, in celebration of the birth-day of Burns, and of the coming of the Ettrick Shepherd, would have been marked by a sense of hospitality as well as by an appreciation of literature. But the result proves it to have been quite innocent of both. There was no dinner, and no devotion. It was a Scotch, scrambling, seat-seeking, speech-making, stupid, stewardless scene of starvation. Nobody gained anything by it but an appetite—price, one pound five. The health of the Duke of Wellington was drunk—as if the company were determined to consider him a Scotchman; and the "Warriors of England" were proposed, as if Burns had been the Colonel of the Scotch Greys. Hogg, Lockart, and Allan Cunningham were the only persons of literary note present; and they may say with Falstaff—"an we are not ashamed of our company, we are soused gurnets."

MAGISTERIAL MUMMERIES.—The retirement of Mr. Const the other day was an affair of infinite jest; but we are little disposed to be merry at the expense of such very grave persons as magistrates. Mr. Const is, no doubt, a very amiable man; but really he should have yielded to the pressing solicitations of his brother magistrates, to remain a "little while longer"—one month, one "little month." This was all they asked, and he was stoic enough to deny. The whole bench, according to the papers, were "deeply affected, and immediately *retired to dinner.*"

The Irish magistrates are just as unwilling to serve as Mr. Const—but for very different reasons. "Most of the magistrates there," we are told, "have ceased their functions rather than pay £8. for a new licence." Surely £8. for the pleasures of tyranny for a whole twelvemonth, cannot be considered an unreasonable charge. There are people in England who would pay £800. for the privilege.

MARVELS OF LITERATURE.—We have the pleasure of announcing to the literary an exclusive piece of information. It involves such consequences to the whole human race. that we hardly know how to give it a sufficiently distinguished situation in our pages. Perhaps some may suppose that we are about to substantiate the current rumour, that the Queen, assisted by the leading literary and political ladies of her court, is about to write a fashionable novel; or that Lord Brougham is actively engaged in preparing for the press a revised edition of Dr. Watts's Hymns and Spiritual Songs—not at all; the fact is, that "The Bard of Heaven!"—as some have been pleased to designate one Mister Robert Montgomery,—the same gentleman who, by a little effort our readers may perhaps recal to mind, made some few juvenile attempts at poetizing a short time ago,—his imagination and intellect having made rapid strides since that period, is about to bewilder and utterly confound this infidel world, by bringing to light a poem to be called the "Messiah!" In this great undertaking we hear he has been assisted by the Rev. Mr. Irving and Mr. Spencer Perceval; the subject of the unknown tongues to be treated of by the Rev. Gentleman, and of that the fasting of forty days by Mr. Perceval.

Fourteen editions are already bespoke by private friends, although

at present the affair is quite *a secret*. We are promised an early copy for notice in our next number.

Dramas to Order.—A copy of Mr. Jerrold's *Bride of Ludgate*, has been forwarded to us; we have, in another place, given our opinion of its merits: our present observations relate to the *remarks* prefixed to the drama, in which the system, which has rendered our large theatres contemptible, is aptly touched upon.

"The fate of the dramatist is peculiarly hard. If he succeed in penetrating the almost impenetrable phalanx of 'puny green-room wits and venal bards who, for a playhouse freedom, sell their own,' that environ the 'great lessee'—nay, if the word 'accepted' greet his ear, let him not vainly imagine that his difficulties are at an end. There is a back-stairs influence,—a power behind the throne, to be counteracted and overcome. Time was, when every showman was master of his own puppets; but now,—as the 'medicin malgré lui' said of the heart being once on the left side, and the liver on the right,—the college (the march of intellect!) have ordered it otherwise. Every puppet is his own manager! The playwright must propitiate, flatter, and succumb to—actors! To transmit a drama direct to head-quarters is an unpardonable breach of theatrical etiquette; Mr. Jenkins must first glance his eye over it, to see if every character be made subordinate to his monopolizing ascendancy. If the parts run tolerably equable and dull, and the interest centre solely in himself,—if he stand no possible chance of being defrauded of a single clap from some fugitive Joe Miller, surreptitiously put into the mouth of a lesser or greater droll, he issues his veto that the name of Mr. Jenkins may be advertised in the bills! But, if the inexperienced author, calculating on the company's capabilities, kindly bounteous, care for all, forthwith he seizes his critical tomahawk, lops off the redundances, and what he appropriates not to his particular use, like a loathsome weed, indignantly casts away. This mutilation of his scenes the playwright must submit to, if he would enlist the mirth-moving shrugs and grimaces of Mr. Jenkins.

This picture is as disheartening as it is true. However, let us hope that dramatic free-trade will ultimately remedy these abuses. We know not how far the statement may apply to particular actors—we relate only what we have heard—which is this; that when Farren read the above extract he asked his brother—the pundit of the Assurance Office—"Whether an action would not lie" against the publisher of the libel. We are not yet enabled to give the fraternal answer.

Remarkable Confession.—Mr. Hood imagines Eugene Aram to relieve his burthened conscience, by telling the tale of his crime to one of his pupils, as a dream. As if to exemplify the truth of this conception, a weekly contemporary, not in any other respect like Eugene Aram, has in like manner made confession of himself by advertisement, in guise of the reprobation of others. The unhappy man says—

"The noise of impudence and quackery is so loud in the press, that a calm elevation of voice *only once a year*, may be excused in those who are never egotistic, or combative at any other time." New Year's Address of the Literary Gazette.

Thus he feels conscious, that he is not one of these privileged to speak, as the grotto boys beg, "only once a year," and he is compelled to this expedient to obtain a hearing of his confession.

Pretending to speak of the press, but really describing the Literary Gazette, he observes—

"It twines itself into so many folds—proceeds upon so many hidden

motives—proclaims its false pretences so boldly, that it is indeed difficult to distinguish through its medium the right from the wrong, the true from the false. None can more regret than we do, to see the noblest engine which man can employ so exceedingly debased [here is remorse]—to see that which ought to spread knowledge and virtue and benevolence over the world, made the organ of slander and depravity and malignity [too strong, the Lit. Gaz. is not so much to blame]. Were the individual oracles whence these pernicious principles are diffused, held up to the scorn and infamy they richly merit; *were they but dragged from their darkness, and rendered visible in their own naked insignificance and worthlessness; we can fancy how astonished the public would be at its folly in having listened to such guides.* This is wise [γνωθι σεαυτον]. Persons for whom the English tongue has but one impressive term, blackguards; boys pert from school; men never met in society, and without the responsibility of reputation; *ignorant* and envious libellers; the justly disappointed; the scurrilous and the self-interested, take too prominent a part in our periodical literature, and to *those who are in the secret of their existence furnish an abundant wonder that they should produce the slightest effect upon the mind of the country.*"

The same remark has often occurred to us when we have happened to glance over the slip-slop columns of our repentant contemporary, but politeness forbade the utterance of it, till his very full confession gave us the permission. The penitent must be greatly eased by this delivery of his breast, which, after all, was unnecessary, for every body knew the facts, except indeed the other dunces. It is easy to imagine how heavily burthened his mind must have been when we consider, among a multitude of minor offences of puffery, that he blew the trumpet for the King Death of Quacks, Augustus St. John Long. The ghosts of the patients have doubtless haunted the editor's couch.

He continues to say, with great propriety, "We confess that our wish is strong, for an improvement not only in ourselves, but in our contemporaries."

Certainly a little education and instruction in good manners would be serviceable to many of the public instructors, and especially to those whom the penitent *does* meet in society. Where is the fable of the bug, who boasted of his bed-fellows? Whenever we hear a creature talk of his society, and whom he meets, we set him down for a bug. A gentleman would no more think of turning his associations to pride than of bragging of wearing clean linen; but a fungus is properly in perpetual admiration of his own place in the world.

The contrite man, under a strange delusion, says, "*Be it ours still to cherish the literature of England,* and make known its merits to every quarter of the globe; never be it ours to hurt one good feeling by *the miserable ambition of being smart and clever.*" Of smartness and cleverness no one can accuse him; but what in the name of wonder has put into his head that he cherishes the literature of England! The literature of England is not dry-nursed, not brought up by spoon. We will tell him what he does. The publishers send him suds, and he blows bladders with it, or, to drop metaphor, he "cherishes" advertisements, and propagates puffs.

THE DRAMA.

Mince-pies and turkeys, twelfth-cake and pantomimes, which were meant, no doubt, to connect in friendship the old with the new year, like most things of venerable date, seem to be now at a most awful discount. Verily, ours is the age of innovation; and even the Christmas festivities appear to suffer from the prevailing rage—not that we mean to insinuate that the taste for mince-pies and turkeys is on the decline. Heaven forbid! that would indeed be a bitter reflection on the glories of John Bull—but we maintain that the merit of those *friandises* as symbols of certain festivals and enjoyment is fast going to decay. The genius of pantomime is dead! Farley—Farley himself, we are afraid, has shone to the awe-stricken eyes of nursery-maids and children, in the last effulgence of his magic—and when *he* is gone, alas!—But the subject is too pregnant with melancholy speculations; for the present, we are happy to announce that Farley is in a sound state of health—long may he live to *pantomimize* at Covent Garden theatre. This is as much as we can say about the pantomimes *this* year!

Take some ridiculous dresses, *supposed* to be the old Spanish costume—get some faded scenery—collect from plays, most venerable for their antiquity, those incidents "stale, flat, and unprofitable," which have been stage-property these hundred years—provide yourself with a ladder of ropes, lanthorn, disguises, &c. &c.—write a competent quantity of bad prose, and worse verse—give a bad part to Farren, and two or three bad songs to others, and the whole will produce a musical drama. We are extremely partial to the musical drama, and we must pronounce "My own Lover" one of the very best specimens of *its kind!* It possesses one extraordinary merit, that if the gods and fate permit its ever-so-frequent re-appearance, you witness the last representation with the same pleasure as the first. During the performance you laugh or yawn, cry *bravo* or *pish! pooh* or *pshaw!* and then when the whole is over, you are as much at a loss as ever to know what it is about! We have heard that an opera must be seen half a dozen times before one can form a just estimate of its merits—perhaps the same rule holds good with regard to a musical drama. *When* we have seen it six times (!) we may speak with a more corrected judgment—*until* then, we do consider it neither just nor prudent to say more.

There was once an astrologer that was *no* astrologer; he has a long beard and a wand; people flock to his study to consult him. Among others there is a count, called St. Megrin; he is in love with a married lady, and that lady was the Duchess of Guise. She reclines on a sofa—dreams—awakes. The lovers meet *fort apropos*. They say something of the tender passion. There is a little stamping of feet behind the scenes, Holloa! he comes! The astrologer, who is *no* astrologer, here smuggles the Duchess away. Enter the Duke in a rage. The Count likewise gets into a fury—but no murder. Exit Count; and the Duke picks up a cambric handkerchief. Flame and furies! 'tis the very identical handkerchief which the Duchess had bought two or three days before at Howell and James's, or some such emporium. The Duke very naturally falls into a fit of jealousy. He had read Shakspeare's Othello, and

knew that handkerchiefs are proverbial for conjugal infidelity. He looks again at the cambric proof; and that the audience might not think him rash and hasty, he shews them the mark, X. Y. Z. He says, in a concentrated voice, "Very well, my lady! I'll do your business," and off he goes.

Act the 2d. Noblemen are seen idling (a thing common enough, to be sure). Count St. Megrin is in a deep reverie. The Duke of Guise declines fighting the Count, because he is only a count. Herewith the amiable King, to obviate the difficulty, creates St. Megrin a Marquess and a Duke at once; but now see the strange perversion of human nature—they are as far from fighting as ever. Is this fair? we candidly ask, supposing a Mr. Smith, or a Sir John, is made a peer, that he may vote in favour of *Reform*, will not this Mr. Smith, or Sir John, get a title under *false pretences*, if he does not stand by the original agreement! But let that pass. The Duchess is melancholy, and talks with a pretty page. The Duke comes, and desires her to write a letter—she obeys—when, lo! it is an assignation for the Count. She suspects foul play, and declines. "You won't, hey?" quoth the Duke, with a malignant sneer. He puts on his gauntlet, and then squeezes the Duchess's delicate wrist so tightly, that it makes her cry out—"*Don't, Henry, you hurt me!*"—a piece of intelligence which we thought superfluous. The barbarous Duke does not relent. What can she do? She writes.

Act the 3d. The Count comes to the assignation, in spite of a hint from the astrologer. He, however, takes a charm which will render him *invulnerable*. A very distressing scene—we do not recollect the exact words, but the spirit of them runs thus—"Oh, Heavens! why do you come?"—"That's good; why, because you told me."—"Yes; but 'tis all a plot—you will be murdered!"—"Bless us, you don't say so! Oh, treacherous woman!"—"Accuse me not, the cruel Duke obliged me to write."—"Well, well, that alters the case; but do you love me?"—"Upon my honour."—"That's enough; I die content!"

A noise is heard—the Duke advances—confusion and despair—a ladder of ropes is thrown in by the page. The Duchess enacts with her arm the part of an iron bolt. The Duke *tugs* at the door, while the *invulnerable* lover escapes by the window. The lady's arm at length gives way, as we had anticipated, and the Duke, in a phrenzy, exclaims—"Holloa! where is he?"—Gone! The *invulnerable* lover is, however, dispatched under the window as well as the page, whilst the Duchess lies writhing under the combined tortures of a compound fracture and poison, &c. &c.

Such is the outline of the plot of the tragic drama—"Catherine of Cleves," translated and abridged, adapted, and materially altered, by Lord Leveson Gower. We think his lordship's powers might have been much better employed on a different subject. There is no dignity—no stamina in "Catherine of Cleves," to elevate it to the rank of tragedy; it will make an excellent two-act melodrame, but no more. The exhibition of bodily torture is, to say the least, excessively repulsive; and the only two stirring situations in the play owe their chief interest to that exhibition.

The "Bride of Ludgate" has been performed with complete success at Drury Lane; but the star of the season was produced on Wednesday last, entitled the "Rent-Day," by the same author. Mr. Jerrold is

distinguished in the dramatic world—they of the green-room tell you that there is no other world—as the author of "Black-Eyed Susan," &c. To say that it met with a more triumphant success than even the author hoped for—and that is saying *much*—is, however, saying *little*. As if a plot of intense interest, combined with striking incidents, and sustained throughout by language of the most powerful description, were not sufficient to cast into the shade, nay, to entirely smother the translations and adaptations of the present day, Mr. Jerrold has introduced *tableaux vivants*, from Wilkie's most celebrated pictures, "The Rent-Day," and "Distraining for Rent." The effect was acknowledged from all parts of the house—a clear proof that the "gods" are not insensible to the beauties of the fine arts. Of the drama, they, in conjunction with the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Mulgrave, have always been the leading and most vociferous patrons. The talent exhibited in Mr. Jerrold's piece entitles him to rank among the very first dramatists of the day.

A theatrical reviewer in a Saturday journal, of the *exquisite* class, is mightily enraged against Mr. Jerrold for the intense interest he has contrived to throw into his new piece. His nerves were so shocked at the representation, his scent-box and cambric handkerchief were in such requisition, that as soon as his health permitted him to pen an *article*, he inflicted in his turn on the author a most dandy dressing. Verily we should think this gentleman was a gentleman of "rose-buds and sweet-scented waters"—that lisps when he prattles, and dips gently into his "pouncet-box" his delicate finger, wearing a ring thereon.

We have given the novelties of the month at the majors—the minors have been more prolific, and perhaps more successful; the stream of public favour runs certainly that way. The Olympic has produced a little piece, called "He is not a-miss"—which the papers, with their usual discrimination, say is an *original* production, by Mr. C. Dance. We don't intend to contradict them, but we feel rather indignant at the impertinence of Messrs. Duvert and Paulin, who produced last summer, at the *Théatre de Varietés* of Paris, a piece called "Monsieur Chapolarde," which was evidently translated from Mr. C. Dance's recent burletta. It is extremely unhandsome of Messrs. Duvert and Paulin to palm this piece on the public as their own; and we are surprised that Mr. C. Dance, who is so ingenious in pointing out the *translations* of others, does not assert his right.

He comes! he comes!—the great "Robert-le-Diable"—such is at present the engrossing topic of the green-room. The two patent houses are actively at work, both eager to have the start—but alas! the *Adelphi* is, after all, the first in the field. Buckstone, the purveyor-general of the establishment, has raised the devil first, and accordingly an *entirely original* drama, taken from the French, was produced on Monday the 23d with complete success.

"The Demon Duke" at Drury Lane has, we understand, been *concocted* by Mr. Beazley—Mr. Lacy is the *arranger* of the *diablerie* at the other house.

Mr. Planche is *au desespoir* that he is out of work. His scissors "hang idly in his hall." In the present busy scene of botchery, or rather butchery, of poor "Robert-le-Diable," his talents ought to have entitled him to the rank of head slaughterman. But alas! managers are imbecile; merit lies at Brompton unregarded.

Miss Sheriff has performed her rotation in an incredibly short period, to the amazement of the dramatic world. Mercury is a sluggard in comparison with her. The glorious sun himself has been nearly extinguished by her short-lived blaze. That great luminary, however, has the advantage of rising again, while his formidable rival, alas! seems set for ever! Miss Sheriff's career has been more like a sky-rocket—blazing and brief; so much for puffing.

A new subscription theatre has been opened in the Strand by Mr. Rayner. One of the public journals praises the manager, because his company is composed of *Yorkshire* people. The "Yorkshire-Pudding," or, the "Horse and the Halter," by an unknown writer, is one of the forthcoming novelties.

There has been a tremendous clatter about M. Laporte taking Covent Garden theatre; it was all, however, "*vox et præterea nihil.*" This Laporte is a terrible fellow. He took, takes, and will take every theatre in London. He takes the French theatre, he took the Opera, and, they say, he will take the Pantheon. He took another Italian Opera—he will take Drury Lane.—He takes a small theatre for English vaudeville—he will take a provincial tour—and is now about to take, Heaven only knows what. One thing, however, is certain, that he takes too much room in the paragraph department.

The march of theatres begins to be alarming—every day brings a new undertaking of the kind into notice. There is one now building in Portman Market. Should the minors carry their point, we shall have as many theatres as streets. But the multiplying evil will soon correct itself; or at all events, some of them will make good hospitals.

The English dramatists are looking rather melancholy—some suppose it is the approach of cholera. It is not so. The real cause arises from the clear intimation of dullness in the French vaudeville-makers. Nothing of any note has been brought out at Paris of late; for the recent list of novelties exhibits nothing but failures, or successes which are pretty nearly the same.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Eugene Aram. By the Author of Pelham.

The high estimation which Mr. Bulwer enjoys among what are denominated "the Reading Public," renders every new publication of his a most desirable acquisition. As a novelist he ranks with the highest. If there is a writer of fiction at the present day, when that kind of writing has arrived at an extraordinary degree of perfection, worthy of pre-eminence where so many are excellent, we should consider the author of Pelham as possessing a fair claim to that distinction. Sir Walter Scott may have produced fictions of a more romantic beauty, Mr. Cooper may have described scenes of more intense interest, and Mr. Godwin may have rivetted our attention to his stirring narratives, with a stronger and more commanding power; but the volumes of Mr. Bulwer are imbued with a deeper tone of philosophy, and possess more pretensions to thought and reflection than those of his great contemporaries (if we except Mr. Godwin). His fame rests more upon the merit of his works, than upon their number. Of his first novel, which we believe was "Falkland," we have but little recollection; the publication of "Pelham," immediately produced for him that elevated degree of celebrity, which more recent productions of his pen have continued and increased. "The Disowned," and "Devereux," if they have not obtained an equal share of popularity, possess merits which alone would have entitled their author to a durable and honourable fame. "Paul Clifford," though of a very different character from his former volumes, is marked by a strong power of satire and humour. The author has shewn himself as much at home with the habits and peculiarities of the lower orders, as he had previously done in his delineations of character in a more exalted society. His notions of men and things are marked by originality and truth; his development of the good and evil of human nature, the "mingled yarn," of which stuff our lives are spun, is drawn with a spirit of wise and just observance; the gentle feelings of humanity, and the darker passions of the heart, are thrown over the picture, like the *chiaro-scuro* of the most skilful artist, and blended into one grand and harmonious whole; and beneath the surface lies an under-current of reflection and philosophy scattering golden meanings, and treasures of thought and poetry as sparkling as the sands of Pactolus.

The rank which the author holds in society, has given him many opportunities of becoming familiar with its construction and character; with the invisible links which connect the foundation-stone buried in the soil, with the magnificent sculpture placed upon the top of the column; and his insight into the hidden principles which govern men's actions, he has proved to us to be as great as the advantages he possessed of its study. He lays bare the human heart to all men's eyes, not by a sudden withdrawal of those innumerable coverings which conceal it from the world; but its many motives and feelings, and passions, and desires, and aspirations, are, like the fabrics and cloths that envelope an Egyptian mummy, gradually unfolded, and the nakedness of its nature lies exposed before us. He weaves upon the ground-work of fact, a fiction of glorious colouring, and splendid texture, which, like the famed productions of oriental magnificence, is woven in with precious things, the treasures of other men's gathering. The great charm of Sir Walter Scott's writings lies in their romance: it is so mixed up and blended with its characters that we see it, are dazzled by it, and acknowledge the glamoury of the "Wizard of the North;" but Mr. Bulwer relies not so much upon the romance of fiction, as the romance of truth. Imagination colours the one, and knowledge of human nature produces the other. With the Author of Pelham, truth is the quarry out of which, like the great sculptors of old, he chisels forms rivalling the perfection of nature: with the Author of Waverley Romance is the Philosopher's stone which turns all it touches into gold.

Joined to these powers the author possesses a spirit imbued with profound

scholarship, a mind which has drank deeply of those precious waters, which the intellect of the mighty dead has poured out with such abundance, and their refreshing influence is liberally diffused over his pages. These powers, and more than these, has he brought to the production of a new work, which rivals, perhaps surpasses, all his others. Eugene Aram, who is known to all by the beautiful and impressive poem of that name written by Thomas Hood, comes before us ushered in with a Dedication to Sir Walter Scott, written with great good taste, and full of liberal and modest sentiments. The story is of one who made much stir in the world about the middle of the last century. The author has made him here a character of extraordinary power and wonderful effect; a being of superior mould to those of common humanity, and who does not, even in his fall from virtue, seem "less than Archangel ruined." He is a scholar, left at an early age poor and friendless; books become to him friends, knowledge his wealth, and the world his home. But with his limited means he soon exhausted the learning within his reach, and his soul panted with the most restless and daring aspirations for an increase. Though his yearnings were ambitious, they pointed to a noble and a glorious end—the enlightenment of his race. How his proud but generous heart, was clogged and bowed down by the bitterness of his lot—how he was tempted by a villain, to wrest from a meaner and more despicable villain, who had taunted him with his poverty, and whom his soul hated as a wretch "aged with vice—forestalling time—tottering on to a dishonoured grave—soiling all that he touched on his way—with grey hairs, and filthy lewdness, the rottenness of the heart, not its passion, a nuisance and a curse to the world,"—the means by which he might accomplish a more general philanthropy; all this is as finely described as any delineation of the progress and result of human passions in the language. The three volumes are full of poetry, and profound thought. The characters are strongly marked, and skilfully drawn; though not numerous, they are various. The worthy Corporal, "a man of the world," whose notions on many subjects we particularly admire, is a good set-off to the kind and benevolent 'Squire; the fiery and impetuous Walter is in strong contrast with the deep villainy of Houghton; and the gentle and affectionate Ellinor, forms a sweet relief to the high poetical enthusiasm of her sister. But the intense object of the reader's interest is Eugene Aram; for him it never flags from his first appearance, to the closing chapter. The plot is arranged with much skill, and the effect its developement produces is strong and lasting. We had marked many passages for quotation, but our space is so limited that we regret being obliged to leave them out; but probably it would be needless, for before this Review comes before our readers, the work to which we have but feebly endeavoured to render the justice which its merits deserve, will be in the hands of all those who wish to be amused, or desire to be instructed.

The Works of Lord Byron, with his Letters and Journals, and his Life. By Thomas Moore, Esq. In Fourteen Vols. Vol. I. 12mo.

How little did we expect to see the day, some few seasons gone by, when, in the spring-glow of life, of lavish fame, and Don Juan quartos, he had just fleshed his maiden sword in the reputation of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, to see the lordly Byron himself—the facilè princeps of his tribe, and the most aristocratic of peers or poets—reduced, by the levelling and radical conversion of Mr. Murray, to bow his laurelled head before the prolific age of cheap editions, cloth covers, and curtailed five shilling volumes: alas, for the aristocracy of letters:—

"The mighty Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,
May stop some hole to keep the wind away."

But whether "Lords of the Lyre," or of the earth, and to whatever "vile uses they may come at last," one common fate seems to be prepared for them, and the greatest of their age and order are doomed to appear by the side of the most plebeian—the minors or the minnows, who could scarce produce a ripple on the surface of the deep streams of time, to be fathomed only by the sacred few. But

though even the Byron of his age can lay no claim to steer clear of the now universal law proclaiming the reign of 12mos. and sixty-penny books, yet we think he might fairly appeal to his peers for a rescinding of the sentence, on the ground of its being inflicted by a friend; *et tu, Brute?* and with much the same shew of justice as Cæsar himself, had his friend Marc Antony, after weeping and preaching over his remains, gone and given his commentaries to the Roman world, on the most villainously old pieces of parchment or papyrus he could get, and copied them with a stylus like a skewer! Had he but dreamed of future fate, like this, well might the lordly poet have exclaimed, (with slight alteration,) with Hassan the camel driver:—

> "Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
> When first from England's coast I bent my way."

But more seriously, what the poet may here suffer, from decreased size and splendour of appearance, will doubtless be amply compensated by wide-spread circulation and popularity; and if the publisher also can contrive to compete with French cheapness in this case, he will deserve the success he meets with. In the cheap, portable shape it has assumed, Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron cannot but be esteemed a signal benefit for the people at large, and the reading public in particular; and for the manner in which he has executed the delicate and important task, we believe we may refer the more curious to a more copious account, on its appearance in the first quarto edition.

Family Classical Library. Plutarch. Translated by John Langhorn, D.D., and William Langhorn, M.A. Vol. III.

We perceive, not without pleasure, as a proof that some affection for sound and useful reading still survives the evanescent and worthless taste engendered by the *soi-disant* fashionable literature of the day, that this excellent and long desirable re-publication has at length reached its twenty-fifth Number, in the third volume of the admirable and entertaining Lives of Plutarch. We have before had occasion to speak of the plan and object of the work in the manner it deserved; and the judgment shewn in the selection, as the series advances, fully justifies our expectations, increasing, as we think it has done, in interest and entertainment in almost every volume from the commencement. The ground it now occupies is the most rich and valuable that could have been chosen; and to have, instead of the old lumbering editions, the sight of which was enough to deter a young reader, a few light, portable volumes, at the sum of 5*s.*, embracing all that is most valuable in ancient literature, forms an improvement in publication deserving every praise and encouragement.

Anthologia Sacra: or Select Theological Extracts on Subjects, Doctrinal, Practical, and Experimental, selected and arranged by the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, M.A., and W. H. Valpy, Esq.

The practice of superficial reading is one of the literary delinquences of these times, and we are often ready to condemn all the manufacturers of "Extracts"—"Abridgments"—"Spirits"—"Abstracts" and "Epitomes," as the patrons and founders of the vice. For if a student wishes to distinguish himself in any department of letters, he must converse with the fathers of our literature through their pondrous tomes, and exercise his own judgment, taste, and industry, in compiling a common-place book for himself, in which shall be found "Extracts," that have first passed through the alembick of his own mind.

Theology however, in all its branches, "Doctrinal, Practical, and Experimental," has, in different ages and countries, called forth such a multitude of master minds, that no man who has not devoted his whole life to the study of their pondrous folios, can expect to become familiar even with the titles, much less the contents of their multifarious works. To those, therefore, who are not divines by profession, and yet feel a commendable anxiety to know the opinions of the most eminent theologians, upon all the peculiarities of christian doctrine and practice, we can cordially recommend this handsome volume. Here they will

find the opinions of Fathers and Martyrs, of Confessors and Reformers, of Catholics and Protestants, of Churchmen and Dissenters, of British and Foreign divines, classed under distinct sections with much perspicuity, and will find throughout the book many eloquent appeals and accurate definitions.

Poetical Ephemeras. By James P. Brown.

We have perused this unpretending little volume of poems with feelings of real surprise and delight. We had no idea, on opening its pages, that so much genuine poetry lay concealed under the humble guise, and yet more modest announcement, with which it has been ushered into this ungenial world. There is a chasteness as well as power and beauty in many of the little pieces with which it is enriched, that forcibly call to mind some of those sweet original passages scattered over the works of many of our minor elder poets, and in the smaller poems of our great dramatic bard himself. This is both rare and pleasing in times of poetic dearth like these; and we can convey no happier idea of the feeling excited by Mr. B.'s poetry, than by contrasting it with the commonplace productions of the annuals of the age.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Eminent British Military Commanders. Vol. I.

The name of the Rev. Mr. Gleig, the author of the present work, is already, we believe, sufficiently familiar to the public. His literary efforts, if we rightly remember, commenced with a military novel, if we may use the term, which discovered marks of considerable talent and became popular. Indeed, we much prefer the Rev. Gentleman's style and character of composition, when employed in stirring warlike incidents and details, than in giving a history of the Bible; and with all his readiness and versatility, he will always be found to appear to greater advantage in works like his first, and now his last, than in any other of his multiplied productions we can call to mind. In the present instance, he seems to have entered on his task with peculiar zeal and vigour, like a man who finds himself suddenly restored to a more natural and congenial element. He has consequently, we think, acquitted himself with due skill and ability, in compressing, and throwing interest into the narrative of men's lives, within the compass of a 12mo. volume, which might easily be made, each of them, to fill a 4to. In this there consists no slight difficulty; and it has been met by the hand of a practised master, in this department. There is much curious and entertaining matter in the introduction, describing the military systems which have been practised in England, to the present time. Sir Walter Manny as a specimen of chivalry, is made peculiarly interesting; and his name is followed by those of Sir Francis de Vere, who shed lustre on the Elizabethan age; by Oliver Cromwell; and John, Duke of Marlborough: the last two, perhaps, too little in unison with the previous spirit of the book. We cannot, however, praise the style adopted by the writer, as we can the arrangement and materials of his work.

Probation, and other Tales. By the Authors of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter;" "Tales of the Moors," &c.

In a pithy introduction to this bulky volume, rivalling two or three of the modern slim race of novels (pressing hard on 500 closely printed pages), there is some mention of the motives which led to publication, and which, if not directed as a *dead hit* at the critics, ought to boast the effect of disarming us in some degree of the sword and scales of just criticism. The plea of amiable and charitable feeling, engaged in alleviating suffering humanity or sorrow in any shape, is of a nature not to be heard by Justice herself without some twinge or relenting tear which falls like the blessed dew of heaven—the tear of the accusing angel which would blot out as it records the offence. There is so much kind and warmly sentiment, so much excellent principle, and unpretending, frank

sympathy, with all that is good and generous, that had the author been far less talented than he assuredly is, one could hardly have found in all the critical dictionary, terms mild enough to convey our opinion that the title of "Probation" was so aptly chosen, as to apply in many parts as much to the situation of the reader as to the character and incidents of the story. But however we feel inclined to temper the law of critical justice with more than usual mercy, we must not conceal from the writer that with all its simplicity, its frequent touches of pathos, and its quiet, unassuming knowledge of life and character, he has very much to learn and reduce to practice before he can lay claim to the qualities of a really useful and engaging teacher of moral truth, through the medium of a well wrought fiction. Thus with considerable knowledge of, and experience in the world, and not a little derived from travel and reflection, the stories of this volume display a writer too careless of sustaining the interest of the narrative, unambitious of vigour and effect, and whose progress in the reader's estimation, for want of point and terseness, lags and halts, like a villanous Alexandrine, too frequently and too far in the rear. Yet these Tales are no way destitute of a merit of a peculiar kind:—natural pictures of middle life and manners; traits of alternate, quiet humour, and of pathos, giving one a distant view of the shade of Sterne; the simplest materials made palatable by a playful, frank, and genuine mind; and a style which only tires when divested of all incident, and losing itself in passages which lead to nothing.

Lardner's Cyclopædia. Vol. XXVI. Treatise on the Origin, progressive Improvement, &c. of the Manufacture of Porcelain and Glass.

This is an interesting volume of an interesting series of the Cyclopædia, and one with which we are as much or more pleased than the generality of the numbers. To all inquiring minds which have not made themselves acquainted with the process, history, &c. of the manufacture here described, every meal must present silent reproaches; and besides, the arts of pottery and glass-blowing, are in themselves highly curious and amusing. We have not space for extract, but cannot refrain from giving additional publicity to a discovery mentioned in the book, which we trust will be generally adopted in potteries, and save a great expense of human life in the manufactories. It is well known that the glazing used for earthenware contains a preparation of lead, and is highly prejudicial to the health of the workman; but one of the Lambeth potters we are told has recently announced the discovery of a glazing compound which is sufficiently fusible without containing a particle of lead, and is preferable on many other accounts.

The Duaghter of the Air, a Mythic Tragedy, in five acts. By Dr. E. Ranpach.—Translated from the German.

The author of this play is most probably known to most of our readers by his tragedy of "The Serf, or Isidor and Olga," which has been familiarised by translation to English lovers of the Drama, within the last two or three years. Ranpach ranks high among German tragedians, which is not faint praise, while the names of Schiller and Goëthe are comprehended in the list. The plot of this play is perhaps almost the very last the title would suggest, as the foundation a German would select for a superstructure of five acts and their due compliment of scenes and dramatis personæ; still less should we have imagined that on such a foundation such an architect would have raised such a superstructure. "The Daughter of the Air," is one whom censorious persons have generally deemed of *lower* birth, Semiramis, the far-defamed queen of Babylon, who is mothered on "Derceto,"

> "The queen of air, who in clandestine love
> Linked with a mortal brought this child to light."

After being protected by a priest who keeps the *enfant trouvé*, "twice-nine" years, she is carried to Nineveh by Menon, the commander-in-chief of Ninus

the Assyrian king. Ninus, struck by the matchless valour she exhibits in an ensuing war against the Bactrians, deprives Menon of his anticipated bride, and Semiramis is raised to the throne. The rest of the story differs little from the current version excepting the first catastrophe (we use the word literally not technically) of the death of Ninus, who is made a *felo-de-se.* The alterations in the history would sadly disappoint an audience who would go to see a German version of Semiramide, with a gole's appetite to "sup on horrors." To our eyes the character of Ranpach's Semiramis seems to be as little "of a piece," as Nebuchadnezzars's image.

> "She is a monster: like the storm her rage,
> And stubborn, as the senseless rock, her breast."

She can fight, even when a child, with the "bloody tiger,"

> "*And any thing else of the sort beside,*"

as the author comprehensively expresses it. She can talk in the following strain, and "*a pretty considerable quantity of nonsense as well.*" (Vid. p. vii.)

> "I long with ardour now life's joys to share,
> Yes, let me hear again those sounds extatic!
> They are to me the enchanted horse that bears
> The Sorcerer on his dreadful tour erratic,
> To heavens high thrones beyond the golden spheres.
> Come, come on this impetuous rushing sea,
> I feel myself upborne and rapt away."

Some of the ideas of love she expresses to Menon, remind us of the beautiful *naïveté* and devotion of Mignon in *Wilheim Meister;* and then in a few seconds she is again transformed into a foaming tigress. But in spite of these and a few minor specks which offend our (perhaps too fastidious) taste we would gladly hail "The Daughter of the Air," or any other daughter who would come to Albion even in a foreign dress, to drive from our prostituted stage the mummers, monsters, and monkeys, which have made the temple of the muse a den of fools. To cool our anger, we will take a draught of Ranpach's beautiful poetry.

> Semiramis.
> And if I were your wife then, as you call it,
> What must I do, and what will be my duties?
>
> Menon.
> Love knows no duties: all it wishes is
> To find its image in another's breast:
> And when love thus meets love reciprocal,
> It so entwines their mutual hearts in one,
> That all the lover does, what e'er it be,
> Is the fulfilling of his loved one's wish.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Semiramis.
> Is't not enough that every pain we feel,
> That hunger, thirst, tried nature, frost and heat
> Weighs down the noble spirit to the worm?
> Is't not enough that I must daily die,
> And many golden hours wherein the stars
> Move bright and wakeful through the solemn heaven,
> Lie blind and idle in a mighty death?
> Is't not enough that I have not got wings,
> That I must let the stream, the clouds, the birds,
> Pass on their course and cannot follow them?
> Is't not enough, must duty bind me too,
> *Invented* thraldom? have I then but left
> One prison there to find another here?
> For whether verdant field or dungeon dark
> Keeps me from life, 'tis one alike to me.

THE ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY. 1832. VOL. XVI.

IT has seldom fallen to our lot to record a series of more distinguished names, comprehending equal loftiness and diversity of talents, than in the course of the past year have ceased to reflect lustre upon the respective pursuits, of which, while living, they formed the chief ornament—were the leading authorities—pursuits to which they were so devotedly and passionately attached. Among the more intellectual and highly gifted of these, the public has to regret the departure of genius that may not speedily reappear, of genius that appealed to its deepest and warmest sympathies, penetrated the sources of the human passions, and called forth joy or woe with irresistible power like that of a magician's wand. A Siddons herself has gone to the world of spirits, with the awful shadows and mysteries of which, depicted in word, and look, and action, she could so often startle the house from its propriety, and make the terrors and sympathies of nature triumphant in the glory of her wondrous art. Elliston, too, the most elegant and refined comedian of his day has left us; and in another sphere, and no less a powerful master over our human sympathies, Mackenzie, the accomplished author of "The Man of Feeling," "Julia de Roubigne," and so many other excellent works, he too has departed; while in other walks of knowledge we meet the names of the great, original, eccentric Abernethy, of the eloquent and widely popular Robert Hall; the celebrated academician Jackson, Thomas Hope, William Roscoe, and the highly talented and eccentric Northcote. The memoirs of these and other personages of high rank and character are in general respectably executed, without, however, having much claim to superior novelty, successful inquiry or sound remark, as compared with the Obituary of other years. A few of the lives are hardly of sufficient extent, according to their public importance; while others appear, at least to judge by relative value, to be carried beyond due length. This inequality may have arisen from their being treated by minds of less congenial stamp than is desirable, when we know how few writers we have, capable of doing justice to merit like that of Siddons, Abernethy, or Mackenzie.

FACTS RELATING TO THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH IN THE METROPOLIS. BY EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, ESQ. SECOND EDITION; WITH AN APPENDIX, CONCERNING MURDER FOR THE SALE OF THE DEAD BODY.

THIS work of Mr. Wakefield, has already been acknowledged by the public press to contain many valuable remarks and suggestions, the more entitled to attention as being derived from long personal observation and experience. Its utility indeed seems wholly to consist in its practical aim and tendency; its object being to afford hints for carrying still farther the late improvement in the executive system of metropolitan law. In performing this public duty, some of the arguments brought forward by Mr. W. must strike every man of sense and reflection as entitled to the early and most serious consideration of a British legislature. That portion in particular, the mere title of which is so startling and appalling to the human ear, announcing a new crime, exceeding in strange enormity every thing recorded in the penal annals of any country, and against which, like that of parricide amongst the Romans, there long existed no written law, so terrible a stigma on the human character being wholly improbable and almost inconceivable; that portion, we repeat, is become of too vital and paramount importance, whether as regards the safety or the character of a civilized community, not to meet with the instant and most strenuous exertions from every branch of the legislature to remove so terrific an evil by more wise and efficient measures than punishment after commission of the offence. Among other ingenious methods for this purpose, not the least just and rational proposed by Mr. W. is that the bodies of all who receive above a certain amount of public money, shall be liable to be claimed for the public good; and, which would clash less with our system of government, by excusing from payment of legacy duty the representatives of those persons who had bequeathed their bodies for dissection, and whose bodies had actually been dissected. Considering the

immense value which is in this country attached to money, even by the dying, the adoption of this last suggestion might soon diminish the revenue. But by then the object in view would have been accomplished; and the law might be repealed without any risk that the prejudice would revive, if meanwhile every law were repealed, which causes dissection to be considered the most ignominious of punishments. The work reflects credit on the writer's judgment, and powers of discrimination.

Selections from the Poems of Robert Southey, Esq., L.L.D. Poet Laureate, &c. &c. Chiefly for the use of Schools and Young Persons.

In this additional volume of selections, we are happy to perceive that the same taste and judgment have been employed, as have already led to the favourable reception of its predecessor, containing those from the more philosophical if not more poetical pen of William Wordsworth. As heads of what has been termed the lake school, as lake residents, and lovers, and as no distant neighbours, the names of Wordsworth and Southey are here not unaptly linked together; as they have indeed been in political principle, and in their entire career, whether for evil or for good.

As poets however, the more we read, the more we find in them to admire and love; and when wearied with some half dozen of the mightier names of English growth, who wrote for all times, there is no more agreeable occupation than taking up a volume of the greatest of living poets, containing the essence of such spirits as those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson. Let us advise Mr. Moxon to let his next specimens consist of the poetry of John Wilson.

The Producing Man's Companion, or the Rights of Morality, an Essay on the present State of Society, moral, political, and physical in England. By Junius Redivivus.

The "Tale of Tucuman," it appears, has served the office of harbinger to the little volume now in our hands. Junius Redivivus exhibits we think a great portion of good sense and good feeling in these pages, but as few, if any, good things are unalloyed in this world,

> "Where right and wrong so close resemble
> That what we take for virtues' thrill,
> Is often the first downward tremble
> Of the heart's balance into ill—"

in the earnestness of pleading the cause of liberal sentiments, he forgets that bigotry and intolerance in unguarded moments will sometimes, alas! intrude even into the lines of virtue, and fight under her banners. In one of these moments the author must have penned the following passage: "It is agreed by all really disinterested persons, that the government of England, not any individual government, but the general system—is one mass of immorality in practice." (p. 72.) We trust, however, that notwithstanding the present state of the country (concerning which by the by we see no cause to despond and pen Jeremiads) the author will still let his "rifle" "hang idly on the wall," (p. 94); that instead of seeing him "back a horse, and wield a blade," in defence of Mr. Effingham Wilson's window-shutters, we shall find another tale of Tucuman on the shelves the next time we pass by the Exchange; that instead of staining Cheapside with the "crimson current of life," he will pour forth his soul only on Bath post, or Whatman's vellum.

Britain's Historical Drama; a Series of National Tragedies, by J. F. Pennie.

The object of the present work, as stated in a lengthy preface, is to furnish a series of dramatic illustrations of the early history, manners, &c. of Britain. This volume contains four Tragedies, Arixina, Edwin and Elgiva, the Imperial Pirate, and the Dragon King. "Almost all the dramas," says Mr. Pennie, "of

which I possess any knowledge, have, in their characters—no matter when their era, or where their scenes of action are laid—the manners, feelings, institutions, and usages, which belong to the age and country of their respective authors." In support of this sweeping and paradoxical assertion, the author adduces a passage from the Revue Encyclopédique, in which the demand for these proprieties in dramas is styled "an extra condition now imposed upon dramatic poets."—"Local verity," to use the reviewer's phrase, we presume has been acknowledged both by critics and poets, as a *sine quâ non* in dramatic poetry ever since the time when Melpomene was worshipped in a waggon.

> "Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta
> Romani tollent equites peditesque Cachinnum.
> Intererit multum Davasne loquatur an heros—
> Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis."

When Mr. Pennie too says, that in Shakspeare's plays "there is little or no due keeping, no vivid colouring of manners and national customs," he is unadvisedly, we think, setting up a high standard indeed of merit in the walk of literature he now adventures in; and it seems like a hectoring challenge to critics to put his plays to the most rigid test in this particular. It appears to us, that the present dramas have as little pretension to the credit of "due keeping" in "national customs and local verity" as any we ever read; and we would be bound to point out in them nearly as gross anachronisms as the quotation of Aristotle in Troilus and Cressida, or the tricks of Robin Good-Fellow at Athens. In the very preface, and almost in the same page in which he inveighs against ignorance of national custom, &c., we are told that *senatûs consultum* is "assemblies of wise men and elders!" p. xiii. In the first play, Arixina, the marriage between Claudia, a Roman patrician lady, with Cymbaline, a foreign barbarian, and King of Britain, is celebrated in the Roman camp—a custom not in very "good keeping" with the national forms of the Romans, who had a law *non erat cum externo connubium* without permission from the senate. It was not till the time of Caracalla that freedom of intermarriage came in vogue. Again, marriage was not a religious ceremony at Rome, except by the obsolete form called *Confarreatio*. Neither can we imagine Britons in the time of the Roman invasion talking of tigers (p. 29), the "dark centre" of the earth (88), or "chivalry" (116); or little drummer-boys beating their *reveillé* and "*go to bed, Tom,*" in the camp of Cæsar. (Vid. p. 25).

The Phenomena of Dreams and other transient Illusions, by Walter C. Dendy.

The "visions of the night" are a subject of interest to most individuals, from the venerable maiden, who duly recounts every morning over her bohea, the shadowy visitants that have enlivened the sad solitude of her slumbers, to the profound psychologist who burns to break through the veil with which sleep partially conceals the nightly revels of the mind. We conceive that all such persons will feel indebted to Mr. Dendy for his ingenious explanation of "the phenomena of dreams." Many of the remarks are highly amusing, and, we confess, novel to us; for instance, that on the influence of "posture" on the mind. "The posture of supination will unavoidably induce an increased flow of blood to the brain, which, under certain states of this fluid, is so essential to the production of brilliant thoughts; an end, indeed, attained so often by another mode, the use of opium. Some persons always retire to bed when they wish to think" —(Pope is instanced).—"I must also allow that some few individuals compose best whilst they are walking, but this peripatetic exertion also is calculated to produce what we term determination of blood to the head. The most remarkable instance of the power of position in influencing mental energy is that of a German student, who was accustomed to study and compose, with his head resting on the ground, and his feet elevated and supported against a wall." p. 53. *En passant* what a profound thinker must Grimaldi have been who walked so

frequently on his head! How devoutly should we pray for the time when the world will be turned *upside down!*

"Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth."

We must object, however, and strongly too, against most of the metaphysics of the first few pages of this little work, and particularly some unjust censures on Dr. Priestley,—a man who, great as his errors may have been, has deserved too well of society by his scientific research and unflinching spirit of inquiry, to be made the butt of the ignorant. "The opinions of Priestley," says the author, "can only escape the stigma of being supposed to favour the doctrine of annihilation, by believing that he adopted the system of the ancients who recognised in man three great principles, σωμα, ψυχη, and νους, &c." p. 7. No person who has ever read the singular "Essay on Matter and Spirit" can suppose that the opinions of Priestley favoured the doctrine of annihilation; and we are the more surprised at this statement, since the author alludes immediately below to the arguments of Paley on the resurrection of the body, which are almost the same as those employed by Priestley in the Essay. We can inform the author also that Dr. Priestley makes no sophistical distinction between the soul and mind. We may also hint to our readers in an *aside*, that the commonly received contradistinctive explanations of ψυχη and νους are not so well grounded as many suppose.* The distinction of mind and soul, by which the soul is described as a mere existing substance, devoid of perception or reason, is one which involves more absurdities than we should feel comfortable in being bound to defend. Waiving these reservations, we recommend the work to all dreamers, whether of night-dreams or day-dreams, excepting, however, all young ladies who have not yet passed the ordeal of the wedding-cake and ring mystery.

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY. VOL. I. THE LIFE OF WICLIF, BY C. WEBB LE BAS, M.A., PROFESSOR IN THE E. I. COLL. HERTS, AND LATE FELLOW OF TRIN. COLL., CAMBRIDGE.

AT the rate that the secular "Libraries" and "Miscellanies" have lately been lading our book-shelves, scarcely a niche would soon remain for clerical authors to figure in, and clerical booksellers to fill; the pastoral advice of the clergy would not be heard beyond their parish-churches, and Messrs. Rivington might strike their church-militant colours in Waterloo Place and Paternoster Row. To prevent this, a strong clerical corps have lately taken the field under Archdeacon Lyall and the Rev. Hugh James Rose, and the first symptom of their activity is seen in the present volume. Wiclif must be venerated not only by those who prize the blessings of a reformed religion, but by all who glory in mental emancipation and freedom of inquiry; and they will, no doubt, be glad to read his history by as good a writer as Le Bas, or perhaps a better. We have perused the present life with great interest, and recommend all our friends who are not well acquainted with the noble old reformer to seize the present opportunity of increasing their intimacy with him. The work is prefaced with a long introduction on the corruption and subsequent reform of Christianity: of the style of this we cannot find it in our consciences to speak so favourably. We are afraid for the sake of Mr. Le Bas that the ears of the present generation are too "Ciceronian," and that in these days "the graces of a classical style are *too much* cultivated" for language with which Mr. Irving's readily amalgamates (vid. p. 23), to be

* The nice distinctions (if so they can be called) between those apparent synonymes, θυμος, φρην, ψυχη, νους, &c. were not invented till the sophists began to infuse their subtleties into the very elements of learning—language. In attempting to explain away the tautology of Homer, Hesiod, &c. in these words, great ignorance of the customs of those authors is exhibited. A striking instance of this tautology may be seen in the Theogony of Hesiod, lin. 549—554, and the sophistical explanation, in Plutarch's Tract, on the "Face of the Moon." See also χραδιη and ητορ, lin. 764, "*mentem animumque.*" Virgil. "*Mens cui regnum totius animi a naturâ tributum est.*" Cicero.

much admired, at least in its present place. We beg leave to ask Mr. Le Bas if the following is a specimen of his "classical style." Speaking of the papacy he says: "The elective conclave was a scene of eternal rivalry, intrigue, and conflict. And yet did this rope of sand, as it must have appeared to ordinary eyes, coalesce into such a union of strength and flexibility, that it was able to twine itself round the mightiest of mankind, to bind kings as it were with chains, and nobles with fetters of iron."

The following remark, among others, appears to us not only a puerile contradiction but false philosophy:—"In the proportion as the race of man improves, in the same proportion, frequently, are his passions brought out in bolder relief. The tale of his absurdities and his atrocities becomes more fearfully and more distinctly legible." We could not help stumbling over a sophism or two in the life. In page 323 we find the author stating, that the sentiments of the soundest thinker of our own times, on necessity, may be summed up in the language of Dr. Key: "Disputes on liberty and necessity are vain and idle; as much so as if you were placed within a spherical surface and I without it, and we were to enter into abstruse arguments on the question whether the surface between us were concave or convex. In my situation it is convex, in yours it is concave." We should be sorry to be ranked in Mr. Le Bas's list of "soundest thinkers." In taking leave of this volume, we would assure the author that all our censures are inflicted in the spirit of the text—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and recommend the clergy of the present day to emulate the disinterestedness and other virtues of the illustrious Wiclif.

NICOTIANA, OR THE SMOKER'S AND SNUFF-TAKER'S COMPANION, BY H. J. MELLER, ESQ.

THE devotee to the immortal weed may peruse this little but elaborate treatise, and be prepared in future to give "an account of the faith that is in him." Mr. Meller is neither a lukewarm nor superficial advocate; he has armed himself before entering the arena, and hanging up his glove in defiance of all the enemies of the

"Joy of the palate,
Delight of the nose,"

by a laborious investigation into its history "from the earliest period to the present time." Raleigh, Bacon, Locke, and hundreds more of the great and good are summoned from their graves to give evidence in the good cause. We trust, therefore, our sensitiveness will no longer be so grievously wounded by gross blunders about the divine weed, but that every student of the noble arts of smoking and snuff-taking will duly qualify himself with a course of Meller; he will then be enabled "to keep his acts" against all opponents, and descant on the various characteristics of the Nicotiana Fructuosa, the Alba, or Auguste-folia with unerring fluency. In fine, we recommend every possessor of a *meerchaum* to place Nicotiana in the *most* favoured nook of his book-shelves; every owner of a *tabaticu* to study the amusing anecdote of the far-famed Lundy Foot and his man Larry; and above all we enjoin every neophyte in the mysteries of the cigar to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the mems. and maxims of Mr. Meller, and he will then no longer commit the heretical crime of decapitating his "brown-vested darling," and still less would he think of polluting with sugar his cup of mocha, "that inseparable associate of the weed of strange power."

WAVERLEY NOVELS. VOL. XXXI. QUENTIN DURWARD.

THE chief feature of this reprint, like that of its predecessors, is the introduction and notes by the author. The introduction speaks of the times, on the principal events of which the novel is founded; but dwells more particularly on the character of Louis XI., who figures so conspicuously in the work. Among the notes we find an interesting history of the Gypsies or Egyptians, Bohemians as they were then termed. We had marked a passage for extracting, but are

compelled to omit it. The embellishments are of a more tasteful character, in this instance, than in many of the preceding volumes of this series.

Twelve Select Orations of M. Tullius Cicero, with English Notes.

We have here a new edition of the principal orations of Cicero that are generally read; the text of the Zurich edition is selected, and the whole accompanied with brief English commentations that cannot fail to be useful to the young student.

David. A Poem.

Much more time, we fear, is lost in versifying the Bible than reading it; and the story of David is much better in prose than as a poem, without making any exceptions in favour of Cowley's Davideis, or the volume before us.

FINE ARTS.

The celebrated exclamation of a lover in one of Dryden's dramas—

> " Ye Gods, annihilate both time and space,
> And make two lovers happy,"

is reiterated every now and then by several of our friends, artists and amateurs, in wishes that we should exclude all mention of several very important topics, and devote our space and attention to the arts. We have made arrangements, however, that will enable us to attend to their suggestions, without incurring any sacrifice at all. In the meantime, we have a considerable accumulation of subjects of interest, scattered through several portfolios, that we shall notice as rapidly as possible. One, that has just caught our eye, has been long a popular favourite; but at this moment we may be excused, however late, for referring to it. It is Bromley's splendid engraving, from Lawrence's equestrian portrait of the *Duke of Wellington*. The recent illness of the modern Alexander, and unrivalled anti-reformer, induces us to look at it with feelings of unusual interest; for the Duke is a person that we cannot after all be indifferent about—he is one of those whom we must either reverence or execrate. Without declaring our own tendencies, we may honestly confess to an admiration of the engraving. It is just the position in which the great Captain should be seen, and the plate has been executed by Mr. Bromley, with a corresponding magnificence of effect.

The next is, *The Enthusiast*—engraved by Robert Graves, from a picture of Theodore Lane's. There is a little extravagance and affectation in the design; yet it is full of comic effect; and the force and fidelity of the engraving have done entire justice to it. The picture is well-known, so that it requires no description beyond that which is conveyed, by a mere testimony as to the truth and skilfulness of the engraver.

By way of contrast, we turn to *The Bride*, by Mr. Leslie—a most tasteful, elegant, and touching composition. The face presents a loveliness of sentiment and of feature, and the soft shadow thrown over it, gives a peculiar effect to the expression. We have again to commend the engraver (Mr. Thomson), who has treated his subject with exceeding grace and delicacy. While Brides are to be had, even half as seducing as this picture, Mr. Malthus must be contented to theorize in vain.

Frame Tablets—Vizetelly and Branston.—We have seen some extremely pretty specimens of the above. They are for the purpose of mounting drawings, &c., and the objects aimed at are; to give them the effect of projection, without a raised surface, and that the tablet should so blend with the drawing, that it should seem to form a part of it. Compared with what has usually been applied to the same purpose, they have the extra advantage of lying flat in the portfolio or album, and are not so liable to soil.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Legends and Traditions of the Castles of England.—A work with this title is in course of preparation by Roscoe and Leitch Ritchie, Authors of the "Landscape," and of Heath's "Picturesque" Annuals; and is to be published by subscription, in 12 Monthly Parts, with Engravings, price 3s. 6d. each Part. It will comprise not only a genuine narrative of the fortunes of the English Castles, but in a more particular manner the events of what may be termed their private history, founded upon Legends and Traditions. It will contain also Picturesque Sketches of the more celebrated of the Castles, from materials collected on the spot by Ritchie, in the manner adopted in the Picturesque Annual; and the antiquarian, historical, and traditional Notices, by Mr. Roscoe, will be throughout relieved and illustrated by Romantic Tales.

A Second Edition of "The Horse," by Mr. John Lawrence, with considerable additions, and a Portrait of the Author, by Wivill, engraved by B. Hall.

Select Specimens of the Edifices of Palladio, consisting of Plans, Sections, and Elevations, with Details of four of his most admired Buildings at Vicenza, from Drawings and Measurements taken by F. Arundale.

The Waverley Anecdotes, illustrative of Sir Walter Scott's Novels. In two volumes, uniform with the "Waverley Novels," and embellished with Plates.

Geology and Zoology of Captain T. W. Beechey's Voyage, in quarto, with coloured Plates.

Selections from the Prose Works of Robert Southey: consisting of Extracts from his "History of Brazil," "Life of Nelson," "Espriella's Letters," "Book of the Church," &c.

Living Poets and Poetesses: a Biographical and Satirical Poem, in three Parts.

An Account of the Beulah Saline Spa, at Norwood; by Dr. Weatherhead.

By William Burge, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn (the late Attorney-General of Jamaica): A Practical Treatise on the Laws of the British Colonies.

The Testimony of History to the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity; by the Rev. George Stanley Faber.

The Sessions Circuit Companion; by J. B. Brown, Esq., LL.D., of the Inner Temple.

Pen and Ink Sketches, or, Outlines of Truth and Romance; by J. Augustine Wade, Esq.

The Mythology of the Hindus; by Charles Coleman, Esq.

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MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE old year took its leave and the new one commenced with N. E. winds and white frosts, by no means distinguished for their severity. These continued to the 5th instant, when the wind veered to the southward of the E., reproducing the former mild and moist temperature, which was fully confirmed on the 10th by another change of the wind to the W., where it has been fixed to the present day, excepting occasional northern variations, but those more generally to the southern quarter, with almost constant fogs, and a degree of mildness both uncommon and unseasonable at this time of the year. On the strength of this atmospheric sketch, our weather wise-acres determine that so much moisture has been expended in fog, as to leave little for the production of much snow or rain, during the present winter; and should this mildness continue, gloomy apprehensions are entertained of a cold ungenial spring.

The country business of the season is universally reported in a state of great forwardness, notwithstanding the general complaints of poverty. The few days, or week of mild frost, were taken advantage of, for carting manure upon the land, which succeeded upon light and dry soils; but certainly the damage done thereby to wet and poachy lands, far outweighed the expected benefit, taking into the account the extra and severe labour of the teams, and the cutting up, both public and private roads. The mild weather continuing, all possible expedition has been used in finishing wheat seed, but little of which remained to be done over year, excepting in the warm south-western districts, and on some parts of the northern border. The scarcity of English wheat, and that choak-pear to the farming interest, the immense import, have stimulated our farmers to the greatest exertions, and there surely never before was so great a breadth of land sown with wheat in England, Scotland, and Wales, as in the present season. We heartily wish their patriotic exertions may be rewarded by a productive crop; a blessing unfortunately unknown in this country, during several past years. Its early appearance was never more universally promising; but the great *desideratum*, at present, is a few weeks' frost and dry weather, to check a too great luxuriance, which, unchecked, may detract from the solid production of grain. The young seeds, like the wheats, are so forward in the grass, as to excite a similar apprehension. Trefoil excepted, the seeds of last year proved a general failure. We cannot help again noticing the prayers of our friends for frost, to check the WEEDS, couch, charlock, *et id genus omne*, and beg to remind them of the carter, whose load being set, fell down on his knees to Hercules, instead of himself lifting at the wheel. Be it remembered, however, we address only farmers of property. As to the corn farming on poor lands, that has long since ceased to be a money-making, or even a living concern. Turnips,

potatoes, carrots, all the root crops, with some exceptions against mangold, have proved abundant, almost beyond precedent. Of hops, nothing new; the dull state of the markets and absence of speculation, are sufficiently indicative of ample stocks.

Letters from that fine and rich corn county, Suffolk, are the best commentary on the state of the last year's wheat and barley crops. On some soils, the produce not exceeding five bushels per acre; on many, not above twelve, the quantity and quality much upon a level. The cost of thrashing, six and seven shillings per quarter; yet few persons, from the late intimidation, daring to use a thrashing-machine, however great their want might be of pecuniary assistance from market, where, in fact, the corn was scarcely saleable except at a very low price, as from its damp state, it could not be ground unless mixed with dry foreign. The barley crop, also, has not equalled early expectation; but a small part of it being of fine malting quality, and the difference of price most extraordinary. The pulse crops much in the same state, and of those which have succeeded, the *grain* are uncommonly small. We formerly noticed Herts. as a favourable exception, yet we have since heard of want of money in that quarter; and we now announce Rutland as perhaps having been blessed with the most abundant of last year's crops of all kinds in this country. Wheat a full average, with little drawback as to quality. The farmers are all amusing themselves with the horrors of the currency bill, and the great import of foreign corn: with respect to the latter, in what a situation would this country have been, without an ample foreign supply!

There is little novelty in the state or price of the cattle and sheep markets, none in that of horses, the export of which has become a great and flourishing trade, infinitely to the credit of this as a breeding country. Markets and fairs generally well stocked, and the Christmas beef was of a high figure, as well in quality as price. The mild season and the immense turnip crops have wonderfully economized the fodder of the home stall, and both sheep and cattle are even yet abroad. The constant moisture however, both of the air and the food, have not been favourable to the flocks, the fleeces of which have long remained soaked through with wet and soiled with mud, even on lands not usually deemed unfavourable to sheep. The early season of lambing in the west, is said to be propitious, with the drawback of a premature yeaning, in rather a considerable number of the ewes.

We have had lately a new edition of the Scotch wheat-fly, which, in its operations, appears to have little analogy with ours in England. The Scotts are equally forward with ourselves in their husbandry; barley of last year their best crop, as oats with us; their labourers industrious and contented, and their lands well stocked with cattle and sheep. The straw crops of wheat and barley have proved more bulky in South Wales than elsewhere; even yet a cheap country to live in. Labourers' wages ten shillings per week, whilst in employ, which is too uncertain, and many are then partly supported by their parishes, in order to keep them out of mischief. Numbers of able-bodied men in nearly all our southern counties, are anxious to emigrate to Canada, but are destitute of the means,—a subject well entitled to the consideration of parliament. We were much gratified by the late Circular on Emigration of the Colonial Office, for forwarding the passage of unmarried females between fifteen and thirty, government bearing one half the expense.

We have lately seen, with much regret, letters of the following tendency, from several parts of the west:—"Instead of advanced wages diminishing poor rates, they are almost universally increasing here, by which it seems too probable that, in a very short time, the whole produce of the land will be swallowed up by idle vagabonds, most falsely and improperly characterized as industrious and meritorious poor. An advance of poor rates has been cotemporaneous with the advance of wages, and a decline in the price of bread. In the mean time, discontent and complaints are not abated, less work is done, with grumbling, for more wages, and the really industrious labourer discouraged, and justly offended at seeing a profligate and lazy rabble paid as much as himself."

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Coal Exchange.—Coals, in the Pool, per ton, 17s. 0d. to 23s 6d.

Middlesex, January 23rd.

MARCH, 1832.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor is apprehensive that, by an accident over which he had no control, some of his Correspondents were put to the inconvenience last month of sending to the publishers' before their communications were prepared for them. He has taken care to guard against any recurrence of the circumstance that gave rise to this disappointment.

Communications for the writers of the undermentioned papers are in the hands of the publishers :—

The Sacred Conscience.
The Recorder of Ballyporeen.
Events in the Life of a late Barrister.
Political Unions.
Random Sketches.
A Fragment.
The Victor of Laussen.
Recollections of a Valetudinarian.
Metropolitan Improvements.
The Downfall of an Irish Patriot.
Society in the Provinces.
The Press.
State of Ireland.
Irish Volunteers.
Senator of Venice.
The Brother's Revenge.
My First Invention.
Anecdote of 1641.
A Tale of the Sea.

Articles intended for insertion in the ensuing number must be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

It is requested that *all* communications may be addressed *"To the Editor"* only, and forwarded to Messrs. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane. It is scarcely necessary to say that no *unpaid* letter can be received.

The writers of poems, and other short pieces, are requested to keep copies of them.

H. BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XIII.] MARCH, 1832. [No. 75.

PARLIAMENTARY MOVEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE principle upon which the great measure of Reform is still dragging its slow length through the Commons, continues to be one of the most accommodating and convenient character to its antagonists. The ministry perseveres in its adoption of the most mild and persuasive measures, to preserve to his Majesty's Whigs the blessings of peace. It now and then breaks the leg of some impudent Tory frog, that hops about in defence of the corruption in which it was bred; but there is evinced, in the mode of breaking it, a most scrupulous adherence to the rule laid down by Izaak Walton—"Do it as if you loved it." We regard the cavilling of the Opposition, and the calm resignation of the members of Government, as emanations of the two grand principles that prevail in parliamentary philosophy: that, by which the conduct of the ministry is regulated, may be pronounced the Greatest Politeness Principle; while that on which the Anti-reformers so unflinchingly proceed, may be recognised as the Greatest Perversity Principle.

But without intending to undervalue the claims of a considerable body of his Majesty's Reformers in both Houses of Parliament, we are bound to admit that the Anti-Reformers (or, as they may be better termed, the Anti-Reasonists) far surpass them in the grand parliamentary art of exciting popular contempt. It is only a pity that the antics and evolutions which they exhibit in argument, cannot conveniently be accompanied by those outward and visible signs of pantomimic genius, which so delighted us in the days of the elder Grimaldi. The reporters would not then excite our incredulity, by stating that "Sir Henry Hardinge was on his legs;" but the sentence would run thus—"On our re-admission to the gallery, we found Sir Henry Hardinge *on his head*"—and then the moral summersets, and military flip-flaps, would follow in a very credible course. There is another reason why the term "on his legs" is objectionable, particularly to persons of Sir Henry's profession; we need only instance the Marquis of Anglesey. It would be very ridiculous to say, "we found the Noble Marquis on his *leg*."

Meanwhile the Bill passes forward at a rate which indicates such an extreme aversion to hurry, that if ministers were accused of endeavouring to create the "re-action" with which they are threatened, they could scarcely have a right to complain. The Chairman nightly reports progress with as much solemnity as if any had been made. And how is all this to be helped, ask the moderators, when the enemy is every instant in attack? The question is answered in three words—"Create fifty Peers now, and keep them at hand ready for use." The very appearance of the gazette will cause them to be wanted in a month! The Opposition will, of course, fight as long as they have anything to gain, and no longer. The Peers *must* be made at last; and yet it is a peer himself who is hesitating upon this simple question—whether the peerage shall be suddenly increased, or run the chance of being as suddenly abolished!

On other subjects they have shewn more alacrity—in the dismissal of Sir Henry Parnell, and in preparing legislative antidotes to Cholera. We have no fault to find with the conduct of the ministry with respect to their coadjutor, except that the dismissal-system should have been put in force before, and not have commenced with one of the ablest men amongst them; while on a subject of so very questionable a character as cholera, they were sure to meet with perplexities. If they had taken precautionary measures three months ago, a very large party would have laughed at them; and as they did not, they are accused of waiting until the pestilence had fixed its furious talons on unhappy Lambeth, and threatened to land at Westminster-stairs—at the sacred gate of Parliament itself. In the House, indeed, the feeling respecting the dreaded visitor, assumed an appearance—for we do not imagine that it was so in reality—much more personal than patriotic. Mr. Hunt, among others, made an observation in the proper parliamentary style; to the effect that "while they were endeavouring to prevent contagion in others, it became them to *take care of themselves.*" This is an axiom that has always been acted upon by both Houses of Parliament, and does not appear more liable to neglect because Mr. Hunt has found his way into one of them. The Board of Health, and most of the boards appointed to arrest the march of cholera, are, if we are to trust report, keeping the axiom very commendably in view. But the "cholera" is not worth another word. The non-contagion principle has taken root, and will guard us from the effects of a panic that would be much more fatal than the disease. The public understand the matter better than their physicians; and will, we are sure, prefer those advisers who say least about it.

The subject of Military Flogging, that most detestable and demoralizing of all species of punishment, has been brought under discussion, on a motion by Mr. Hunt, simply for a return of the number of persons flogged, and the extent of punishment inflicted, in the year 1831—and this, which was pledging the House to nothing, was refused by a large majority; Lord Althorp, who some time ago supported a specific motion of Sir John Hobhouse's on the subject, voting against the return. His lordship said, that many of the commanding officers of the army wished for some other mode of punishment, and were willing to give up flogging, when they could do so with safety. We suspect that they would rather give up their commissions, than this darling relic of military barbarism. However, we have confidence in Sir John

Hobhouse's declaration, that his feelings are, *as yet*, unchanged by office; and that this foul and revolting stain upon the armies of enlightened England will be of no lengthened existence.

Col. Trench has introduced a very important motion, relative to the *improvement* of the House, which, it seems, requires Reform as much as its occupants. Much was said about a new building, and more about enlarging the old one; but the general feeling seemed to harmonize with that of Sir Robert Peel, who confessed that he was "attached to the present building, from the associations with which it was connected." Barrington, who used to practise his art in the lobbies of the theatres, might say the same of Covent Garden—he was "attached to the theatre, from the associations with which it was connected." The narrowness of the benches was made a subject of complaint, and many honourable members for close boroughs thought that they ought to enjoy their seats upon a broader basis. The narrowness of the policy which had been for so many years inculcated upon these very benches, was a subject of slight consideration, compared with the narrowness of the seats themselves; and the scarcity of conscience in the sitters, was lost sight of in the scarcity of cushion.

While this laudable anxiety for the comfort and dignity of Members of Parliament was going on, Mr. Baring was more usefully employed in obtaining leave to bring in a bill for limiting their privileges; or, in other words, a bill to prevent Members of Parliament from cheating their coach-makers and wine-merchants. Among the minor points of reform, this is an item of some importance; the public have long looked with disgust upon the abuses to which the present rate of privilege has led. But we are indebted to Mr. E. L. Bulwer for the promise of a motion of far higher importance—the Repeal of all Taxes upon Knowledge! This is a question to which we look forward with high hope—not unmingled with fear for the consistency of ministers. We are glad that Mr. Bulwer has been the first to introduce the subject, in a specific shape; and we hail this instance of public spirit as an omen, that his political ambition will be no less elevated than his literary genius.

But we have another source of high congratulation to the country, in the announcement made by Lord Althorp, relative to the meditated extinction of tithes in Ireland—a promise that will materially tend to soften the rigour of Lord Grey's threat, to force submission to the existing laws at all hazards. Yet even here, in what an absurd, yet perfectly statesmanlike dilemma, have they gratuitously placed themselves. They admit the law to be improper, and pledge themselves to repeal it; but first they must exact from its victims an acknowledgment of its justice: they promise to abolish the rack, but in the meantime they must insist upon placing unhappy Ireland upon it—not to dislocate her limbs exactly, but to prepare her, by a few wrenches, for the delights that are in store for her.

REFORM IN CHINA.

"De *tea* fabula narratur"—HORACE, *Improved.*

THE politics of the celestial empire possess, at the present moment, a distinction beyond those of any other clime or country, since they are interesting to the ladies; not only because their existing entanglement too probably involves our future supply of the pure *matériel* of that beverage, which is so proverbially under their own exclusive patronage, but also because the prohibited residence, or even visits, of all foreign females at Canton, has been one of the recent subjects of complaint and of discussion. A concise detail of, and argument upon, the present state of affairs in China, as connected with our tea trade there, will then, we very confidently flatter ourselves, be not less acceptable to our numerous fair readers, than to those to whom they are more particularly addressed; and though we are quite unable to promise them any wit, we will certainly not disappoint them of that brevity which is the soul of it. As it is, therefore, very far from our intention to imitate the conduct of that celebrated French *savant*, who, the first time he saw a Chinese, ran home to write a book about him, we shall be considerate enough not to inflict the whole of our knowledge on our friends all at once, but coming to the "point, matter, and business of debate," without farther preface, for the present confine ourselves to recent occurrences only.

It is, we believe, universally agreed, that the points of dispute now at issue between the East India Company's select committee, and the local authorities at Canton are the fruits of a long course of gradual encroachment on the part of the Chinese, which, most unfortunately, not having been firmly checked in the first instance, has at length become so serious and alarming, as to demand the most prompt and decisive measures to ensure its effectual suppression. Emboldened by the issue of their former dispute in 1829-30, the Chinese seem confidently to expect that the result will be the same now; and relying on the presumed impossibility of England risking the interruption of her tea trade, appear to feel assured that we shall infinitely rather sacrifice our national honour and commercial privileges, than put that trade in jeopardy. That they *have had* but too conclusive reasons to adopt such a line of argument, must, we fear, be generally admitted; but that it will be ultimately falsified *now*, we believe, as fervently as we hope. On the present occasion, the first direct attack on the company took place early in the morning of the 12th of May last, when Choo, the foo-yuen, or deputy-governor, accompanied by the hoppo, or imperial commissioner of foreign revenue, and some other officers and armed attendants, forciby entered the British factory at Canton. The alleged object of this visit was to examine some splendid mirrors commissioned from England by the Hong merchants, but the real one, to ascertain the fact of some pretended encroachments, said to have been made on the channel of the river by the company's garden. This inspection so exasperated his excellency, that on the arrival of the Hong merchants and senior linguist, he abused both them and the hoppo in the most unmeasured terms, and compelling them to remain on their knees before him for nearly an hour, also exacted other most degrading tokens of submission. A-tam, the linguist, having ventured to suggest a reference to the select committee respecting the disputed garden, was immediately put in chains and ordered for execution, which

sentence being averted only at the very earnest intercession of the other parties present, he was instantly sent to prison. His excellency's rage having now become nearly ungovernable, the senior Hong merchant was similarly threatened with confinement and death; and the covering being torn down from the portrait of the King of England in the factory hall, the foo-yuen seated himself with his back towards it, with every mark of indignity and insult. The Chinese being accustomed to consider every emblem, and even the supposed seat of their own sovereign as sacred and inviolable, and never to be even approached without the most abject obeisances, this outrage thus assumes a character of importance which it would want under almost any other circumstances, and be perhaps sufficiently resented by indifference and contempt.

The gate and walls of the factory garden were then wholly broken down, and the quay, made under the express sanction of the governor, after the fire of 1822, wantonly and entirely destroyed, several hundred labourers being employed to throw the earth into the very channel which it was previously pretended had been obstructed and encroached upon, though the premises thus laid waste, being rented from the Hong merchants by the company, were in every respect their private property. This most unprovoked aggression, it is also to be remembered, took place when the commercial business of the season had recently terminated in the most perfect good feeling; and while the president and gentlemen of the factory were residing one hundred miles distant, at Macao, anxiously endeavouring to preserve and to secure this friendly intercourse. Though the Hong merchants were expressly forbidden to forward any particulars of this violence to the English, yet the news, of course, very speedily reached them, when an official notice was immediately issued, stating, that as under such circumstances, business could not be conducted with either credit or security whilst thus exposed, unless the evils complained of were immediately redressed and security obtained against their recurrence, all commercial intercourse between Great Britain and China would be suspended on the ensuing 1st of August. This proclamation, accompanied by a brief detail of the outrages we have described, was then suspended at the factory gates, copies of which were also extensively circulated amongst all the English residents, and forwarded to Bombay, America, and England. To endeavour to obtain the redress now so peremptorily required, two members of the select committee also proceeded to Canton, where however, their complaints were so entirely unattended to, that not only did the demolition of the company's property continue during the whole of their stay, but additional workmen were even employed throughout the night. An official remonstrance, accompanied by the keys of the factory in a sealed cover, addressed to the foo-yuen, were then delivered to the Hong merchants in full meeting, who, being however, too much intimidated to present them, they were subsequently transmitted through the kwang-heep, a military officer, by whom they were again returned unopened.

For the information of the natives on these important subjects, a proclamation in the Chinese language was likewise posted in various parts of the city, which it was understood created a considerable sensation in favour of the English, though the hope which had been still entertained of obtaining some redress on the return of Governor Le, was now destroyed by the arrival of a new code of regulations for the future trade, enforcing such restrictions as made submission not only utterly degrading,

but nearly impossible. The emperor's imperial ratification of this code also immediately followed, framed in the customary verbiage of Chinese magniloquence, and concluding with this threat: "*Decidedly there will not be the least clemency or forbearance shewn. Tremble at this! Intensely are these commands given!*"

The lady of a Danish captain having some time previously accompanied her husband to Canton, some new regulations on this subject were also issued at the same time, expressly forbidding "*all barbarian females,*" and particularly including the *English*, from approaching that city, whence, if they again dared to appear there, the offending party introducing them, was ordered "*to be driven out with severity and for ever!*"

In evidence that the whole of these proceedings were but parts of one regular system of predetermined persecution, we may also mention, that so long since as November 1830, Woo-Yay, the uncle of one of the chief Hong merchants, was tried for his life, and ultimately threatened with the torture, and sentenced to perpetual banishment, on a charge of traitorous correspondence with the English, the sole proof of which consisted in his having procured for one of them a sedan chair! In May last this aged and innocent man died in prison, of a broken heart, when the ignominy heaped on him in life, was extended even to his remains, which were delivered to his relatives for burial through a hole in the wall, which has ever been considered the most indelible token of Chinese disgrace.

Aggravated as were all these circumstances of repeated insult on the part of the local authorities, and supported as the select committee were by the resolutions and remonstrances of the principal British merchants resident at Canton, it created no slight surprise, that so early as the 10th of June following, those gentlemen wholly rescinded their former order for the suspension of the trade on the 1st of August, and thus destroyed the last hope of obtaining redress from their decision and firmness. Their reasons for adopting this course of proceeding, we must candidly acknowledge, we cannot perfectly understand. Their own statement admits, that they "have received no explanation for the acts of aggression committed, nor any security against their recurrence;" and also, "that until redress of grievances be granted, they see no prospect of commerce being conducted with credit or security;" and yet they voluntarily yield up the 'vantage ground which it was so manifest their previous announcement had unquestionably obtained for them. What private explanations, or what ulterior proceedings are to atone for this, we know not, but the generally expressed dissatisfaction and astonishment of the residents in China, at the select committee's apparently inexplicable conduct, we can most confidently vouch for.

In exoneration of these seemingly vacillating proceedings, we are, however, bound in justice to state, that if, as it very probably may prove, they were inconsiderate in making their first declaration, they might be unable to act otherwise than they subsequently did, without a confident reliance, which they could not feel, on support from home. To proceed with the business of the season, then became their first duty; and when they found that the foo-yuen could shelter himself under the emperor's sanction, it then became a matter of infinitely greater importance, and at once a national concern. The abilities and firmness of the present president and committee, have certainly been proved under various former difficulties, and we ought therefore not to censure too severely, what

has, perhaps, been perfectly unavoidable. It should be clearly understood also, that the imperial sanction may have been obtained from the gross misrepresentations of the local government only, and will therefore be recalled, and the offenders punished, immediately the real facts are known: whilst even the outrage itself should, but too probably, be considered the personal act of the foo-yuen, whose enmity to the English is universally known, and who thus availed himself of the absence of his superior, the viceroy Le, to inflict the recent insult. He has frequently stood alone in the council in his proposal of measures of extreme severity against foreigners; and the imperious necessity of immediate vigorous and energetic measures to destroy his influence, became therefore still more palpably apparent.

Such is an outline of the very unpleasant state of affairs at the date of the most recent letters, in August last; and for the next intelligence on the arrival of the regular ships in March, we are unaffectedly anxious. On the subject of the East India Company's monopoly of the China trade, we do not at present enter, and allude to it, therefore, to make the single remark, that whatever future arrangement may take place, it would seem, that however we may exculpate the select committee, yet so far as the Directors at home are concerned, the interests of British commerce cannot be less protected, or worse managed, than at present. Arguing upon the *data* before us, we can feel no difficulty in stating, that the conduct of the select committee, in first issuing and then recalling their notice of the threatened suspension of commercial intercourse, was an error in judgment, the very mischievous effects of which are not likely to be speedily remedied, since it is the unanimous opinion of all those who are best acquainted with the temper and habits of the Chinese, that to display any want of firmness, or on any occasion to temporize with them, is the very worst policy that can be adopted. Every forbearance to notice an insult on our part, has invariably led to fresh aggressions on theirs; and if, as now seems no longer doubtful, since it is so confidently asserted by those who ought to know, the Company's Directors have sent out instructions to their servants at Macao, to conciliate the Chinese, by quietly submitting to, instead of resenting, the late unprovoked and most unjustifiable outrages, we cannot but think that they have thus afforded a stronger argument against the renewal of their charter, than could have been advanced by the most violent of their opponents.

The complete failure, as well as the causes of failure, of Lord Amherst's celebrated embassy of conciliation in 1816, are equally notorious, and incontrovertible evidence in support of our argument, which a less known anecdote, connected with that ill-starred expedition, will still farther enforce. When his excellency had been left at Teen King, in the Yellow Sea, on his route to the emperor, Captain (afterwards Sir Murray) Maxwell was naturally anxious to avail himself of the opportunity to refit the *Alceste* frigate with the stores and provisions requisite after so long a voyage. These supplies were so repeatedly delayed, and his renewed applications for them treated with such indifference and contempt, that at length the gallant captain's patience being completely exhausted, he informed the Chinese authorities, that unless the provisions, &c. were delivered by a certain day, he would proceed up the river and take what they refused to give. The day arrived, and as the supplies did *not*, preparations were accordingly made for weighing anchor, when a Chinaman came on board and informed Captain Maxwell,

that if he dared to move, he would be blown out of the water by the first battery that he passed. "Put that fellow in irons," was the only reply to this disinterested adviser, and ironed on the quarter-deck accordingly, he had the gratification of seeing a British ship of war get under weigh. The first fort they came to, was the Bogue, on the starboard side, when the Chinese, who had previously had the pleasure of hearing orders given to prepare for action, next enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing it completely silenced by one broadside. At his own very particular entreaty, he was then accommodated with a berth below; though profiting by the previous example, Tiger Island and the remaining fortifications offered not the slightest obstruction, and were consequently not fired at.

On the receipt of this news in England, the honourable company's directors were in no little consternation at the idea of what might be the issue of these warlike proceedings, and it was with undisguised anxiety that one of the court inquired of a gentleman who had been many years resident in China, his opinion as to the probable result. The answer was one, which not only most fully bears out our view of the subject, but its entire accuracy, more than fourteen years additional experience of Chinese policy, has since most thoroughly confirmed. "If Captain Maxwell has fired a shot or two only, it may be a troublesome business, but if he have given them a broadside, depend on it you will hear nothing further on the subject." The complete correctness of this remark was very speedily verified, for on the anchoring of the *Alceste* at Whampoa, a deputation of the principal official dignitaries came on board, to congratulate Captain Maxwell on his safe and happy arrival, and every description of stores was both immediately and liberally supplied!

One reason, amongst many others, given for this apparently unaccountable and inconsistent conduct on the part of the warriors of the celestial empire, was, that the ministers dared not inform the emperor of what had happened, since he would most assuredly have rewarded their undeceiving him as to the invincibility of his fortresses, by decapitation, and they had wit enough to recollect, that

"Though the hair grows again, yet the head never will."

The batteries on the banks of the Tigris, are indeed, almost literally worthless as places either of offence, or of defence, their guns being fixed on carriages that will not traverse, and raised but a few inches from the ground: whilst the forts themselves are so situated under the hills behind them, that their garrisons might be pelted out with stones, without the slightest difficulty; and the crews of the tea ships might land and capture every battery on the coast, without firing a musquet.

Under these circumstances, it is indeed humiliating to be compelled to own, that the British flag, which is respected in every other quarter of the globe, is openly disgraced in China; and that this arises solely from so many former insults having been committed with impunity, is notorious from the well known fact, that, of all foreigners visiting the Chinese seas, the Lintin smugglers are perhaps the only parties who are treated respectfully, which arises solely from the knowledge, that their boats'-crews are almost always armed, and that every affront is at once punished on the spot. One explanation of all this, may be their deplorable and utter ignorance: the "march of mind," having confessedly made less progress in China, than in any other place that could be men-

tioned. Foreigners of all descriptions are so rigorously and so jealously excluded, that every measure of national improvement is studiously shut out; and since the expulsion of the Jesuits, about eighty years since, they have remained as they were then left, perfectly unable to advance a single step, after their instructors were withdrawn. A very remarkable proof of which is, that in some scientific works recently published in China, the astronomical and other instruments therein depicted, are exactly those which were used in France, and introduced by the missionaries, at the period alluded to.

From these premises, then, it appears incontrovertibly evident, that every reasonable hope of comfort, or even safety for our countrymen now settled there, depends on our immediate energy and firmness in teaching these arrogant barbarians, that England will no longer consent to purchase their tea, at the high price of national dishonour. Experience has repeatedly shewn us that forbearance and concession are with them literally worse than useless; for they but embolden them to be still more insolent and overbearing. Let our next negociation be at the sword's point; and if we cannot obtain our just demand of indemnity for the past, let us at least insist on security for the future. When really forcible arguments are adopted, it will be speedily seen with what facility they will be convinced; and as, like *Sir Lucius O'Trigger's* duel, "the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel just as it stands," the present crisis then should at once be seized upon, to teach them that we will no longer be insulted with impunity. Remonstrance, conciliation, and forbearance, have each been tried in turn, for upwards of thirty years; and their results are before us. Let the East India Company now reverse the system, and while they thus vindicate the national honour and their own, let them no longer prostrate the dignity of Great Britain at the feet of savages, or suffer the "meteor flag of England" to stoop from its high "pride of place," at the haughty bidding of a Chinese edict. It must be constantly borne in mind, that the mere stoppage of commercial intercourse will be of no avail, since that would punish the innocent only, without reaching the really guilty; and the loss would fall almost exclusively on the Hong merchants, who advance money, and the tea manufacturers who borrow it; and who would in all probability, thus be, as their predecessors have been, reduced to beggary. We hope, however, and we also believe, nearly as confidently as we hope, that the Bombay government has already interfered, in the only way in which interference can be effectual. Should our anticipations be unfortunately disappointed, that duty will then devolve on the government at home; for unless the chancellor of the exchequer be prepared to sacrifice four millions of revenue, and the country and the company to lose the tea-trade,—as they most assuredly will, if this last insult be passed over,—it *must* become a national question. The only ambassadors the Chinese will either listen to, or respect, are four-and-twenty pounders!

T.

THE SHORTEST ROAD TO DISTINCTION.

Sheridan, Sen. What in the name of nonsense, Tom, can induce you to take the trouble to go down into a coal-pit?

Sheridan, Jun. Why, I want to go, merely for the sake of *saying* that I've been in one.

Sheridan, Sen. Oh! there can be no objection to your *saying* you have been in a coal-pit—but why not say so at once?

Sheridan's Domestic Dialogues.

ONE is really tired of being asked sixty times an hour, "What's in a name?" and of answering, as every body but Romeo would, "every thing." It is time that the interrogatory be forbidden and abolished, or the conversazione of life will become little more than a monotonous cross-examination. One thing I have ever observed, that those who are most ready to put the question, and to insinuate that a tiger would be just as terrible if he were called a tortoise, a fool as contemptible if he were pronounced a philosopher, or a houri as poetical if designated a hippopotamus, are invariably the very first to be influenced by a name; and to regard things as black or white, not according to their respective complexions, but according as they happen to have been christened by those sage godfathers and godmothers, the lexicographers of old.

Now I do not pretend to be wiser than these people, except that I feel and confess the influence, which they feel and deny. I acknowledge the pomp and circumstance of a name, and admit its acquisition to be the be-all and the end-all of the art and mystery of walking triumphantly through the world. The art itself, as commonly practised in society, may be a black art—but it is not called so; and I, therefore, consider it to be of the purest and most spotless description. Whatever the world calls proper, I regard as perfection; whatever it styles base, I denounce as despicable. Well, says the reader, and so does everybody. Yes, but everybody does not make confession of the faith that is in him. On the contrary, everybody pretends to differ with the world in each particular, while in his heart and his actions he agrees with it to the last item of its creed; and everybody affects to dissent from everybody else, at the very instant that he acts upon their arguments, and plunges into the path where, in the sight of all men, he had just written up, "No thoroughfare."

I lay claim, then, to no other merit than that of acknowledging my reverence for the rules of society, my devotion to its decrees, and the servile submission so universally offered, though, as I have said, so seldom owned, at its shrine. Whenever I see a "treatise" upon something, or an "inquiry" concerning nothing, announced by an F.R.S., an M.R.I.A., or any other great alphabetarian in the world of knowledge, I immediately set it down as a production of vast genius and erudition. When I see an astronomer, like Sir James South, created a knight, I instantly perceive that the "stars" of the various orders to which he may aspire, must have quickened his calculations regarding the heavenly bodies surprisingly; and I place him at once on a footing with Newton (Sir James sounding as well as Sir Isaac), and far, very far above Tyco Braye (who was never called *Sir* Tyco Braye). When I look at a picture by the President of a Royal Academy, I pronounce it, of course, to be the best picture in the exhibition; and when I go to the theatre, and see an inferior singer playing the best part in the opera, I consider myself to be mistaken—and that, simply from sustaining the leading

character, the bad singer must in fact be far superior to the rest, who only *seem* to sing better. If I were to be introduced, as (such odd things happen) I may be, to my Lord Barclay and my Lord Perkins, or my Lord Day and my Lord Martin, I should instantly recognize nobility in the very aspects of those noble persons—I should see that they were predestined to the peerage, and that there was something inexpressibly dignified in their tastes, dispositions, and demeanour. It is a standing law with me, that a colonel must be much taller than a corporal, that an editor must be wiser than his contributors, that a king must be more majestic than his lord in waiting, and, by consequence, that a lord-mayor must be more stupid than the aldermen. When I observe a man "getting on" in the world, I make up my mind instantly that he deserves all he gets, or Heaven would not permit him to prosper; and, on the other hand, when I see his neighbour sinking step by step into penury and perdition, I regard him as a dangerous person, destitute of all principle, and, of course, I cannot think of offering assistance where Providence disdains to interfere. If the waggon were worth lifting out of the slough, Jupiter would lift it out—that is my view of the fable.

The all-sufficiency of "a name" is too susceptible of proof, and is too constantly proved in all we say and do, to require me to refer to instances. Examples might be multiplied to an extent, that would make the figures of the national debt seem few. Look at one or two only. The word *Cæsar* (if my memory serves me) means *elephant*. Now if the "great Julius," who bled for justice' sake, had been simply called an elephant, instead of Cæsar, would Cassius ever have had occasion to exclaim—"And this man is now become a god!" No, the name would have acted as an index to his fortunes; the wise Romans would never have worshipped him; he would have been looked upon as the most ungraceful but gigantic of animals, an unwieldy but illustrious brute, as tame and tractable as Cassius or any of his keepers could have wished—a sort of Chuny in a toga, and Brutus would have been his Mr. Cross—as indeed he was, in the circumstance of presiding at his immolation. Take another instance: in the Hindostanee, or some other unpronounceable tongue, that sweetest of essences, honey, is dishonoured, of all words in the world, by the name of *mud*. Now, had Dr. Johnson adopted the phrase of these barbarians, and introduced it in that sense into our English vocabulary, who would ever after have polluted their lips with the produce of the hive! Who would have luxuriated in the sweet treasures stored in the "laden thigh" of the bee! Think of the alteration that would be required in one of the sweetest of our native nursery ballads, and of the associations called up by such a line as this—

"The queen was in the parlour eating bread and mud."

Words are things, says Lord Byron; and I defy the ghost of the aforesaid Doctor himself to produce a more convincing proof of the truth of the assertion.

But without these palpable proofs, we might be justified in taking the importance of words, and the insignificance of things, for granted. Titles, both in legislature and literature, are of infinitely more consequence than the peers and books that bear them. The profession of the law supplies us with abundance of examples of wigs without heads, and we might possibly find here and there a mitre or two, nay even a few

coronets or so, in the same predicament. At all events, we have plenty of physicians with nothing but their diplomas to qualify them for practising, and as many great authors, whose only claim to rank as novel-writers, consists in their producing three volumes at a time. All that is wanted, then, is to shorten the road to renown, and to shew how distinction may be attained with the least possible quantity of trouble.

For instance, whenever a new ministry is formed desirous of conciliating the people, and acquiring unbounded popularity, care should be immediately taken to disseminate the idea, that they have accepted office solely with a view of carrying all the great "popular questions," and that they are determined to retain their appointments as long as a chance of accomplishing this patriotic object exists. Their aim will thus be, not to accomplish the object—that must never be done, if it can be helped—but to keep alive the "chance" of being enabled to do so. In short, having announced their resolution to effect the most magnificent reforms, and the most indispensable changes, they need not give themselves any farther trouble, but take their own time and let the nation talk on.

Again:—it is most unreasonable that any set of constituents should expect their representatives to make *actual* motions for the removal of any abuse, or the introduction of any desirable measure. A young member, who has conceived the idea of becoming a patriot, should simply, in his maiden speech, set forth his intention to move, "on a future occasion," for a repeal of the corn-laws, to bring in bills for the abolition of slavery abroad and sinecures at home, and to introduce an effectual measure for preventing lords from putting their aristocratic hands into the dirty pockets of labourers. Of course he will take good care never to commit himself so far as to act upon any of his patriotic, or rather parliamentary pledges; all he has to do is, to state his intentions emphatically, and to leave them to work out his reputation. He cannot fail of obtaining immediate popularity; and, simply by promising much and doing nothing at all, will, in fact, be just as good a patriot as any privy-councillor in Christendom.

In morals, again:—It must not be supposed that, because an opportunity offers of making an oration in honour of temperance, and of establishing a Society for the Suppression of Wine, that it is in the slightest degree necessary to act upon the doctrines propounded. The speaker may say, indeed, with glorious old Jack "I am a rogue if I've drank to-day"—which will be simply saying nothing, for he may possibly be a rogue whether or not—but to deprive himself of those liquid luxuries (or, if he happen to be a clergyman, those natural necessaries), which he would deny to others, would, indeed, be a ridiculous excess. He should shew his hearers the "the steep and thorny way" to morality, and tread himself the "primrose-path of dalliance;" meaning, of course, the path that lies through the London-tavern. He need never descend in practice into the dreary depths of abstinence—but follow Sheridan's prescription, and *say* that he does.

The same instructions apply to literature. A writer, now-a-days, is required to possess some little knowledge of the subject he writes upon—if he desires to be original, and to differ from the practice of the great bulk of his contemporaries. Now to get this knowledge, would involve a great deal of fatigue and inquiry; all which may be avoided in this way—by not writing the books at all, but by simply inventing titles, and

announcing a certain number of volumes as forthcoming. I do not mean to say that this is a perfectly *new* plan, as several of our most illustrious authors have occasionally adopted it, by promising from time to time some profound essay, or brilliant biography, that never has, and most probably never will see the light. But of its efficacy there cannot be a doubt. Were I, the perpetrator of these humble paragraphs, an "author," I should immediately announce as among the "works in preparation," a translation of the "Chinese Mirror of Parliament"—an account of some "Egyptian Hieroglyphics, as they appear on a brick thrown up by the last eruption of Vesuvius"—or "Papers discovered in a Lion's Den, supposed to be the Auto-biography of Daniel"—or some other equally original and out-of-the-way order of production; and I feel confident that my reputation would at once be fixed on a basis, too solid to be shaken by any non-performance of such splendid undertakings. Next month, and indeed every succeeding month for a quarter of a century, should see a similar, or rather a still more startling list of meditated productions, in every branch of literature, and every walk of science; and thus, long before the expiration of the period I have stated, my fame should eclipse the united reputations of all the Gogs of genius, and the Magogs of talent, that have hitherto injured their characters by absurdly attempting to accomplish what they ought simply to have announced. The wisdom of this plan must at once be apparent; every day's observation confirms it. Insinuate at first, and then openly declare, that you are employed night and day upon some prodigious, and hitherto unattempted, project in literature, and your name will be at once associated with that of the most daring and undaunted genius—the world will give you full credit for ability to complete what you have conceived—and fame and admiration will follow your footsteps into every club and coterie in the kingdom. But once admit the public behind the curtain, shew them that you are utterly unqualified for the task you have undertaken, and be foolish enough to publish *books* with your titles, and your renown is at an end. Critics will lose sight of the magnificence of your conception in the meanness of your execution, and you will reduce yourself to the vulgar level of literary humanity. Do not imagine that any living being will ever ask whether you have really performed one single promise of the thousand on which your reputation is built; no, the world will be contented with the titles, and will soon forget that they are *voces et præterea nihil.* The scarcity of your works will seem the consequence of an unprecedented sale, and an unlimited popularity. This mystery will also serve you with posterity, who will be struck with the incredible range which your genius has taken, and will be naturally curious about obtaining your works, when they find that there is not a copy to be had. You will be the only Great Unknown of all future ages—the Sphynx of science, and the Gordian-knot of genius.

Reader, if you wish for literary renown, let your productions be always announced under the head of "works in preparation," and never under "works published." Project volumes, but do not risk your reputation by attempting to write them; you must (if you read modern works) perceive how materially it tends to shew an author's insufficiency. Never trouble yourself with endeavours to bring about the Millenium —content yourself with predicting it, and with constantly crying out that "it comes."

B.

BREVITIES.

In every country there is a sort of trade-wind morality and religion, and there are few who have sufficient energy to stretch beyond its influence. Mirabeau said that every man makes his own conscience; and this, perhaps, is true of the few who are able and willing to think for themselves; but it may be safely asserted, that the great majority have their consciences made for them, and believe or disbelieve, rejoice or tremble, according to the parallel of latitude in which they happen to reside: so that a man may be pining with remorse in London for a matter which, had he been born in Constantinople, he would have considered indifferent, or, perhaps, even praiseworthy. This would not be the case had the most eminent men of all countries explicitly stated their religious belief; but from fear of various kinds, they have mostly hidden their lights in dark lanthorns, and only thrown a flash now and then, which has merely bewildered, rather than guided, the great mass who have looked to them for direction.

It is a favourite paradox of some, that the greatest dandies make the bravest soldiers; as many take pleasure in repeating, that great men have usually had small persons. These opinions spring from that love of finding or making a wonder, which is one of the most tenacious principles in human nature, and is the cause of half the error that exists in the world. The fact seems to be, that brave men have been in general neither dandies nor slovens, but simply neat and cleanly, though, of course, there are exceptions of both kinds. Great men, also, have been in general neither little nor big, though there have been many of both classes. Size has nothing to do with the matter; and the middle class has produced the greatest number of geniuses, simply because it is the most numerous; just as those who purchase ten tickets in a lottery have a greater chance of winning than those who possess only one.

The poor laws may be considered as a national benefit club, differing from other clubs of a like description in this only, that all, in proportion to their means, are compelled to subscribe to it, instead of being left to their own discretion. To this fund the poor pay indirectly, as well as the rich, since the general subscription to it forms part of the price of the humblest lodging, and of every thing that every individual eats and wears. It is clearly, then, no disgrace, but simply the exercise of a purchased right, to declare on the common fund when really pressed by want or sickness; and if minute inquiry were made, it would be perfectly astonishing to find what numbers once, not merely well off, but affluent—and others of the best families in the country—have been compelled to have recourse to it. The poor laws are usually spoken of as established only for the benefit of the existing poor, as though there were a low, distinct class or caste so distinguished, incapable of rising itself, or of receiving falling members from the higher ranks into its body. But the wheel of fortune is perpetually mocking this definition. The poor laws are really instituted for the benefit of those who may be poor, as well as for those who are so; and there are few indeed, compared with the great bulk of the community, who can be considered entirely beyond the reach of the great drag-net of calamity.

O.

THE PORTRAIT: A SKETCH.

Yes; at last I was fairly in love! and with what? A portrait!—but such a one!

The Exhibition had only just opened; I had gone to see it on the third day, and scarcely had I advanced a dozen paces into the grand room, when I felt myself riveted to the spot. "What's the matter?" inquired Armstrong. I heard him, but felt as if the faculty of speech were suspended. He repeated the question, but to no purpose. "Are you dreaming?" at length he exclaimed—"What is the matter with you?"

"Do you know the original of that portrait?" inquired I.

"No."

"Look at the number in the book. Well, what says it?"

"Portrait of a young lady, by E. F."

"And who is E. F.?"

"I know not."

"A plague upon all initials," exclaimed I; "I would give the world to know the name of the artist."

"I'll try and find him out for you, my boy," rejoined the kindest-hearted fellow in Dublin.

> "O, there are tones and looks that dart
> An instant sunshine through the heart;
> As if the soul that minute caught
> Some treasure it through life had sought;
> As if the very lips and eyes
> Predestined to have all our sighs,
> And never be forgot again,
> Sparkled and spoke before us then!"

repeated I to myself, as I stood gazing upon the voiceless, sightless picture!

'Twas a full-length—a front view, in the attitude of advancing—a maid of auburn tresses; the complexion fair; the eyes, a deep blue; the lips—carnations—slightly apart, as though the sweet breath were issuing through them; the bosom delicately full-veiled by a kerchief of gauze, all but one spot of dazzling whiteness; the waist, tapering to the critical point, beyond which firmness and grace take leave of tenuity, and from the zone of which the lines of the lower part of the figure flowed outwards and downwards in a curve of noble richness; an ankle and an instep, like the rest—symmetry! The arms—which were bare from something more than half way above the elbows—were beautiful; her right hand was covered with a glove, and held another, leaving her left one the voucher of a virgin palm! No ring was on the finger.

"'Tis time to go," said Armstrong, slapping me on the shoulder; "the Exhibition closes at four."

Three hours had I been poring upon it! "Four!" exclaimed I.

"It wants but ten minutes of it."

"And have you found out the artist?"

"No."

* * * * * * *

Not a day did I miss the Exhibition. As soon as I entered the room I took my seat before the portrait, and there I remained till every one else was gone. No doubt I was the object of frequent remark. I often

heard a whispering near me. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of a smile, suddenly suppressed. On one occasion I seemed to give no small umbrage to a gentleman who stood in front of me. A lady was leaning on his arm. I had heard a sigh so deep, that, in spite of my absorption, it attracted my notice. I withdrew my eyes from the portrait, and they fell upon the lady, who was in the act of turning away; but I encountered the gaze of her companion, whose countenance betrayed an expression of mingled impatience and resentment, so strong, that my own began to lour, and I was on the point of starting from my chair, when he looked another way, and conducted his companion to the opposite side of the room. She wore a cloak, and was veiled. I was surprised at the incident. I never after entered the Exhibition without looking about for the gentleman and his fair friend, but I never met them there again.

* * * * * * *

"Hang the Exhibition!" exclaimed Armstrong; "you shall take a lounge with me this morning." I was on the point of walking in, when he thrust his arm through mine, and took me by main force along with him.

"That woman has a figure!" cried he. I listened, but noted not the object of remark. My eyes were in the Exhibition.

"Her waist," continued he, "is as natural as her neck—which she carries so well. She doesn't squeeze it. There is too much pliancy there for much constraint." We were walking in Sackville Street; which, from noon till dinner-time, may be called the Mall of Dublin. "The fall of her shoulders," added he, "is the most graceful thing imaginable! Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied I, poring upon the figure in the Exhibition-room.

"So much for her back," resumed Armstrong. "We have not seen her face yet; but the pleasure is at hand. She'll be sure to turn at the end of the street. Depend upon it she and her fair friend have not put on their bonnets and shawls for nothing but a walk to the Rotunda and back again. Slacken your pace," continued he. "Now for it! Has a well-turned ankle never played you a trick? For once that I have been obliged to one for a handsome face, I may reckon fifty introductions to a homely one. Now for it, my lad! Right about, wheel. By Jupiter, she is an angel!"

I mechanically raised my eyes. There was the portrait, in living flesh and blood before me! Our eyes met—I stopped short—she hesitated too—coloured—and the next moment she and her companion passed on. We followed.

How my heart beat! Its agitation became almost insupportable as we drew near the other end of the street, where I hoped they would turn again. They were within three or four yards of it—they slackened their pace. Kind fortune!—"Are you ready?" exclaimed a voice.—They stopped—a gentleman had accosted them out of a barouche, that had drawn up to the side of the flags. 'Twas the identical individual, the peculiarity of whose deportment had struck me in the Exhibition-room. He sprung out of the carriage, handed the fair partners in, and stepping in after them, they drove off.

"Whither are you going like a madman?" exclaimed Armstrong.

"To follow them!" replied I, scarce conscious of what to do.

"Follow your dinner!" rejoined he; "or rather wait upon it. You

are engaged at six o'clock, and have to go home, dress, and be at Kingstown in that ample space of time." It was five. "Come," continued he; "is it tumbling into love you are about? And do you think there is but one beautiful woman in Dublin?"

"But one in the world!" exclaimed I.

"Then, by my conscience," rejoined he, "there is no such place in the world as Dublin!"

I went home, dressed, and drove in a car to Kingstown. A joyous party—but nothing could get me out of Sackville Street. I was abstracted, restless, impatient of the restraint of company; anxious to be gone, without knowing whither to go. The evening had scarcely commenced when I stole away. I hastened home, and flung myself into bed; and, in bed, I was still in Sackville Street.

Sackville Street—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—every day in the following week; but not a glimpse of the living portrait. "Hang you!" exclaimed Armstrong, planting himself right before me, about half an hour after I had commenced another week's promenade. "I never saw such a fool, when you take a fancy into your head! I want a pair of gloves—step with me to Grafton Street." And to Grafton Street the incorrigible Armstrong literally dragged me. "This is the shop," cried he, entering one upon the right hand; "and, by the powers! there stands your Venus herself, fitting her fair hand! Up to her, my Mars!" whispered he. There stood, indeed, the incomparable original of the portrait—her female companion along with her. She had been choosing some gloves from several parcels, which lay open upon the counter. She had just taken up a pair—one of which she was about to try on. It fitted her. "This will do," remarked she to the mistress of the shop. "I shall take half a dozen pair, and send three dozen of different sizes after me." The gloves were white. Just then our eyes encountered. Her face in a moment became crimson, and then all at once turned to a deadly pale; she seemed gasping, as it were, for breath. I saw she was ill, and sprang forward, and caught her as, I thought, she was about to drop. She looked in my face as her colour slowly returned; gently, and without any expression of displeasure, disengaged herself, and snatching the arm of her friend—"Come," said she, heaving a sigh, which reminded me of the one which I had heard in the Exhibition-room.

My heart was in a tumult. The look of her male companion—the sigh—the blush—the blush again—the strangeness of its sudden vanishing—and then the sigh again! What was I to conclude? They had scarcely got into the street when I followed them.

They proceeded up Grafton Street into Stephen's Green. I kept about half a dozen yards behind them. They took the right hand side of the square, and in crossing the end of Cuffe Street, passed one of those semi-gentlemen, whose only occupation is idleness, and who instantly followed them, keeping between them and me. He drew nearer—I saw what he was about—and scarcely had he touched the arm of the fair creature when I collared him. I had caught a Tartar! He was accomplished in an art, in which I had never felt any ambition to excel. I let him go, thinking I had a gentleman to deal with, and scarcely was he at liberty, when I was stretched, in a state of insensibility, upon the street.

When I came to myself, the first thing of which I was sensible was

the pressure of a hand upon my temples. I looked up. It was her's—she was chafing them. The sight of her recalled at once the full possession of my faculties. I looked around, and saw we were alone. I sprung from a couch upon which I had been stretched, and throwing myself at the fair creature's feet, poured forth the passion of my soul in a strain of vehement eloquence, of which before that moment I had never been the master. She listened to me without lifting her eyes, till I was silent. Then slowly raising them, she fixed them upon me with an expression that pierced me to the soul, and gave me indescribable anguish. "The designs of Providence are inscrutable," said she, with another deep-drawn sigh. "I know not to what it has destined me! Forget me, Sir!—Forget me! Would to Heaven—!

"I can wait no longer!" said her friend, looking into the parlour.

She started upon her feet—for she had been sitting—and hastily moved a step or two towards the door. I as hastily followed her, catching her by the hand to detain her—"Would to Heaven what?" I exclaimed.

"That I had never seen you," was her reply; and by a sudden effort she withdrew the hand which I was holding.

"Follow me not!" added she. "Attempt not to detain me!" Her hand was upon the lock of the door. She paused—looked at me till her eyes seemed to strain again—raised her right hand to her lips. I waited not to allow her to complete the action which I anticipated—I sprang towards her—she vanished, closing the door after her; in the act of re-opening which, I heard the hall-door shut; I followed, and tried to open it. In my trepidation I could not find the way. It was presently opened from without, and the servant entered, followed by a person whom I concluded to be her master, and who opposed my egress. An explanation ensued. It was a medical gentleman, whom the servant had gone to fetch. She had been alone in the house, immediately opposite which I had been knocked down—had witnessed the transaction—and readily suffered me to be brought in, attended by the lovely being in whose cause I had suffered. I hastily recompensed each, and sallied forth, but all trace of the dear unknown one was lost. It totally escaped my recollection at the time, that, by applying at the glove-shop, I could have got a clue to her.

I rose the next morning in a state of bodily, as well as mental fever, and wandered through the streets as chance directed me. In turning a corner, I came right against somebody.

"Hallo!" cried Armstrong. "Are you walking in your sleep? Rouse you, my merry man! Heavens!" he exclaimed, when I looked at him, "what the mischief is the matter with you?" I unburthened my heart to him as we walked together. As we were passing St. Thomas's, a friend of his issued from the church, and apparently in a state of considerable excitation. "What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Armstrong.

"A murder is doing in that church!"

"A murder!"

"Yes; they are sacrificing a young heart to Plutus. I know the parties. The story is told in three words. It is the daughter of an English gentleman of reduced circumstances. She has taken the fancy of a young man of fortune, who has just returned from his travels. Her heart was disengaged, and her parents prevailed upon her to accept

him. She rues the consent which has been wrung from her. They have brought her to the church. For this half hour have they been trying to prevail upon her to allow the ceremony to proceed. I never saw such a scene! How they can stand it, I know not; but, for my part, it was too much for me, and I was obliged to come away."

The truth flashed across me. I broke from Armstrong, and rushed into the church. It was she! I met them bearing her fainting from the altar, supported by the man whose scowl I had encountered in the Exhibition-room. The knot had been tied! As they passed by me, I stood like an idiot—I spoke not—moved not—they went out of the church—all power of reflection or action seemed to have deserted me. I mechanically submitted to the guidance of Armstrong, who, with his friend, conducted me home.

"Come," said I, suddenly starting up, after I had sat, as Armstrong has assured me, for upwards of two hours without speaking—"Come, I shall embark to-night for England!"

He did not attempt to dissuade me. "I shall accompany you, my lad," said he.

We had but few arrangements to make; nevertheless, when we arrived at Kingstown, we were too late for the packet; she had sailed half an hour before.

"What shall we do?" asked Armstrong.

"Take up our quarters here till to-morrow evening," replied I. "I shall not set foot in Dublin again."

"Content!" rejoined Armstrong.

It came on a dreadful night—wind, rain, and thunder. 'Twas a relief to the chaos of my heart—the tempest was in unison with it. I watched an opportunity, and stealing out, went down to the beach. The night was terrifically grand. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but one undulating, heaving sheet of foam. You could scarcely hear the thunder for the breakers. I discerned a party at a distance busy about something. I approached them. A vessel was in the offing on the bar, and they were about to launch the life-boat; they had almost accomplished their purpose, when one of the crew was struck down and stunned—they could not tell with what. Obeying an impulse, for which I could not account, but which probably owed its origin to an utter recklessness of life, I made a rush, and sprung into the boat—"I can pull an oar, my lads!" I exclaimed—"Lay to, and tug away!"

We slowly approached the ship. As we neared her, we saw that the crew had taken to the boat, which was pulling from her. We hailed it. Our cry was answered. It disappeared; we hailed it again—again. No reply. It had gone down! We looked at one another and shuddered, but spoke not. We were now alongside of the wreck. Upon the poop, the only part above the water, stood two individuals, who watched us, without speaking. We rowed to leeward of the vessel, took them off, and after ascertaining that there was not another soul on board, made back, and reached the shore.

It was a man and a woman whom we had rescued. We conveyed them to the inn—the female was consigned to the charge of the landlady. Armstrong and I undertook the task of attending to her companion, whom we soon equipped with dry apparel from our own trunks, and easily prevailed upon to take a seat at our board, which was spread for supper.

He spoke little at first, except to thank us—especially me, who had been instrumental in preserving him. He was a Portuguese, but spoke English with considerable fluency.

"Many a time, Sir," said he, "have I cursed your country, but now I bless it."

"Cursed it!" echoed Armstrong.

"Yes, Sir; I'll not deny it—nor need I. That girl whom you have saved from a watery grave is my sister; death perhaps would have been a blessing to her—and to me. Yet is it an appalling thing when it comes."

We wished for an explanation of this, but from delicacy were silent. It came, however, of its own accord. A foreigner had fallen in love with her—married her—and deserted her a few months after their nuptials. Her brother and she were in pursuit of him, and after tracing through Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, had at length got a clue to him to this country. The story was an exceedingly affecting one, and proved the darkest obliquity of principle upon the part of the offender.

Scarcely was it finished, when the landlady abruptly entered the room—

"Gentlemen," said she, "what is to be done?"

"My sister!" exclaimed the young man, starting up in an agony of apprehension.

"Your sister is safe and well, Sir, and sound asleep, for what I know, but there is another in the house who, if I mistake not, would give all she is mistress of to be the occupant of her bed."

At this moment we heard a shriek. It came from the room below. Armstrong and I rushed down stairs, followed by the stranger and the landlady. The cry was repeated.

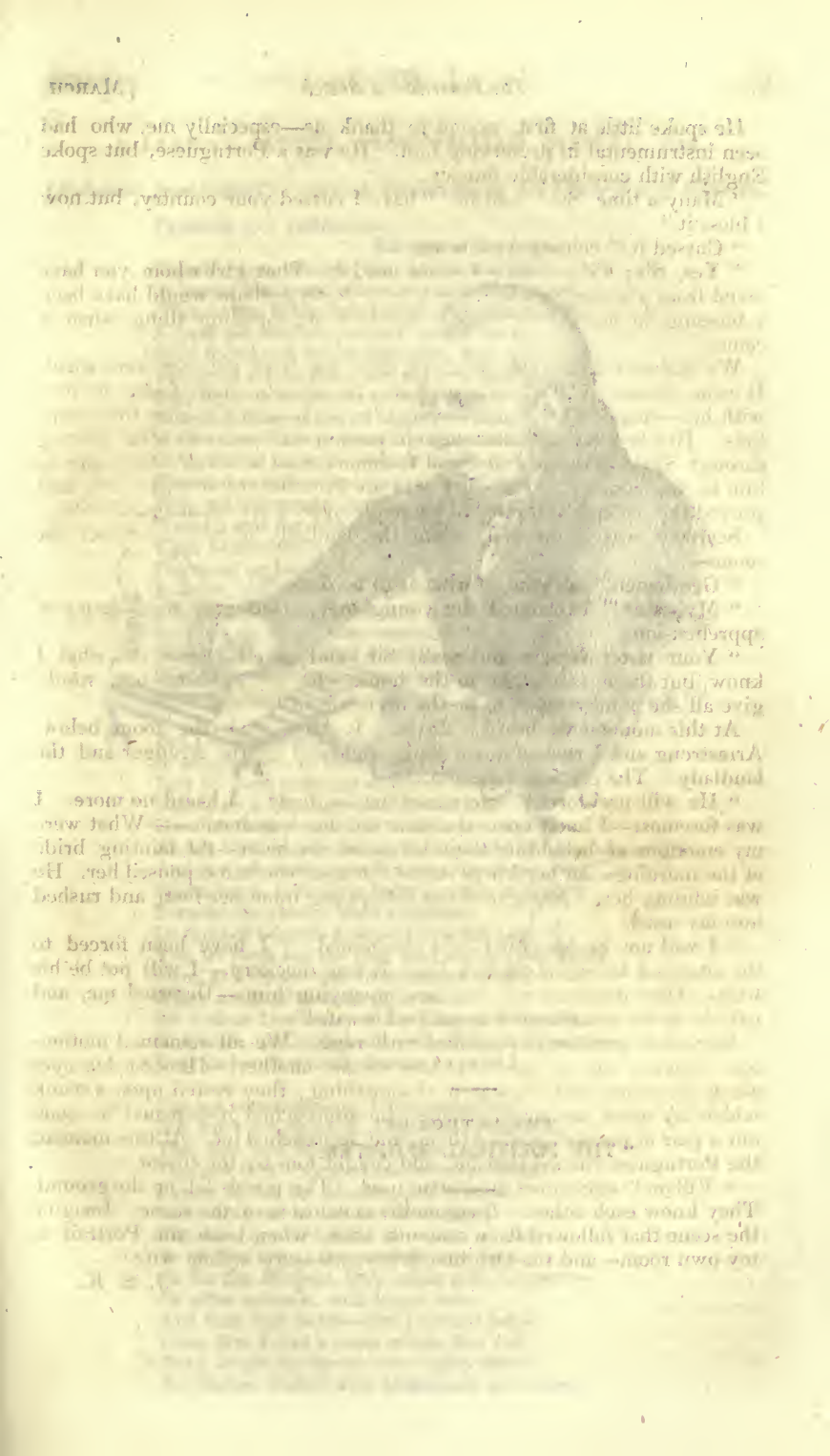
"He will use force!" exclaimed the landlady. I heard no more. I was foremost—I burst open the door of the apartment.——What were my emotions at beholding the mistress of my heart—the fainting bride of the morning—on her knees before the man who had espoused her. He was holding her. At sight of me she sprung upon her feet, and rushed into my arms.

"I will not be his wife!" she exclaimed. "I have been forced to the altar,—I knew not what I did.—It was mockery.—I will not be his wife.—They deceived me into accompanying him.—Deserted me, and left me in his power.—I will not be his wife!"

He stood pale and trembling with rage. We all remained motionless, looking now at him, and now at one another. He cast his eyes about the room, as if in search of something; they rested upon a trunk which lay upon one of the chairs—he approached it—opened it—took out a pair of pistols—cocked them, and approached me. At this moment the Portuguese rushed past me, and caught him by the throat.

"Villain!" exclaimed the Portuguese. The pistols fell on the ground. They knew each other. Imagine the conclusion of the scene. Imagine the scene that followed it in a month after, when I saw the Portrait in my own room—and the Original at my side—my willing wife!

J. S. K.



THE AUTHOR OF
"THE POLITICAL REGISTER."

A LYRICAL LETTER, FROM WILLIAM COBBETT, ESQ.

[*Extracted from Cobbett's* POETICAL REGISTER, *of the Thirty-first of February.*]

FRIENDS AND DISCIPLES,
Readers of the page—
The only one, observe, that paints this age
In honest black and white!—you here may see
(Woe to the Whig that would of praises rob it)
A good old English portrait, meant for me,
Your friend and fellow-labourer, WM. COBBETT.
Yes, *good old English;* not the gew-gaw things
Sent forth as likenesses of lords and kings,
Scrawled upon plates of *copper*—which, my friends,
We'd rather have *in pence*, those metal charmers,
Or scratched on steel—which might serve other ends,
If turned to knives and forks for famished farmers.
Why not use proper metals? Why not *lead?*
'Twou'd suit the Aberdeens, and all that class;
Then Londonderry might behold his head
Engraved on triple-cased, congenial *brass.*
And yet, had this same rule held always good,
I think you'd ne'er have seen *my* head on *wood!*
No; all the *wood*, now wasted upon brigs,
Would then be wanted for those heartless, cold,
Disgraced, undone, and despicable Whigs—
While COBBETT'S honest front should gleam on GOLD!

But I despise such things, so let them shine
In stipple, line, or mezzotint for me;
And let them now just scan this face of mine,
Carved on a bit of *genuine British tree!*
Here let them come, and tremble too, to see
An eye that shoots dismay through all their line,
And lips whose scorn still stings the stupid set;
White hairs, that never knew a touch of shame,
Because they never lined a *coronet*,
Or skulked beneath a *wig*—I hate the name!
Yes, let them see the man who still his pen holds
Firm, as at first—and then declare to you
If any artist of the courtly crew—
Sir Joshua Lawrence, or Sir Thomas Reynolds,
Or Claude, or Cruikshank—whether sot or saint—
Ever had such a head as mine to paint!

I'm not conceited—no, I hate conceit—
But don't you think, as Englishmen must do,
That this bold face of mine bids fair to beat
The best that Thomas Landseer ever drew?
I know he hit the Monkeys off in style,
And Satan sat to him the other day;
But these are far behind me, many a mile,
In all that brings the passions into play.
As for the *Monkeys*, they might pass for peers—
Or other animals, with longer ears.
And then that *Satan*—him I always hated,
Since first I read a poem which they call—
But I forget the name—one highly rated,
By Milton, stuffed with balderdash and brawl.

There's a young bard who writes of Satan better,
His name's Montgomery; as for Milton, pooh!
There is *more rhyme in this my single letter,*
Than all his blank-verse book!—I've read it through.

But let me to this portrait travel back.
The style, it seems, enchants all Art's connections;
Thousands of noblemen are on the rack
To get the thing into their own collections.
The Staffords, Bedfords, Westminsters by dozens,
All want the gem—for what? to *grace their walls;*
They offer to take down their prigs of cousins,
And hang *my picture* in their hated halls.
They'll give up Pitts, and Peels, and silly lords—
Fellows that ought to have been hung *elsewhere;*
Eldons in wigs, and Wellingtons with swords—
And all to get *one* honest portrait there.
But now mark this, my friends; I will not curse;
Yet if I *should* consent, then call me Tory—
A Scotchman—or a Lord—, or, what is worse,
Choose me for Westminster, with great Sir Glory!

Again, the governors of old St. Luke's
Think that it would in *their* asylum shine;
But I've referred these folks to several Dukes,
With heads (if heads they are) more fit than mine.
No—let the contest thus be set at rest:
When Manchester shall make her name immortal,
By sending through the House of Commons' portal,
The man who, *singly,* got her wrongs redressed—
'Tis my intention then and there to move,
That, at the public cost, a hall be reared
Worthy to hold a relic so revered,
For public exhibition—and I'll prove
That in six months, *in shillings from the poor,*
The famished poor, the show alone will nett
A marvellous sum, a fund that shall ensure
The nation's freedom from that THING, the Debt!
This I shall *prove*—I hate your mere assertions,
And into fiction's realms make no excursions.
Now shew me which, of all your Whigs and wits—
The Greys, Broughams, Russells, of that wretched race,
With all their phrenzy, flummery and fits—
Can save his country, when he *shews his face!*

This measure passed, with other glorious motions—
Taxation over, and the Whigs turned out,
The labourers rich, and landlords in a rout,
I mean to cross that paragon of oceans,
The bold Atlantic; I accepting there
An invitation, made a thousand times,
To fill the President's *perpetual chair,*
And reign the new Columbus of those climes.
Yet will I not desert my people—pshaw!
I mean *my readers,* and the labourers, here;
Let good America my service draw,
And Europe have me likewise—*each a year.*
Thus, my Disciples, I shall ever be
Your faithful benefactor,

WM. C——.

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

We are resolved to have our political dreams as well as our neighbours in these visionary times. Every body has his favourite speculation on the future fortunes of the constitution; some there be who see in their mind's eye Cobbett at the helm of affairs, and the chapel of St. Stephen's filled with a rabble of democratic tailors and republican haberdashers: these are persons who take the most melancholic view of the consequences of reform. There be others again of more sanguine fancies, who figure to themselves Justice carrying the Seals, Economy Chancellor of the Exchequer, Wisdom at the head of the Treasury, and Religion in the see of Canterbury: these are the poets of politics; and sometimes their frenzy is so fine, that they imagine parliaments, consisting exclusively of honest men—chimeras that will be realized, what time the house of Brunswick shall be supplanted by the old line of Oberon, and the gryphons and winged horses of the Herald's College exhibited alive in the Zoological Gardens. Others—but it is vain to think of enumerating all the dreams and fantasies that flit through the public mind—

"As thick as idle motes in sunny ray;"

besides our fair readers are impatient; the title tells them that their bright forms have been hovering before our fancy, and they burn to know by what freak of imagination we came to associate such apparently remote ideas as parliaments and petticoats.

As we dropped asleep the other evening, while in the act of perusing a speech of the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn upon finance, we dropped at the same time into the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, where, instead of the bearded and booted senators of the present regime, we saw (to our no small surprise, for we knew the old standing order against the admission of females) a remarkably full house, composed entirely of ladies. They seemed to be of all ages, from three-score and ten to one and twenty; and a blind man might have fancied himself in the French Chamber of Deputies or the Caledonian Chapel, for all the members were speaking together, and the most loquacious of all seemed to be the speaker herself. This struck us as so bold an innovation, that we expressed our astonishment to a smart young girl behind us (who was reporting for a morning paper called the Moon), and were informed that it had been found impossible to prevail upon any lady to accept the office, even with an increased salary, upon the ancient "*lucus-a-non-lucendo*" condition of seldom or never opening her lips. It was a long time before any tolerable order was restored, so that there was leisure to get some additional information from the reporter to the Moon respecting the great revolution which had evidently taken place. After expressing herself somewhat surprised at our ignorance, she told us that very soon after the accession of the Princess Vittoria, an article appeared in "La Belle Assemblée," in which the incongruity of a monarch in petticoats, and a legislator in breeches, was so ably exposed, that public meetings of the women of England began to be held every-where upon the subject. At first they contented themselves with petitioning parliament, and only claimed an equal right with the other sex to seats in both houses; but finding their petitions generally neglected, and often treated with the very reverse of gallantry, they began to form Political Unions; and, animated by the success of the O'Connells and Attwoods,

set on foot an organized plan of agitation, extending from the Orkneys to Land's End. No argument or topic was omitted that could influence or inflame the public mind; it was urged that as long as parliaments were of the masculine gender, they could never be expected to look upon the people with a maternal eye; it was confidently argued that as the petticoat government was the best for a family, so it must also be the best for a nation; and the country was assured that until the House of Commons was exclusively a female assembly, it had no chance whatever of a *fair* representation. Our informant, however, had the candour to admit, that it was not by the force of these arguments, or indeed of any arguments at all, that the revolution was eventually accomplished; but by continually teasing and worrying the legislature, until (in a way precisely analogous to that by which in domestic affairs husbands are wont to be overpowered by wives) they were glad to compound for peace and a quiet life at the expense of a total surrender of their political power.—Here the conversation broke off; the house became a little more orderly; the reporters began to mend their pens; and I was left to observe the proceedings in silence, not, however, without a hint from the ladies about me that the presence of a gentleman there was a breach of privilege, and that my proper place was the lantern. This, indeed, said I to myself, is turning the tables with a vengeance!

The first thing I heard was, a new writ ordered for the borough of Tavistock in the room of Lady Bellona Battlebridge, who had accepted the office of Paymistress to the Forces. Lady Morgan took the oaths and her seat as member for the University of Dublin; her ladyship rose immediately on being sworn, and said that she felt it her duty to give the house the earliest opportunity of witnessing her parliamentary talents; hitherto she was known to the ladies of England only as the most distinguished literary character of the day; but she trusted before she sat down to convince them that her tongue was equal to her pen; "*c'est à dire,*" continued her ladyship, "that she was as well calculated to shine in the chapel of St. Etienne as in her own house in Kildare-street, Dublin; she did not, in mentioning Kildare-street, mean to go into the subject of the institution with which that name was so intimately connected, or, if she might be allowed the expression, associated by a sort of vernacular *liaison*—to borrow the language of an Italian poet." Here there was a shrill and general cry of *order* from all parts of the house, which was followed by "*chair, chair, chair:*" the speaker accordingly rose, and in a speech of nearly a quarter of an hour long informed the learned lady, the member for the University of Dublin, that there was no question before the house, begging her at the same time to remember in future that English was the language of that assembly, and that to speak in any foreign or unknown tongue, Italian or Irish, was worthy only of the followers of Mr. Irving, with whom she was sure the honourable and learned lady had no connection. Lady Morgan assured the house the speaker did her no more than justice in her last remark; although an unrivalled linguist, she had nothing to do with the Caledonian matins; she was too much of a philosopher and a Parisian to trouble her head about Scotch apostles, or any apostles whatever.

Mrs. Harriet Homily and Miss Angelica Pentateuch rose at the same instant; the latter, however, caught the speaker's eye: she said that she could pardon the infidelity of the honourable and learned lady who had sat down, but her attack upon "the tongues" was not to

be tolerated in a Christian country; she had held forth herself that very morning, at six o'clock, in a most miraculous manner, and she trusted the day was not far off when the religion of the Caledonian chapel would be the religion of the state; it was remarkably suited to the genius of a female constitution.—*(Loud cheering from all parts of the house.)*

A member now rose, and said she had a petition to present which she was sure would receive the attention it deserved; it was signed by several hundred individuals of the weaker sex, who, previous to the late happy revolution, had enjoyed seats in that house; they stated that in the whole course of their public lives they had never done any thing to disqualify them to be members of a petticoat parliament; they had never voted for any measure of manly policy; they had never delivered a manly speech, or uttered, to the best of their memory, a single manly sentiment; upon these grounds they prayed the house to restore them their former privileges; and, as proof that such a concession might be made with perfect safety, they begged to refer to what had taken place in the other branch of the legislature, where many noble lords had been permitted to resume their seats, without the slightest injury to the feminine tone of the debates; in fact the peers were not to be distinguished from the peeresses except by their breeches and top-boots.

A young lady in a scarlet riding-dress (who, my fair friend the reporter informed me, was Miss Diana Vernon, the member for Huntingdonshire) begged to corroborate what had fallen from the last speaker. She had lately met with an extract from a speech delivered in another place, which she attributed to her noble relative the venerable Countess of Cackletown; but she afterwards found that it had been made by her gallant friend the Marquis of Londonderry.

A member here desired to have the names of the petitioners read; amongst others, my ears caught those of Inglis, Wetherell, Herries, Goulburn, Bankes, Gordon, Croker, Vyvyan, Sadler, Praed, and almost all the representatives of the boroughs in the notorious schedules A and B.

As soon as the list was gone through, an aristocratic-looking old dowager rose and said, that there was certainly nothing in the spirit of the constitution against the admission into that House of many gentlemen whose names had been read; the political opinions of most of them had ever been in unison with their own; she yielded to no one in admiration of Mr. Croker's statistics, or Mr. Goulburn's financial policy; she discovered in all their speeches and measures a sound stateswoman-like wisdom, of which she herself would not be ashamed; but still she must say, that she was not prepared to take so bold a step as some honourable ladies recommended; she disliked speculative improvements; no one was a firmer friend of reform than she was, but she would never, she hoped and trusted, consent to innovation; the question with her was, and she thought it ought to be the question with the House, whether to grant the prayer of the petitioners was reconcileable with the wisdom of their grandmothers. In her conscience she believed it was not, and she would therefore oppose it to the last moment of her life, and with the last drop of her blood.—*(Hear, hear, hear, hear!)*

Lady Auricula Bulbus observed, that she would not enter into the merits of the question, but would content herself with remarking, that the present was certainly not the time for discussing it; it was not, when the commercial affairs of the country were in such confusion—when the

tulip-trade with Holland, and the mignionette-trade with France, were in such a state of depression; it was not at such a time honourable ladies should come down with revolutionary propositions, affecting the first principles of the constitution.—(*Cries of hear, hear! no, no! order, order, from all parts of the House.*)

Here the conversation grew so hot and shrill, and so many voices took part in it, that I was quite stunned; and the reporters laid down their pens, through inability to catch the purport of what was uttered. Such expressions, however, as "unparliamentary," "unladylike," "if the hon. lady meant," "does the noble lady insinuate?" were audible at intervals; and there was one voice which extremely resembled that of Sir Henry Hardinge. When the storm had subsided, a petition, similar to the last, was presented from the dandies, exquisites, and fine gentlemen of the West End; they stated that they yielded to no lady in England in the effeminacy either of their minds or persons; their studies had been exclusively confined to novels and romances; many boarding-school misses had received a more manly education; their moustachios were generally false; and they appealed to their shawl-waistcoats and boas to shew how well feminine habits sat upon them.

A bill to "repeal the laws against Scandal and Defamation" was read a third time, and passed, amidst loud acclamations.

A bill to "disfranchise the Isle of Man, and transfer the franchise to Billingsgate," was read a second time, and committed. Some discussion took place, but not at considerable length, the general feeling of the House being in favour of the measure. One lady, however, objected to it on the ground that Billingsgate was already *virtually* represented. Lady Chatterton Chatterton "hoped the honourable member did not allude to her."

The honourable member disclaimed any personal allusion.

The "Man-Trap legalization bill" was read the first time. An honourable member hoped that this bill would be suffered to go through all the stages as rapidly as possible; it was a bill of such unspeakable importance, that she did not hesitate to call it a second Bill of Rights.—(*hear, hear!*) It was the Bill of Rights of the new female constitution.—(*Hear, hear, hear!*) It was worthy of a Petticoat Parliament.—(*Hear, hear, hear, hear!*) The ascendancy of the sex was incomplete without it, and she therefore conjured the House to pass it without delay. She never would sleep on her pillow until it was the law of the land.—(*Immense cheering!*)

A remarkably plain-looking member (whose name I could not learn) said, that she rose to call the attention of the House to a breach of privilege connected with the measure which had been so justly eulogized by the honourable lady who had just sat down. She adverted to an article which had appeared that morning in the "Times" newspaper, in which this very measure was designated "a tyrannical and wanton piece of legislation, contrived by a certain class of members, who, having outlived their personal attractions, or having never had any, wished to secure, by acts of parliament, those conquests they were unable to gain by the legitimate means of youth and beauty. The article went on in the same audacious strain, and concluded by advising the people to call this parliament in future "the Man-trap Parliament." Now a grosser attack upon the privileges and dignity of this House it had never fallen to her lot to notice; she respected the freedom of the press—it had been truly

called the palladium of British liberty—but it was not to be endured that reflections should be made upon the faces and figures of members of that house: this was license, not liberty; she therefore moved that the printer and publisher of the "Times" newspaper should be ordered to appear at the bar. The motion was carried without a division; not, however, without experiencing some smart opposition from the young and handsome members, who felt that they possessed better means of entrapping men's hearts than the meshes of an act of parliament, and were little inclined to visit with severity an infringement of their privileges, accompanied with a compliment to their persons.

Lady Barbara Boxwell gave notice, that when the "Inexpressibles Prohibition Bill" was before the Committee, she would move the insertion of a clause, reserving the privilege of that article of apparel to the members of both Houses of Parliament. The member for Huntingdonshire said, she should feel great pleasure in seconding that motion; her riding-dress was very inconvenient for field sports: it prevented her from shewing her agility; she did not see why a woman's leg should not look as well in buckskin as a gentleman's."

Lady Morgan said, she could see no use in any dress whatsoever; nudity was the garb of nature.—(*Oh! oh!*) She hoped the day was not far off—(*Question, question!*)—when every lady in the land would be as superior to prejudice as she was herself, and when womanhood, like truth—(*Oh! oh!*)—Here the learned member became inaudible.

The First Lady of the Admiralty moved for leave to bring in a bill for the prevention of shipwrecks. She anticipated no oppossion to so humane a measure. The plan she proposed was to impose heavy penalties on the captains of vessels leaving port in windy weather, or not returning thereto within one hour after receiving orders to that effect from the Admiralty. Hon. ladies, who had never left shore, could form no idea of the perils and hardships encountered by mariners. Since she had accepted office, she had made it her business to undertake a voyage from Dover to Calais, and she was, therefore, entitled to speak upon the subject. She could say with the poet:—

"Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

Here the right hon. lady was called to order by the Speaker, who concluded a long harangue by saying she had interrupted the hon. member for the University of Dublin, when about to quote Italian, and she could not consistently suffer another hon. lady to quote Greek. Lady Morgan could not believe the Speaker was serious; she had thought the Æneid was as familiar to honourable ladies as her own "Book of the Boudoir." Mrs. Somerville hoped honourable ladies had some better employment than reading the literary trash of the last speaker; if they wanted relaxation, they had her late work on Celestial Mechanics. Lady Morgan disliked alliteration, but she could not help telling the hon. and learned member for the London University, that she considerered her a miserable mathematician. She begged to ask her "what was an asymptote?" Mrs. Somerville said, that the less the hon. and learned member said upon that subject the better for her character. Would the house believe that an asymptote was defined in one of her silly novels to be ——. Here there was a general cry of order, and question; all was confusion for several minutes; and I could perceive, by the violent agitation of their bonnets and feathers, that the fair representatives of the two Universities were settling their differences in a way which savoured more of *fancy* than philosophy.

After calm was restored, a member whose cheeks resembled those of a bust in a perfumer's shop, rose, and observing the president of the board of trade in her place, wished to be informed whether it was the intention of government to persist in the proposed duties upon rouge; if such was their intention, she had come to the determination of withdrawing her support from ministers; and many other hon. friends of her's were ready to pursue the same course. The president of the Board of Trade tauntingly replied, "that the hon. member and her friends who were ranged under the same *colours*, would of course act as their discretion directed; it would be for the house and the country to judge whether they were disinterested or not; she would say nothing of *primâ facie* evidence of political tergiversation, but she could not help lamenting, that the blushes of certain hon. ladies should have survived their sense of shame." This speech exasperated the artificial beauties beyond measure; there were several angry rejoinders; and it was curious to observe that the acrimony with which the several speakers repelled the charge of self-interest, was in direct proportion to the thickness of the varnish upon their cheeks.

The secretary for Ireland then rose, and said, that the clock had struck three, and it was therefore time for the house to go into Irish affairs; she had a bazaar bill to propose, which she hoped and trusted would prove a panacea for all the ills of that unhappy country. She was of opinon, that bazaars should be held monthly at Exeter Hall, and the proceeds dedicated to the relief of the starving people of Munster and Connaught; this was the only radical remedy she knew of; every other measure had been tried, emancipation and education, subletting acts, and insurrection acts, Catholic associations, and Protestant associations;—but all to no purpose; it was time therefore to try a new policy; she had given the subject her most anxious attention; she was intimately acquainted with the wants and feelings of the country, for she had passed nearly three days in Dublin; and as to the state of parties, she had had peculiar facilities for forming an impartial opinion upon that subject, having dined with the celebrated Sir Harcourt Lees, the very day before she sailed for England. She anticipated no opposition to the bill she proposed; no English member, she was sure, would resist a measure which was so truly benevolent and lady-like; the Irish ladies might resist it if they liked; their conduct in that house was always factious; but her majesty's ministers were prepared for their hostility; they took their stand upon the bazaar bill, and defied the world. (*Immense cheering.*)

The moment the hon. secretary sat down, at least twenty Irish ladies were upon their legs. The point of precedency was difficult of adjustment; at length, however, the speaker decided, that the hon. member for Kerry should have the first fling at the government. I asked my fair acquaintance, the reporter, who the member for Kerry was, and she told me that her name was the Hon. Miss O'Connell, a daughter or niece (she was uncertain which) of the liberator. This excited my curiosity to hear her speech; but she had scarcely got to—

"Great, glorious, and free,"

when a lady on the ministerial bench (whether it was the first lady of the treasury, or one of the mistresses in chancery, I could not learn) coughed so loud that I awoke; and found, that revolutionary as the times were, no change had yet taken place in the balance of power, between the masculine and feminine genders.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE OF GIBRALTAR.

The spots that are canopied by the serenest skies, where the air is the purest to the vision, and the most genial to the feelings, where nature, too, has been most lavish of her charms, are those where the visitations of pestilence are the most frequent, and the most destructive; coming, as if in mockery of the judgment of man, to shew him, that spots which seem to him the Edens of the world, are, like the Eden of old, gardens where Death lies in ambush. This observation may well be applied to Gibraltar: for where else shall we find a fairer sky, or more cloudless atmosphere; where, a spot of earth upon which nature has so outpoured her riches, decorating the gigantic rocks with a thousand odoriferous flowers; thus strangely mingling beauty and sublimity, and strewing every acclivity with the broad-leaved and venerable fig-tree, the yellow-tufted and fragrant acacia, the golden-speckled orange, and the bright-blossomed geranium, that in its infinite varieties trails over the ground, and hangs in every fissure. Yet plague and pestilence, in their most horrid forms, have been visitors here; and the elements of disease and death have been borne on the same breeze that wafted the odours of a thousand flowers. The disastrous story that I am about to narrate, is connected with the memorable visitation of 18—, and its details will not, I think, possess less interest, because they belong not to the dominion of fiction.

I received a commission on the medical staff of Gibraltar the winter before the plague broke out; and in the month of March, I arrived at that celebrated station. The 2— regiment of infantry accompanied me from England, and the officers were my messmates in the Thetis frigate, during the voyage. Among their number was Edward Courtenay, with whom—singularly enough—I had been on habits of the closest intimacy ever since childhood, and who was, indeed, to me, as a younger brother. He was a fine noble-minded fellow: his like I have never seen before or since, and often as we sat on deck during the glorious evenings that set over us as we sailed southward, we talked of the pranks of our youth; and imagined scenes of manifold enjoyment, during the four years that it was supposed we might be stationed at Gibraltar. "The brightest of my anticipations," said Courtenay, "is the renewal of my acquaintance with Caroline Lorn." Now this was the only anticipation that gave me uneasiness; I knew of the predeliction of my young friend for this fascinating girl, before her father obtained a civil appointment in Gibraltar; and well aware of his enthusiastic turn of mind, I could not but fear the influence which I foresaw a despotic passion might exert over his intellect and his actions.

We were soon domesticated in Gibraltar, and began to realize the pleasant fancies we had pictured on our voyage; and the bright anticipation of Courtenay was fully answered. Mr. Lorn, we found inhabiting one of the sweetest of those little villas that dot the neighbourhood of the town: it stood upon one of the south-western slopes which are terminated by the mole, and was embowered in a thicket of sweet-smelling and flowering shrubs. This was the daily resort of my friend, and truly the household goddess was well worthy to receive his adorations. Let me say a few words of Caroline Lorn.—She was four years younger than Courtenay; he was twenty-two, Caroline was only

eighteen; but her figure, as well as her mind, had somewhat outstripped her age: the former, cast in the most perfect mould, added to an almost infantine lightness, those gracious contours which belong to maturer years; and with the artlessness of childhood, her mind was already rich in those indescribable and nameless elegances and perceptions, which are rarely the accompaniment of even a riper age. I wish I could describe her countenance; but this is impossible. I can only say that it was radiant with beauty, youth, and gladness, and that the expression of contemplative thought that sometimes shadowed it, but increased its charm; as the thin cloud, veiling but not obscuring the sunbeams, throws upon the earth a softer and more mellowed light. I often saw Courtenay and Caroline Lorn together; it was evident that they were bound by no common attachment; and if, from present promise, human reason ever dare predict future felicity, it might there have indulged its augury; for happiness had already unfolded her fairest blossoms, and they had outlived the hour when frost might have blighted them. Is there not a season in love, when the beatings of the heart are but the chroniclers of happiness?

There are some who may perhaps say, contemptuously, "this is a love-tale!" Reader, I wish it were; I wish I had only to record the triumphs, or the difficulties of love: but he is a poor philosopher, and but indifferently skilled in the history of the human mind—which is the history of the world—who speaks contemptuously of a love-tale. If such be deficient in interest, the fault may lie with the narrator, but surely not with the passion, which has led to wilder, ay! and to greater and nobler deeds, and which has brought with it more happiness, and more misery, and has been the hinge of greater events, than have ever arisen from all the other passions of mankind.

Four months passed away; four months, I may say, of perfect felicity. It was now the beginning of July; and it was settled, that the following month, Courtenay and Caroline were to be united. I was equally the friend and confidant of both; I was the depository of all their little plans; scarcely was their conversation interrupted by my presence; and when in the midst of that domestic circle, I raised my eyes to the countenances of the manly youth and the lovely girl, who sat near to each other, and saw the beautiful blending of present deep-felt happiness, with the anticipations of still fuller joy, I wondered at my own foolish fears, that a passion, such as theirs, could ever be prolific in aught else but happiness.

The memorable 17th of July arrived; on that day the Plague first made its appearance in the town of Gibraltar. I passed that evening at the cottage, and notwithstanding the fearful forebodings that were abroad, we contrived to be gay; for youth is slow to believe in the prediction of evil; and although my knowledge of the facts might have enabled me to throw a chill over the anticipations of my friends, I forbore—for "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Next morning, doubt could no longer rest upon the minds of the medical officers, that the plague was amongst us; and the same day, about noon, orders were issued from head-quarters, that the regiments stationed in Gibraltar should be in readiness in three hours, to evacuate the place, and form an encampment upon the neutral ground; and the staff (with the exception of the governor) having resolved to accompany the military, the order of course comprehended me. Courtenay was with

me when the order was communicated; and as I expected, he immediately proposed to go to the cottage.

"This is, indeed, a blow," said he, as we crossed the Alameda.

"From which," said I, "I trust we shall all recover: there is every reason for hope; Caroline lives in one of the healthiest spots in Gibraltar; and it is thought that on the neutral ground, the military, and therefore you, will be safe."

"Ah!" said he, "you have never known what it is to love; absence is of itself a sufficient evil."

Caroline met us at the entrance of the garden; and in place of leading the way as usual into the cottage, she conducted us to the summer-house. She already knew of the order that had been issued; "I trust, Edward," said she, "I may live to see it recalled."

"May live!" said Courtenay; "Caroline, do not speak doubtingly to me."

"How else should I speak, dear Edward?" returned she, "are not our lives, yours and mine, and all our lives, in the hands of God; and how can I say better, than that I trust in him?"

But the tone in which Caroline spoke, and the strange, though strangely-sweet smile with which she turned to Courtenay, raised some indistinct suspicion in his mind; and suddenly taking both her hands, and looking in her face, "Caroline," he said, "you never deceived me; something is amiss, tell me, for God's sake tell me," and before she could reply, he had relinquished her hands and rushed towards the house.

"He will know all, he will know all," said she, "'twas for his sake I would have concealed from him—"

"What is it that you conceal, Caroline? May I follow him? Is it any evil that I can prevent or alleviate?"

"You cannot cure THE PLAGUE," said she.

This was, indeed, a thunderbolt; this was the evil she would have concealed. Courtenay returned; for with woman's apprehension, and the instinct that told her she could conceal nothing from her betrothed, she had locked the doors. But concealment any longer was impossible. The symptoms of disease had manifested themselves in a servant of the family.

When the disclosure had been made, we remained for many moments silent. Courtenay hid his face in his hands; but his agitation was extreme.

"Caroline," said he, at length, in a composed earnest manner; "there is one remedy for this evil, the evil—the danger, I mean, that threatens you; you have consented, within one little month, to be my wife; anticipate the time, accompany me now to the altar; your father, I know, will consent, and in three hours we may both be safe from pestilence."

"Edward, my dear Edward," said Caroline, "I will be ingenuous, even at the risk of being thought bold. It is true that I have consented to be your wife, and I not only do not recal that consent, but I even avow that I wish it had been already ratified at the altar: but I would be unworthy of you if I could timidly, meanly prefer the chance of my own safety, to that of thousands. No, Edward, my heart pleads for what you desire, because it is misery to be separated from you; but I dare not sport with the lives of others; I dare not risk the remorse that

would pursue me, if I carried into your camp the seeds of disease that perhaps now lurk in myself."

Courtenay argued with her; implored her, kneeled to her; but Caroline, though strongly moved, was resolute. "Do not," said she, "do not try to make me unworthy of you; take with you my love, but leave my life in the keeping of God."

Caroline's father entered the garden, and Courtenay flew to him to plead his wishes. "It is impossible," said he; "my child is right; I dare not advise her otherwise; go, my young friend, assured of her affection, and my esteem; we will take every possible precaution, and let us hope that all will go well."

Courtenay had exhausted every argument and every entreaty; he stood gazing upon Caroline, the image of misery and despair. At length he burst into tears.

Reader, forgive him; the lion-hearted may be moved to tears. Remember how he loved—remember his enthusiastic nature; he knew that he was about to be separated from her whom perhaps pestilence had already marked as his prey: he saw her before him, young, and beautiful, and sorrowful—for the large drops silently ran down her cheeks; and perhaps he fancied her on her death-bed. I do not know what were his thoughts, but they must have been bitter and sad; for, I say, he burst into tears.

Caroline could withstand his eloquence, his prayers, even his kneeling; but where is the woman who ever yet resisted the tears of the man she loves? Caroline threw herself upon his neck, unmindful of witnesses of her tenderness. "I am your's," said she, "I am your's; lead me where you will." But Courtenay felt that his triumph was ungenerous.—"No," said he; "that which judgment and virtue, religion and affection have withheld, ought not to be yielded to tears." And they parted in deep sorrow indeed, but with somewhat more calmness than from the former part of the interview might perhaps have been expected.

An hour after, the troops mustered at the different barracks, and marched out of Gibraltar; and before sunset, the encampment was formed upon the neutral ground. The neutral ground of Gibraltar is a strip about half a mile wide, across the neck of land that connects Gibraltar with the mainland, lying, of course, between the British and the Spanish lines. Upon every occasion, when disease has visited Gibraltar, it has been the custom for the soldiery to encamp upon the neutral ground. This precautionary measure has evidently proceeded upon the supposition that plague is contagious, for its purpose is to cut off all communication between the military and the inhabitants, which would be difficult, if not impossible, unless by placing between them impassable moats and bulwarks. This purpose has also been always made doubly secure, by the most rigorous exaction of military discipline, and obedience to orders; and any violation of these has been visited by prompt and effectual punishment. The separation would, indeed, be entirely nugatory, unless it were accompanied by the most rigorous discipline. Accordingly, the same evening upon which the encampment was formed, the troops were called out, and a general order read at the head of each company, forbidding, under any pretence, all communication between the camp and the town, under the high penalty affixed by the articles of war to disobedience of orders. But even this

was insufficient to enforce obedience. A private, in the 8th regiment, who had been accustomed to resort every night to a small public-house near the north-western point, took advantage of low water soon after dusk, to cross the long reach of sands, and wading as far as the depth would allow, swam under the mole, and reached his favourite resort. But he paid the penalty. He was seen from the signal-house crossing the sands; and being apprehended and sent to the encampment, he was tried, condemned, and shot the same afternoon. Let me now return to my story.

The same evening, while sitting in my tent, just as dusk was fading into darkness, the curtain was pushed aside, and Courtenay entered.

"Good evening," said I; "but how is it that you are here? They have beaten the retreat, and you ought to be in your own tent, unless, indeed, you are on guard."

"I am," replied Courtenay; "I am on the western piquet—the most fortunate station I could have had."

"How fortunate?" said I. "Why more fortunate than any other?"

"Cannot you guess?" said Courtenay.

"No, indeed I cannot, unless it be that it is the point nearest to Caroline."

"I see," said Courtenay, "you do not understand me?"

A suspicion of the truth flashed upon my mind. "You cannot mean, Courtenay," said I, "to ——. Impossible!"

"To disobey orders, you would say. Ah! my friend, you never loved as I do."

"Courtenay," said I, in a graver tone, "sit down and listen to me. This is madness—not love. Have you already forgotten the example of this afternoon?"

"I am sure," said he, interrupting me, "you do not believe me a coward."

"No, Courtenay," said I; "but cowardice and prudence are not the same. Your duty as a soldier commands you to stay—your duty as a man also; for you are about to incur the very risk, to avoid which Caroline sacrificed her inclination. Will you allow her to out-do you in resolution?"

"Duties," replied he, "are of different obligation: although our vows have not been exchanged at the altar, they have been registered elsewhere; and I know of no duty so sacred as that of cherishing her who is all but my wife! It is possible, oh, Seymour!—Oh, God! it is possible that she is at this moment ill—dying; and shall I sacrifice the duty of watching over her, to any obligations that human law may have imposed?"

I tried to argue the matter with Courtenay; I implored him by the affection he felt for his mother and sisters in England—by his friendship for me—by his love for Caroline, to desist from his project.

"I am not afraid of discovery," said he; "the piquet are men of my own company, and will not betray me. I have agreed with a Spanish boat from Algesiras to be in readiness at ten; it will carry me close to the mole; and I shall have returned long before daylight. I am utterly miserable, Seymour; if the risk were a thousand times greater than it is, I could not live over such another day as this."

I saw that it was in vain to offer farther opposition. I held aside the canvass, and shook hands with him as he walked out; and his figure

soon disappeared among the tents; but I frequently returned to look out; and once I thought I heard the stroke of oars—which was not impossible, as the night was quite calm, and my tent was on the western side of the encampment.

I was awoke at five o'clock by the morning gun. This was the hour at which the piquets are broken up; and in a few minutes I saw Courtenay enter. He seated himself near me, without speaking; and the dawn was yet too imperfect to permit me to augur any thing from his countenance. His silence, however, was ominous of evil, and I waited patiently until he should break it.

"Seymour," said he at length, "my story is brief; but I cannot utter it.—Caroline—"

"Is well, I trust," said I.

Courtenay half rose, and bending over me, whispered in my ear, in an articulate whisper, that will never pass from my memory—"THE PLAGUE;" and with a deep-smothered groan of intense agony he fell to the ground.

I knew the meaning of these words—Caroline was about to be a victim. I raised Courtenay from the ground, but I had no consolation to offer him. I could only say, "It is not *always* mortal; you may yet both live to be happy."

"You do not yet know all," said he; "my hours, as well as her's, are numbered, and for that mercy I thank God. I believe, Seymour, my absence is known."

"Then, indeed," said I, "all is lost." And as the dreadful and inevitable consequence of Courtenay's indiscretion rose fully before me, I almost prayed that the plague might spare Caroline the far greater misery that awaited a deliverance from it.

At this moment the curtain of my tent was drawn aside, and a sergeant appeared with an order to conduct Courtenay to the colonel. I accompanied him. The colonel was a well-known disciplinarian, and a blunt man. "I am sorry to hear it is true," said he; "we must go through the forms of a court; but I cannot give you any hope. Private Donovan was shot yesterday for the same offence, and distinctions won't do in the service."

Early in the forenoon a court-martial met. I was a member of it; and Brigadier-General L——, of the Artillery, presided. Courtenay had been mistaken in his estimate of the men who composed the piquet; one of the men, upon whose good feeling he had calculated, owed him a grudge. Upon a former occasion this man had been tried, for what offence I am unable to recollect; and Courtenay, from the best motives, exerted himself in his behalf, and having stated some palliating circumstances that had come to his knowledge, obtained a mitigation of the sentence, which was changed, from death, to that other punishment that still so deeply disgraces the code of our martial law. This man, while in confinement, had levelled the bitterest curses against Courtenay, and swore he would never forgive him; and, like most other men who have once suffered a disgraceful punishment, his heart hardened under its infliction; and though the scars of his body were healed, the laceration of his mind grew into a sore, that festered, and at length cankered every thought, and poisoned all the sources of feeling. This man gave information against Courtenay the moment the piquet was dismissed.

Courtenay said nothing in his defence upon his trial; he admitted

the act of disobedience, and neither palliated nor vaunted it. For form's sake, the soldiers who composed the piquet were summoned; but one of their number—the man who had been the informer—was nowhere to be found; and soon after, information was brought that he had hung himself upon one of the tent-poles. One only palliating circumstance I was able to bring into view. The Spanish sailor, in whose boat Courtenay had been carried to and from Gibraltar, said, that in crossing the bay, he had warned him of his danger. He told him he knew the character of one of the piquet, and that he was his enemy; and he advised Courtenay to take advantage of a boat just then getting under weigh for Tangiers; but that he refused. This was, of course, insufficient to alter the complexion of the crime, or to change its penalty. "Unless we can bring private Donovan to life," said General L——, "it is impossible to extend pardon to Lieutenant Courtenay." And Courtenay was accordingly adjudged worthy of death.

"Gentlemen," said Courtenay, addressing himself to the court, "I have one favour to beg: defer until to-morrow morning the execution of the sentence, and, in the meantime, remove the arrest from my person."

The first part of the petition the court immediately granted; but the second occasioned some demur—it was unusual, and old officers are averse to innovation.

"I pass my honour," said Courtenay, "as a British officer, and an English gentleman, that I will be present at the appointed hour to meet the penalty. Surely you do not distrust me!"

A few words were whispered among the members of the court; and General L—— then said—"The desertion of your post was not only a military crime, but also some stigma on your honour; and your request is granted, that you may have an opportunity—the only one you can ever have—of wiping it out!"

To have looked upon Courtenay at the moment that his petition was granted, one might have thought that he had suddenly reached the summit of human felicity, or that he had just awoke from a disturbed sleep, and found that he had been but dreaming of horrors that were unreal. It can scarcely be supposed that the court, in granting Courtenay's petition, ever contemplated the possibility of a second visit to Gibraltar, for this would have been granting a license to break through the command of non-intercourse. There was, indeed, no proof, upon trial, that Courtenay had visited Gibraltar; he was tried for deserting his post; but that he had visited Gibraltar was undoubtedly suspected—the spot appointed for carrying the sentence into execution being the same as that selected in the case of private Donovan, who, it was supposed, might possibly communicate infection: this was the sands, at low water, far within water-mark, so that the waves might wash away the infected person.

"Mr. Courtenay," said General L——, "you are now at liberty; to-morrow morning, two hours after gun-fire, the troops will muster."

The moment the court broke up, I walked slowly towards my tent, and Courtenay walked by my side—both in silence. Courtenay reached the tent first, and he held aside the canvass for me to enter.

"I will follow," I said.

"I do not enter," said he. "Pass by, but do not touch me."

I raised my eyes to his countenance, and saw the unfailing signs, which, owing to the excitement he was under during the trial, had then escaped me.

"Yes, Seymour," said he, "the hand of the plague is upon me. I feel it here—and here," pressing his forehead and his chest; "and God be thanked for it; for now I know that death was awaiting us both, and would have baffled precautions. But I trust it may give me time to redeem my promise to the court—to live till two hours after gun-fire—and once more to see *her*—are all I now desire." And before I could reply he had dropped the curtain, and disappeared.

I remained many hours within my tent, sunk in deep and most oppressive thought. Alas, what a revolution had three days accomplished! I recalled the evening of the sixteenth, when I had looked on happy countenances, and listened to projects of enjoyment that stretched into far years. Now, they were all annihilated, and those who had projected them, had done with the world and its concerns.

I was roused from my meditation by a messenger, who came to inform me, that a signal had been made from Gibraltar for one of the medical officers. It had been agreed upon, before the troops evacuated the town, that if the medical assistance there should be found insufficient, and if disease had not made its appearance in the camp, the medical officers should be recalled by certain signals. I, accordingly, immediately left the encampment; and having bribed the services of a boat, I was soon landed upon the mole.

It was now about seven in the evening; and it will be readily believed, that the instant it was in my power, I hastened to Mr. Lorn's cottage. Ah! with how different sensations from those to which I had been accustomed, did I push open the garden-gate! The sky was as blue, and the sun as bright as ever, and yet an air of gloom seemed to be there; the flowers were all as beautiful, and smelled as sweet as before, but their brightness and beauty were offensive. The door was open, and I entered; all the lower rooms were empty; no one was visible; perhaps, said I within myself,—all, all are victims, and the house is tenantless, or tenanted only by the dead. I ascended to Caroline's chamber, and as I approached the door, I was startled by the sound of laughter; but there was in it so unearthly a sound, and it was in such jarring discord with the silence of death around, and the reign of pestilence, that the deepest moan of suffering would have been more grateful to my ears. I entered the chamber, prepared for horror, and I found it;—there lay the dead, locked in the arms of the living,—there lay the victim of the plague, in the embrace of madness.

"Ah!" said Courtenay, looking at me without shewing any surprise, "you are come to see us then—that's kind in you. I was just laughing at the excellent trick we played; he came for us, but I said we were not at home, and he went away, and so we cheated the Plague," and Courtenay again broke into a peal of dreadful laughter. It was a horrible scene. Caroline—ah! how changed—lay, an insensible corpse, upon the bed where she had died. Courtenay's one arm supported her head; he had raised himself upon his other elbow to look at me when I entered, and now lay in convulsions of laughter. Yet, who could have desired to see the fit of madness pass from him? who could have desired to see that maniac joy exchanged for the wailings of misery,—the horrors of reality,—hopelessness, and despair? I inwardly prayed that reason might never return.

Suddenly he checked his laughter, and turning towards me with a grave countenance, "I will tell you," said he, "a curious dream I had:

do you know I dreamed that Caroline was dead, and that I was sentenced to be shot—for what crime think you?"

"I cannot tell," said I.

"Why then, I will tell you," said he; and he sprung up, and stood on the middle of the floor; "it was for killing THE PLAGUE. I wrestled with him, and then I trampled upon him, and threw him out to the dogs; but they slunk away, and so I left him lying. Come," said he, "and see where he lies," taking me by the hand, and leading me to the bed-side. "There." He bent over, and for a moment looked with a steadfast gaze upon the dead. He then pressed his hand to his forehead, and with a terrific cry, in which the fit of insanity passed away—a cry that will ring for ever in my ears—he fell senseless upon the couch.

When he returned to consciousness and misery, he extended his hand to me, and said, "Seymour, I was in time to receive her last sigh, and her blessing; but since then I remember nothing. Is it near gun-fire?"

"'Tis only evening," I replied, "the sun has but newly set."

"I trust," said he, "I may live to redeem my pledge."

I gently led my friend from the dead-chamber to the garden, and seated him in the summer-house. It was such an evening as that upon which three short days ago we had parted from Caroline. At first, Courtenay was overpowered by the reminiscences which it awakened, but he gradually recovered his composure.

"I fear," said he, "honour is less dear to me than it ought to be, and that if *she* had lived it would have been a hard struggle to tear myself from her, to meet death: there is the coast of Spain, and there are the mountains of Barbary,—I would not have answered for my honour, Seymour."

"You are spared that struggle, at least," said I.

"'Tis better as it is; better for me, perhaps even for her."

Just at this moment, a man's head appeared above the mole; it was the face of the Spanish sailor, who had been examined upon the trial. He climbed up, and walked towards us. I could not guess his errand, but he soon made it known. "I have here," said he, addressing Courtenay, "a good boat; I'll undertake to land you either at Tangiers, or Tarifa, before day-break, or, if the wind continue fair, I'll put you aboard an American in the bay of Cadiz in twenty-four hours."

"Friend," said Courtenay, "I thank you for your offer, but if you will look closer into my face, you will see that I have no temptation to accept it."

The man advanced a few steps, looked on Courtenay's face, shuddered, and returned to his boat.

My professional duties now called me to the town: I returned to the house, brought writing materials, and laying them before Courtenay, told him, if he wished to address a few lines to England, I would be the bearer of his memorials. He was able to write; the disease advanced slowly, and I believe that Courtenay might have been cured: but this thought was painful; I neither indulged it myself, nor breathed it to him. I told him to remain in the summer-house until I should return, and walked towards the town.

How was the face of every thing changed! No drums or trumpets were heard from the deserted barracks; no gay parties were sauntering

in the Alameda, nor bearded Jews lying under the trees, talking and smoking. As I raised my eyes to the face of the single sentinel at the gate, I saw that he was smitten; and when I entered the town, all was like a sepulchre. It was at this hour, when the heats had subsided, that the streets and the walks used to be crowded; but all was deserted—there was no sound of pleasure or of business: one or two starving African porters sat on the steps of the Exchange; their services were no longer needed: surfeited dogs lay in the streets, or were seen walking in and out of the open doors; they looked smitten, and I avoided them; and as I passed along the rampart, I heard the occasional plash of the bodies that were dropped into the sea.

The greater part of the night was occupied with the duties I had to perform, and it was the dawn before I returned to seek the friend who was soon to be added to the number of the dead. I found him on the spot where I had left him. I saw that disease was making rapid progress; two letters lay before him, which he put into my hand, and at the same moment the morning gun boomed over the sea.

"'Tis nearly time, Seymour," said he, "yet I think I can spare a little while;" and he was about to enter the house, when I held him back. "No, Courtenay," I said, "if you wish to preserve your reason, and to redeem your promise, do not risk it."—"Well, well," said he, "we shall meet soon," and I led him to the mole.

The boat had slipped from its mooring, and, after some time had been lost in ineffectual efforts to recover it, I was forced to swim, and bring it under the wall. It was nearly six when we pushed off, and a strong east wind had risen, and blew directly out of the bay. Courtenay seemed fast sinking; he heaved deep sighs, and all the symptoms were fearfully aggravated; and, with no assistance from him, it was with difficulty I could make way. We had proceeded but a very little distance, when we heard the trumpet from the camp, calling the soldiers to muster, and then the roll of the drum was heard as they fell into rank. We saw them march down to the sands, and form; and as we drew nearer, we could even see the file of musqueteers take their places, ready to carry the sentence into execution. It was now close upon seven o'clock. The Exchange-clock is distinctly seen from the neutral ground and the bay. Courtenay, although visibly approaching his last moments, yet preserved his intellect, and gazed intently upon it. The hand trembled upon the hour; the boat was already surrounded by the surf; and the sand was scarcely distant three hundred yards. Courtenay, with that almost superhuman energy that sometimes accompanies the last stage of disease, sprung from the boat, and dashing through the breakers, reached the dry sand. With extended arm, and his finger pointed to the clock, he rushed staggering forward, and fell upon the spot destined for the scene of his execution, as the first chime told that the hour had arrived.

There had been dead silence among the soldiery from the moment that Courtenay was seen to leap from the boat; but when he fell upon the spot, and redeemed his word, a hum of mingled pity and approbation ran through the ranks, and swelled into a faint huzza.

The soldiers filed off the ground in silence, for Courtenay was dead. I returned to the mole, as I had no permission to land; and the next tide, doubtless, swept the body of the unhappy youth to mingle with the unburied victims of THE PLAGUE. I.

A MYSTERY—FOR THE BYRON CRITICS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—The receipt of the following note, from my friend Mr. Galt, has occasioned my going, with some pains, into the subject referred to; and the following paper, as the result, may perhaps interest the admirers of Byron's genius. I give you the whole as it stands, for obvious reasons.

"*Barn Cottage, Saturday.*

"DEAR P.—The other night Mrs. Thomas Sheridan told me, at Lady Cork's, that if I would look into an old romance called 'The Three Brothers,' written by one Pickersgill, I should be surprised at the use Lord Byron had made of it, especially in his 'Deformed Transformed.' I have since had the book, and really the coincidences are very wonderful; for he seems also to have borrowed the idea of 'Manfred'—even to the name—from it, a drama which I have ever regarded as the most original of his works. But I have only skimmed the romance;—look at it, and tell me what you think of it with reference to Byron, who seems to have derived the singular hue of the gloom for which he is so distinguished, from this atrocious, but curious novel. Your's truly,

"J. G."

"P.S.—Who can this Pickersgill be? Is it possible that our friend the Academician was the intellectual father of Byron? You know how much of late he has been addicted to Greek girls, and other piratical gentry of his lordship's acquaintance."

Every thing regarding Byron and his productions is interesting, so as soon as possible I sat down to the book. Nothing but the curiosity with which the above communication had impressed me, and the request of my respected friend, could have induced me to wade through four volumes of high romance—wild, though powerful in conception, and often extravagant in language—as this production is, and belonging altogether to a school now most properly extinct. But a reader, at all conversant with Byron's poetry, who should undertake the same labour, would hardly fail to be surprised by the similarity in the mode of thinking, and the taste as to subjects and sentiments, between this obscure author and the noble bard. So apparent is this in reading the romance, and so little merit is there in the discovery, either on the part of Mrs. Sheridan, Mr. Galt, or myself, that on turning to the title-page of the fourth volume, I was much amused to find it confirmed by some anonymous reader, with whose name I regret that I am unable to favour the world. In short, one of those circulating-library literati, who display their critical talents by making pencil annotations on all works honoured by their perusal, has, besides other notes through the course of the copy that I obtained from the library, under-written the words, "Joshua Pickersgill, Esq.," on the title-page, as follows:—"No such name ever heard of—Quere? *can this be a boyish production of Lord Byron!*" I have ascertained that the romance *was* written by a Joshua Pickersgill. Of the other part of the note my reader may make what he pleases.

As the discovering of plagiarisms, real or supposed, however, is a labour little accordant with either my taste or feelings, I prefer, at least in the first instance, referring to those passages in the romance, which,

having a remarkable application to his own case and dispositions, were calculated to make a strong impression upon the ardent mind of the noble poet. The principal character in "The Three Brothers," is a wayward and high-spirited youth, the son of a man of bad passions and most questionable morals (vide Byron's father), and born under circumstances of melancholy and mystic presage as to his fate in life. The boy is beautiful both in face and person, and "his constitution was so instinct with love, that he almost was insensible to an inferior feeling for womankind; and when his eighth year was yet incomplete, he affected and amazed his auditors with the inimitable tenderness of his reply to a young lady who, amusing herself with him, inquired of him what it was to love, answered, 'It is to die in yourself to live in another.'" (vol. iv. p. 254.) By an accident, when with his parents previous to this, the boy's spine is broken, and he is at the same time wounded in the shoulder by a ball from a pistol, which causes a deformity in the back. This misfortune, by destroying the beauty of his form and making him remarkable, and often an object of ridicule to companions otherwise his inferiors, sours his disposition as well as disappoints his romantic fancies, until becoming the mental slave of his unsightly hump, he begins to regard it as the grand cause of all the miseries which he is destined to suffer, and the bitter occasion of incessant self-contempt. The power with which the author of the romance unfolds and illustrates the consequences of this deformity, need not be here dwelt upon; but when we know how excessively sensitive Byron was all his life upon the subject of his mis-shapen foot—how bitterly, and probably unforgivingly, he brooded over the unreasonable and unfeeling taunt of his mother upon the dreaded subject—and how this personal deformity, slight as it was, made him remarkable among his companions, and became connected afterwards with the one great disappointment of his life—we may have some idea of the impression that every thing in these volumes would make upon a mind like his, narrating as it does so many circumstances, and evolving so many feelings, which spoke so home to his own experience. When we further reflect, that he regarded his early disappointment concerning Miss Chaworth, as the great event which had not only shaped his after life to misfortune and suffering, but which had, in some sense, disturbed his faculties (Moore, vol. ii. p. 790, *notes*), we shall see of what importance the impressions given by this congenial romance may have been, in forming the tone, if not the conceptions of his maturer mind. The manner in which Byron afterwards speaks of Miss Chaworth's refusal of him, and marriage with another, is most affecting. "A marriage," he says, "for which she sacrificed the prospects of two very ancient families, and a heart which was her's from ten years old, and a head which has never been quite right since." (ib.) And to what does he in his own "Memoranda" ascribe this irremediable disappointment? It will be recollected that, in his delightful intercourse with this young lady, there were constant dances in the evening at Matlock, in which, being unable to join on account of his lame foot, he had the pain of being obliged to sit looking on, "solitary and mortified," while his idol was handed round caressingly by another. He afterwards had the further pain to understand fully that he had no share in her heart. "One of the most painful of those humiliations," says Mr. Moore, "to which the defect in his foot had exposed him, must have let the truth in, with dreadful certainty, upon his heart. He either was told of, or

overheard Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, 'Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?' This speech, as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead." (vol. i. p. 56.)

It is not for persons of ordinary sensibility to conceive what a mind like Byron's must have suffered during all this, or how he must have been impressed at that age with every thought and sentiment in a story, in so many respects similar to his own. For Arnaud, in this novel, with the "constitutional instincts" already alluded to, had also, forgetting his hump, become intensely enamoured of the pretty Camilla; but to his deep mortification she rejected his admiration in favour of his half-brother Lewis. Circumstances call the latter away, and thus proceeds the tale:—"On the morning of their departure, Arnaud secretly followed Lewis to a knoll pleasantly shaded by tall pines, where Camilla usually could be found at her diversions. The tears the two latter shed at separation, fell like oil on Arnaud's passions, which were fermented to the crisis of outrage, when to some jealous remark from Lewis, Camilla earnestly replied, 'Indeed! indeed! I can't fancy him, he has so ugly a shoulder!' These words burnt to Arnaud's heart worse than a venomed javelin," &c. (vol. iv. p. 256.)

This poignantly-felt circumstance, together with the gradual dislike to him of his own parents, and the avoidance and ridicule of his youthful companions, rankled in the sensitive mind of the boy, and is represented to have stirred up the deepest feelings connected with his strong and wayward passions. Speaking of the parents of Arnaud, it is said—"The bitterest consciousness of his deformity was derived from their indelicate, though, perhaps, insensible alteration of conduct; and those culpabilities which before they had nourished in him as the eccentricities of a bold spirit, they now censured and condemned." (p. 250.) All this, together with tantalizing jealousy of his brother, who had won the love of Camilla, and his constantly being reminded of his misfortune, not only by the ill-concealed sneers of his own comrades and his father's servants, but by his very shadow on the wall, or his image reflected in the clear bosom of the pool, wrought upon his mind until he cursed the voice of the people, who in general derided him, not as "the voice of God," but rather as the croaking of a demon;—spoke of his own person as "his abhorrent enemy," adding that "his shoulder depended like a millstone on him to sink him down to hell." "Yet would he decry the slightest allusion to it in another, and so sickly was his sensibility in that particular, that he wished the terms hunch and crookedness could be abolished from language and memory," &c. (ib. p. 261.)

Though a lame or club-foot is a much less staring deformity than a hump on the shoulder, yet the impression that this narrative and all its adjuncts made on the mind of the youthful poet, painting as it did in exaggerated colours and strong language, what he must himself have felt so deeply, and at a period of life when they were appreciated with all their poignancy (the "Brothers" was published in 1803, when Byron was fifteen), is evident not only from his attempting to dramatize the incident many years after under the title of "The Deformed Transformed," but from many other circumstances, both in his own life and

writings, which can only be perceived by a study as well of these as of the strange production now referred to. The novel goes on to narrate, that the deformed, under the influence of bitter feelings and impious sentiments occasioned by his misfortune, utters curses against Heaven and maledictions on himself, so appalling, that, together with a species of mystic knowledge of which he had become master, the Evil One rises at his call, and, amidst an awful, yet sublime phantasmagoria conjured up in a cave, succeeds in transforming the deformed into a noble shape of his own choosing, in which he many years walks the earth; and, not happier than he was before, although feared and respected wherever he goes, he works out that guilt, and consummates that vengeance upon his own father, which gratifies his indomitable pride, and illustrates the dread misanthropic grandeur of his nature. I should not have dwelt so long upon this point, did it not in my mind afford so many suggestions to the tracing of Byron's early impressions, and also as clearing the way for whatever observations respecting the originality of "Manfred," the perusal of the "Brothers" enables me to make. Before we have done with the "Deformed," however, it may be observed, that the author of the romance having given the most natural, and consequently most powerful circumstances and reflections incident to the situation, and thus in some sort exhausted the subject, nothing could have induced Byron after this to attempt it, but his own deep impressions and feelings of its interest—knowing as he must have done, that he could add little to it without such plagiarism as it was not likely a mind like his would submit to. Accordingly his drama, though somewhat more *rationalized* in its execution (if one can use such a term), from the conception of the romance, is, with all its vigour of expression, much inferior to the sublime mysticism of the original, as well as losing, as before observed, the best part of the adjuncts.

As to the story of "Manfred" in this romance, it is incidentally introduced in the fourth volume, under the title of "The Guilt of Friendship," to illustrate a case of hypothetical guilt; or rather by an inverted case, and a sophistical argument about friendship and love, to attempt an excuse for a vile commerce under both of these appellations, consisting of an imaginary mixture of fratricide and friendship, and a real one of incest and adultery, too abominable to be here detailed. Whether Byron is indebted to this romance in general, or to the tale of "Manfred" in particular, for the original conception which induced the construction of his remarkable dramatic poem of that name, must be gathered rather from the general characteristics of the story, and such incidents as we shall mention, than from the short tale of "The Guilt of Friendship" itself.

The great point, both of interest in the character of "Manfred," as well as of that originality in the conception for which Mr. Galt, in common with the world, gives the poet credit, is his being invested with a mysterious guilt, which by some dread act he has incurred, but which has also given him power over the spirits of the invisible world, while it causes him such misery as to make him eagerly seek the waters of Lethe, or to desire anxiously a deliverance from existence. What this guilt consists of, is the question; and that Byron had discovered any novel species of it, may well be doubted. If the attention of the inquirer is led to the present romance, with a view to any known species of guilt, there is certainly no lack of it in these volumes, and the reader or the

poet has only to take his choice from among its wild and revolting pictures. If, however, as Mr. Galt with much ingenuity argues, the "deed without a name," is meant to consist of the immolation of a human sacrifice to the infernal powers, and that of a person beloved by the horrid fratricide,—such as might be Manfred's sister, Astarte,—as is said to be done by the students of the black art—the performance we are speaking of will be found to supply the hint as to this also; for in a mysterious vault-scene (vol. iii. p. 240), we have an intruder into the dark spot, where he finds the body of a man coiled up in a corner, transfixed "in the eminence of horror, as the recollection started in him, that a human carcase is an ingredient essential to some magical compositions."

Considering the amazing beauty and power of Byron's drama, any mention of these coincidences is only meant for further illustration of the impression which the romance before us seems to have made on his youthful mind. Another or two are perhaps yet more remarkable. The burden of Manfred's regret is his impious and self-destructive thirst after knowledge, which has led him, in the prosecution of his inquiries, to intrude too far into the hidden mysteries of things. His opening speech accordingly contains these sentiments:—

> "Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most
> Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth—
> The tree of knowledge is not that of life."

And further on—

> "Knowledge is not happiness," &c.

In short the sentiment, in various forms, runs through the whole drama. So also here, in "The Three Brothers" (vol. iv. p. 349-50), we find the restless and discontented Arnaud, who has, as well as Manfred, been dealing with the powers of the invisible world, lamenting thus—"Wisdom, unjoyous, broke the wholesome current of my blood," &c. "Perdition lay before me," he adds, almost in the words put into the mouth of Manfred,—"unavoidable by retrogation, for truly I felt that never would the fiend have gratified my desire of such wisdom, could it be used to aid my deliverance from him. So conditioned, I lamented the exchange of folly for wisdom," &c. But further—"Now do I perceive that much of wisdom is much of woe, and that to pass through this world, certain emotions are necessary to the heart as certain languages are to the tongue. Wisely hast thou resolved in declining complete wisdom—to me 'tis torturous," &c.

But there are more of these coincidences in this romance, both reminding the reader of other incidents in "Manfred," and of many parts of the poet's after productions. Manfred is seated among the sublime solitudes of the Alps; Arnaud, otherwise Julian (for Manfred in this romance is merely suppositious), is also among the precipices of the Swiss mountains. Manfred, in his eagerness to rid himself of existence, is about to leap into an abyss beneath him, when his bound is prevented by the accidental presence of a chamois-hunter. Arnaud is also arrested when about to make a similar leap (vol. iv. p. 336), by the sudden interference of his faithful dog, who, unseen until the moment, pulls the unhappy meditator of suicide by the skirts. Manfred, however, does not exceed Arnaud in eager desire for death; for the latter, in the wildness of his disappointment, in being prevented from his aim, tosses the faithful

animal high in air, until it is dashed to fragments among the rocks; and when the creature is immolated to his fury, he moralizes over its reeking entrails, on organization, "life, sense, and sentiment," in a style that irresistibly collates in the reader's mind, with Byron's well-known reflections on a human skull in his great poem of "Childe Harold."

Whether the indescribable figure that appears to Manfred (but to *his* sense alone), while the Abbot is present with him in the last scene of the drama, may have been suggested by the "tremendous apparition" of the murdered Gervase in this romance, which more than once (vol. iii. pp. 216, 223, and vol. iv. p. 201, &c.), comes in the shape of "an indistinct something,"—a figure so horrible that he who saw it, stood with "cheeks pallid with terror, and eyes half unsocketed by intenseness of gaze,"—it is probably not worth while to inquire. But when we read the unhappy Arnaud's apostrophe to the manes of his faithful dog, and hear him saying after his rash act—"By my soul we are fellows of the same nature, nor can any distinction of exterior shape justify the caprice or cruelty that slayeth thee: nay, there is a vice of ingratitude in it, for thou art knit to me by an attachment that doth me daily service; thou humourest my humours, adoptest my instructions, and exchangest thine own nature for mine," &c.—the whole tone as well as the thoughts are irresistibly compared in the reader's mind with Byron's beautiful epitaph on his Newfoundland canine companion, and with the affecting allusions he at various times makes to that true and tried friend.

To pursue these coincidences much farther would be tedious, and might become fanciful and unjust. In them all, we see the great poet, the discriminating and the intense mind, at least refining and rationalizing the crude though grand conceptions, of another poetical but ill-trained intellect, which seems not to have understood its own power—and which though remarkably similar to Byron's, certainly had not a tithe of his chastened good taste. Hence the sentiments and conceptions in these volumes, may have strongly commended themselves to the poet's mental constitution; but they are in general ill brought out, and often so wild that they can only have their effect on minds more or less like his own. Many examples might be given of this, but one may suffice. I have already quoted the answer of the deformed hero to the young lady who had asked him what it was to love; namely, that "it is to die in yourself to live in another." Now mark how Byron in "The Dream," expresses and amplifies this beautiful sentiment, in reference to the breathing light of his youth, and the dark cloud of his manhood—Miss Chaworth:—

> "He had no breath, no being but in her's;
> She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
> But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
> For his eye followed her's, and saw with her's,
> Which coloured all his objects:—he had ceased
> To live within himself; she was his life,
> The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
> Which terminated all."

I might further pursue this subject by referring to this romance (vol. iv. p. 11), for those well-known sentiments of Byron upon that dubious matter, a woman's age; to the beginning of the tale of Manfred already alluded to (ib. p. 145, &c.), for many of those original sentiments regarding friendship, scattered through the writings of the noble

poet. I might also add, that if Byron has given us a vigorous picture of a Venetian conspiracy in "Marino Faliero"—of a siege (Corinth)—of a guilty and sad being giving a long history of himself in confession to a priest (the Giaour), we have similar incidents, and much more, in the wild production before me; but I prefer closing this paper with an extract in regard to character, of which the reader, meditating on that of the noble poet, will of course form his own judgment. Before going further, however, it may be necessary to say, that no man of correct feeling would put this romance into the hands of those for whose morals they had any solicitude. But to the illustration.

Mr. Galt inquires whether the tone and sentiments in this romance may not have furnished the ideas of that gloom which pervades all Byron's writings, and is the chief feature which distinguishes his sentiments from those of most former poets. If it be true, as Moore intimates, that "wrongs and sufferings" (real or fancied) "were through life the main sources of Byron's inspiration"—and if "to this one great object of *displaying power*, every other duty was but too likely to be sacrificed" (vol. ii. p. 784),—and if, as both his biographers seem to intimate, Byron, in reference to the public, bore somewhat of a double character, nothing appears more likely—considering his early impressions from this romance, of which we have already spoken. The long description of Arnaud's character here, it is impossible to read without thinking of the character of Byron, or at least of that one which he has drawn to the view of the world—so strange a mixture of tenderness and something not so amiable, that it is little wonder his biographers should not have fully understood it, when he understood it not himself. But attend to the romance (vol. iv. pp. 252, 273, 275). In Arnaud's early life, "when his mother observed to him how long his eyelashes latterly were grown, he replied in tones that melted the words—'Alas! no wonder! for I have watered them much of late.' The looks and gestures that accompanied these kinds of speech, denoted their origin in a heart that would not suffer others to think it contented with the case in which it was; that likewise was too proud to permit their pity, which it prevented by shewing that it would not pity itself. Of follies he was not more abundant (than other men), for his brain was stronger in wisdom than his heart in virtue. Some follies he cultivated, because he esteemed them accessary to human happiness; but he failed in his design, for his mode of bringing them into play raised them to the detestable eminence of vices. Yet one folly, egotism, was virtuous, insomuch that *it revealed his vices*. He was a delightful and sublime instrument, wherefrom the instinctive note converses musically or dissonantly, according as it is struck. When skill and tenderness might have sounded him through the ravishing compass of harmony, ignorance and rudeness provoked from him a din of discord; and what so harsh as music in despair?"

Your's, with respect,

A. P.

A MERRY TALE WITH A MERRY MORAL.

LET not the reader, male or female, be alarmed when I say that the subject of this paper is from Casti—the anathematised and interdicted Giambatista Casti! My object is to tell a good story, and at the same time to shew that the Italian poet from whom it is derived, has a vast deal to recommend him, independent of the want of "due decorum," with which, in some of his eight and forty *novelle* he is justly chargeable. In a late proceeding in Chancery it was seriously urged, as a ground for not appointing a particular (or not particular) clergyman, tutor to some young men of fortune, that the novels of Casti had been seen among his books. The objection could only have arisen out of ignorance, both of Casti and his predecessors; for I will defy any man to produce a single collection of Italian tales, from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, down to the *Novelle Galanti*, of Giuseppe Ferroni (an imitator of Casti), in which indelicacies may not be discovered. Unless, therefore, these sources of pure Italian, though not of Italian purity, were to be entirely closed, it was absurd to urge that they ought not to be read by a tutor whose business it would properly be to select such portions as his pupils might read, with benefit to their studies, and without injury to their morals. Some of the most indecent Italian novelists have been looked upon in all ages as the best models of Italian style, both in prose and verse. Such is unquestionably the case with Casti, who has been libelled as if he were the inventor of a mode of writing more coarse and licentious than any of his precursors. No opinion can be more unjust and erroneous: Casti is refinement and delicacy itself, compared even with Ariosto, whose delicious poem some ladies are not afraid of exposing upon their shelves.

To a certain class of readers, I am aware that I shall not be recommending what follows, when I say, that nothing like what goes by the moderate name of impropriety will be found in it: it is not necessary to the interest or humour of the narrative, and although Casti, addressing himself to those who were accustomed to expect something of the kind, now and then deviates from the strict line, it is not requisite that I should follow him. Ariosto here and there advises his more squeamish readers to omit certain parts which may not suit their tastes—

> *Lasciate questo canto, che seuz' esso*
> *Pus' star l'istoria.*—(Lib. xxvii. st. 1.)

and Casti introduces his *Camicia dell' Uomo felice* (the first part of which, by the way, is called *Il Beretto Magico*, although it belongs to the same series of incidents) by two prefatory stanzas of a similar character. I have translated them thus:—

I seek not, rigid matrons, to divert you;
Old maids, with you I can have nought to do;
Austere pretenders, I don't mean to hurt you;
I sing to young men, and young maidens too,
Who strive to couple reason with their virtue;
Or in a word, fair dames, I speak to you,
Who spend, without hypocrisy, your leisure
In innocent amusements—harmless pleasure.

If you should meet with what appears too warm,
A shade of something ill, though well intended,
But just enough your conscience to alarm,
Why read it not, and you are not offended

To leave 't unread is certainly no harm:
If you will read or hear it, when 'tis ended
To make wry faces you have no pretence.
This compact clear, my story I commence.

Before I begin, however, I have a few words to say upon the subject, and upon the origin of it. In consists, as I have mentioned, of two parts, the first being called *The Magic Turban*, and the second *The happy Man's Shirt*. Every body knows the property of the drinking-cup in Ariosto, which spilt the liquor upon the breast of every unfaithful knight: this test of matrimonial fidelity, Ariosto had from the romances of *Tristan* and *Perceval*, and La Fontaine borrowed it from Ariosto. Spencer's Girdle of Florimel was of the same kind, and a similar virtue was inherent in the wonderful mantle, the story of which is in Percy's *Relics of Ancient Poetry*, being derived from *Le Court Mantel* of the old French Fablian. The Magic Turban of Casti is only another variety of the same species, but whether he was indebted for it to any old novel, or romance, I am not aware. It will be seen that he makes quite as good use of it as any of his precursors of their corresponding inventions. That part of his novel which relates to the shirt of a happy man, he seems to have adopted, with a different application, from *Giorn. II. Nov.* 1, of *Il Pécorone*, attributed to Giovanni Fiorentino, who was one of the earliest authors of Italian *Novelle* after Boccacio. There, a widow entreats a lady, apparently the happiest in Naples, to make a shirt, the preternatural effect of which would be to cure the widow's only son of a fatal disorder: she, whom the world thought to have no care, shews the widow the skeleton of her lover behind a curtain, before which, night and morning, she renewed her concealed sorrow. It is a proverb in English, that "there is a skeleton in every man's closet," no doubt derived from some version or variation of this Italian tale, which has escaped my researches. I will now proceed with Casti's *novella*, inserting prose or verse in English or Italian, and abridging and omitting, as I think may best suit my purpose. The moral of the whole, it will be found, is excellent.

Arsaces, the young Sultan of Ormus, had married a beautiful princess, named Irene, and Casti informs us that—

They liv'd in perfect harmony some time,
As married people should, but oft do not:
Suspicion never hinted at a crime
That could the fame of either party blot.
Arsaces had a soul which soar'd sublime
Above the wisdom of this earthly spot,
And to augment his stock of wondrous knowledge, he
Studied the depths of magic and astrology.

He therefore invited to his court the ablest professors of those sciences, in order that he might be made perfect in prediction. One day a magician offered him a cap or turban, with the miraculous attribute, that whoever put it on was compelled to speak truth, and that too, without being aware that he or she had uttered it. Before he parted with this treasure, the magician required the sultan to take a solemn oath, that with whatever facts the cap might make him acquainted, he would betray no surprise, and inflict no punishment: Casti adds, that Arsaces was remarkable for the sanctity with which he kept all his engagements, which was saying a great deal more

Than can be said of any other prince
Who reign'd on earth before him—aye, or since.

How happy he believ'd himself with this
Most wonderous cap! by which he could avoid
Fraud, treachery, and anything amiss,
And lead a life of pleasure unalloy'd.
How ignorant is man of what is bliss,
Or how it may be kept, or how destroy'd!
Each heavy ill that on our joy encroaches
Seems lighter, if we see not its approaches.

Arsaces resolved, in the first instance, to try the experiment upon a young male attendant, named Marzucco, of fine person, and unexceptionable deportment, who was always about the sultaness. The moment the cap was on his head, Marzucco broke out in a rapturous eulogium of Irene, declared his love for her, and lamented that the frequent presence of her husband deprived him of the opportunities he wished to enjoy. Arsaces snatching off the cap, put his hand to his scymetar, but instantly remembered his oath to the magician. *Stultus qui quærit quod nocet inventum:* Arsaces retired from his court in doubt and dismay, and all wondered at the sudden and extraordinary change. At last he began to comfort himself with the hope that the passion of Marzucco might be for some other Irene—

One whom Marzucco idly thought more fair.—
While he indulg'd this hope, however faint,
Irene enter'd, dress'd with careless care,
In purest white, and looking like a saint.
He never saw her look more lovely, ne'er
Had seen a face more free from vice's taint.
He felt convinced it was not she he meant,
She seem'd so beautiful and innocent.

A kiss confirmed the sultan's conviction:—

Man is at best a silly, doating thing,
Born to be fool'd, both cottager and king.

As ill-luck would have it, the magic cap was lying on a marble table close at hand, and while Irene was sitting on Arsaces' knee (he intently gazing on her beauty, and not suspecting what she was about to do), she took it up and put it on. The dreadful secret instantly escaped from her lips—she avowed her love for Marzucco, and her preference of him to the sultan, whose love she asserted was sickly and surfeiting. Almost deprived of reason, Arsaces flung the cap from a window of the palace into the sea, and then fell upon the floor in a trance: Irene, unconscious of what she had said, and of the cause of the sultan's illness, had him conveyed to his couch, and life presently returned, but he could not recover the shock he had sustained—

His health decayed: the sultaness attended
Upon him, and display'd most anxious care,
Which with such lovely blandishments she blended,
She seem'd to all as innocent as fair—
All but the sultan, whom she but offended
By new hypocrisy:—as if for air
He often thrust her back with languid force,
And each succeeding day grew worse and worse.

When it was found that change of air, change of scene, and change of physic did no good, the great assembly of the magi of the kingdom was convened, and all the passages to the hall were guarded by military: here Casti takes the opportunity, and seems to rejoice in it (as Tassoni had done before him, *vide La Secchia Rapita*, c. ii. st. 39), of abusing the manner in which the soldiery usually conducted themselves on such occasions:—

Di soldatesca a duri modi avezza
Son privilegi impertinenza e asprezza.

Then we are told of the various suggestions of these *vasi di saper*, the convened magi, for the restoration of the sultan's health: some recommended the building of a mosque, others a pilgrimage to Mecca; but the great Abumelec, who was looked up to as a very oracle of wisdom, declared that the sultan never would be well again, until he was clothed in the shirt of a man who was perfectly happy:—

To this most strange suggestion there was no man
(No Magus rather) dared to make reply:
Indeed, the more the scheme appear'd uncommon,
The greater its infallibility.
All wonder'd at the wisdom superhuman
The virtues of this shirt that could descry:
Sans more debate, for every one declin'd it,
The only question now was, where to find it?

They soon discovered that there was no chance of obtaining the shirt of a happy man in Ormus and the surrounding country; and satraps and bashaws were dispatched to search for it among people of all ranks in Armenia, Arabia, Phœnicia, and India. In what I am now about to insert, I have varied from my original very considerably, for Casti is a vast deal too diffuse in his descriptions and remarks. Those who had been sent out to find the shirt were disappointed in every quarter, and in every station—

In monarchs they saw pride of high estate,
While fell ambition gnaw'd their inmost heart;
Loaded full often with the public hate,
And daily dreading the assassin's dart,
Or still worse evils that on thrones await.
False splendour and feign'd joy concealed the smart;
But while uprais'd above the crowd below,
Wretched themselves, they made their subjects so.

In nobles they beheld an empty boast
Of mighty ancestors—a misty throng;
Those who enjoy'd the prince's favour most
Were victims soon of tyranny and wrong:
Envy against them rang'd a fearful host,
And bound by vanity in fetters strong,
It was quite clear, with all these ills begirt,
That such a class could never own the shirt.

'Mong meaner subjects they observed distress
In every shape that it could be presented:
Lean poverty aspirants would repress,
And even competence made discontented.
Diseases triumph'd o'er the happiness
Of hundreds, who the noblest works invented;
While often prince's cruelty and whims
Depriv'd the virtuous of their lives or limbs.

From the Ægean to the Indian main,
Thro' cities, towns and country they proceeded,
To find one happy man, but sought in vain,
To furnish them with what so much they needed.
To Ormus, satraps and bashaws again
Return'd, and told that they had not succeeded;
That for the shirt they search'd in every quarter,
But found it not on either land or water.

Thus we oft-times a water-dog have known
Rush for a stone into a rapid river,
Which by his master purposely was thrown,
And 'neath the water lies conceal'd for ever.
The dog looks on the surface for the stone,
Swimming about; and after vain endeavour
Returns to shore, from which he went much faster,
And seems to say, "I cannot find it, master."

This last happy simile is only Casti's, and all that I have done, I am afraid, is in a degree to spoil it. We have another, equally appropriate, not long afterwards, where the poet is speaking of the brief intervals from toil enjoyed by the lower orders, with my translation of which I am better pleased:—

As we have sometimes seen a frisky ass
Break from his tether, when it was too frail:
With ears erect he gallops o'er the grass,
Free from restraint, and cocking up his tail.
He brays, kicks out behind; but soon, alas!
His freedom's lost—his fancied pleasures fail:
His master comes with whip he often tasted,
And he's re-brought, re-burden'd, and re-basted.

We now approach the conclusion of the story. Two of the envoys from Ormus arrive in that part of the east where Paradise is supposed to have been situated:—

Ov' aura allor spirò nitida e pura,
E fur delizie d'amarezza prive,
Ed ove nello stato di natura
La prima madre e il primo genitore
Visser felici almen ventiquattr' ore.

Here they saw a shepherd dancing before two country girls, while a second youth played on his pipe. They seemed so perfectly happy, that the satraps at once felt convinced that they had found the shirt, or, at least, those from whom they could procure it. They rejoiced, therefore, in the prospect of a speedy termination of their long toils, and asking the shepherds if they were happy, received the following answer from one of them:—

We are but shepherds, and tho' poor, are free;
The little we possess is really ours.
On sunny hills we tend our flocks with glee,
Or in the vallies, green with freshing showers;
The while we dance beneath some shady tree,
And crown our heads with garlands of sweet flowers.
Our wants are few, and those our flocks supply—
A life of ease, but still of industry.—

Without more ceremony, the two satraps seized upon one of the shepherds, declaring that they meant him no personal harm, but merely

that they wanted his shirt. To their dismay they find that neither he nor his companion had ever been rich enough to own one! The novel winds up as follows:—

> The fact was so, altho' most unexpected—
> He wore no shirt, and had none to his back!
> The satraps, disappointed and dejected,
> To Ormus recommenced their weary track.
> It seemed impossible, when they reflected,
> That such a man, who never cried "alack!"
> At any chance—contented in his dirt—
> Should be so happy, yet without a shirt.
>
> Reaching the realm of Ormus at the end
> Of their long journey, they with grief reported
> Their search the adverse stars would not befriend;
> That those who shirts, and other linen sported,
> Were not as blest as flatterers might pretend,
> Who to the palaces of kings resorted.
> Henceforth the vulgar only we must call
> The really happy—they've no shirts at all!

It is in the *Appendix* to this *novella,* that Casti has been especially blameable. It is sufficient for me to add that Arsaces died. Of Irene and Marzucco I shall say nothing—what could they say for themselves?

C. C.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO IN THE DUNGEONS OF THE INQUISITION OF ROME, IN 1818.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE ENGLISH MS. OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.)

Rome, the majestic queen of the universe, the terror and admiration of the known world, under the dominion of the ancient Romans, became, in the first centuries of Christianity, the cradle of religion, and the seat of apostles and martyrs.

But when the successors of St. Peter, forgetting their divine institution, and the precepts and examples of their holy predecessors, began to seek after worldly empire, Rome was soon changed into a new Babylon; and in the Vatican were collected ambition, hypocrisy, craftiness, and all the concomitant vices of those base passions.

Who is not acquainted with the present miserable condition of the capital of Catholicism? An immense and beautiful city, the incomparable monument of ancient and modern wonders, thinly peopled by inhabitants, rendered unworthy of the glorious name of Romans, by the despotism, superstition, and tyranny of the thousands of monks and priests that literally swarm in that splendid metropolis.

However, as the Italians have a naturally lively disposition, and think but little about past and future sorrows, one may not be surprised to see in all places of amusement the appearance at least of true enjoyment. It is for this reason that the Carnival of Rome presents, within the short space of twenty-four hours,* the length of its real duration, more inte-

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* The Carnival of Rome lasts eight days, but the masks are only permitted to circulate during three hours of each day.

resting scenes, and greater variety of masks, than the long and wearisome Carnivals of Naples, Milan, and Venice. It may be said, that at that epoch the poorest of the inhabitants will sacrifice any thing to display themselves and their finery in the renowned Strada del Corso. It has been proved that, during that period, the pawnbrokers of Rome lend more money than for the rest of the year. It was at this season of merriment and rejoicing that the anecdote I am about to relate happened to me.

Amongst my many weaknesses, I am not ashamed to acknowledge my confirmed inability to withstand the entreaties of the fair. Being, therefore, solicited by a charming and beautiful lady to perform in mask, and assume the character of Cicero, with the promise that she would accompany me in the character and dress of Tulliola, I consented; and having had a mask taken from the bust of the Roman orator, which is preserved in the capitol, and dressed in the style of a Roman consul, I entered into the Corso, accompanied by my supposed daughter. At first, I placed myself under the gate of the Palace Bolognetti, where a great crowd soon collected around me. Clever men were not backward in questioning me about many ancient historical and political events, and I answered in Latin to all their questions. The facility with which I conversed in the language of the great Roman—a facility, indeed, which it had been my early ambition to acquire—excited public attention, and, in a short time, all the Corso spoke of nothing but of the wonderful Cicero of the Palace Bolognetti, and I was almost besieged by the multitude.

After having remained more than an hour in that situation, I went to pay a visit to Prince Ghigi, in whose drawing-room a great number of the Roman nobility, and many literary men, had assembled to witness the races of the Barbari. Cicero, of course, was soon attacked on all sides. Prince Ghigi accused me of having flattered Cæsar, and changed my principles on several occasions. These accusations I combated with many historical arguments, and proved that Cicero's integrity and patriotism had remained unstained during that dreadful period of Rome. Every person present tried to guess who was the representative of the Roman orator. Some said, and felt assured, that I was a Professor of the Sapienza; others, that I was one of the *Scriptores* of the Vatican; but the Cavalier Odescalchi said before the company, that he knew but one man who could perform Cicero in a like manner, and that was the Hungarian gentleman who had often delivered extemporaneous Latin poetry before the *Accademia Latina*. Seeing that I was so nearly discovered, I left the Palace Ghigi, but promised that, at night, I would go to the *Festino* of the theatre Alibert.

From thence I walked up and down the Corso, and often spoke in Latin to the numerous English who were seated before the Palace Ruspoli, particularly to a lady who, in my opinion, was one of the finest women I ever beheld. She could not understand me; and as I would not speak in any living language, her husband, a captain in the British navy, was my interpreter; I obtained their address, and had afterwards the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with them.

According to my promise, I went to the Festino. There all that Rome contained of talent and genius had assembled to attack, embarrass, and overcome, if possible, the living Cicero. For four hours all the most difficult parts of the works of the Roman orator were proposed for

my explanation; several of his orations, in which either the beginning or the conclusion are wanting, I was required to complete. Having for many years had the works of this great master, I may say, at my fingers' ends, I was enabled to afford so satisfactory an explanation of them, that my auditors were truly astonished.

About one o'clock in the morning, the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte), who was present, demanded my opinion relative to the present state of Rome, and inquired what I thought of its civil and criminal laws. Unfortunately for me, in the warmth of discussion, I forgot where I was, and having been questioned how I could speak so precisely on things that had occurred two thousand years after my death, I told them that I had often the opportunity of meeting in the lower regions some of the cleverest inhabitants of Rome, and that lately I had had a long conversation with Cardinal Maury, on the very subject. This was a thunderbolt to the ears of several of the auditors. Such a speech was the greatest blasphemy against the holy order of cardinals; and the Arguses of the Roman Inquisition soon denounced me to Monsignor Pacca, governor of Rome. Orders were immediately given for my arrest as soon as I left the house, and, accordingly, about two o'clock, while I was stepping into a carriage, I was seized by four sbirri. They conducted me into a neighbouring house, where my eyes were bound, and, without speaking a syllable, I was hurried into a coach and driven off. When I alighted, I found myself in the Monastery of Santa Maria in Minerva, where the Inquisitors of the Holy Office hold their infernal sittings, and where the dungeons are situated in which the accused are kept during the progress of their trial, and until their final sentence is pronounced. The little subterraneous cave in which I was imprisoned was scarcely of sufficient height to allow me to stand upright; it was about six feet wide, and nearly as much in length. The only aperture was a small hole, which looked into a dark corridor, and served to admit the air. A wooden chair, and a pitcher of water, were all the furniture.

It would be impossible to describe what were my feelings and my anxiety during that long night. I had twice in my life been confined, and also condemned to death for political offences, but I had never tenanted a dungeon half so appalling as was that subterranean den.

In the morning, about ten o'clock, two robust friars made their appearance, and informed me that I was to be conducted before the inquisitor, but they wished to tie both my hands. I strongly opposed this act of tyranny, and said that I would not submit. They answered that it was indispensable; but I continued in my resolution. When the friars saw that I was determined not to submit they retired; and after about a quarter of an hour returned, and ordered me to follow them. We passed through several dark corridors, ascended by a gloomy staircase, and arrived at the cell of the Rev. Father Olivieri,* one of the four inquisitors of the holy office of Rome. This inquisitorial attorney-general was a man of about fifty years of age, of dark complexion and high stature, and possessed all the exterior striking features of his tyrannical

* Father Olivieri is still living, and has lately been appointed, by Cardinal Barnetti, the present secretary of state of Gregory XIV., the supreme inquisitor of the arrested Carbonari of the Roman States. There is no appeal from the decisions of his tribunal!!!

vocation. His black, fierce-looking eyes, his large mouth and thick lips, inspired a sort of awe mingled with disgust. Next to him was seated a younger monk, ready to transcribe his questions and my answers. The reverend father stared at me for a minute or two, as if wishing to read into my heart, and then sitting down, began as follows:—

"What is your name, country, profession, and religion?"

"I am Arduel Tchocha, a native of Buda, in Hungary, by profession a soldier, and a Catholic by birth."

"Why have you been arrested?"

"I do not know."

"Have you not spoken in a public theatre against the holy order of cardinals?"

"I do not remember having committed such an offence."

"Did you not say, last night, while speaking of the present laws of Rome, that you had seen, in hell, Cardinal Maury?"

"Yes, I did, but it was in the warmth of my argumentation; and I never thought that it would be deemed an offence to the holy order of cardinals, especially as I there represented Cicero, who was by no means a good Catholic."

"Can you assign any other motive which might mitigate the rigour of the holy inquisition for your great crime?"

"I do not know of any. Besides," added I, "Cardinal Maury was, during all his life, undoubtedly opposed to the Roman church's infallibility, and to the last moment of his existence he would not abjure this erroneous opinon."

"'Tis true," answered Father Olivieri; "but you know that the holy pontiff, having sent to the dying cardinal his *in articulo mortis* absolution, it is almost an article of faith that Cardinal Maury has been saved from the torments of hell."

"I did not know this," replied I; "and I must confess that, had I been informed of the circumstance, it would not have altered my sentiments."

"Are you the same person who has often delivered extemporaneous Latin poetry in the Latin Academy?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well," the Rev. Father Olivieri then observed, "how can a soldier be so well acquainted with ancient literature and history as to deliver extemporaneous Latin poetry, and to represent, as you have done, the character of Cicero?"

"*Factum infectum fieri nequit*," answered I; "and if I have done it, it is the best proof of what a soldier can do."

"But," replied the inquisitor, taking a paper into his hand, "here is a letter which I have just received from the most Rev. Monsignor Pacca, governor of Rome;* he informs me that strong suspicions are entertained that you are not a Hungarian, but that under such a fictitious name is

* This famous personage, after having been for more than five years the greatest hypocrite and tyrant of Rome, was at last denounced as being at the head of a party who wished to overthrow the papal government; and had not Cardinal Pacca, his uncle, obtained his escape from the Roman states, he would have certainly experienced the rigours of the holy office. In his flight, however, he did not forget his interest, and basely took away with him 100,000 Roman scudi from the coffers of the poor, which were deposited in his hands!

concealed an Italian nobleman, of very dangerous religious and political principles. What can you reply to it?"

"My answer will be very short," said I. "You and Monsignor Pacca have been deceived. I have a German passport, and am well known to Prince Kounitz, our ambassador at Rome."

Father Olivieri, on hearing this, seemed much surprised, remained silent for some moments, and then told me, "That I was to return to my dungeon, that he might make his report, and obtain further information."

To this I replied, by saying, "That if I was to be retained as a prisoner, they should give me better accommodation, and that they should send for my clothes, for I could not remain longer dressed as Cicero." In the meanwhile, I told the inquisitor that I was intimately acquainted with the Cardinals Fontana and Litta,* who were at that epoch the presidents of the tribunal of the holy office of Rome, and that if my just request was not granted, to them I would appeal for redress, and that I was certain to obtain it.

This observation rendered the reverend inquisitor more reasonable; he ordered the two friars to conduct me into the hall, where generally the offenders are kept in custody; he also promised me that I should have my clothes, if I would give a written order to my servant to deliver them to the messenger: this I did directly, and withdrew.

The new prison, in which I was now confined, was a large subterraneous apartment, placed under the court of the Monastery of Santa Maria in Minerva. It was not very dark, for at the top of the ceilings there were several openings, guarded with iron bars; a long, wooden bedstead was at one side, upon which ten or twelve persons could have lain; a large black crucifix was suspended at one side of the wall, and several old dirty pious books were fastened with small iron chains to the wooden chairs of the apartment. On the walls were written, or rather engraved with some pointed instrument, some thousand names of the unfortunate victims of inquisitorial despotism, who had been interred alive before me in that dungeon, and, very probably, for no greater offence; among which, I distinguished Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, the Cavalier d'Arpino, Vincenzo Damiani, Cagliostro, and the celebrated Dominican monk, Fontana Rosa; under this was the following—*Bene est, quia Monachus Monachos odi.* I read also the names of several German, English, and Irish artists, and heretics, and not a few of the French liberals. After having minutely examined my new habitation, I threw myself on the bedstead, and, being extremely fatigued, went to sleep.

About four o'clock I was roused by a friar, who came to bring me some food, and my clothes. I thanked him, and requested that he would give me a light, for it was already very dark. This was granted. I ate something, and exchanged the dress of Cicero, which had proved so fatal to me. About twelve o'clock in the night I heard a very distressing voice, and the cries of a man who certainly was suffering under bodily torture, for now and then I plainly understood that he exclaimed,

* These two princes of the Roman church, so well known for their wisdom and moderation, had been appointed to this appalling office by Pius VII, when, after his return from exile, he re-established, almost by compulsion of the Dominican monks, the Inquisition of Rome, which the French had abolished. This appointment greatly displeased all the intolerant members of the Sacred College.

"Have mercy upon me. I cannot confess what I have not done. Have mercy upon me; I am dying!" This was a very dreadful omen; and I endured the most painful sensation in considering that perhaps a similar treatment was prepared for me.

Next morning the two friars came very early, and conducted me again to the inquisitor Olivieri. As soon as I entered his cell, he told me "that further information had been taken, and that he was fully convinced of my being not a Hungarian. Besides," added he, "Monsignor Pacca has been informed by the Marquis of Fuscaldo, the Neapolitan ambassador at the court of Rome, that you are a very bad subject of his Sicilian Majesty. If it be so, he has demanded you as a prisoner, and in a few days you will be confronted with persons who will identify you."

I was truly alarmed on hearing this, but I did not manifest any exterior apprehension, for I was convinced that before such an epoch my friends would have certainly done all in their power to save me. In this opinion I was not mistaken, for my Tulliola, who had left the theatre a short time before my arrest, not having seen me the next day, began to think that some misfortune had befallen me; and having sent to my lodgings, was informed of my absence, and of the suspicion of my having fallen into the hands of the inquisition. Knowing that I was acquainted with the Austrian ambassador, she therefore immediately called on him, and related her apprehensions concerning me. Prince Kounitz immediately ordered his carriage, and drove to Monsignor Pacca, requesting to know where I was. The governor answered, that he knew nothing at all about my destiny, and that it was possible I had gone out of town. Kounitz was not satisfied with this reply, and remarked, that as I was one of the subjects of the Emperor of Austria, it was his duty to see that I should not be ill-treated and unjustly condemned. Monsignor Pacca repeated that he was quite ignorant of what might have happened to me.

The ambassador called, therefore, on the Cardinal of state, and finding that his eminence had gone to spend the evening at the Palace Ghigi, and there to play at cards with the amiable princess, his favourite lady, the prince soon directed his course to that conversazione, and having met Gonzalvi, called him out, and repeated to him the same questions he had already made to Monsignor Pacca, but received, almost literally, the same answers. To this Kounitz intimated his intention of addressing himself to the pope, if on the next morning I should not be found, or if the cardinal would not let him know where I was detained. Gonzalvi persisted in his being ignorant of my fate, and the prince withdrew.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, Prince Kounitz, with all the etiquette of an ambassador, waited on Pius VII., and after having kissed his foot, explained the cause of his extraordinary visit. When the pope heard all that the prince had to say, he suddenly exclaimed—"What? is the Hungarian gentleman arrested? I know him. *Poor Checchino!** and for why?"—The prince answered, "That he did not know."—

* The Abbot Barnabas Chiaromonte, was accustomed to call the writer by this name, which means *little Francis;* and although the one had become a pope, and the other a man of six feet stature, and thirty-five years of age, he still continued the use of this affectionate appellation.

"Well," replied the pope, "I will soon know it," and having rang, ordered, to Monsignor Riario, who was his lord in waiting, that Cardinal Gonzalvi should be immediately sent for, and, dispensing with the papal etiquette, desired the prince to take a seat. During the time they were waiting for the secretary of state, Pius VII. spoke very favourably of me; assured Prince Kounitz that he had found in me a true friend while he was confined at Fontainebleau, and that I had often endangered my own welfare to bring him some comfort; the good pope added that he knew me from my infancy, that I was intrinsically good, but that he had always found that I often acted very imprudently.

In a short time Gonzalvi was announced, and when, on entering, the cardinal saw Prince Kounitz sitting by the pope, he soon guessed why he had been called. Pius VII. was a very excellent man, and truly pious, he was also a profound divine, and extremely erudite. Of all the successors of St. Peter, since they have obtained temporal power, he is the only pontiff who has not enriched his family; and although he reigned more than twenty-four years, he died very poor, for his charity knew no bounds. The only fault he had, was, that he cared very little about worldly affairs; and it may be said that, though Pius VII. was the nominal pope, it was Cardinal Gonzalvi that reigned uncontrolled.

However, when Pius VII. was determined that any thing should be done, or that any abuse should be abolished, he was the most firm, and the most obstinate man in the world. In the present circumstance he proved his authority, and, without any observation, demanded from his secretary of state—"What has happened to the Hungarian gentleman, who the other day performed the mask of Cicero, and since that period is missing?" Gonzalvi seeing that the pope knew that it was almost certain that Cicero had been arrested, replied—"Your holiness is well aware that those who sacrilegiously blaspheme against our holy religion are immediately given into the hands of the holy inquisition, and that their apprehension must be kept secret until they are examined and tried. It is for this reason that I could not give a satisfactory answer to the Austrian ambassador. But since your holiness commands me to disclose the secrets of the holy office, I will briefly relate what has been done with the Hungarian gentleman, or rather with the Neapolitan nobleman." Here the cardinal reported all that has already been exposed, and particularly insisted on the instances of the Marquis of Fuscaldo. As soon as Gonzalvi ended his information, the pope said—"Cardinal, it is our will that the prisoner should be directly restored to liberty; and as the Austrian ambassador is so generous as to offer to go to deliver his subject, you will accompany his excellency, and see that my commands are fulfilled without further delay."

It was nearly three o'clock when I heard the footsteps of several persons in the corridor of my prison. I felt a strange sensation, but soon was relieved from my anxiety by my door being opened, and by the appearance of my excellent friend, Prince Kounitz, who, with a smile on his face, requested me to go with him.

To pass from the abode of tyranny, torture, and despair, to the magnificent palace of a generous prince—to escape from the furious hands of the inquisitors to be again restored to my best friends, was but an instant. A few days after this, having taken my leave of all those who had known and assisted me, I bade adieu to Rome and to Italy—probably for ever!

PARLIAMENTARY PASTORALS.

No. III.—A SIBTHORPIAN SONG.

I'M an orator all the world knows,
If they do not 'tis right they should know;
Great talents I've yet to disclose,
Which the house doesn't wish me to shew.
When a speech I begin to let off,
Scarce a sentence or word can be told;
For they all (what a pun!) have a "Corfe,"
Like Bankes—though but few have a cold.
I have ever been ready to speak,
On each subject delightfully clear;
Though speaking for week after week,
I cannot make any one hear.
As soon as they see that I rise,
They determine my thoughts not to learn;
And join in a whirlwind of cries,
Of "question!" "hear, hear!" and "adjourn!"
Yet sometimes I've managed to bray
A speech that was worthy a prince;
And I've fancied how freely next day,
The papers would publish my hints.
But when the next morning I see,
My hopes quickly meet with a fall;
For they take no more notice of me,
Than if I'd not spoken at all.
I must say this is monstrously hard,
To be treated so every night;
And to have all one's genius thus marred,
Like a bud which has suffered the blight.
I *might* become Premier—who knows!
If my worth were more publicly known,
But the members are jealous of those,
Whose wit is more bright than their own.
'Tis the fashion (the somnolent tribe!)
To snore when the House I address;
And their interest also to bribe
The journals, my speech to suppress.
But this consolation is mine,
In the knowledge that such has been done;
That merit, however divine,
Must be envied by those who have none.

No. IV.—CHLOE'S OFFERING TO THE COLIN OF BOROUGHBRIDGE!

I HAVE found out a gift for my dear,
I have found out a pair of brutelles,
But let me the present forbear,
And send him a smart cap and bells.
"For who can," said he, "in these days,
Attempt the buffoon with success,
Who is not rather strange in his ways,
Or has not something odd in his dress?

"And how could I double my fist,
And throw my arms gracefully round,
With grimaces, contortion, and twist,
If my clothes were thus uselessly bound!
If they dropped as debating grew warm,
They never were out of my reach,
But I still 'hitched them up' in due form,
As I filled up a gap in my speech.

"I soon should be doomed to sit down,
And listen to Croker and Peel,
If my hat didn't look rather brown,
Or my coat were a shade too genteel.
And my jokes they'd consider too stale,
If my shirt I neglected to shew;
And all my orations would fail,
If my waist were not open below.

"They would say there was something afloat,
Which they thought was suspicious and strange;
If I hadn't been turning my coat,
There was some 'inexpressible' change.
And then when I rose to reply,
With a speech of four hours in my head;
Their cheers all my friends would deny,
And greet me with coughing instead.

"I know what the newspapers say.
But I care little what they may tell;
Though I look, they affirm every day,
Like a crab that is casting its shell.
But their paragraphs never could stab,
And their wit is not free from a flaw;—
If 'tis true I resemble a crab,
I can also come off with *eclât*.

"If in locks that fell loose to the wind,
The strength of a Sampson was placed;
Who knows but that mine is enshrined,
In the garment that flows from my waist.
And if I went up to the House,
With my eloquence thus in restraint;
I should have to sit mute as a mouse,
And to look as demure as a saint.

"Then Hunt would declare from my looks,
I had taken his 'roasted' at last;
And Perceval write in his books,
I'd been keeping his 'General Fast.'
Then the Radical rogues would go on,
To triumph with Hume and Burdett;
For the cause of the Tories is gone,
When the sun of their glory is set.

"Yes! each Borough would quickly be lost,
And each Schedule as rapidly passed,
If my back with your braces were crossed,
And my clothes were made decent and fast."
He spoke no affectionate word,
But away from my presence he flung;
And I loved him the more than I heard,
Such arguments fall from his tongue.

No. V.—THE LAMENTATION OF A LATE LAW-REATE.

Oh! my heart is weighed down with a grief,
That I scarcely know how to express;
If my tears even gave me relief,
Still they never could give me redress:
To see that man sit in my place,
Whom with scorn I looked down on so long,
Makes me think very ill of my race,
For their judgment must surely be wrong.

When the Chancery *I* used to hear,
The trials I loved to delay;
Ev'ry "suit" at least lasted a year,
But *he* wears them out in a day.
There his Lordship continues to sit,
Dispensing his jokes, and the laws;
And he hesitates scarcely a bit,
As if there had ne'er been a "cause."

How delighted I felt ev'ry hour,
When my clerks were as busy as bees;
How I loved to make use of my power,
With what rapture I handled my fees!
And, each sceptic whose notions I knew,
Were not quite so divine as my own;
I condemned him, and punished him too,
Though my "doubts" were more publicly known.

But those bankruptcy cases I prized,
For the pickings I used to have there;
Ev'ry act he has changed or revised,
And I'm almost inclined to despair.
For such changes he makes, and has made,
And the law has got so insecure;
That lawyers I'm almost afraid,
Will soon be made honest, or poor.

Oh! Wellington, *you* were unjust,
To proceed with that Catholic Bill;
If you had not persisted, I trust
That I might have been Chancellor still.
Yet *I* may be somewhat to blame,
In so hastily quitting your corps;
But should I my honours reclaim,
I will never "resign" any more.

There were those whom I tried to oppress,
That declared me as rich as a Jew;
(They were not very far from their guess,
For "the law and the profits" I knew.)
But the seals, alas! now are not mine,
And the woolsack's unhonour'd by me;
John!—open a bottle of wine,—
No, don't—for I hear Lady E.

RUSSIA IN 1832.

ENGLAND and France have hurled their gauntlets at the powers of the North; they have ratified the Belgian treaty with a straight-forward, manly decision, that must command even the admiration of their political adversaries. The question of peace and war now depends upon the fiat of the Russian Autocrat. Will he, flushed with the conquest of unhappy Poland, brave the concentrated might of the two most powerful states in the world? Will he, though backed by Prussia and Austria, tempt the fearful chances of a general war? Anticipating the march of events, we answer these two questions with a decided negative.

Previous to the time of Peter the Great the influence of Russia upon the political system of Europe was an absolute nullity; by her more civilized neighbours she was regarded solely as an Asiatic barbarian power. But the genius of Peter awoke the giant from his slumber, and aroused those energies, physical and moral, to which an uninterrupted succession of great and warlike sovereigns have since given so fearful and rapid a development. With the exception of the United States, the march of empire of this northern power is unprecedented in the annals of the world. Victorious in every war, Russia, from the reign of her great regenerator to the present day, has never made peace without acquiring a vast extension of territory and political influence. The plans of Catharine were of the most gigantic and grasping character, and form the basis of Russian policy. Her son, Paul, meditated the conquest of British India; the invading army was already in motion on the eastern frontier, when the untimely fate of that monarch *arrested* the solution of this great military problem. The plan of campaign and the line of operations of the invading army may be found in the Archives of the Ecole de l'Etât Major at St. Petersburg. The character of the late emperor, and the extraordinary events of his reign, are too contemporary not to be generally known. It may be said, however, that under the mask of moderation he concealed the grasping ambition, the deeply-dyed political duplicity of his imperial grandame; and the aim of his whole political life was to realize her darling and gigantic designs.

So far back as the year 1793, the ambitious views of Russia were watched with jealousy by the government of this country. In that year Mr. Pitt moved an address to his Majesty, praying the sending of a squadron to the Baltic to protect our ally the King of Sweden, a measure which was at the time successfully opposed by our present premier, Lord Grey. But it was the master-mind of Napoleon that marked with a foreboding eye, the onward roll of the Russian tide that gained ground with every breaker and threatened to submerge the European continent. To roll back this torrent, to "refouler la Russie" (his favourite expression) back on her ancient deserts, were the views of Napoleon, when he undertook the memorable campaign of 1812,—a campaign dictated by as sound policy as it was marked by a departure from all sound military principle, and to which *only* its failure ought to be ascribed. Victorious on every battle-field, the invading army fought its way through every obstacle, and nobly gained the *objective point* of their plan of campaign—Moscow. When the Russian people, with heroic devotion, sacrificed their ancient capital at the shrine of patriotism, where the forward position of the invading army was no longer tenable—then it was that the original vice in the plan of campaign became evi-

dent. It was the deviation from the grand military principle of a base—which alone can ensure the success of a military operation—and not to the elements, which proved almost as fatal to the pursuing as to the retreating army, that must be attributed the failure of an enterprise conceived by the greatest military genius the world ever produced. Had Napoleon, passing over his grand political fault, the non re-establishment of the ancient kingdom of Poland, formed a second base of operations in Lithuania, he might, as even the Russian military themselves allow, have taken up good winter-quarters in Smolensko and its vicinity, and have reorganised his army for another campaign, which would have decided the fate of Russia. We have adverted to this "thrice-told tale" merely to shew how fallacious is the opinion of Russian invincibility, founded on the result of this memorable campaign.

Since that period, however, the influence exercised by the Autocrat upon the European political system has been all preponderating. By matrimonial alliances he has enchained the Prussian monarchy, Holland and Wertemberg, to his political wake; while over the councils of the other powers he has exercised an influence which can only be attributed to *fear*—to fear actively kept alive by the works of political and military writers, who (and we could name several distinguished of our own countrymen) have vied with each other in representing the rapid development of this northern power as fatal to the liberties of southern Europe. Upon a superficial view of the subject, we frankly allow that there existed but too well-founded grounds for the exaggerated fears entertained of the power and designs of Russia. At the general peace, her territory, embracing three quarters of the globe, surpassed in extent the most colossal empires of antiquity,—the ephemeral monarchy of Alexander,—the Roman republic, when at the summit of its grandeur, and the immense regions swayed in more modern times by the dynasty of the Caliphs. Her population forms the fifteenth part of that of the whole earth; her army, both in numbers, composition, and every military requisite, stands unrivalled in the military annals of the world; while her government, enlightened, though despotic, combining the suppleness, craft, and ductility of the lower empire, with the fiery energy, vigour, and activity of the Scythian desert, avails itself with consummate skill and ability of every event that can develop the resources of the empire, and extend its political influence.

Yet, if undazzled by the boundless extent of her dominions, unawed by the composition and numbers of her armies, and the ambitious and vigorous character of her government, we calmly, with a statistical and scientific eye, survey this mighty empire, geographically, politically, and militarily,—if we penetrate to the sources of her revenue, and unfold the various branches of her expenditure,—we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the fears entertained by Europe of the power of Russia, are utterly baseless, and the opinion of her invulnerability an absolute fallacy.

In approaching the question of Russian statistics, in calculating the "matériel" force of this empire—in other words, her finances, her army, and marine—we have imposed on ourselves a task of no ordinary difficulty. In a state where little or no publicity is given to public affairs, where the government has to render no account of its conduct, where the elements which constitute the national riches are as varied as multiplied, where every thing in fact is in a state of constant fluctuation, owing to its continual development, these branches of interior economy

are enveloped in obscurity: still we are not without land-marks to guide us on our onward course. On Russian statistics there exist the excellent works of Damaze de Raymond, composed by order of Napoleon at the period of the Russian invasion; the more recent labours of Hassel of Weydemeyer, of Balbi, and of Schnitzler; yet with the aid of these able statisticians, and of data of our own, on the accuracy of which we can rely, we fear that our estimates will be after all rather approximate than accurate. The revenues of Russia may be enumerated under the following heads:—

	Francs.
Capitation tax	60,000,000
The obrak, or tax paid by the Crown peasants	70,000,000
Merchants' property tax	5,600,000
Custom House duties	49,597,000
Brandy monopoly	90,000,000
Salt	8,000,000
Mines	10,000,000
Mint	8,000,000
Stamp duty	7,000,000
Miscellaneous taxes	6,000,000
	314,197,000, or £12,568,000 sterling.

We have rather under-rated here, than otherwise, the revenue of the Russian empire. Several branches of the revenue, as we said before, are unknown, and it is difficult to calculate the value of certain contributions that are made in kind: we therefore, without the fear of exaggeration, may venture to estimate the annual nett revenue of Russia, at £16,000,000 sterling. To the philosopher what a melancholy spectacle does this statement present; while a smile of derision will curl the lip of the political economist, when he hears that the largest items of the Russian budget of income of that empire, represented so formidable to the liberties of the civilized world, is derived from the most demoralising source—a monopoly of ardent spirits. In the year 1825 this tax, according to the relation published by the minister of finance, General Cancrin, amounted to 99,329,006 roubles; and when we take into consideration that the monopoly applies to only twenty-nine governments of the empire, that moreover the nobles have the privilege of distilling brandy for their own use, we come to the conclusion that were this tax general in its operation, it would exceed in amount the aggregate sum of any two other branches of the revenue.

From the impossibility of gaining access in Russia to documents and details that exist in the department of the treasury, and from there existing no state paper published by order of the government to assist us in our researches, the various branches of the expenditure are involved in still greater obscurity than even the sources of her revenue. In 1811 the expenditure of the year was estimated at 274 millions, a sum nearly equal to the national revenue. The army alone, notwithstanding the modicity of the pay, and the low price of provisions and forage, absorbs more than half the revenue; the navy, consisting of thirty-three ships of the line, twenty-six frigates, and thirty sloops and brigs, twenty-four millions; the interest of the consolidated debt amounts to nearly fifty millions; the administration of the fifty-five governments, into which the empire is divided, may be estimated at thirty millions; the expense

of her *corps diplomatique*, by which Russia shines not less than by her armies in the field, are enormous; and, although the expenses of the imperial court are reduced to the "*juste necessaire*," they make a large figure in the budget; independent of these fixed and unavoidable items of expenditure, there must be added the enormous sums annually laid out by the government in the construction of roads, canals, and other public works. The national debt of this vast empire has been variously estimated by different writers, who have treated the subject of Russian finance. Hassel rates it 500 millions of florins; Balbi at 1,300,000,000 francs: in these two estimates, that scarcely differ, the Polish debt is included; still, on deducting the amount of this last, we are rather inclined to consider the estimates of these two authors as over-rated. In the reign of Catharine the national debt of Russia amounted to about one million sterling; but, like the debts of other states, it has gone on progressively advancing. The principal elements which now compose it are as follow:—

1st. The debt to Holland	47,600,000	in paper.
A temporary debt of	3,026,000	in silver.
And of	31,162,466	in assignats.
A perpetual debt bearing 6 per cent. interest	20,620	roubles in gold.
Of	8,831,112	in silver.
And of	229,465,611	in assignats.
A temporary debt bearing 5 per cent. of	79,677,200	roubles in silver.

To these must be added the foreign loans of the years 1817, 1818, and 1822, the exact sum of which, as they figure on the public books, we cannot ascertain; but on the 1st of January, 1824, by the report of the minister of finance, we find the amount of the national debt of Russia, bearing interest, to be 874,341,010 roubles; to this must be added again the loans since contracted, to meet the exigencies of the Turkish and Polish campaigns, amounting to nearly twelve millions sterling!

If our readers have the courage and the patience to follow us through these dry and uninteresting statistical details, they will arrive at the gratifying conclusion, that the financial means of Russia in no way corresponds with her gigantic military resources; and that, although in times of peace, by dint of the strictest economy, the annual expenditure may be fully met by the revenue, still, the slightest extraordinary expense would produce a deficit, and that, consequently, Russia is utterly incapable of engaging in any protracted enterprize without the foreign aid of loans, and the most extraordinary sacrifices—thus far proving how utterly baseless are the fears entertained of Russian power and aggression.

Nothing has contributed more to the exaggerated fears of Russian aggression than the numbers and composition of her armies. Every faculty of the government has been brought into play to bring it to the highest degree of perfection of which it is susceptible; and if they have not yet succeeded in imparting to it the science of the Prussian, and that superior intelligence of mind so eminently diffused through the French armies, yet, for organization and discipline, numbers and composition, docility and hardihood, both as to courage, and the faculty of supporting hardship and privation to an astonishing degree, it must be confessed that the Russian army is superior to all others.

It would be foreign to our subject to enter into details on the origin

of the Russian army, and to trace its various formations from the undisciplined Strelitz to the grenadier of the guard; our intention is to consider it simply as a machine of aggression, to be weilded at the will and pleasure of the imperial autocrat. In the year 1827, previous to the Turkish war, we find, by the official returns of the minister of war, that the army was composed as follows:—

Imperial Guard—		
Eight Regiments of Infantry—each of three battalions of 800 each	19,200	
Two Battalions of Sappers and Miners, and Fort Artillery	2,000	
Eight Regiments of Cavalry—800 strong	6,400	
Cossack and Tartar Guard	800	
Pioneers and Horse Artillery	800	
		29,200
Line—		
One hundred and twenty-seven Regiments of Infantry, of three battalions—800 strong	304,800	
Thirty-six Battalions of Interior Guard	77,000	
		381,800
Cavalry, Regular—		
Sixteen Regiments of Cuirassiers, of five squadrons—1010 strong	16,000	
Fifty-two Regiments of Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers, and Chasseurs—1000 strong	52,000	
		68,000
Irregular Cavalry—		
Seventy-nine Regiments of Cossacks, of the Don, the Oural, the Volga, and the Black Sea	60,000	
Siberian Cossacks, Kalmucs, Tartars, Baskirs, and the Circassian Tribes	40,000	
		100,000
Artillery and Engineers		44,000
Extra Corps		27,000
		650,000
Add Officers		20,000
And Military Colonies		60,000
Grand Total		730,000

which does not include the army of Poland.

On the outbreak of the Turkish war, this force was farther augmented by a levy of 200,000 conscripts, which gives a grand total of 930,000 men under arms—an immense force, but in no degree exaggerated, since by some writers it has been rated so high as 1,039,000. This imposing force was divided into eight armies, each composed of three or more corps; the imperial guard under the command of the Grand Duke Michael; the army of the south, by Wittgenstein, afterwards superseded by the celebrated Diebitch; the army of the west, cantooned in the vicinity of Mohilef, by Field Marshal Count Sacken; the corps of Caucasus, by Marshal Paskiewitch-Erevanski; the corps of Finland, by the minister of the interior, General Zakufski; the military colonies, by Count Tolstoi; the corps of Siberia and Orenburg, and, lastly, the army of Lithuania and Poland, by the Grand Duke Constantine. Such was the distribution of the armies of Russia when the tur-

bulent spirit of these troops and their love of war, precipitated, against his will, the Emperor Nicholas into a war with Turkey. The Russian soldier of 1828 was no longer the brute barbarian of the days of Suworrof. Contact with the armies of Germany and France had taught him a salutary lesson; his reasoning powers were developed; masonic lodges, organized for political purposes, were disseminated through the army; discontent was spreading through its ranks: more than one revolt had broken out, when the aggressions of Turkey, and her projects of military reform, afforded the Russian government a happy opportunity of employing this formidable machine which threatened the stability of the existing order of things beyond the frontier.

Immense as was the military force of Russia at this period, she was, for the invasion of Turkey, unable to bring into the field more than 200,000 men. The number, small as it may appear relatively to the aggregate strength, will not surprise those acquainted with the constitution of the Russian armies, and the frightful system of abuse and embezzlement that pervades every department of its interior economy, which always renders its *effective* strength considerably below its *official returns.** One hundred thousand men of this force were posted as a corps of observation along the Austrian frontier—the Russian government had some misgivings of the policy of the Austrian cabinet, who, if hostile inclined, might have operated directly on the flank and rear of the Russian line of operation. It became therefore an imperative necessity to make this detachment, which reduced the active army in the field to 100,000 men, a number certainly inadequate to the nature and objects of the campaign. It is true that, during the course of the war, it was reinforced, at different times, by 200,000 men, a number, however, scarcely sufficient to supply the ravages made in its ranks by disease and the sword. The first campaign, by its unimportant results, astonished all Europe. The Russian standards floated, certainly, on the shattered walls of Brailow and of Varna, but they cost the invaders 100,000 men, and an immense loss of the "matériel" of the army. The second commenced under different auspices. The cautious prudence of Wittgenstein was succeeded by the desperate *en avant* system of the German Diebitch; the Balkan, the hitherto deemed palladium of the Turkish empire, was passed; Adrianople fell, and a Cossack hurrah was for the first time heard under the walls of Old Stambol itself. But one opinion prevailed from Moscow to Paris—the ambitious projects of Catherine were on the eve of their completion—the Turkish dominion in Europe was at an end. Yet the Russians did not advance; neither was their march on the capital arrested by the combinations of European diplomacy, nor by the magnanimity of the Emperor, as it has been so confidently asserted. The real cause of their inaction, is the fact that their position at Adrianople was becoming daily more critical—the Pacha of Scutari already threatened their communications—peace was indispen-

* A Russian regiment, it is well known, is never numerically complete, from the circumstance that the colonel receives the funds for the full complement, but is always obliged to have some hundred men short, for the sake of economy, and in order to meet the extraordinary expenses of the corps, for which the government make no allowances. Again, every general officer has for his service from ten to twenty servants, and every other officer the same in proportion to his rank, which diminishes considerably the number of men in the ranks.

sable for the safety of the army, and, by shewing an imposing front, a peace they obtained—on what terms all the world knows.

If we critically examine this celebrated campaign, which cost the Russians 250,000 men, disorganized their army, exhausted their finances, and spread discontent through every province of the empire, we shall discover that never in the annals of war was temerity crowned with greater success, never was an army so exposed to inevitable destruction by the blind imprudence of its chief than the Russians throughout this campaign. In advancing from their base of operations on the Danube towards the Balkan, they left behind them the chain of fortified places still in possession of the enemy, garrisoned by upwards of 80,000 men, from Widin to Mangalia. To have advanced with safety, those places should have been blockaded—an operation, which the numerical strength of the invaders was inadequate to; Diebitch thus left in his rear upwards of 80,000 men, who, if the Turkish generals had possessed but the simplest principles of the science of war, might have concentrated, have cut him off from his base, driven him on the sea, and destroyed his army. Throughout the entire march from the Danube to Adrianople, the right flank of the army was constantly exposed and threatened by the enemy. Had the Turks have turned this flank—and they might easily have effected it—entangled in the defiles of the Balkan, their left flank resting on the sea—unable, from the nature of the ground, to make use of their numerous cavalry—cut off from their base, the destruction of the Russian army was certain. We readily allow that, in a campaign against the undisciplined valour of the Turks, a Russian general, commanding the most powerfully constituted troops in Europe, need not altogether act as if he had a Napoleon in his front. Still Diebitch's plan of the campaign was a gross violation of the fundamental principles of war, and but for the blind fatuity of the Turkish commanders, the Balkan, which afterwards became the proud title of his glory, would have been the grave of him and his army.

Again, it must be recollected, that the Turkish empire was unprepared for the contest, that the "clan" of her ancient military institutions was gone ere the reforming projects of the Sultan had fully developed themselves. Yet, notwithstanding this, and the total want of military skill displayed by the Turkish commanders, had the Turks possessed a few well constructed forts in the defiles of the Balkan, and a strong fortified place towards Faki, the Russian army would never have reached Adrianople.

The extravagant notions entertained of the military power of Russia, are thus not only fallacious, but the result of this campaign proves that under a proper military system, Turkey is fully competent to resist the aggressions of her northern neighbour.

At this moment, when Europe awaits with deep anxiety the decision of the northern sovereigns, about to meet at Torgau, it is a subject of deep gratification to reflect, how studiously magnified have been the military resources of Russia. The present state of Europe becomes every day more complicated, and the chances of peace and war are considered by many, accustomed to watch the varying phases of the political horison, as equally balanced. The nobles of Prussia, with the prince royal at their head, are burning to rush into a crusade against the principles of the French Revolution. The feelings of the Russian and Austrian cabinets cannot be mistaken, while the king of Holland

continues to shew an imposing and resolute front. The number and composition of their armies may awe the timorous, unacquainted with the exhausted state of their finances, which renders these formidable military machines utterly powerless—still the unsettled state of France, the intrigues of the Carlist party—the financial distress and commercial stagnation of England—the possible defeat of the ministry on the question of Reform—the alarming state of Ireland—all these may powerfully contribute to bring them to a warlike decision. But if allured by the equivocal state of France, and the difficulties of England, they insensibly kindle that fearful war of principles foretold by Napoleon, on the ocean rock of St. Helena, they will raise up a storm that will not cease its fury, till it has swept away the tottering thrones of every antient dynasty that has so long polluted the fair face of Europe. The principle of freedom is rising in every soil, and though they cannot but feel that sooner or later it must sap the foundations of the worn-out institutions over which they preside, still will they dare not openly rush into a crusade against the cause of freedom—the peace of Europe will not for the present be disturbed; but their machinations will not slumber, intrigue will be resorted to, till some event in the chapter of accidents may favour the open manifestation of their dark designs.

In the event of a war between Russia and this country, the only point of contact for the belligerents would be India. The conquest of our East India possessions has long been one of the favourite projects of Russian Ambition—and we are led to the consideration of this interesting question, by the arrogant boast that so recently appeared in the Moscow Gazette, "of signing a treaty with the English in Calcutta," and which, if we consider the servile state of the press in Russia, we may consider to have emanated from the government itself. There are only two routes by which an European army could invade India; the first by following the beaten track of Alexander, and Nadir Shah—the second by crossing the Caspian and sailing up the Oxus to Bochara—the last is by far the most eligible, and the one the invading army of Russia would follow, since by their late treaty with Persia, they have acquired the entire navigation of the Caspian. At Orenburg, a strong fortified post, ninety miles north of the Caspian, they have a corps of 10,000 men. This corps reinforced by others, might descend the Oural to the Caspian, and sail across to the Bay of Mertvoi; while the corps marching from the centre of Russia, would advance by the plain of the Wolga to Astraccan, from whence they would be transported across the sea to the Bay of Balkan. To Khiva, a large town on the Oxus, and which would be the first place of rendezvous for the invading columns, the distance from these two points of disembarkation is twenty-five to thirty marches; the nature of the country, from the sea to the river, is one continued desert; the army would have, therefore, to transport with it every necessary for its subsistence, even to water. From Khiva to Bochara the distance is five hundred and twenty miles; the Oxus is navigable to within two days march of the latter place—but the current is rapid, and should the Russian general ascend the stream, the boats for the transport of the army must be equally conveyed from the Caspian, for there exist no materials for their construction on its banks. The banks of this river are further inhabited by a fierce and warlike people, skilled in predatory warfare: these must be

subdued, and military possession obtained of the whole line of march in order to secure the army's communications. At Bochara, a populous city situated in the midst of a fertile country, supplies would be abundant, and here the Russian army would form their second base, and establish depôts and magazines. From Bochara to Attock, on the Indus, the distance does not exceed six hundred miles. The country through the whole line of march is fertile, so that the Russian commissariat would without much difficulty be able to collect the necessary supplies of provisions and forage for the troops. Facility of transport is another feature remarkable in this country, and one of the highest importance in military operations. At Attock, the breadth of the Indus is inconsiderable, but the stream is both deep and extremely rapid. Should the Russians be able to push across this river, they would doubtless look for the co-operation of Runjet Sing and his army. The rapid rise of this formidable power on our northern frontier has already caused considerable uneasiness to our Indian Government; his troops are numerous, well composed, and disciplined by Russian and French officers; moreover, he has for some time past carried on an active correspondence with the cabinet of St. Petersburg. The junction of the invaders with this sheic prince might prove fatal to our power in India. Their object would be, either to march upon Delhi, and proclaim the deposed dynasty of the house of Timor, which might excite a general rising against us; or advance to the southward, through the Punjab, upon our Bombay Presidency. Now it cost Alexander a year to reach the Hydaspes. Nadir Shah's expedition occupied nearly eleven months, although his force consisted chiefly in cavalry. But the march of a Russian army from the Caspian to the Indus, encumbered as it would be with artillery, and all the atterail of modern armies, would require at least two campaigns. Long ere the Russian columns could therefore reach the banks of the Indus, Runjet Sing would be crushed, and an Anglo-Indian army in position on the eastern bank ready to give the invaders a warm reception. We have seen that in the war with Turkey, a limitrophe power, Russia was unable to bring more than 200,000 men into the field. For the invasion of India, from the difficulty of subsisting them, not more than 100,000 could be well employed. At least a third of this force would be requisite to line the country in their rear as they advanced; and when we consider that the march of the army would lie across deserts, in a burning climate, so fatal to the northern constitutions of the troops, when we further reflect on the casualties to which, even in Europe, an army is exposed in campaign, where by the establishment of hospitals every care is taken of the sick and wounded; we are confident that on reaching the Indus, the Russian army would barely muster 30,000 combatants, a force totally inadequate for the object of the campaign. On the other hand, when on glancing at the map we survey the vast extent of our Indian Empire, and reflect on the immense rayon on which our military operations would be carried on—when we reflect on the tenure by which we hold these possessions, we are fully sensible of the delicacy of our position, and of the numerous chances that might operate against us. From Calcutta to Delhi, our first base of operations, the distance is eight hundred miles—from the Madras Presidency, about eleven hundred—from Bombay, six hundred—thence to the Indus, our front of operations, the distance is again five hundred. Our line of operation would therefore

exceed the length of that of the Russians from their first base on the Caspian to the Indus. Numerous as is our Indian army, it must not be concealed that it would require a large force to hold this immense line of country in subjection: a measure of imperative necessity, for the moral effect on an army of 30,000 Russians, on the native population, is at best problematical. The great danger to be apprehended is, that the fidelity of the native troops might be tampered with; such a contingency does not pass the bounds of probability, especially as the late reductions in the pensions and allowances of our Indian army has spread disaffection through its ranks. Still, on carefully weighing the chances for and against such an enterprise, we confidently assert that India can never be wrested from us by a Russian invasion. It is an undertaking beyond her means, though we cannot conceal from ourselves, that such an undertaking would prove ruinous to the company, and ultimately fatal to their power. Besides, our government at home would not be idle—as a circle is weak in ratio to the area of its circumference, so is Russia in like manner weakest at her extremities, and here it is that England might strike a fatal blow at her power. We might stir up the slumbering hatred of Persia and Turkey, excite the Caucasian tribes, and assail her flanks in the Baltic and Black Seas. Not a Russian flag would dare shew itself on the ocean, and every outlet of her commerce would be closed—ruin, discontent, nay, open revolt, would shew themselves in every province of the empire. The numerous nations held together by the iron hand of Muscovite despotism, would seize the favourable moment for re-asserting their ancient independence; and the dismemberment of this gigantic empire of the Czars, the favourite theory of politicians, might be practically realized.

In the course of this paper we flatter ourselves that we have proved to the satisfaction of our readers—1st. That the financial means of Russia, are inadequate to any great and protracted enterprise. 2d. That from this cause, and the immense extent of her dominions, and the difficulty and expense of moving troops from one quarter to another, the apprehensions entertained of her military power, at least offensively, notwithstanding the number and composition of her armies, are baseless. 3d. That her successes in the Turkish campaigns arose from the total want of military skill, and the absence of all military organization on the part of her adversary—while the heroic defence of the gallant but ill-fated Poles, has proved what may be achieved by valour and discipline. 4th. That the idea of the conquest of our East India possessions by this power, is visionary; though we are willing to allow, that the expense of such a contest might ultimately entail ruin on the East India Company. 5th. That Russia contains within herself the seeds of her own destruction—that sooner or later this mighty empire must collapse under its own weight, and fall into pieces; thus proving, that the extravagant notions of her overwhelming military power, which since the campaign of 1812 have been the terror of Europe, and have exercised so decided an influence on the political system of our continent, are like the gigantic figures of a phantasmagoria—the optical delusions of which, a near inspection reduces to their proper dimensions.

SPECIMENS OF LATIN COMEDY—No. II.

THE AMPHITRYON, OF PLAUTUS.

The great English lexicographer once meditated a treatise, in which he designed to shew how exceedingly rare is originality of thought and novelty of conceit; and how the same topics have presented themselves to the moralist and the poet in every age; and the same incidents and train of circumstances have afforded a subject for the satirical raillery of the comedian, and the serious representations of the "tragicus cothurnus." Had not the multiplicity of his other literary enterprizes interfered with the prosecution of his design, it is probable that he would have drawn some of the most powerful arguments in support of his theory from the striking similarity of the plots and scenes of the writers of comedy and tragedy; for that facts and circumstances, similar in their nature, and essentially the same, have always furnished employment to the comic and the tragic poet, is a truth that needs no elaborate proof. This remark is peculiarly applicable to the subject of the play before us. Plautus is supposed to be indebted for the idea of the plot to a Greek comedy bearing the same title mentioned by Athenæus, or, perhaps, with more plausibility, to a play of Epicharmus, the Syracusan. It is far from probable that the tragic parts were written quite independently of the Alcmena of Euripides. We say *the tragic parts*, because (not coming up to the mark of comic orthodoxy) he disregarded the imaginary, and yet unsystematised rules of the critics, and, like our own Shakspeare, united the comic and the tragic—the ludicrous and the sorrowful—and has not scrupled even in the prologue to call the play a *tragico-comœdia*, or tragi-comedy. This explanation of the term tragico-comœdia has been disputed by some, though better defended by others.

The Amphitryon has been imitated in almost every language of modern Europe, and in some more than once. It was first imitated in Italy by Ludovico Dolce, in his play entitled Marito—next in France by Rotron, who was succeeded by Molière—and, last of all, was deemed worthy of imitation, and even sometimes of translation, by Dryden, "crowning rose of the whole wreath." Such are the men by whom Plautus has been followed, not always *passibus æquis*, and by whom the Amphitryon has been naturalized in England, Italy, and France.

But though the advantages which Plautus possessed were both fewer and smaller than those of his more favoured successors, the illustrious editor and biographer of "glorious John," is constrained to confess (in his prefatory notice of this play) that they "have made but few and inconsiderable improvements." Though in another place he speaks of the Amphitryon as one of the best of all Dryden's comedies; and the very learned Mad. Dacier has spoken of the Amphitryon of Molière as the most perfect of all his plays. And as the English and French imitations of this play are considered among the best productions of their respective authors, so the original was considered among the ancient Romans; and indeed so high was the estimation in which it was held, that, in the reign of Diocletian, it was acted by royal authority, in order

to appease the anger of Jupiter in a time of public calamity and distress.*

The real subject of the play is the birth of Hercules; and the plot is founded on the mythological story of Jupiter assuming the figure of Amphitryon, the general of the Thebans, while he was engaged in war against king Pterelas, and thus imposing on the fond credulity of his wife Alcmena. The first scene opens with Sosia, the servant of Amphitryon, arriving from the port (his master had sent him on before), to inform Alcmena of the success of the campaign. No sooner had he come in front of the house than he was met by Mercury, who had assumed his form, and who, by arguments of every kind, *ad baculinum* as well as *ad hominem*, succeeded in repulsing him, and driving him back to the port. Jupiter takes advantage of this interval to indulge his love with Alcmena. The account which Sosia gave his master of the fisticuff reception, and immediate repulse he had met with from Mercury, was too improbable to be believed at once. He, however, walked from the port with considerable speed, accelerated probably by his anxiety to understand this singular affair, and soon arrived before his house, from which Alcmena comes forth bewailing the departure of her supposed husband (the real Jupiter); but immediately upon seeing Amphitryon, expresses her surprise at his speedy return. Amphitryon is as much confused at her account, as he had been before by that of Sosia; he cannot, however, avoid suspecting some collusion in the matter; and jealousy succeeds suspicion. He quits the stage, in order to bring evidence to convince the credulous, yet incredulous Alcmena, that he had never left his army till that time. Jupiter then returns, and Amphitryon is refused access to his own house by Mercury, who gives him the *dead cut*, and pretends not to know him. At length he gains admittance, and the true and the false Amphitryon, Jupiter and the real owner of the name, are confronted; and are alternately questioned respecting the occurrences of the late war against king Pterelas, by the pilot of the ship in which Amphitryon had returned. Jupiter comes out unscathed from this (as they thought) infallible ordeal; and his identity with the husband of Alcmena seems far from doubtful. This, as may be supposed, only works up Amphitryon to a greater pitch of fury and despair. He knows not what to do; he cannot get rid himself of the consciousness of his own identity, and yet he cannot convince others; and in this confusion and bewilderment he resolves to wreak vengeance on his whole family, and even defies Jove, and the whole synod of heaven, to stop him in his work of wild revenge. Immediately after this he is supposed to have been struck down by lightning, as, in the next scene, Bromia, Alcmena's waiting-maid, rushes out of the house, alarmed at the tempest, and sees Amphitryon lying prostrate on the earth. When he recovers, she informs him that Alcmena has given birth to twins; he is astonished; but he has no sooner begun to reason upon it than Jupiter appears in person, and unravels the whole mystery; and Amphitryon is rather pleased with the high honour conferred on him than angered at the perplexity and confusion which the amorous Jove had caused him. Meanwhile the "father and king of gods and men" returns to heaven.

* Arnobius, vii. Tract. adv. gent.

The scene of Sosia's repulse by Mercury is too humorous to be omitted. Sosia is coming from the port, according to his master's directions, and while uttering execrations on the unusual length and darkness of the night, is met by the false Sosia, whose attitude of defiance and general appearance alarms the timorous servant of Amphitryon.*

Sos. What do I see? a man before the house,
So late at night? I like him not.
MERC. The rogue
Has not his equal for rank cowardice.
Sos. What is he?—By his motions he should seem
A weaver, and would fain now trim my jacket.
MERC. He's frightened: I'll have sport with him.
Sos. I'm ruin'd:
How my teeth chatter! sure he's posted here
To give me a reception with his fists.
Troth he takes pity on me: and because
My master has now made me keep awake,
He'll lull me with his fists to sleep. Look, look—
I'm lost for ever—what a swinging rogue!
How brawny!

Mercury now perceives Sosia's great alarm, and proceeds in triumph, by still greater menaces, to work upon his cowardly fears:—

I'll draw nearer, raise my voice,
That he may hear me, and from thence conceive
More terrible fears within me.—(*Loud*) Come my fists,
To action;—stir ye;—'tis a long while
Since ye have made provision for my belly.
Methinks it is an age since yesterday
Ye stript four men, and laid them dead asleep.
Sos. I'm sore afraid that I shall change my name;
No longer simple *Sosia*, but be styled
Sosia the Fifth.—He says he laid asleep
Four men: I fear I shall increase his number.
MERC. (*Throwing about his arms.*) There I could have him; Sa!
—this is the way,
This does the business.
Sos. He's prepared for action:
He puts himself in posture.
MERC. He sha'n't 'scape
Without a drubbing.
Sos. Who?
MERC. Whoever comes
This way, shall eat my fists.
Sos. Psha! I don't like
To eat so late at night.—Away with them.—
I supt just now.—Then pray bestow your supper
On them that have more appetite.
MERC. This fist
Is not of trifling weight.
Sos. I'm a dead man:
He's weighing of his fists.

* We forgot to mention in our article on *The Captives*, that we have used Thornton's translation of Plautus wherever it could be made available. We regret that two typographical errors escaped us—at page 151, line 41, for *Aristophanes*, read *Aristophontes*; and at page 156, line 17, for *after*, read *former*.

MERC. What if I stroke him
Gently to sleep?
SOS. You'll do me a great service;
For I've watched these three whole nights together.
MERC. That's but a paltry action. No, my fist,
Thou hast not learnt to smite a cheek so poorly.
One glance of thine would make a man put on
Another form.
SOS. He'll vamp me up anew,
New mould my face.
MERC. O how my fists
Itch to be at it!
SOS. If you mean on me
To exercise them, prithee cool them first
Against the wall.

Mercury now hears a voice from somewhere, and after listening a moment or two, he says:—

Certainly 'tis *some one* speaks.
SOS. I'm safe; he sees me not.
He says, 'tis *someone* speaks: now, verily,
My name is *Sosia*.

This pun of Sosia's on the word *nescioquis* is, of course, copied from Homer and Euripides, though certainly is not the most appropriate in this place. Sosia's pretended pleasure at hearing him say that he heard *some one* speaking, is soon turned into grief and consternation, when he perceives him making towards him.

I'm sore afraid:
I'm numbed all over.—Now could I not tell,
If any one should ask me, where I am:
Nor can I budge a foot, I am so frightened.—
All's over; I have lost my master's orders,
And Sosia with them.—Yet—

Sosia now bethinks himself of Amphitryon's behests, and of the severity with which he will treat him, if he submits thus to be repulsed by a villain stranger, from his home, and from the performance of his master's commissions; he therefore determines to persist, and "mustering all his might of mind," he says:—

I am resolved
To face this fellow, and bespeak him boldly;
I'll seem as valiant as I can, that he
May keep hands off me.—(*Advances towards the door.*)
MERC. Sir, whither go you?

Mercury, by persisting in knowing where he is going, makes him say that he is going home, and adds—

Look to't—you'll have a drubbing, if you don't
Be gone this instant.
SOS. Would you then desire
To drive me from my home, when I am just
Arrived here from abroad?
MERC. Is this your home?

Sosia replies in the affirmative; and Mercury proceeds to ask who is his master; he replies, Amphitryon. Mercury makes no answer, but proceeds:—

What is your name?
Sos. Our Thebans call me Sosia.

Mercury now reaches the maximum of his impudence. He has the audacity to claim the name of Sosia for himself, and positively almost to unsociate Sosia—for the poor slave is brought at last to entertain serious doubts of his own personal identity, and is quite *struck* with the whole affair.

Merc. To thy sore mishap
Art thou arrived, thou master of effrontery!
With made up lies, and patched up knaveries.
Sos. With patched up clothes I'm come 'tis true, not knaveries.
Merc. You lie. 'Tis with your feet you come, not clothes.
Sos. Ay, verily.
Merc. Ay, verily, then take
This drubbing for your lie.—(*Striking him.*)
Sos. Indeed, forsooth,
I don't desire it, I—
Merc. Indeed, forsooth,
But you shall have it, though you don't. Indeed
'Tis resolved, and 'tis not your choice.—(*Striking him.*)
Sos. I cry you mercy!
Merc. Dost thou dare affirm
That thou art Sosia, when myself am he?—(*Still striking him.*)
Sos. Murder!
Merc. This is but little in respect
Of what you'll have in future. Now, whose are you?
Sos. Your's: for your fists have marked me for your own.
(*Merc. continues to strike him.*)
Help, help, good citizens!
Merc. Still bawling, sirrah?
Speak, wherefore came you here?
Sos. That you might have
Somebody to belabour with your fists.
Mesc. Whose are you, then?
Sos. I say, Amphitryon's Sosia.
Merc. You shall be drubbed more heartily for this,
You talk so idly.—I myself am Sosia,
Not you.
Sos. I would to heaven you were indeed,
That I were beating you!—(*Aside.*)
Merc. What! muttering?

Thus they continue their interview for a considerable time, Sosia quietly submitting to the insults and indignities of Mercury, and Mercury triumphing in the confusion and stupidity of the poor slave. At last Mercury says:—

The fellow's mad.
Sos. 'Tis you that are distempered.
Why, what a plague! Am I not Sosia,
Amphitryon's slave? Did not the ship, that brought me,
Arrive here this night from the Persian port?
Did not my master send me? Do not I
Stand here before our house now? Have I not
A lanthorn in my hand? Do not I speak?
Am I not broad awake? Did not this man
Bethump me with his fists? In troth he did;
Why then do I doubt? Why don't I go directly
Into our house?

He then makes up to the house, but is again repulsed by Mercury; he can make no progress by any of his manœuvres; resistance is useless, submission is no less ineffectual; at last he is obliged to go away to inform his master of all that had happened, and to get him to inquire into the mysterious affair. Nothing can be more amusing than the interview between Amphitryon and Sosia, when the latter tells his master the whole account of his rencontre and repulse, and Amphitryon will not believe him, but declares him to be intoxicated.

AMPH. The fellow's drunk, I think.
SOS. I would I were!
AMPH. You have your wish already.
SOS. I?
AMPH. Yes, you.
Say, where have you been drinking?
SOS. Nowhere, truly.
AMPH. What sort of fellow is it?
SOS. I have told you
Ten times already.—I'm at home, I say;
And *I*—d'ye mark me? *I*, that self-same Sosia,
Am here with you.—What think you now?
AMPH. Hence, avaunt—go, get thee from me.
SOS. What's the matter?
AMPH. The plague has seized you.
SOS. Why d'ye say so?—Faith, I feel, Sir, very well.
AMPH. But I shall make you feel very ill,
And very miserable, as you deserve, when I get home.
Come, you who abuse your master's easy nature
With vain and frantic stories; who, because
You have neglected to perform his orders, come
To deride him.—You relate such gross
Impossibilities, such as before
Were never heard of—knave!—but every lie
Your back shall answer.
SOS. Of all grievances
This is the most grievous to a trusty servant;
That, though he tell his master truth, the truth
He is beat out of by authority.
AMPH. How can this be, convince me, thou vile plague,
With arguments.—I fain would have explained,
How you can be at home and yet be here.
SOS. Troth I am both here and there.—Well may one wonder!
Nor can it seem more strange to you than me.
AMPH. How?
SOS. I say, it cannot seem more strange
To you than me; nor, as I hope for mercy,
Did I at first believe me—myself, *Sosia*,
Till *Sosia*, t'other I—myself, convinced me.
He told distinctly every thing that past
During our sojourn with the enemy:—
Then he has robbed me of my very figure,
Together with my name.—One drop of milk
Is not more like another than that I
Is like to me: for when you sent me home,
Before 'twas daybreak, from the port—
AMPH. What then?
SOS. I at the door was standing long before
I came there.

Amph. Plague! what trifling stuff is this?
Have you your senses?
Sos. I am as you see me.
Amph. Sure, since he left me, he has been bewitched,
And worked on by ill hands.
Sos. Ill hands, I own;
For he has mauled me with his fists most sadly.
Amph. Who beat you?
Sos. I-myself beat me-myself,
I that am now at home.

Amphitryon can gather no farther information from any of Sosia's answers; but he now proceeds to ask him in regular order who that Sosia was, and who he is, and all about them; but it is all useless, and at last he tries to account for the singular vision of a duplicate Sosia:—

Amph. Haply you saw, if any such you saw,
That Sosia in a dream.
Sos. I am not wont
To dream o'er your commands.—Awake I saw him;
Awake I see you now; awake I'm talking;
And with his fists just now did *he* awake
Maul *me* awake.
Amph. What *he?*
Sos. I tell you, Sosia,
That *I-he.*—Prithee, don't you understand?
Amph. How is it possible that any one
Should understand such jargon as you jabber?

They now march on with all expedition to sift the matter thoroughly. They soon meet Alcmena, and a very interesting interview takes place between them; Amphitryon is inclined to think that she is mad, and Alcmena is certain that her husband is demented, to discredit her story, and to deny having returned to his palace before, since his departure; and Sosia of course supports his master; but Alcmena is not to be put down by their united force, and even baffles them both, and makes Amphitryon himself, who had been laughing at Sosia for a similar deception, doubt of his identity—and after all confess that he "scarce knows who he is, he's so bewildered."*

Amphitryon goes now to find Naucrates, the pilot of the ship in which he had sailed, in order to make him a party in his cause; and by-and-by he re-enters on the stage, giving an account of his search:—

This Naucrates, whom I did wish to meet,
Was not on board; nor found I any one,
At home or in the city, that had seen him.
I've crawled through every street, been at the riding-house,
At the perfumers, the exchange, the market,
The wrestling ring, the forum, at the barbers',
The apothecaries' shops, at all the temples.—
I'm tired with searching;—nowhere can I find him.—
I'll now go home, and of my wife proceed
To make inquiry.

He then proceeds home, and when he arrives at the door finds it shut, upon which the following scene ensues:—

* II. 2, 212.

They've barred the door!
'Tis very fine!—just like their other doings!
But I'll make bold to knock, and soundly too.—(*Knocks.*)
Open the door.—Hallo, there! Who's within?
Open the door, I say,—Will no one open?

Mercury, under the form of Sosia, Amphitryon's servant, appears now on the top of the house, with a chaplet on his head, pretending to be drunk—

MERC. Who's at the door?
AMPH. 'Tis I.
MERC. I? Who's I?
AMPH. 'Tis I, I tell you.
MERC. Jove and all the gods
Owe you a spite, you bang so at the door.
AMPH. How?
MERC. How?—that you may live a wretch for ever.
AMPH. Sosia.
MERC. Ay, I am Sosia:—you don't think
That I've forgot my name?—What is't you want?
AMPH. Ask what I want, you villain?
MERC. Yes, you fool!
You've almost torn our door here off its hinges:
Think you we're furnished at the public charge
With doors? You numbskull! why do you stare so at me?
What would you have? Who are you?
AMPH. You whipt knave!
D'ye ask me who I am?—You hell of elm-rods!
I'll make you burn with smart beneath the scourge
For these affronts.

Mercury then offers Amphitryon some insult, which, from its wholly depending on a pun, is untranslateable. Amphitryon says in reply:—

Slave! I will have you tortured for this language.
MERC. I sacrifice to you.
AMPH. How?—What d'ye mean?
MERC. I offer a libation of ill luck.
(*Throws a pail of water on him.*)
AMPH. Is this your offering, rascal? If the gods
Preserve me what I am, your back shall bend
With many a leathern thong, laid heavy on it;
Victim of Saturn!—Yes—I'll sacrifice you—
With torture on the gallows. Come you out,
You hang-dog.
MERC. Apparition!—What, you think
To fright me with your threats?—But if you don't
Take to your heels, if you dare knock, or touch
Our door here, even with your little finger,
I'll beat about your pate so with this tile,
You'll sputter tongue and teeth out altogether.
AMPH. You rascal! won't you suffer me to come
Into my own house?—Knock at my own door?—
I'll pluck it off the hinges.—(*Beating vehemently.*)
MERC. You persist?
AMPH. I do.
MERC. Take this, then.—(*Throwing a tile.*)
AMPH. Villain! at your master?
If I but catch you, to such misery
I will reduce you, you shall live a wretch
For evermore.

Mercury now tells Amphitryon that Amphitryon is in doors with Alcmena. The baffled general cannot understand the matter at all, and at last grows quite wild and frantic, and exclaims—

Ye gods! what madness has possessed our house!

Jupiter and Amphitryon are at last confronted, and the result is such as we have detailed in the account of the plot.

The original play of Plautus would, we think, suffer little, if at all, from a comparison with its more famous antitypes. Those scenes, on which it would have been indecorous to enlarge, Plautus has managed with considerable delicacy and grace, while his English imitator has been far from scrupulous as to the extent to which he has carried the subject. Molière is much more polished and refined than Dryden in those parts where polish and refinement are most difficult to attain. These are qualities that would hardly be expected from the rugged Plautus; who, however, notwithstanding his antiquity, has been called "the glory of the Latin language;" and has obtained, by the simplicity of his style, and the pointedness of his wit, the name of "a tenth muse, a sort of law in the Roman language; the garden of the muses and of the graces; the most excellent master of elocution; the most ingenious and most polished of poets; the Latin syren; the author of elegance; and the father of jests, of sports, and of fine pleasantry."

These four plays—the Latin of Plautus; the Italian of Lodovico Dolce; the English of Dryden; and the French of Molière, may be considered as a sort of barometer of the character of the different ages and nations in which they were written. In Plautus, we see the early rudeness and warlike zeal of the ancient Romans—in Dolce, the dark intrigues of the Italians, and the perpetual intermeddling of priests and sacerdotal functionaries in private affairs—in Dryden, the lasciviousness and libertinism which disgraced the reign of the second Charles—and in Molière, the polish and finesse of the luxurious court of Louis le Grand.

NATURE AND BOOKS.

A REFLECTION, WRITTEN AFTER LOOKING ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

From spots like these the mind at length returns,
Laden with truth and images serene,
Into itself; and the quick spirit learns
To hive the honied pleasure of the scene,
Turning its own sad waste to pathways green,
With varying visions chequered and o'erhung—
Bright Memories of some immortal Mien,
Where earlier Art her richest hues had flung,
Or by the Minstrel's lyre in purest praises sung.

The Beings of our Books! to these we turn,
The bright magicians of our mortal years;
Stars of the soul, when clouds its light inurn—
Glimpses of joy amid o'ershadowing fears;
Ethereal exorcists of earthly tears—
That gush not from our clay, but spring like dew
Forth from the spirit's fount—whose water clears
The sullied Life and strengens it anew,
Tinging the proudest heart with Pity's heavenly hue.

B.

A HISTORY OF THE "HUMBUG" FAMILY.

DISCOVERED AMONG THE PAPERS OF A DECEASED ANTIQUARY.

It is extraordinary that, although both the continental and English press groan with the immense number of "Memoirs", they have put forth, mostly relating to some individual member of my family, none of them have thought proper to give the public an authentic account of its progress. Perhaps the gigantic nature of the subject prevented them. Perhaps they had not materials. It is left to me, then, to perform this arduous task, and I take it upon me with the full consciousness of that great responsibility which rests with so important an undertaking.

The antiquity of my family may be ascertained at the Herald's College; not a name there, which boasts of its purity and high descent, but springs from that illustrious race, from which I have the honour to be descended. We have become a mighty people, and increase far beyond the bounds of Mr. Malthus's powers of calculation, while a bond of social brotherhood binds us, like the Freemasons, into one society.

Our first chroniclers were the Egyptian priests, the worshippers of Isis and Osiris, and the other branches of that respectable family. To them we are indebted for the pyramids, formed with incredible labour by many millions of people, for the laudable purpose of keeping our name in remembrance by posterity. In them are preserved the mummies of those immortal kings, who conferred so much honour on our race. To them also are we indebted for the language of hieroglyphics, which long remained one of the unknown tongues, and for the science of astrology,—that noble study which told, by the unerring record in the heavens, the destiny of man.

The next who immortalized our name were the Greek "Rhapsodists." Jupiter was the supreme "Humbug" of his day, and through him we claim relationship with the whole of the dramatis personæ of the Grecian mythology, the Dryads and the Oceanides, the Cyclops and the Giants, the Satyrs, *et hoc genus omne.* That was a glorious time for our reign. We had temples erected to our honour; we had oracles, whose responses were considered sacred; we had offerings, and sacrifice and oblations: we thrived well. But the historians have recorded the greatness of our house. "The great kings" were decidedly great Humbugs from Nimrod to Xerxes, and those of Assyria and Persia are scarcely less so than those of Greece. Philip of Macedon did honour to the name (Demosthenes himself is our authority for the relationship), and his celebrated son, Alexander the Great, we have reason to boast of for the beneficial effects which followed from the millions he sacrificed. Those splendid orators, archons, and philosophers, whose "talents" proceeded from a foreign treasury, swell the list of great names to whom we bear kindred.

With the Romans we also flourished; from Romulus and Remus to the twelve Cæsars; and from them to the Palæologi of the Lower Empire; the Augurs, the Haruspices, and the Vestal Virgins, were our relations. We lay claim to Titus Livius, of Padua, for chronicling prodigies, and to Ovid for writing metamorphoses.

With the barbarians we have always been highly esteemed. Our ancestors, Alaric, Nadir Shah, Zenghis Khan, and Attila, are of honourable and respected memory, and yet nothing to compare with that exalted Humbug Mahomet.

With the introduction of Christianity our name fell into some disrepute, but it soon afterwards acquired favour again. The fathers of the church have mentioned some of our race with great respect, indeed they have always been eminent for their piety. An immortal inhabitant of the Thebaid, whose name unfortunately has escaped me, acquired fame in this world, and beatitude in the next, by living all his life upon the perpendicular—standing upright upon a column; and another sainted individual walked, after decapitation, with his head under his arm.

In all religions the name of my family has been conspicuous; whether of Juggernaut or of Woden, of Vishnu or of Belus, or of either of the thousand and one different forms of worship which are, or have been in practice; Druids, Brahmins, Dervishes, Popes, and the rest. Those who were most honoured for their voluntary sufferings, whether the devotee, who measured with the length of his body the way to his idol; or the worshipper of the Koran, who walked barefooted to the sacred minarets of Mecca; or the Catholic monk, who disciplines himself with a rope's end, have ever been my nearest and dearest relatives.

I claim the highest alliances. Almost every king, from Nebuchadnezzar, who was the first royal botanist that found out the qualities of *grass*, to Louis Philippe, who has been equally successful in discovering the properties of *birch*; but the French throne has been the most constantly honoured by my kinsmen. The whole race of Bourbons are my cousins, consequently our beloved Ferdinand of Spain is especially dear to us. Miguel of Portugal, the Autocrat of all the Russias, the King of Holland, and the Pope of Rome, have frequently acknowledged the relationship. But the most celebrated of the name remains unmentioned. Napoleon was the greatest "Humbug" that ever existed. Instance his projected invasion of England, his attempt to destroy our commerce, his bulletins; the glorious emanations of his extraordinary genius. I am justly proud of my connection *by blood* with so distinguished an individual.

Although, in empires and in kingdoms, my family has obtained the greatest honour and reputation, in free states it has been frequently in as high estimation. Those great men who governed the free cities of Italy during the middle ages, by their mild paternal sway, and the gentle spirit of their government, made the citizens boast of their freedom. It is impossible to give the names of all that great family who existed in those times of liberty and equality; we will only mention the Doges of Venice and the Popes of Rome. The Venetian government inculcated that spirit of patriotism for which the members of my family have always been distinguished. The public operations of the Council of Three; the liberality of opinion allowed by the officers of St. Mark; the political importance possessed by the people, even by the poorest fisherman of the Lagunes; and the uncontrolled authority of the chief of the state, even in his marriage with the Adriatic, prove incontestably the power which my relations had in the government. The sway of the Roman pontiffs was at one time more partaking of the nature of the family name, than it does at present. It was they who instituted the Crusades, the most important warfare that was ever undertaken, and attended, of course, with all the beneficial results that were expected. It was they who found out the value of relics—the true cross has through them been miraculously divided into as many chips as would

set the Tiber on fire. It was to them we are indebted for plenary indulgences;—fortunate discovery, that for the sacrifice of a little loose coin we might sin *ad libitum*, with pardon on earth, and paradise in heaven! Those were comfortable times to live in. It is much to be regretted that we cannot get rid of an unfortunate creditor, or a troublesome acquaintance, with those methods of dispatch which were then in practice. We have changed the name of sinner for that of prisoner, and the office of the confessor for that of Jack Ketch. "What a falling off is here, my countrymen." A man cannot take possession of his neighbour's wife, or his tenant's property, without subjecting himself to many disagreeable inconveniences. Liberty and the march of intellect were better understood in the times of my ancestors; a man might then not only do what he liked with his own, which is not allowed to my cousin of Newcastle, but might also do what he pleased with what did *not* belong to him.

The mode in which my family have been treated in this country, I find to be exceedingly flattering. We have given many kings to the British throne. I need but mention a few, John—(though he has done our name some injury, by signing Magna Charta,) Richard the Second and Third, Henry the Eighth, Charles the Second, and—but I shall say nothing of the George's. It is to be remarked that crowned heads distinguished by epithets, are almost always of our family. Frederic of Prussia, and Peter of Russia we have much reason to boast of. Louis *le Grand*, and Louis *le Desiré*;—their most sacred and most catholic majesties;—he of the *celestial* empire, and he of the *sublime* porte, the king of the seven white elephants, and the pacha of three tails; with numerous other potentates, whose titles are equally distinguished, and equally deserved; I am proud to say are all of the blood of the "Humbugs." It is with great respect that I mention the name of Oliver Cromwell. During *his* supremacy ours was unquestioned. We lived honoured and respected, and were mostly known then by the name of puritans. It was one of my ancestors that Butler has immortalized—

> "Who hanged his cat upon a Monday
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

But it is to our character for literature and science that our fame will endure for ever. Who were the professors of the Eleusinian mysteries, and those of Bacchus, and the Aphrodité? Who were the philosophers? The Epicureans, the Stoics, the Cynics, and the other sects which sprung up at Athens? Who was Diogenes? and who was Epicurus? Gentle reader, with due deference to classical authority, with few exceptions, they are all of the glorious race of "Humbugs." Who discovered the atomic theory, the philosopher's stone, the universal panacea, and the transmigration of souls? Who were the alchymists, the astrologers, and the magicians? To whom are we indebted for the metallic tractors, the vital air, and the universal rubber? Who were Van Helmont, Friar Bacon, the prophet Nixon, and Johanna Southcote, and last, not least, who is the illustrious St. John Long? The same, the same! Has not my family discovered a remedy for every disease under the sun? Have they not formed joint-stock companies which would enrich all who joined them? Did they not fish up chests of plate at Vigo Bay, and sacks of pearls at the Ladrones? and did they not send home cargoes of the precious metals from the watery mines of South America?

Did they not lend loans at an excellent interest to every independent state as large as a potatoe-garden? Who can forget the immense profits which were realized by the Tlalpuaxhua, the Real del Monte, and the Rio de la Plata shares? by the loans to Guatamala, Buenos Ayres, Peru, Chili, Columbia, and Mexico? Who formed the washing-company, the milk-company? Who made the Thames tunnel? The same, the same! Have I not reason to be proud of my family?

Literary eminence has been in their hands for many generations, from the author of the "Koran," to that of "Satan, a poem." Indeed, my talented relations seem very frequently to monopolize the favour of the public. They have even gone so far as to create royal societies, and to institute clubs. Biographers are of my kith and kin. Boswell and Croker are my cousins german. Political economists are generally bound to me by nearer ties: Maculloch and Malthus are almost brothers. The managers of theatres, if you will ask the actors; the editors, if you will ask their contributors; and the critics, if you will ask the authors, are, nearly or distantly, related to me. You may judge of the first by the bill of performance; if it speaks of "overflows," a sure sign; the next, by the frequent mention of their "principles;" the third, by an appearance of honest indignation for the degraded state of literature; if they have these signs, they have a right to quarter the family arms. The poets of the day to whom I claim kindred, are numerous and select, but it is impossible to name them all; and the rest would quarrel with me if I were only to mention a few. On the church my family has conferred many shining ornaments; from Thomas à Becket and Wolsey, to Spencer Percival and Edward Irving. The lords spiritual, I am proud to say, have done much honour to the name from whence they sprung.

As statesmen they have been equally illustrious. There is scarcely one who has had the direction of affairs, or who has been in the enjoyment of office, with whom I cannot claim relationship. To my ancestors are we indebted for the blessings of the national debt, tithes, sinecures, pensions, rotten boroughs, and taxes, and for the glory we achieved in the war with America. Their descendants opposed the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—they opposed Catholic Emancipation, and they are now laudably engaged in opposing Reform. I have lost many great men, but there are many remaining to keep up the honour of the family name. While we can boast of such statesmen as Londonderry and Wharncliffe, such legislators as Hardinge and Peel, and such orators as Hunt and Wetherell, let us not despair. The members of my family may always be known in parliament by a superior patriotism, and a more frequent announcement of disinterestedness. They are above petty motives, they are superior to low desires. They undertake office for the good of their country, and dislike leaving their places, for fear the country might be a loser by the change. Indeed they are always patriots, always virtuous, and always disinterested.

But there are others of my relations whom it would seem invidious to pass over. These begin life as the oracles of Select Vestries, are particularly partial to parish money, and patronize periodical feasting, as long as it continues at the expense of other people. They become members of corporations, and, as they have lately done at Bristol, shew themselves in a time of danger, with the same alacrity as at the time of dinner. To Sir Claudius Hunter and Sir Peter Laurie I am proud to claim relationship.

Few are aware how many of our public architects are of that distinguished race from which I am descended. Our ancestors lived in their dwellings of wood till they caught fire; but we, in this age of improvement, are enabled to live in our neat fabrics of lath and plaster till they fall down. Look at the villas of the Regent's Park!—are the mansions of Inigo Jones to be compared to them? View the modern churches—are not these pretty buildings far superior to the heathenish structures of Sir Christopher Wren? And why are these so—but because Mr. Nash and Sir Geoffrey Wyatville are my first cousins.

The medical practitioners have acknowledged the relationship by the extreme avidity with which they have undertaken to relieve the public from all fear of the Cholera. They have instituted Boards of Health, and introduced many other plans which sufficiently shew their anxiety to do honour to the race from which they sprung. Another very imaginative race of men, more familiarly known as auctioneers, I feel flattered in being related to. Many members of this respectable community have the happy art of transforming things apparently worthless to articles of extraordinary value. They seem to possess the philosopher's stone, and turn all that's brass, except their own countenances, into gold. Give them a ruinous building, of which the rats and the winds are the only inmates, and it will rise in a night, like the palace of Aladdin, into a splendid family mansion, replete with every convenience. But we have understood that the new properties vanish immediately they come into the possession of the purchaser, and are no more heard of. The art of painting things in their brightest colours was first discovered by one of my ancestors. The lawyers, again, from time immemorial, have been known as an illustrious branch of the "Humbugs." They are the same now as they ever were. They shew the same happy facility of defending either side of a cause, the same dexterity in leading their clients through the mazes of the law, till they have completely incapacitated them for any further arbitration. They possess the same love of justice, and the same ideas of its value.

I am happy to say that my family is now in a very flourishing state. I never read an advertisement, or a speech in parliament, but I am confident as to the source in which it originated. Every declaration of a member at the hustings is full of the family sentiments. All prospectuses, designs, proposals, manifestoes, proceed from the same source. Those interesting pieces of information in our public prints, commonly called "Puffs," are manufactured on the same principles; and Rowland's Macassar claims its full share of public notice, as well as the last fashionable novel. When the Russian talks of freedom, the Italian of patriotism, the Frenchman of sentiment, the Portuguese of glory, the Dutchman of taste, the German of religion, the Scotsman of modesty, and the Irishman of metaphysics; and when an Englishman prefers French *politesse,* and a *coutelette à la Maintenon,* to British hospitality and roast beef, there cannot be a doubt in the world that they belong to my ancient and respectable family—they are all "Humbugs."

W*.

MONT-BLANC.

"The monarch of mountains."

I've stood beneath thy pinnacles, I've gazed upon thy brow,
But thou art far more glorious beholding thee as now;
As now, within this little vale, on which thou lov'st to brood.
Where I have stood for hours and gazed, as growing where I stood.

What art thou now?—a mountain king, on mountains looking down;
Enthroned amidst the solitude, an avalanche thy crown.
Here pedestal'd on earth, like one who spurned the ground he trod,
Lifting thy majesty of pride, high, heavenward, like a god!

In vain the dun-plumed tyrant, Time, hath touched thee with his wing;
In vain the whirlwind and the flame around thee rave and spring.
Thou fling'st the foam of ages back as strong winds toss the cloud—
To nought beneath the scorching skies has thy dark forehead bowed.

I look on thee, and many thoughts come welling from my heart—
Thoughts of the years that thou hast seen, and still wilt see depart.
Dark dial of the dead! the sun looks fiercely on thee now;
How many seasons has he flung his glories on thy brow?

Where are the thousand lives, whose fame was poized upon a breath!
These lords of triumph, sceptred ones—slaves of a realm of death.
Where are the flashing eyes, that slept their life away, in dreams—
Claiming the homage of earth's hills, her forests, and her streams?

Where are they all, these rulers stern, lords o'er the rills and glades,
These unit monarchs of the world, these animated shades?
They are—the Past; yet thou art still what thou hast ever been,
A temple, where old Memory broods in mockery of the scene!

O 'tis an humbling thing to turn on the red track of Time,
To trace his way through folly, tears, pride, ignorance, and crime;
And then, like rivers driven back to springs that gave them birth,
To bend our inmost thoughts upon this bulwark of the earth.

It stands unaltered! man has passed—the conqueror, despot, slave!
With all his passions and his pride—to gloom and to the grave!
Yet this—the temple of dead Time, a cemetry of hours—
Still seems a throne, whence Death surveys the victims he devours.

A record—blotted by the tears of mourning ages fled!
A tablet—whereon Time may count the numbers of his dead!
Whate'er it be, strong blast and storm, sharp ice, and flashing flame,
Have war'd with it by turns—and, lo! this rock is still the same!

The same! ay, still the same it lifts its lonely, glorious brow,
In solemn, silent majesty, ever the same as now!
The has-been, is, and is to be—a mountain-cradle, whence
The infant morn has daily sprung in mute magnificence!

The index of the evening star! pale citizen of night,
Looking upon all lovely things, unearthly, and most bright;
Thou art a land of dreams, Mont-Blanc, a fountain of deep thought,
Of feelings wild as are the clouds whereof thy crown is wrought.

Shrine of the Past! Yes, thou dost seem a Titan, still unmarr'd,
Whose locks are white with antique snow, whose brow is thunder-charr'd:
Who, in his ancient solitude, and loneliness of mind,
Doth look as if he held in scorn the power of human-kind.

H. C. D.

JEAN JACQUES TARDEE.

Of the many diversities of men, who compose the great stream of emigration annually setting towards the western world, few comparatively are natives of France. Whether the love of home be stronger in him than in the men of other lands, or that the land of labour has no charms for the man accustomed to the lighter employments of the vineyard, the toyshop, and the camp, it is certain that the roadside inquiries of the traveller in the western world are seldom answered by the voice of a Frenchman. Of the few natives of that country, none are in circumstances of laborious poverty; and, whilst nationality is traced in the crowds from Ireland, toiling as at home in the most degrading employments of human life, the wealthy and intelligent Frenchman is usually encountered at the wharf, the gaming-house, or tavern.

Of the latter description of men was Jean Jacques Tardée, of whom, during a recent sojourn in the United States of America, I learned the following dark history. He was a native of Paris, and emigrated to America about the year 1816, a dentist by profession, and though possessed of many fine accomplishments of person, manners, and knowledge of languages, he yet preferred, to the steady exercise of a lucrative and useful profession, to grasp at fortune by the most iniquitous means. His first exploit was at Charleston in South Carolina. In that port was a newly-built, fast-sailing, and valuable pilot-boat, the most superb of that class of vessels, the grace of the harbours of America. Jean Jacques there formed the design of carrying off this vessel from the wharf, and having corrupted the negroes employed in the navigation of the boat, a night was appointed when this villain rightly judged, that once unmoored and under way, pursuit was in vain after the fastest sailing vessel in the port, and that the circumstance of a pilot-boat passing out at night, would excite no suspicions from the fortifications at the mouth of the harbour. But slight circumstances often frustrate the most skilful projects of human villany. A mercantile gentleman of Charleston had observed Tardée in conversation with the negroes attached to the vessel, and with that watchful spirit which pervades all residents in slave countries, he communicated his suspicions to the master of the boat, when, by a separate examination of the negroes, it was discovered that the Frenchman had prevailed upon them, by promises of liberty, a large sum of money, and a share in his future adventures, to carry off the vessel to the island of Cuba. Being resolved to secure the Frenchman in his own toils, the negroes were enjoined, upon promise of forgiveness for the past, to continue apparently to carry on the plot; and accordingly on a certain night the master was informed that Tardée would arrive at midnight in a wherry from a neighbouring wharf, to which his baggage was already conveyed, for the purpose of eluding the vigilance of the police by night. True to the appointed time, a boat with muffled oars crept stealthily at midnight to the side of the vessel; its only tenant was Tardée, who handed up a trunk and mounted upon deck. The pilot first met him. Tardée instantly discharged a pistol at his breast, but without effect, and was soon overpowered, secured, and conveyed to the guard-house. When taken before the magistrates on the following morning, his fine address did not forsake him, and in answer to the charge, he described himself as a

dentist, who, being engaged to go down to Sullivan's Island, to perform an operation upon the teeth of a lady resident there, the negroes attached to the pilot-boat had offered to convey him to the island for a small remuneration, and upon coming accordingly to the vessel, he had been met and assaulted by the owner, and was compelled, in his own defence, to fire the pistol. The plausibility of this account, and his manner, assumed as that of an injured and much-outraged man, added to the inadmissibility of the evidence of the negroes in support of the charge, had almost ensured his dismissal, when search was previously made in the trunk, from which was produced a deed of transfer of the pilot-boat, with her tackle, furniture, and negroes, to Jean Jacques Tardée, bearing the forged signature of the complainant himself, and a large and most imposing seal. At sight of this the confidence of the Frenchman deserted him; he attempted no explanation of the document, and was immediately committed to prison. It being subsequently thought that the charge of piracy could not be suported, owing to the incompleteness of any overt act, the vessel not having been unmoored, the indictment was accordingly founded upon a conspiracy to have stolen and feloniously carried away the vessel; upon which charge Tardée was arraigned, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for a term of two years.

These occurrences brought to the remembrance of the citizens of Charleston the melancholy circumstances of an affair of recent occurrence, in which the captain and several of the passengers and crew of a packet-ship, trading thence to the port of New York, had been carried off by poison. This tragic occurrence had happened at sea, and a negro cook being suspected under circumstances of extreme probability, upon the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, the unfortunate man was tried, condemned, and executed. It now, however, was remembered that Tardée had been a passenger in the vessel at the time, that he and two fellow-passengers, having the appearance of Spaniards of fortune, had not partaken, upon pretences of religious scruples, of the food which had contained the deadly adulteration; and it was moreover known, that Tardée had been a witness of a quarrel which had occurred between the captain and the cook upon the morning in question, when the latter had declared his intention to be revenged in consequence,—a circumstance which, upon his trial, had sealed his condemnation. There now remained little doubt that Tardée and his accomplices were the perpretators of the murderous deed, that an artful advantage had been taken of the occurrence of the quarrel and declarations of revenge, to ensure the success of the plot for which they had embarked as passengers, and none doubted now that the unfortunate negro had died an innocent man. This is the case related by Captain Hall, of the fifteenth dragoons, in his "Travels in North America in the year 1817." He was present in Charleston at the time of the trial of the negro, and, though his impressions of the innocence of the man were not founded on any other than the favourable feeling, which humanity often raises in the breast of an Englishman in a land of slavery, and, though human judgment could not unravel a design laid with such diabolical cunning, it is certain that our amiable officer was too correct in his narrative of an affair which he has treated with such power and pathos. With all this accumulation of crime upon his head, still Tardée was imprisoned but a

short time, and he was added to those criminals too easily pardoned by the executive, the list of whom does undoubtedly sully the administration of justice in America. After a confinement of a few months, a remission of the remainder of his sentence was granted by the new governor of South Carolina, and this dark demon was once again let loose upon the world.

In a few weeks he was heard of again, and this fatal and final exercise of his black art covered him with destruction. Being rejoined by the two Spaniards, mentioned as his fellow-passengers in the former voyage from New York, he had departed from Charleston for the port of New Orleans on the Mississippi river; thence they embarked again as passengers in the brig Crawford, bound to the Chesapeak. Towards the conclusion of the voyage, poison was again administered in the food, and the captain, crew, and every human being excepting the three passengers and the mate of the vessel, lay dead upon the deck! Tardée then assumed the command; the mate had been preserved for the purpose of navigating the vessel, and as it was not expedient to enter any of the harbours of America, and the cargo consisted of merchandize suitable to a European market, it was determined upon to sail for Hamburgh. It was found, however, that the remaining water and provisions were insufficient for a voyage across the Atlantic, to procure a supply of which, the vessel stood into the Chesapeak, and anchored in Hampton Roads, opposite to a small fort and country town. Here the two Spaniards were dispatched to the shore in a boat for the requisite supplies, and Tardée and the mate were now alone in the vessel. His dreadful situation flashed across the mind of the mate; he was now for the last time in sight of his native shores; in a few hours he should again be on the lonely waters of the ocean, his companions pirates, and at any hour he might convey to his own lips the cup of death. The vigilance and ready weapons of Tardée forbad the risk of an encounter, the return of the Spaniards would be the signal for the departure of the vessel, another boat containing only a single oar was alongside, the Frenchman had retired for a moment to the cabin; and the mate, descending to the boat, had sculled beyond the reach of the pistols of Tardée, who was at last seen rushing frantic upon deck. In his boat, and with a single oar, the mate soon reached the shore, and having communicated the affair to the commander of the port, the Spaniards were secured in the village, and a party of soldiers were soon dispatched to the brig. Upon the floor of the cabin Tardée lay dead, his throat severed, in despair, from ear to ear. The Spaniards were afterwards tried, condemned, and executed; the vessel is now peacefully trading along the coasts of America, and I recently was in that cabin where ended the crimes and existence of Jean Jacques Tardée!

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE PLEASURES OF "PROVIDENCE."—The oddest notions seem to exist in parliament regarding Providence. If we are to have faith in Sir R. Inglis and the other church champions, we must suppose it to be the peculiar delight of the Divine Power to scatter the seeds of evil among mankind, and to introduce the cholera into England. They are as much at a loss as the College of Physicians to discover the source of the pestilence; and so they must devoutly trace it to the "pleasure of Divine Providence." But we are not so profane as these pious persons; and would as soon believe that it "pleased" Divine Providence to send Sir R. Inglis to parliament—when we know that he was sent there by a portion of the clergy, who have probably as little to do with Providence as the most sinful and selfish of constituents. Sir Robert, in his exultation at having obtained the introduction of the words "Divine Providence" into the Scotch Anti-Cholera Bill, poured a phial of pious wrath on Mr. Hume's head, for using the word "humbug" in connection with the amendment, We give Mr. Hume's reply: he said—

"It was not usual for members to mention publicly words or expressions which were not intended for their ears. However, as the honourable baronet had thought proper to mention the words publicly which he had said to an honourable member near him, he would state what he did say. He said it was humbug to set forth such words in an act of parliament as, that 'it had pleased God' to afflict the country with a pestilence—and the honourable baronet ought also to have added these words, 'cant and hypocrisy.' He did not wish to retract the words, but would repeat them; and assure the honourable baronet, that he looked with surprise on the religious professions of those who, like the Pharisee in Scripture, were over ostentatious of their sanctity, and took every opportunity of displaying it in the market-place, and the House of Commons."

We have no fear that in an age like this our disapproval of the allusion to Providence in such a document will be misunderstood. True church policy may require its introduction, but true reverence for the Deity may equally demand its omission. There are members of parliament who are as apprehensive on the score of their piety as *Acres* was on that of his honour; they are always urging government to "edge in something" about religion, because they feel it "oozing out at the palms of their hands." We are not illiberal when we say that many of these persons are influenced far more by church-feeling than by religion. Sheridan wrote an epigram on the rise in the price of beer, consequent on an increased duty upon malt, and concluded it with a very pertinent question—

"But what has *malt* to do with beer?"

In the same spirit we ask, what has piety to do with the props of the church, or sanctity with sees and sinecures?

POTATOES IN PARLIAMENT.—We read the other day, in some agricultural corner of a newspaper, that somebody had planted "one potato of the red kidney sort, the produce of which was sixty potatoes. This seed next year produced three bushels, which being again planted produced eleven sacks. The produce of the last year from that seed was no less than 168 sacks."

As Cobbett calls the potato a "soul-debasing root," it naturally

awakens parliamentary associations. This prolific specimen of the plant forcibly reminds us of Mr. Croker. He is "a potato of the red kidney sort." Somebody planted him in parliament—and how he has grown! He immediately shot into a politician of a sixty-potato power; came out the next session as big as three bushels; and during his Admiralty-secretaryship swelled at least into the size of 168 sacks. The chronicler of the above in stating the quantity has forgotten to record the *quality* of the potatoes thus marvellously propagated; we suspect them to be of a very inferior order. If so, here is more affinity. That the parallel might still hold good, we should like to have a calculation, according to Mr. Cobbett's theory, as to the extent of physical mischief that has sprung from this one potato; and a like estimate of the amount of moral mischief, occasioned by the planting of a single Croker in the field of politics.

BOOKWORMS AND BIBLIOPOLES.—We are continually scandalized by the squabbles of authors and booksellers. The first accuse the others of living luxuriously upon the produce of *their* wit; while the booksellers retort, that the wit they speak of, is principally employed in picking *their* pockets. The two orders never think alike. They agree in nothing but in robbing the public. The author calls the bookseller grinding and selfish; declaring the scanty pittance he receives, scarcely pays the rent of his back room, 4th floor, and never allows him a full meal. The Bibliopole triumphantly replies, "You rogue; are we not the patrons, the Mecænas's of literature? Did we not bring your works to light, would you not starve altogether? As to full meals, we know your interest better—slender fare makes a man thoughtful, and attics are proverbial for sharpening the wit." There is some reason in this; and after all, the booksellers must be the best judges. Their opinion on diet we should recommend before that of Dr. Paris. An anecdote is going the round of the literary circles, against one of these worthy "patrons and Mecænas's of literature," who dwelt not long since in the vicinity of Temple-bar—the city side of course. He had the proud distinction of introducing literary medical practitioners to the public by vending their books. He would often say, in his own witty way, that, "he was drugged in more ways than one." It was so good a joke, that it lasted him longer than his shop. One day, a physician alighted from his carriage, and entering this emporium of physical learning, inquired of its sleek-faced master, "whether he had a copy of Heberden's Commentaries?"—"No, Sir;" replied the man of letters, "but we have Cæsar's Commentaries, and they are by far the best."

LORDS AT THE LIFE OFFICE.—A paragraph appeared a few weeks ago in the *Court Circular*, which has escaped the observation of our contemporaries. It is an important paragraph—though in the *Court Circular*—and we here copy it.

"Mr. George Farren, director of the *Asylum Life Office*, had the honour of an audience of the King to present to his Majesty a work entitled 'Observations on the *Expectation of Life* and the average *duration* of the *occupancy of title* by the Peers of Great Britain.'"

Next to knowing what his Majesty's reflections were on reading such a work, we should enjoy a glance at it ourselves. "Expectation of life," and the "average duration of the occupancy of title," as applied to

peers just now, are very significant terms. It is pretty plain, from the "audience" which the Director has had with the King, that the Lords have been already making inquiries as to the length of their legislative lives, and flocking in alarm to the Asylum Life Office. Will Mr. George Farren enlighten us as to the amount of premium requisite to insure the political existence of a marquis, and whether he would rate a duke as double hazardous?

The Ex-Secretary at War, and the Whipper-in.—We did not expect to have been so soon obliged to style Sir Henry Parnell the Ex-Secretary. Ministers, however, have acted judiciously, and with a promptitude that is a little at variance with the rest of their conduct. We wish they would make up their minds to be as brisk with measures as with men. The appointment of Sir John Hobhouse to the office of War-Secretary, is calculated to strengthen them in the opinions of a large number of persons, and will be accepted as another pledge of their sincerity. But then we do not want more pledges—we want those that are already given to be redeemed. In the meantime, the *Court Journal* gives us an amusing specimen of *nonchalance* contained in a note to Sir Henry Parnell, from

The Whipper-in.—"This useful (non-) official is said to have addressed a note to the late Secretary at War (who, previously to being 'cashiered,' was on a visit at Cobham, and desirous of a temporary absence from his parliamentary duties), in which he laconically signified that he had found for him (Sir Henry) a *pair* for 'Tuesday night' (when Lord Chandos' motion was expected to come on); but, added Mr. H., 'if the report is true, that you are OUT, perhaps you will *pair* with us.'"

Leigh Hunt.—We have elsewhere expressed an opinion of Mr. Hunt's last production, *Sir Ralph Esher*, a work which, we had hoped, would have shed a brighter hue upon his fortunes than, we regret to learn, they have lately enjoyed. *The Tatler*, our constant and ever-agreeable breakfast companion of the past twelvemonth, has proved, it seems, more pleasant to us than profitable to him; and he has at length relinquished it, under circumstances which must render the appeal contained in the subjoined paragraph, unaffectedly painful to all who love literature, and can estimate the character of one of its most gifted and generous-minded ornaments:—

"Several of the friends of literature having been made acquainted with the pressing difficulties under which a man of genius is unhappily sinking, are anxious to unite in one common purpose of justice and benevolence towards him, that they may testify their respect for intellectual exertion, and rescue the cause of letters from an unworthy reproach. They approve of the annexed plan, proposed with a view to a general subscription. They invite every friend of genius in the community to join with them in promoting its success; so as to secure, by their united exertions, a solid testimony to Mr. Leigh Hunt, of their desire to see a man of letters, of his standing and reputation, not only rescued from the immediate danger of necessity, but put in possession of such a security of means, as would no longer leave him to the chance of repeated illnesses, and all the anxieties they produce, in a man of sensibility and a father."

The plan is to publish, in a handsome volume, price one guinea, a collection of Mr. Hunt's poems, revised by himself, with notes and other additions—including an unpublished poem, the first of any length

written for some years. The names of all who are disposed to assist, in what must be desired by hundreds of the lovers of poetry, (to say nothing of those who may have gentle hearts, without having music in their souls), will be received by Mr. Moxon, New Bond-street—Mr. Tilt, Fleet-street—and Mr. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

It is with real delight that we see, in sanction of the undertaking, such a brilliant list of names as the following:—

Dover—F. Leveson Gower—Vassall Holland—Mulgrave—John Russell—John Edward Swinburne—Edward Lytton Bulwer—John H. Hawkins—Thomas Babington Macaulay—Richard L. Sheil—Thomas Barnes—John Bowring—Thomas Campbell—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Walter Coulson—Allan Cunningham—Charles Wentworth Dilke—William Godwin—Joseph Hine—James Hogg, Thomas Hood—J. D'Israeli—Joseph Jekyll—William Jerdan—James Sheridan Knowles—Charles Lamb—Walter Savage Landor—Henry Luttrell—Frederick Marryat—Thomas Pringle—Bryan Waller Proctor—Leitch Ritchie—Samuel Rogers—Thomas Roscoe—Horatio Smith—Robert Southey—Sharon Turner—William Wordsworth.

If no more permanent good should arise to Mr. Hunt from the step thus taken, than the pleasure of seeing so many illustrious persons, political foes, as well as literary friends, combining to honour and aid him, he may still congratulate himself, even on the ill-fortune that has led to such an acknowledgment of his genius and worth. There are few, even in this rich list, that are richer in any thing except health and worldly advantages than Leigh Hunt; and we may add, that there are not many of them wealthier, even in this last particular, than Leigh Hunt might have been, had he walked in a more worldly way. But he has been the victim of more persecutions than one; his talents have been as much reviled as his love of truth. He wrote the most liberal and elegant criticisms on other men, and was therefore written down without mercy or meaning; he called the most contemptible of all court-coxcombs an elderly Adonis, and was condemned to a two years' residence in a receptacle for felons, at the yearly rent of five hundred pounds! Is it wonderful that Mr. Hunt, with no prop but his pen, never recovered the sacrifice of a thousand pounds, and the effects of an incarceration, which it is difficult to contemplate, even at this distance of time, with feelings of patience. How deeply may we rejoice, for his sake as well as for society's, that Castlereagh, in a fit of temporary "sanity," (the preceding acts of his life may be charitably attributed to "insanity"), put an end to himself and the system together. Mr. Hunt has outlived his oppressors; he has survived to see the principles, for which he has sacrificed so much, triumphant to a degree, that even his enduring spirit of hope could never have anticipated; and we trust that he will yet live, to see the tide of his fame and fortunes flow more pleasantly and smilingly on—that life may grow more green and tranquil to him as he proceeds, and that his chequered day may have a golden sunset.

FAVOURITISM AT THE BRITISH GALLERY.—The *Athenæum* has some comments upon a system, so prejudicial to art, and so often complained of, both with reference to this and other institutions, that we extract them, in the hope that they may elicit inquiry. Varley's "Saul" is the subject of criticism:—

"We cannot take leave of this subject without inquiring, at the request of more than one artist, why it is that this fine original picture is placed, at the

British Gallery, in such a situation, that it is impossible to make out any of its beautiful details? The artist has thrown a funeral gloom over the picture, that wonderfully heightens the effect; but which, from the position in which it is placed, makes it serve as a dark mirror to reflect the tawdry works of more favoured artists: and why is it that the name of the painter is altogether omitted in the catalogue? We direct the attention of the noble patrons of this Institution to these facts: they are illustrative of the system of favouritism which marks the whole management; but if they desire a specific proof of that favouritism, we are prepared to shew that a courtesy was refused to one person, and granted on the same day to another, although the parties were known to apply for the same purpose, and that the favour would be an unjust advantage to one if refused to the other. When we drew attention to the treatment of Mr. Hall, of Salisbury, more than one nobleman asked for proof; this, in a question of taste, is rather difficult, but *proof of favouritism* we now offer to any noble director who shall think it worth while to desire it."

JUVENILE ROYALTY.—Modern philosophers have divided knowledge into various species, the useful, the entertaining, and so on; but it would puzzle them, perhaps, to find a term descriptive of the peculiar kind of knowledge, which we sometimes see paragraphed in the papers. Fifty years hence, when the world shall have shaken off that slavish devotion to mere rank, that demoralizing appetite to know something concerning the whereabout of its "betters," which is the source of so much mischief even yet, and which has been the cause of one-half of the mistakes that mankind have committed—the readers of the then newspapers will wonder how it could possibly happen that, only half a a century before, all classes of society felt so deep an interest in the movements of a sullen-looking lad, about twelve years of age, as to render it necessary to record his perambulations in public instructors, that are usually considered to be devoted to the affairs of the nation. What Ancient Britons must they think us, when they stumble on such an announcement as this! "Prince George of Cumberland, accompanied by his tutor, *honoured* Drury Lane Theatre *with his presence* on Friday evening."

Here are two interesting facts recorded:—First, that the son of a duke, who is about as beloved as he is enlightened, is regarded as an object of vast public curiosity; and next, that he *honours* Drury Lane Theatre, as often as he sets his little illustrious foot within the lobby. Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Bentham are common-place people—they only "visit" Drury Lane; Prince George of Cumberland "honours it with his presence." It may be said, that we are cavilling about terms, the mere frippery of court-phraseology; but it must be remembered that all customs are not harmless because they are contemptible. Of course two-thirds of society laugh at the absurdity of the thing; but the remaining third is dazzled by its effrontery, and cheated into a fit of admiration of the little Cumberland Colossus, under whose legs our Brutuses are to peep about for their renown. If Ulysses were living in 1832, he might well say,

"The world is *still* deceived by ornament."

There are people (we have seen them) who not only stand contemplating Prince George's spurs and pony with rapture and reverence, but who extend their idolatry to the laced jacket of his footboy. The only thing that at all counteracts the debasing effects of this absurd curiosity is that they invariably walk away with the conviction that the footboy,

from the superior glitter and prodigality of his equipments, is the most important personage of the two.

No CHALK.—It appears that the bill for the abolition of imprisonment for debt in America "works well," as applied to New York; and the system is consequently to be put in general force all over the Union—a fact, which, as a poet like Mr. Watts would say, adds another leaf to America's laurel. But the paper which announced this gratifying intelligence, relates in a paragraph nearly subjoined to it, a circumstance in natural history that seems to have some connection with the affairs between debtor and creditor in the United States. It informs us, that up to the present period of scientific investigation, "*no chalk* has been discovered in North America." Now this is really a valuable bit of discovery; and we heartily wish that the Geological Society, instead of wasting their resources on anniversary-dinners, as they have lately been doing, would at once set about establishing the proof of a similar absence of that article in this country. Surely, our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, will not fail to take the hint which nature herself has so beneficently thrown out to them; and instead of abolishing the power of getting into prison, put an end at once to the power of getting into debt. The scarcity of chalk ought certainly to be numbered among the natural blessings of America. Had the soil on that side of the ocean been as chalky as this, America might have been visited by a comet, like Pitt, with a golden train of eight hundred millions.

THE MAJORS AND THE MINORS.—The anti-monopoly principle has gained ground with a rapidity that bids fair to overwhelm the patentees before they can get their eyes open to the peril in which they have placed themselves. A meeting has been held (all meetings, we observe, are numerous and respectable, but this really deserved the epithets) at the City of London Tavern, to petition Parliament for the abolition of the monopoly, Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Bulwer has done himself no little honour by the courage and earnestness with which he has come forward in opposition to the dramatic monopolists. His name, which we may truly say must be honourably connected with our literature as long as a novel shall exist in the land, gives a lustre and consequence to the cause, which had previously nothing but its own truth to recommend it; while his arguments in favour of a free trade in the drama were as convincing in reasoning, as they were elegant in style. Most of the resolutions were proposed in very able addresses—some of them by members of the profession, amongst whom were Mr. Elton, Mr. Serle, and Mr. Macarthy. Dowton, too, who is excluded from the great theatres, said a few words that at least had the merit of coming from his heart; and Mr. Moncrieff a few more, that one can scarcely imagine came from his head, which, in a dramatic sense at least, used to be a clever one of its kind. The resolutions were carried, not simply with unanimity, but with enthusiasm; and the petition, as the prayer of the inhabitants of London, will be presented to the House of Commons by Alderman Waithman—Mr. Bulwer and Col. Evans pledging themselves to support it.

We are pleased with this meeting for several reasons; and among others, that it has given us an opportunity of seeing that Mr. Bulwer's political and literary character is no less highly than justly appreciated by the public.

The Garrick Club.—To the excitement which the establishment of this new social society has produced, may fairly be attributed the indifference which marks the public mind on the subject of cholera. People cannot be affected by such important matters as the cholera and a club at the same time. The College of Physicians hides its diminished chimneys before the temple of the drama in King Street. Yet little of this was promised by the style of its commencement. The names of the first-appointed committee are now before us; we take a few of them alphabetically—

Bedford, Duke of
Barrymore, Wm.
Croker, John Wilson
Coveney, Zachariah
Devonshire, Duke of
Ducrow, Mons.
Ellar, T.
Ellenborough, Lord
Gyngel, E. B. F.
Gower, Lord F. L.
Gouffe, Mons.
Hertford, Marquis of
Hartland, Nicholas
Mahon, Viscount
Martin, Mons.
Porchester, Lord
Parsloe, Matthew Muggeridge
Peel, Sir Robert
Paulo, Signor
Sibthorpe, Col.
Sloman, Abraham
&c. &c.

These are names that undoubtedly shed lustre on one another; and yet we could not anticipate the brilliant results (in the shape of a dinner) that have attended their labours. A club of rank and talent in King Street was looked upon as a piece of affectation by one party; while another found some satisfaction in the reflection that the aristocracy were obliged to come eastward for their associations and amusements. However the opening has been celebrated by a dinner, to which, although the room was only large enough for forty, two hundred practical diners-out sat delightedly down in the presence of the Duke of Sussex.

Of course nothing very particular was said or done upon the occasion, but something rather particular was omitted;—and this was, of all other things in the world, in a club established for the promotion of the drama —"the memory of Shakspeare." No, it was never once thought of.

"Oh! no they never mentioned him,
His name was never heard!"

They went through the whole theatrical alphabet of names; they drank success to the next new pantomimes, and the healths of Messrs. Farley and Barrymore—and forgot Shakspeare; they proposed the memory, or the long life, of every goose they could think of, and left out the sweet swan. And this at the Garrick Dinner—to forget him, who has had the honour of being called Garrick's "twin-star," in one of the most impudent lines ever placed upon a monument in Westminster Abbey—

"Garrick and Shakspeare like twin-stars shall shine."

But perhaps they were fearful of offending Mr. Planché, and the other dramatists, by mentioning a man who, in his day, was almost as distinguished as themselves; or perhaps they saw that he has nothing to do with the drama, as it is at present conducted;—or, what is as near the truth, that they should best pay him honour by omitting all mention of his name in such an assembly.

It may not be generally known that a "Grimaldi Club" is to be immediately formed in opposition to the "Garrick Club," of which the Duke of Newcastle is to be chairman.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—We find one of the most important "signs" in a statement in the *Examiner*—that the sale of Mr. Bentham's works during the last twelvemonth was three times greater than in any preceding year. When we consider the good that Mr. Bentham's views cannot fail of disseminating, we hail this fact as a happy omen, and we hope that the multiplying principle may go on as it has begun. It were worth something to have been present at the dinner given by Mr. Bentham to Talleyrand the other day—the guest nearly eighty, and the host almost ninety. What events must they not have talked over, and what probabilities discussed! How bright must appear the solid lustre hourly gathering round the cause of freedom, compared with the false brilliancy of the past! How fast is the meteor of toryism fading, before the glowing daybreak of moral hope, and political regeneration!

MORTALITY IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM IV.—It appears that we have small need of cholera to help us off with our surplus population. A new rate of mortality seems to have come in with a new monarch; and people begin to die at the very moment that they might have seen something worth living for. Since the accession of King William not less, we are told, than *twenty-four* generals and *twenty-six* admirals, have found their way into Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere. Considering that his Majesty continues to receive the most friendly assurances from all foreign powers, this attack upon the army and navy-list is rather prodigious. Napoleon himself could scarcely have made greater gaps in the United Service Club in the time. To be sure they were not all Nelsons and Marlboroughs, or we should have marked them as they dropped off; whereas one can hardly name five, of the fifty great warriors. But a much wider destruction than this has been going on. We could count up at least two hundred and fifty place-holders, and perhaps four times that number of place-hunters, that have perished since the death of the fourth George. The class of persons called tories drop off like flies in the autumn; the seeds of consumption are within them. Tailors, architects, and gilders, die hourly of broken hearts; and mortality is spreading through every channel of heedless waste and pampered luxury, from one end of the empire to the other. Such are a few of the fatal events that follow the footsteps of a patriot king!

THE GALLERY OF THE OPERA.—We have just had occasion to notice one sign of the times, and here comes another in the announcement that it is in contemplation to reduce the price of admission to the gallery of the Opera. The terms to the boxes and pit are to continue as they are; not a dowager will squeeze herself into a box at less than the usual price for exhibiting her diamonds and daughters; not a viscount, however beggared he may be at Crockford's, will have a chance of edging into the pit upon a reduced scale of expense; but your middle classes will be allowed a discount of twenty per cent. at least—they are to have elegant enjoyments upon their own terms; and the pleasure in the course of time, probably, of seeing the various illustrious scions of aristocracy, walking one by one up the gallery stairs, from inability to pay for the pit. What revolutions are in store for the rising generation!

DEATHS IN FEBRUARY 1832.—February, though the shortest of the months, has this year been remarkable for the unusual number of deaths

of eminent persons which it has brought in its train. At the head of the list is the venerable poet CRABBE, almost the last link that connected us with the Johnson days, and certainly the only living poet whose lines had had the honour of being submitted to the judgment of the literary giant. We believe Johnson spoke well of Crabbe's first effort; but his poetry has a vital principle in it that would have enabled it to survive any knocking down which it might have received, even at the hands of that Cribb of critics. He has left an unpublished poem in the hands of Mr. Murray. It may have a chance of selling now.

The next on the list is hardly less venerable, or less dear to us. Poor Joseph Shepherd Munden, as the newspapers call thee now—thou, who wert never anything but plain, ungentlemanly Joe Munden, whilst living! Ah! well-a-day—Mundens and monarchs walk the same path; but how many, or rather how many hundred, of the kingly class would it take, to make up the amount of thy value to the world—thou compound of pleasantry and pathos, thou embodiment at once of *Dozey* and *Old Dornton!*

The third is a benefactor of another class—the munificent Dr. Bell, whose splendid endowments and bequests will keep his name green as long as a recollection of public virtue and charity shall survive. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, with a less pompous shew of honour, than those who have little more than a funeral procession to entitle them to interment there.

The fourth on the list is a person whom we cannot but regard as interesting, from the circumstance of her being the object of Lord Byron's boyish affection (the celebrated Miss Chaworth), and probably the first grand source of all that flood of song—the little spring of the great Nile of poetry—for which the world has such just reason to be grateful.

The fifth instance is, for particular reasons, to us, more affecting than all. We have seldom been more shocked than by the intelligence of the death of poor James Fletcher, the author of the *History of Poland*. Upon this subject we will not trust ourselves to linger a moment, further than to say that he appeared to us, as far as our knowledge of him went, to be a person of no less moral feeling than of amiable manners. He possessed an elegant and accomplished mind, and held out as high a literary promise as any young writer of the day. His last sentences were written in this publication, to the January and February numbers of which he had been an extensive contributor. Let us close the painful subject with a recollection of the beautiful apostrophe of Campbell to the remains of a suicide:—

> "They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate,
> Whose crime it was on life's unfinished road,
> To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,
> And render back thy being's heavy load:
> Yet once perhaps the social passions glowed
> In that devoted bosom; and the hand
> That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
> To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
> Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown?
> He who thy being gave, shall judge of thee alone!"

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Sir Ralph Esher, or Adventures of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles the Second.

It was with considerable pleasure that the announcement of a work of fiction from the pen of Mr. Leigh Hunt was made known to us. The peculiar charm of by far the greater portion of his literary productions—his character as an acute and liberal critic—the opportunities he possessed of acquiring a knowledge of men as well as books, while living at one time in an atmosphere of poetry and genius, and at another in a "solitary cell" in the bosom of his own family, still honoured and respected as the victim of a petty and malignant persecution—his claims upon our esteem as a scholar, an essayist, a politician, and a poet, in whose writings we may always perceive the enlightened spirit of universal charity; these considerations led us to look forward to a "novel" from his pen, with a personal interest and expectation that we cannot be supposed to feel frequently.

The period which the author has chosen is one in which we mingle our most pleasurable, and some of our proudest recollections. The times of Milton and Dryden, of Cromwell and Blake—of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

Mr. Hunt has introduced to our notice a gentleman of ancient family, who joins the court of Charles the Second in its brightest period, shortly gets into high favour with all parties, is the depository of every body's secrets, while he keeps his own, is made a baronet by the king, gets into all sorts of adventures, and under the title of his memoirs, Sir Ralph Esher presents us with a journal of all he has heard, seen, thought or done. The names which we read of in history, and which store our memories with pleasing reminiscences, we here see—their persons and their characters; we become acquainted with their manners and their actions, and the secret motives which influenced them. Cromwell, by a beautiful episode which is skilfully woven in with the narrative, is brought before us in a more favourable light than that in which he is generally drawn. His government appears wise and impartial, and his motives considerate and just; whatever means he employed for obtaining the ends he had in view, he was directed by some noble impulses, and influenced by many liberal desires. He endeavoured to make all parties contented with his government at home, and took decisive measures that it should be respected abroad. While he lived he was successful.

We are as much interested for Sir Philip Herne, the generous, sincere and intellectual lover and friend—and the beautiful, repentant, and noble Lady Margaret—as we are for the romantic Sir Ralph and his tender and affectionate mistress. Sir Philip is the son of a fond mother, who is anxiously desirous that her only child should possess the same religious opinions as herself, which are those of the persecuted Roman Catholics, several of whose priests she secreted in her own house. For one, the reader, like ourselves, we doubt not, will have much respect. Though obliged to disguise her own religion, from the fanatics with whom she was obliged to mingle, she had so much affection for it, that it seemed to be the first wish of her heart, that her son, the inheritor of her family honours, should be brought up in the like persuasion. The arguments which are made use of by his mother's Jesuit counsellors to persuade the child—the methods they use to work upon his feelings and his fears, by disclosing to him skilful representations of the future felicity of the true church, and the horrible punishment of heretics, and his state of mind during the trials to which he is subjected, are described with great power and effect. He afterwards endures trials of equal importance, and goes through them with equal success. He becomes the friend of Sir Ralph Esher, and their friendship is honourable and unbroken; but after the sea-fight with the Dutch, in which they were both volunteers, and where he gives his friend the narrative of his past history, which is full of beautiful reflections and poetic thoughts, Sir Philip unaccountably disappears. His friend goes in search of him in London, at the time the plague was

raging with frightful mortality, and the author describes the extraordinary incidents which took place during that awful calamity, but without giving us too liberal a portion of its horrors. The search is continued for some time afterwards, but without producing any result. While he is residing in Surry, he is alarmed by the reports of a dreadful fire which is destroying London. He sets off in the night on horseback to obtain more certain intelligence. His observations we must allow him to give in his own words. The latter part of the description we think remarkably vivid.

"Not a soul seemed in bed in the villages, though it was ten o'clock. There was a talk of the French, as if they had caused it. By degrees I began to meet carts laden with goods; and on entering the borders of Southwark, the expectation of the scene was rendered truly awful; there was such a number of people abroad, yet such a gazing silence. Now and then one person called to another; but the sound seemed as if in bravado, or brutish An old man, in a meeting of cross-roads, was haranguing the people in the style of former years, telling them of God's judgments, and asserting that this was the pouring out of that other vial of wrath, which had been typified by the fiery sword—a spectacle supposed to have been seen in the sky at the close of the year sixty-four. The plague was thought to have been announced by a comet.

"Very different from this quieter scene, was the one that presented itself on my getting through the last street, and reaching the water-side. The comet itself seemed to have come to earth, and to be burning and waving in one's face, the whole city being its countenance, and its hair flowing towards Whitehall in a volume of fiery smoke. The river was of a bloodish colour, like the flame, and the sky over head was like the top of a pandemonium. From the Tower to St. Paul's there was one mass of fire and devastation, the heat striking in your eyes, and the air being filled with burning sparkles, and with the cries of people flying, or removing goods on the river. Ever and anon distant houses fell in, with a sort of gigantic shuffling noise, very terrible. I saw a steeple give way, like some ghastly idol, its long white head toppling, and going sideways as if it were drunk. A poor girl near me, who paced a few yards up and down, holding her sides as if with agony, turned and hid her eyes at this spectacle, crying out, 'Oh, the poor people! Oh, the mothers and babies!'"

We are initiated into much of the intrigue and plotting going forward around the king, where it seems as if people were born but for two objects, either to cheat others, or be cheated themselves. But we can turn from the dazzling profligacy of the court, to the repose and innocence of the country, where if we do not for a time find happiness, we shall find virtue, and the rest will surely follow. All concludes pleasantly, by more than one extraordinary *denouement*. Even the very villains have reason to be satisfied.

The Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher disclose to us all parties, and bring before us all descriptions of character, male and female, who were in the least distinguished during the eventful period of the Restoration. There is far more fact than fiction in the narrative, and less romance than many of our readers would imagine. In fact, it is a true picture of society as then constituted, written in a clear and flowing style, occasionally sparkling with wit and humour, and always liberal in wise reflections, gentle feelings, and poetic imagery.

Chantilly. In 3 Vols.

In all fictitious narrative the test of literary merit lies in the nearness of its approach to truth. Fictions, in fact, are but the shadows, or rather reflections of substances of which they must exhibit a faithful representation, else they become mere monstrous anomalies which can deserve neither "a local habitation nor a name" in the sanctuary of literature. Nothing can atone for the absence of verisimilitude; it is the vital principle of pure fiction. Upon its presence or absence will depend the fiat of just criticism. Where the dignity of truth is once sacrificed to the pruriency of a dreamy imagination, the judicious reader will instantly detect the imposition; the balance of interest, however in other respects nicely adjusted, will be overthrown, and he will at once feel that

he has before him a mere phantasmagoria of unsubstantial monsters and not the beautiful transcripts of nature.

As a violation of verisimilitude appears to us to be the besetting sin of modern fictions, we are the more gratified in coming to the perusal of a work which is altogether free from this prevailing defect, and this is the case with the work before us. Its great merit lies in the aptitude with which it identifies natural objects and events, and in the easy skill with which those objects and events are blended and harmonized. The extreme correctness of the delineations, the picturesque combination of the incidents, which are all so nicely adjusted and toned down as always to graduate, as it were, into their most appropriate position in the narrative, are excellencies which the author of "Chantilly" has exhibited with no common power. Her characters are not mere clumsy sketches from lifeless portraits, but vigorous originals, which live and breathe before us. They are not the puppets of a *fantoccini* which are jerked into fantastic motion by twitching a thread, but substantial and noble forms, into which the glorious God of the universe has "breathed a living soul." We are carried back into remote periods; but we look down the long vista of the past upon scenes which seem to start into vivid reality before us. The ideal merges, as it were, in the real, and we appear to hold communion with generations long since numbered with the things beyond the flood. There is, moreover, a compactness of combination, and rapidity of transition in this author's narrative, which not only quickens the reader's interest, but keeps it vigorously alive to the very close; an excellence rarely to be met with in those works of a similar class, with which the craving ambition of literary distinction has absolutely gorged the press of the nineteenth century. In addition to all this, there is a unity of design and execution which strongly marks the nice discernment of the author's mind. Every subordinate object is kept in such natural subserviency and union, as to amalgamate into one congruous whole; which would be incomplete if any of the minute accessories were removed, which constitute that totality so remarkable in a perfect picture.

We have awarded high praise to the author of this work, which the dedication shews us to be a lady; and she well deserves it. If this is her first production, it is one of excellent promise. It exhibits the elements of vigorous and fertile intellect; while the absence of all pretension is not one of its least agreeable features. The style of these volumes is simple, but correct, fervid rather than ornate, though occasionally flowered by the subdued ebullitions of a glowing fancy, and sunned by the charming development of those feelings, which strike upon the chords of human sympathy, and awake an instant echo in the heart.

THE OPERA. BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS."

FASHIONABLE novels, or works of fiction which pretend to pourtray the manners of exclusive society, will always find readers, either among the class they describe, or with a humbler race of mortals who are anxious to learn what is going forward in those circles from which they are shut out; but although some of them may possess considerable merit, their greatest recommendation is their novelty. A season is generally the period of their existence. Occasionally some *exposé* of the frivolities of high life, creates for a time what the advertisements are pleased to call a "prodigious sensation;" the next year it is forgotten for something of a similar nature. A person of *haut ton* would as soon think of committing the enormity of eating fish with his knife, or any thing else equally odd and horrible, as of asking for a fashionable novel of last season. Among the most distinguished of these writers, is the authoress of the work under review. Her work is as good as any thing of the same kind that we have read. No doubt it will have its run, and be as popular as the rest; and doubtless it will be as speedily forgotten. There are passages in it which disclose a talent of no ordinary nature, and some clever sketches of character are scattered over its three volumes; but it wants compression, and a more skilful arrangement of the

dramatis personæ. There are at least six heroines, three of whom are in love with the hero at the same time. Her delineations of female character are not very flattering to the sex. Katherine Darley and La Sylvestra are two "devils in garnet." The observations of the fair authoress are frequently more original than just; she seems to wish to produce an effect, and is not very particular about the means. *Par exemple*, her hero goes to Covent Garden Theatre, to hear the opera of Figaro, where he finds "a detestable orchestra," and "the worst *corps d'opera* that ever blundered through the enchantments of Figaro—a *Barber* who did not sing, a *Countess* who could not, a *Susanna* who should not, and a little sulky *Page* who would not; a bass who growled like a Polar bear, and a tenor that squeaked like a broken-winded bag-pipe!"

The writer, if we may judge from her remarks, seems to hold our theatrical representations in high contempt, and to consider that there is no comparison between ourselves and our continental neighbours as to their way of "getting up" their dramatic performances; with all due humility, we beg to ask her if she saw Masaniello when it came out in Paris, and the same opera when first represented here?—it was the opinion of a Frenchman, who possessed a considerable share of national pride, that the Drury Lane performance had much the advantage, more particularly in the splendour of its decorations and costume.

We must in justice to the authoress assert, that independent of a few blemishes, "The Opera" possesses many charms for the novel-reader, and we have no doubt it will meet with a very general perusal.

History of the Jews in all Ages. By the Author of "History in all Ages."

Few subjects have of late years been more generally and extensively (though not, perhaps, very learnedly and satisfactorily) investigated, than the history and destination of the most remarkable people known either to the ancient or to the modern world. Upon the comprehensive and indefatigable inquiries of a few German writers, the French and English of the present day founded the lighter and more popular works, which, whether written for political, historical, or wholly religious purposes, consist of materials, taken as they were found, without farther question, or additional sources of information, and thus applied to the particular objects which the writers had in view. Nearly the sole novelty attaching to these modern compendiums, is the different lights in which the actions and ordinances of the Jews, with their political and religious destiny, have been viewed. It is owing to this want of original inquiry, in fact, that while in all other matters there prevails so striking a coincidence and monotony in our recent writers, in their opinion and interpretation of facts and events, they differ widely from each other, offering the only ground, indeed, for interest and invention. Thus, down to Mr. Millman and Mr. Gleig, the necessity of throwing some new interest into the subject, has induced most writers to take very singular, and not very orthodox views on religious points—theorizing, and throwing out plausible doubts, and seeking to account by natural means, wherever possible, for events generally admitted to have been brought about by some miraculous interposition. The same love of novelty and complacent paradox, leads them too frequently to hazard assertions, not only at variance with the tenor and received belief of the Scriptures, but more directly so with each other. On this dangerous ground, presenting so many a "stumbling-block, and stone of offence," and which ought to be very warily trodden, we are glad to perceive that the author of the "History of the Jews in all Ages," has not cared to intrude; and in so far, we think, has shewn a correct judgment, and good taste, not evinced by the many reverend writers who have preceded him. Although, in point of style, and in general character, therefore, the present work cannot be brought into comparison with the studied and classical compositions on a similar subject, yet the principles upon which it is founded, its well condensed materials, its clear arrangement, and its freedom from unauthorized assumption and new interpretation, render it far better calculated to

answer the intended object—to afford popular information, without exciting doubts—to give the views and inferences entertained by older and greater writers—and though in a less polished garb, to furnish the leading incidents and events of the Jewish History, with the interpretation given to it, as they are found in the Bible itself. The principles, in short, upon which this work is founded, are, that the statements of the Scriptures, however irreconcileable with human maxims in parts, are to be received with all the submission which their divine authority demands. Agreeably to this plan the work is throughout conducted, and in a way that reflects credit no less on the principles than the talent of the author.

THE RECORDS OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE, &c. BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M. A.

UNDER this pleasant, and too rarely merited title, the author, already favorably received by the public, has here given us a series of simple and instructive stories in the same quiet, unobtrusive style; a style which well recommends the truth and purity of the sentiment, and which speaks "from the heart to the heart." There is surely something in the manner of relating a story, as we know from Sterne, which may boast half the merit, and bears out the caustic, homely couplet of Dean Swift:

"What is a story, good or bad,
If a man tell it like a lad?"

Undoubtedly a felicity of style and expression is no common quality, and it is possessed by the author of these "Records" in an eminent degree. The charm of his little narratives steals upon us imperceptibly as we proceed; and without any effort either at fine writing, startling incidents, or high-wrought effect, he fully succeeds in what he aims at,—in winning a willing ear to the truth and excellence of those models of morality and virtue he holds up to our view.

THE MEMBER: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," &c.

WE are here presented by the ingenious author of so many pleasant works of fiction, with a little work, anything but a piece of fiction, and greatly differing from those which have preceded it, inasmuch as under an assumed character, it contains a number of curious facts and details but too glaringly true. As a political *jeu d'esprit*, however, it is not always so caustic and happy as we could wish, though applicable enough to the times in which we have lived, and for which the Reform Bill seems the grand panacea, yet held in reserve.

But if seldom or never witty, there is a sly and quiet humour in the manner of "The Member," which, with a tone of perfect seriousness and downright business-like proceeding, tend admirably to expound the system "that has worked so well," exhibiting it with all the force of satire by simply preserving the cool, calculating, and quaint style of the new member, and his direct mode of coming to an understanding with those in power. In this respect he is perfectly consistent throughout; the effect of his gravity is such as to keep us constantly on the smile, and forms the author's best substitute for want of humorous incidents and strokes of wit. Thus having purchased his borough, the member's next object is to remunerate himself by selling his vote, and on a division of the house, he at first takes side with neither party. That same evening he observes, like a true man of business, "more than two of my friends inquired of me what I thought of the question. By this I could guess that my conduct was a matter of speculation, so I said to them, that 'really much was to be said on both sides,' but I had really made up my mind not to vote the one way or the other until I got a convincing reason.' This was thought a good joke, and so it was circulated through the house, inasmuch as when we broke up at seven o'clock on the Saturday morning, one of the ministers, a young soft-headed lad, took

hold of me by the arm in the lobby, and inquired in a jocund manner, 'if I had yet got a convincing reason.' I gave him, thereupon, a nod and a wink, and said, 'Not yet, but I expected one soon, when I would do myself the pleasure of calling on him,' which he was very well pleased to hear, and shook me by the hand with a cordiality by no means common, when he wished me good night, trusting, as he said, 'that we should be better acquainted.'—'It will not be my fault,' quoth I, 'if we are not.'

"With that we parted, and I could see by the eye in my neck that he thought, with the light head of youth, that he had made a capital conquest by his condescension. Now this small matter requires an explanation for the benefit of other new members. If a man has all his eyes about him, he will soon discern that a ministry, if it has three or four decent auld-farrent men, is for the most part composed of juveniles—state 'prentices—the sprouts and off-shoots of the powerful families. With them lies the means of conciliating members, for the weightier metal of the ministers is employed in public affairs, and to the younkers is confided the distribution of patronage,—for a good reason, it enables them to make friends and a party by the time that they come, in the course of nature, to inherit the upper offices."

This, we think, will give the reader a pretty fair sample of the spirit and sort of humour he may expect to find in Mr. Galt's new book.

THE GEORGIAN ERA. IN FOUR VOLUMES. VOLUME I.

THE value of this new compilation, both in a political and literary point of view, would seem to consist, as far as we may form an opinion from one volume of the intended series, in its extensive, yet cautious use of authorities, the consequent correctness of its details, and the impartial tone which has been observed throughout. It appears free from all undue bias; speaks fearlessly out; and awards the just measure of applause or censure wherever it would seem to have been merited. We are presented with the truth without invective or palliation; and, while strenuous in maintaining its candour and impartiality, it is not without the recommendation of interesting detail, and amusing anecdote or adventure. In these last, the court annals of our Georges will be found sufficiently abundant, as we shall shew in a few instances, which will serve at the same time to confirm our previous observation, and give some idea of the style and character of the entire volume. It is not, however, the object of the work to give only an historical summary, with biographical sketches of the reigning family; it embraces the lives of the Pretenders and their adherents, and of the most distinguished Churchmen, Dissenters, and Statesmen, who have flourished during the era referred to. The chief part of these are written in a manner creditable as well to the author's judgment as to his good feeling, and they are liberally interspersed with anecdote, so as to render them not less entertaining than edifying. We are amused, for instance, with the retort of a radical political economist, in the time of the first George, in reply to one of that monarch's fat German mistresses. They were severally designated by the people as the May-pole and the Elephant and Castle. It is related of one of these ladies, that being abused by the mob, she put her head out of the coach and cried, in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? we come for all your goods."—"Yes, d—n you," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for our chattels too." There is another respecting the famous Duke of Cumberland, who shewed more cleverness as a boy, than he ever did as a general. Having displeased his mother one day, she sent him to his chamber, and when he appeared again, she asked him what he had been doing. "Reading," replied the boy.—"Reading what?"—"The Scriptures."—"What part of the Scriptures?"—"That part where it is written, 'Woman! what hast thou to do with me?'" After the loss of a battle, an English prisoner observing to a French officer, that they might have taken the Duke himself prisoner; "Yes," replied the Frenchman, "but we took care not to do that—he is of far more use to us at the head of your army."

In the biographical sketch of the Duke of Sussex, speaking of his Royal High-

ness's marriage with Lady Augusta Murray, the author informs us, that it had been ludicrously observed by a contemporary writer, that "soon afterwards Lady Augusta became pregnant and returned to England; his Royal Highness *did the same.*"

As a pleasant abridgement of historical and biographical information, we may safely refer the reader to this work when he has neither time nor inclination to consult more ample authorities.

An Introduction to Perspective, Practical Geometry, Drawing and Painting, &c. &c. By Charles Hayter.

As a work of scientific rules, and of great utility in facilitating the acquisition of an accomplishment now very generally pursued, not only by the higher ranks, this very full and accurate treatise will be found deserving the attention both of students and of proficients in the art. Besides unfolding the principles on a regulated scale, illustrated with numerous plates, it contains a new and complete explanation of the mixture of colours, with full and practical directions for their use in miniature, crayons, and oil painting. These directions, moreover, are given in a series of pleasing and familiar dialogues between the author's children, and in instruction by letters to his pupils; while the whole is as properly adapted for the instruction of mere professional students, and of ladies.

The many advantages which are thus held out in a single volume, must indeed have been sought for at considerable sacrifice of time and expence, in a variety of scattered treatises, published without the object which the author of this work seems to have had in view. That he has executed his varied and arduous task in a manner creditable to an artist, entitles him to the thanks and encouragement of every student and lover of the art; and more particularly of those who are without enlarged means, and find it difficult in the outset to master elementary difficulties, and to become acquainted with the true principles of design.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. A History of "The Italian Republics." By J. C. L. De Sismondi.

The celebrity already obtained by the author of the present work, no less on the continent than in this country, by his extensive and laborious researches into the histories of various nations, presents of itself a sufficient guarantee for the style in which it was likely to be conducted. It would have been difficult to fix upon any one writer, every way so adequately prepared to treat the subject in a masterly and comprehensive manner, whose previous studies had brought him acquainted with its minutest details, and whose enlarged and philosophic views rendered him equal to the severest duty of luminous order and compression. The author of the "Italian Republics," in sixteen volumes, a work abounding in lengthy detail and interesting episode, has shewn that it is also possible for a talented and enterprising mind to comprize the same subject in a single volume. If compared with some of the best works in the present series, the productions of some of the most popular and distinguished writers of our times, that of M. Sismondi will be found to rank in the very first class. Nor is it only as an able historian and sound reasoner that he here appears to advantage; as the enlightened advocate of a great and fallen people, he appeals to the free nations around him in their own language, reminding them of what Italy was the first to achieve in the career of national independence,—how she stemmed the might of the Ottoman, desolating the west,—of the grand impulse and example she gave the world in its march towards civilization,—and of the crimes, both of her native and foreign oppressors, which despoiled her of the honourable name, independence—and the advantages which she was the means of conferring upon the nations around.

In the rapid recital of her revival,—her struggles, and her misfortunes,—the writer preserves the interest arising out of the splendid actions and vicissitudes

of the leading republics entire and unbroken; insomuch as to induce the reader at last to lay down this excellent volume with a feeling of regret.

On the Life, Writings, and Genius of Akenside. By Charles Bucke.

A Life of Akenside has long been felt as a desideratum in our poetical literature; considered as the author of such a poem as the "Pleasures of the Imagination," it is not a little singular it should not have been earlier undertaken, while the biography of many inferior writers has been amply descanted upon. The new materials now brought forward by Mr. Bucke, have confirmed us in our favourable opinion of the subject; they are thrown into a very interesting narrative, and he seems to have spared neither zeal nor judgment in the uses to which he has adapted them. Not confining his researches to the beaten track, he has opened many new lights upon the poet's early life, his genius and writings, besides illustrating his subject with a rich fund of anecdote and information, relating to the friends and connections he formed, both in his professional and poetical capacity. As a didactic poet, Mr. Bucke very justly places Akenside on the highest ground; but for most of his early poems, and his lyrical effusions, he claims, we are sure, a higher meed of praise than the poetry of all his odes and lighter pieces will at all warrant. The specimens of this kind with which he has interspersed his narrative, do not always bear out the high opinion he gives of them; and the lines he has quoted, as bearing a comparison with any of Horace, or of Collins, seem to us not the happiest that might have been selected. Upon the whole, however, we think the public owes not a little to Mr. Bucke, for the interesting and entertaining memoir so long wanted, and which must furnish much genuine pleasure to the admirers of the poetry of Akenside; nor do we consider that there could easily have been found one better formed to treat of the poet's life and works in a more congenial sphere, than the author of the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature."

An Essay on Proportion, with its Application to the Solution of Problems. By John Garrett, Teacher of Mathematics in the Carlow Academy.

The doctrine of proportion has always been the subject of scientific controversy among mathematicians. The difficulties of this perplexing subject have too frequently been the cause of impeding the progress of the youthful student, till he has despaired of emancipating himself from the embarrassments by which he was surrounded, and gave up the study as too abstruse for his investigation. Mr. Garrett has, in this ingenious essay, removed much of the obscurity in which the subject has been involved, and every student is indebted to him for having rendered the science so much easier of application. His definitions are generally perspicuous, his method of demonstration simple and clear; and his object, that of assisting the uninitiated into the mysteries of quantity, seems, in a great measure, likely to be attended with success.

THE DRAMA.

The Devils!

The Devils have at last appeared—that infernal combination which threatened so to astonish, overpower, overwhelm, and annihilate, with excess of delight, the expectant, though trembling natives of this great nation, has at length burst upon their wondering gaze, in all the sublimity of blue fire and brimstone. When will these Gallo-germanic monstrosities reach their climax? The Cholera Morbus is said to be making progress in the metropolis; but the Cholera Diablerie of the national theatre is infinitely more alarming. The legislature ought to interfere as much in one case as the other. When such frightful diseases threaten

to prostrate our moral as well as physical energies, it is cruel to be partial. Why not establish a theatrical board of health, to be held at the Garrick Club-house, to watch the cases as they appear, and report, from time to time, the number of the victims.

We are happy in being enabled to state, that up to this moment, amongst the numerous cases that have appeared, only one has proved decidedly fatal, and that was the case of the old gentleman in Drury Lane, who, we regret to say, was seized with a violent attack on the 20th of last month, and is not expected to live out the week. The music connected with these diabolical affairs is reported to be the production of Mayerbeer, but we are slow in giving credit to idle reports. We believe rather, that the public is indebted to Messrs. Bishop and Lacy for a work which was intended to throw *"Der Freischutz"* into the shade. Notwithstanding the awful nature of the visitation, the speculations of the public press respecting it are rather amusing. Never was the great art of puffing more pertinaciously and successfully employed than in the present instance. Don Pedro and the Portuguese—the Belgian question—the unknown tongues—the last speech of the Marquis of Londonderry—and all other wonders—have been effectually silenced by this all engrossing topic. The progress of the disease has been as follows: first, the *Devil's Son* was taken at the Adelphi—the whole management of the case being confided to Dr. Buckstone. We believe the laundress at Sadler's Wells came next on the list—then the old clothesman at the Pavilion theatre—the Orange-theatre girl followed close—at last the old gentleman at Drury Lane was seized—and the old lady at Covent Garden—and here we pause to take breath.

The newspapers have displayed great ingenuity and judgment on this occasion. One told the public, that the cost of the organ built at Drury Lane was 500*l.*—three days after another journal announced, that the organ at Covent Garden cost 2,000*l.*—balance in favour of the latter theatre 1,500*l.*! One morning paper boldly asserts, that the best portion of the Opera at Drury Lane is the overture!—this is excellent—no doubt meant as a compliment to some one or other—certainly not to Mayerbeer; for it so happens, that Mayerbeer's *"Robert le Diable"* is essentially the same at both the national theatres, and a capital drama it is too. Only imagine a demon coming piping hot from the regions below, to play the gallant with one of the frail daughters of Eve—and a scurvy devil he was to use her as he did. Well, this demon finds himself the happy father of a hopeful youth, and, out of an excessive paternal regard, persuades his son to accompany him to his paternal home! Can fatherly affection be more strikingly displayed!—The plot of this great drama has been so often detailed, that our readers must be already conversant with its merits; it would answer no purpose to say a word more on the subject. There is a scene, however, which cannot be too highly extolled—we allude to that where a parcel of naughty, unruly girls run about the stage in a sort of nocturnal undress, provoking, by their amorous gestures and personal non-attractions, the disgust of the spectators. This scene, we suppose, is intended to convey the highly moral lesson, that all vicious gratifications are in the highest degree repulsive, when viewed through so moral a medium as the float-light of a patent theatre! But unfortunately the audience at Drury Lane did not understand the force of the point, for they hissed where they ought to applaud!—Indeed, the reception of the Opera was not so flattering as had been anticipated. The *Fiend-father*, at Covent Garden, was more successful, simply because more pains had been taken in the *getting-up* of the piece. The scenery at both houses is splendid, and affords another proof of the genius of our great modern dramatists, Stanfield, Marinari, the Grieves, &c. &c. The machinist, Taylor, and other artists, also deserve their meed of praise. Let us see—who have we forgotten?—Who! why—no less a person than Miss Fanny Ayton, who so materially contributed to the amusement of the Drury Lane audience. She has discovered an ingenious and very effective style of singing—she always evinces a decided hostility to the orchestra; and a very striking effect is thereby produced. It seemed as though the *vocal* and *instrumental* departments were engaged in a regular *set-to*—a musical boxing-match, which of

course must find a great number of admirers among the patrons of the noble art of self-defence. The band decidedly had the worst of it, and was punished excessively.

Of the music of the Opera we humbly abstain from giving an opinion, for several reasons. One thing, however, we are rash enough to predict—that Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, Auber, &c. whose fame was threatened with instant annihilation, upon the appearance of the diabolical prodigy, may now rest satisfied that they have fortunately *escaped* such a terrible fate. It is asserted that vast sums of money have been lavished on the production of the two Devils at the two houses! Drury Lane is said to have paid higher prices for its Devils than for its quadrupeds and other beasts—the Lions of Mysore were mere babes to the demon attendants. The public, certainly, is very unjust to complain, after this, of the degeneracy and decline of the national Drama, when the ingenuity of managers is ever upon the stretch to provide them with monsters of the rarest description.

The Self-tormentor, or, Mr. William Farren, in two acts.—Such was the title of a piece ascribed to the veteran Kenny, which just hailed the light, and was withdrawn after the second night. Kenny is a man that can very well afford to sustain a failure—his dramatic fund is rich, and we shall be much astonished if, ere long, the public does not draw largely upon his stock for many an evening's amusement.

Some harmless little trifles have been acted at a place called Rayner's theatre. Who is Mr. Rayner? Is he any relation of the great Rayner family?—We candidly confess our ignorance of the many great unknowns about town. Formerly theatres were denominated after their locality, or after illustrious persons. We have made progress in this respect. Madame Vestris set the example which Mr. Rayner is endeavouring to emulate. We have been told that we are to have—Mr. Coveney's theatre—Mr. Paulo's theatre—Mr. Ellar's theatre, and theatres by all the supernumeraries and scene-shifters, that are devoured by a noble ambition for promoting the histrionic art!

The Olympic announces two entirely new and original Burlettas from the *French!* We believe that this time the two laureates of the establishment have no finger in the pie.—Can this be possible!—We have heard that the "*Garrick Club*" intend to award a gold medal to Madame Vestris, for her long services and multifarious merits in promoting the cause of the Drama, and more particularly the patrons thereof. Signor Zerbini is to present the medal, he having, with the true magnanimity of a fiddler, kindly consented, for this night only, to waive the little coolness existing between himself and the fair proprietress, arising from his late summary expulsion from the fiddling department of the Olympic.

Francis the First is underlined at Covent Garden theatre. Public expectation has been much raised concerning this tragedy, and certainly, considering all the circumstances of the case, no modern dramatic production has been brought forward with greater claims to enlist in its favour the sympathies of the public.

Ecousse and Lébras, two young romantic writers—the former the author of an absurd drama, called "*Farruch-Le-Maur*," a piece which was welcomed with very injudicious praise, committed suicide at Paris, because a new melo-drame of theirs, "*Raymond*," failed at the *Theatre de la Gente*. We trust the Board of Health will not vote this disease contagious, for the number of suicides would indeed be alarming. If bad writers are to slay themselves after this fashion, in the name of common sense, what is to become of Messrs——? Let the reader choose his victims.

Surrey Theatre.—The question between the "Majors and Minors" is placed in a very favourable light, by the contrast presented between the style of the per-

formances at this theatre, and the *Diablerie* now dignifying the stages which are so satirically styled "classical." The Surrey is, in point of size and form, the precise model which every sensible theatrical architect ought to build by. It presents a fine, open, elegant effect; and, what is a rare thing indeed in theatres now-a-days, you can see and hear in every corner of it. And this leads us to another distinguishing point in its favour—that the pieces are in general worth seeing and hearing. Mr. Bulwer's magnificent tale, *Eugene Aram*, has been dramatised here with much tact—the adapter having availed himself of almost every line of the dialogue that could tend to complete the effect, and scarcely adding a single sentence of his own. This gives the piece an additional interest in the eyes of those who may have read the work—it is like seeing the novel acted. There are many very striking scenes in it, in a theatrical sense; much effective contrast and situation; but there is beyond this, a moral and intellectual tone pervading the performance, that places it far beyond the pale of the common order of melo-drame. With this spirit of intellectual beauty that hovers over the scene, "like a golden mist," Mr. Elton's delineation of *Eugene* was completely in harmony. He gave that rich, deep, and mental colouring to the character, which the high and searching imagination of the author has lavished all its powers in perfecting. Our praise is equally applicable to the subdued and the energetic passages. In Mr. Elton's hands, *Eugene's* is no vulgar mystery—a circumstance of some importance, for it is upon this delicate perception and development of the character that the whole interest of the piece depends. We have left ourselves little space to speak of others, but we must not forget Mrs. West, nor could we be other than amused, though he did not entirely realise the character, with Mr. Vale's *Corporal Bunting*.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

1. *Riego's March, with Variations, by Sixto Perez. Goulding and Co., Soho-square.* — 2. *The Passion Flower, a new song, by J. Blewitt. Preston, Dean-street.*—3. *Soft and bright the Gems of Night: a Ballad, by H. Smart. Chappel, Bond-street.*

No. 1. Riego's March (which, by the bye, is like any thing but a march), has been greatly improved by the clever manner in which Signor Perez has varied it. One or two of the figures are new, though it seems expressly composed for those who are not very far advanced in piano-forte playing. Although laying well under the hand, and very easily accomplished, it still produces a brilliant effect. We compliment Signor Perez upon his mode of producing good effects by simple means.

2. The words of this song are the most unmeaning nonsense that ever spoiled a sheet of paper, and the composer has *expressed the meaning of the words properly*. The ascent from the dominant in A scale, to the 6th above, is more original than agreeable: the whole song is tinged with vulgarity, and, in all probability, will never be heard of, away from the Melodists' Club, where it was sung, and where, after copious libations, it might be tolerated.

3. Is a charming song, mis-named a ballad, but of too high a character to deserve that name. We object to some 8ths at page 2; not because they happen to be 8ths, but because the effect is offensive to our ear; with that exception, we have not seen a melody so beautifully dressed in *fashionable* harmonies for a long time. We should be happy to see something of a higher order by Mr. Smart, for we are certain that he possesses genius, which is rather a scarce article in these times.

1. *The Supplication Song. John Barnet.*—2. *Dear Sir;* 3. *The Soldier;* 4. *Dearest come to me;* 5. *'Tis my duty that calls;—in the Farce of Country Quarters. Composed by ditto.—Goulding and Co., Soho-square.*

No. 1. is a plaintive canzonetta, full of tenderness and feeling, and every word truly expressed by the music; there seems to be a sort of analogy even

between the harmonies and the words—this is what vocal music ought to be, and Mr. Barnett considers this point more than any other composer in England —and to make it still a greater bijou, it is perfectly original.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5, were sung in the farce of Country Quarters. 2, is another instance of sense in setting music to words—you might almost gather the sense of the poetry from hearing the music alone; 2, is dashing and dramatic, and the coda is very striking, but requires a better singer to give effect to it, than Miss Taylor.

3. Is a plaintive and well-planned melody, but not remarkable for originality; indeed, we wonder the composer could have done any thing at all with such stupid namby-pamby words.

4. Is in the style of the song in The Legion of Honour, we mean as far as the accompaniment of the side drum goes, which little Miss Poole uses very cleverly, but the treatment of it is much more masterly and varied than the other. Now even these are clap-trap things that we are not at all partial to, and we exhort Mr. Barnett not to be persuaded again, either by author or manager, to waste his time upon such trash as Country Quarters. The cry has been for grand English operas; let him produce one, for to him alone we look forward for such a novelty.

Three Italian Notturnos, with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by D. Crivelli. Cramer, Addison and Beale.

We feel great pleasure in recommending to our musical friends the above work, as one which will delight them on account of the characteristic manner in which it is constructed. Generally, this sort of composition has been considered as one which ought only to consist of 3rds and 6ths; but we find Mr. Crivelli has departed from this routine in a great measure, giving more variety to the parts. The chord at the beginning of the first notturno produces a very good effect, particularly as it is unexpected: the tonic, or the 5th, being generally what we are accustomed to hear as the opening chord of a composition, whether vocal or instrumental. The melody is exceedingly well adapted to the words (a great point, which many modern composers, we are sorry to say, disregard); the accompaniment, too, is judiciously written, and not in the least complicated.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITION.

British Institution.

Without entering into any comparison between this and former exhibitions, we may at once say there are enough pictures of superlative merit, to confer a solid pleasure upon the most fastidious amateur who may visit the gallery this season; though more are to be found of second and third rate character, and still more of positive repulsive qualities—libels upon nature—treason against art. In spite of much clamour, usually raised by the disappointed and their friends, respecting alleged partiality in the arrangement of the works sent for exhibition, it appears to us, upon a careful survey of the contents of the gallery, that the best pictures are hung in the best situations, with very few exceptions—and also, we are glad to observe, that the greater part of the first rate paintings are distinguishable by a small slip of yellow paper on one corner of the frame, marked with four most gratifying letters, spelling the word "sold." But, if there must be second, third and fourth rate pictures, there are also as many degrees of taste; so that we will leave the greater proportion of these to the admiration of the unwise in art, and proceed to enumerate those pictures which have more particularly delighted us.

No. 1. *Portsmouth, from the King's Bastion. Painted for the King.* C. Stanfield.—Though not a good subject for so good a painter, we are delighted with the clear colouring, the vigorous pencilling, and general truth of atmospheric effect. We were amused at hearing a self-elected arbiter elegantiarum, to whom much deference seemed to be paid by the keeper of the gallery, pass a sweeping

censure upon this picture, whilst poking his eyes close to the surface, by saying "He has not covered the canvass, Sir: I can see the canvass, Sir;" as if the recreant Stanfield had cheated his Majesty of so much paint.

5. *A Falconer.* A. FRASER.—A powerful bit of painting—a fine study of character, and well coloured.

6. *Sabrina, from Milton.* W. ETTY.—This was in the exhibition last summer. It is a dream of color without the sun—mystical—full of wild grace and fleshy beauty. The other picture of ETTY's is called *Robinson Crusoe*, and has been also exhibited before; it possesses his usual attractive features of colouring in the figure, but nothing of scenery or nature beyond.

19. *The Contadina di Sonnino.* G. HAYTER.—We do not see any improvement in this artist since his residence on the continent; but in this, and *La Toillette*, and *Conversion of St. Paul*, rather a declension from his celebrated *Trial of Lord Russell.*

We observe several exquisite fruit pieces by LANCE, painted with his usual feeling and power.

E. LANDSEER has treated us with five subjects, viz.: 23. *Hawking.*—75. *Interior of a Highlander's House.*—174. *The Auld Guid Wife.*—186. *Lassie tending Sheep.*—326. *The Challenge.*—These are all finished with the nicest feeling and taste, equalling any of the animal painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, yet drawn and embodied without any apparent reference to any other source than that of nature. The sheep in 186, must be placed among the greatest triumphs of art—in colour, texture, drawing and grouping, we know of nothing superior: the girl is very properly made subordinate to the animals, though she too is painted with uncommon sweetness and skill. These pictures are as desirable to possess as any of Berghems or Wouvermans.

52, *An Antiquary.* A. FRASER.—Here is another picture, which for colour, execution, effect, and truth of detail, may be placed in any gallery in the world. We only regret that the interest should be confined to objects of still life. There is a young woman writing at a window, but the charm of the picture is not in her—there is an old man reading a letter at a table, but the beauty of the workmanship lies not in the old man. It is scattered over the canvass in a variety of objects, especially to be valued by an antiquary, and appears perfected upon the tall and ample figure of a yeoman of the King's guard, who has brought a royal present, consisting of various pieces of armour, among which a fine Benvenuto Cellini shield lies, a very piece of deception, in the foreground. On the whole, this picture is among the first of its class—brilliant in colour and effect, and of masterly execution.

Amongst other beauties, MRS. CARPENTER's *Study from Nature*, 39, must not be forgotten; it is of a sweet little girl, quite a character, and coloured like a pure piece of infant flesh, round and rosy, with a little fat hand deliciously coloured.

We advise J. P. KNIGHT to paint with more care, and particularly to make his girls more attractive, if they are to be introduced as principal figures—we do not like his two pictures, 60. *Bit of Courtship*, and 302. *Auld Robin Gray.*

We cannot withhold our warmest congratulations from Mr. LEE, who exhibits five charming landscapes, upon the progress he has made in his art. He has the right feeling, and works it out with corresponding power. His *Landscape with Beech Trees and Figures*, 264. is worthy of the olden time.

Messrs. C. Fielding, Stanley, Hofland, and J. Jones, R. A., exhibit some beautiful landscapes: we particularly admire a small subject by Fielding, whose practice has hitherto been almost confined to water colours, in which art he is pre-eminent. In 287, *Loch Tay*, the oil painter is worthy of his water-colours.

Of historical subjects, there is a very scanty supply. Of these, HILTON's *Sir Calepine rescuing Serena*, 404, is about the best—it is certainly the best of his own pictures. There are two others by the same hand, viz. 178. *Jacob parting with Benjamin*, a weak and insipid piece of workmansnip; and 527. *St. Peter released by an Angel*, which is not very original in its conception. In the *Sir Calepine* there is more of the grace and spirit that Mr. Hilton has formerly displayed; and in the painting of the female bound to the sacrificial altar, a finish

and beauty of colour more to our mind than any thing we have seen by the same painter.

There are not many comic subjects, and few of these have any pretensions to humour or character; altogether there seems a lack of invention among our artists; but invention is a rare gift, and artists are very plentiful, so that it is, perhaps, unreasonable to expect more in an exhibition of nearly six hundred pictures, excluding portraits.

Liverseege promised well, but he is not now to be classed with living artists, unfortunately. There are two subjects very prettily treated by him in the present exhibition, Nos. 187, *A Spanish Gentleman*, and 337, *The Recruit*.

Webster's picture, called *The Effects of Intemperance*, possesses many good qualities—the subject is well treated; a drunkard in the stocks, surrounded by a crowd of boys and neighbours of both sexes, and guarded by a portly beadle of the parish, to whom the culprit's wife is making an earnest appeal. We like two figures of an elderly couple going home from church, down a pretty road; they seem as if they had been much impressed with "an excellent sermon," and quite shocked at the sight of the vile sinner in limbo at the church door. We fancy this, though their backs are turned towards us, and they are trudging along half a mile in advance.

Falstaff, Pistol, and *Mrs. Quickly*, by G. Clint, is cleverly painted, though, we think, not successfully in the characters of Falstaff and the hostess.

Covent Garden Market, by J. Lewis, is good as a whole, though rather too sketchy to be dwelt upon with satisfaction.

H. Howard, R. A., exhibits two poetical subjects—*Morning*, from Milton, and *Queen Catherine's Dream*, from Shakspeare—hazardous subjects for any painter, though tempting to one whose mind is imbued with classical reading. We cannot think Mr. Howard has achieved all that he has attempted, or attempted even enough of the poetical in effect.

Wilson, the landscape and marine painter—Daniel, R. A.—J. Chalon—Westall, R. A., and Leslie, have severally contributed some very clever pictures. Also Messrs. Linton, Hart, Hancock, Boxall, Edmonston, and Morton.

Mr. Prentis' *Eleventh Hour*, 297, is so badly hung that it is impossible to see it as it deserves to be seen; but we remember having a good look at it last season, in Suffolk-street.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

Saul.

(Painted by Varley, engraved by Linnell.)

This is a fine production, and one to which, in these modern times, we have been but little accustomed. What with domesticities and eccentricities—dogs and ducks—jolly-faced dowagers, and whey-and-water-visaged "scions of a noble stock," the genuine poetry of the art seems to have been buried five fathoms deep, or, like another Sappho, to have thrown herself, in mere despair, from the mountain of genius, into the waters of insignificance. After a long and tedious walk amid every day occurrences, from the purlieus of common life, we have imbibed a most refreshing draught at the fountain of "Saul." From this engraving we learn that it is still possible to produce solemn effects, without borrowing the gewgaw arrangements of melodrame to sustain them—a sort of rotten prop, inserted to uphold the sullen glories of some ancient abbey; and we see that sublimity of feeling may yet exist, without the introduction of an impossible light to trick the unwary into a false and unwholesome faith.

The funeral of Saul is a poetical subject in itself. The warrior, who lost his three sons in one sad hour, and then "played the Roman fool, and died on his own sword," has a fair claim to poetical honours at his funeral; and in this picture they are duly rendered. Throughout the whole of the scene there is a

solemn repose, in unison with the sadness of the occasion: the living figures appear as motionless as the corpse that lies extended on the bier; and it might be almost imagined that they formed a group from the melancholy city of the dead. Every thing tends to one point, and has an intention in harmony with the design: the dim, uncheering light of the heavens, such as it is, concentrates towards the headless remains of the hero; though, so unwilling are the gleams that steal from beneath the clouds, that it would rather seem as if Phœbus shrank from the sight, and, as at Atreus' bloody banquet, refused to look upon the scene. The architecture of the city gates, to which the procession is approaching, lends a gloomy beetling front to the solemn severity of the design; and the very trees seem to be waved by the bidding of the wind, so as to marshal "the men at war" the way that they are going.

These remarks rather apply to the general purpose of the whole; but we should be guilty of an omission, were we to forget to say, that, in the minor points of the detail, there is displayed that feeling which gives evidence of the sngle object of the artist, without which no great work in any of the arts can ever be produced. It is with the painter, as with the poet: to be great, he must set out from one single unit of thought, and the whole of the remainder, to be genuine and in keeping, must be the sincere ramifications of that one single unit; so that the entire, however extended, may present no interruption of sentiment, but be instantly acknowledged as the honest offspring of "the head and front" of the composition. It is because we have found this in "Saul" that we have indulged so much in the laudatory strain; and we have, perhaps, been the warmer in our praise, owing to the scarcity of the opportunities afforded by our living artists.

We must not forget to congratulate Mr. Linnell on his successful endeavour in transferring the picture to the copper: it is engraved as if he shared the artist's feeling, that poetry rejoiceth in truth, and most religiously escheweth the meretricious gewgaws of trickery and of Germanism.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq.

Ten Sermons upon the Nature and Effects of faith. By the Rev. James Thomas O'Brien, Fellow, T.C.D.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. IX. Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington, Vol. II.

Illustrations of the Christian Faith and Christian Virtues; drawn from the Bible. By M. S. Haynes, Author of Scenes and Thoughts, &c.

A new work on the Gender of the French Nouns. By Mr. Thurgar.

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MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE character of the present season is at length decided, and it is now too late either to expect or apprehend any rigorous or continued frost. Scarcely a country letter but touches feelingly upon this critical subject; and it is the general opinion, at least in the southern and midland counties, that should a frost, so much the object of our prayers some time since, occur in this latter part of the season, and in the present premature state of wheat crop, much of it would perish: the other horn of the dilemma is, in probability, more alarming; which is that late spring frosts usually balance the seasons, the want of frost in winter being atoned for in that course. Should such occur in the ensuing spring, the wheats, in their too forward and highly susceptible state, would be so stricken, as to sustain an injury irreparable by any subsequent favourable state of the weather. Again, this crop which, under present circumstances, forms so heavy a national and farming stake, is already supposed to have sustained a degree of exhaustion from its premature luxuriance, being on some rich lands a foot and a half high, or nearly; now, should the weather continue favourable and mild throughout the spring, the great and increased height the corn will acquire, must necessarily contribute to its weakness and inability to stand against the heavy showers of the summer solstice; it, in consequence, will be generally beaten down or laid, the damage of which, over great breadths, would be of heavy consequence. However, though it be wise to foresee and prepare against evil when possible, it is not equally wise to despond. We may, after all, reap a fine harvest, (of which, in one or two counties, the expectations are sanguine). Though the grounds of such good fortune are not at present to be ascertained, at any rate, we can take upon us to warrant the probability of, at least, a good *straw* harvest. It is proper, however, to state that, in Scotland, and in most parts of our northern border, a similar alarm does not exist, as to a too great luxuriance of the wheat crop. Clover, and all green crops, are in an equal state of luxuriance, befitting mid-May rather than winter; and on the best grass lands throughout the season, there has been a bite for a large ox. Thence hay and fodder have been spared in a most uncommon degree; hay, though a short crop, being in the utmost plenty, at a low price, in many parts, unsaleable. Turnips are flourishing, with the green foliage appropriate to October and November: in course the roots must have suffered a constant exhaustion of substance, detracting from their nutritious quality.

According to general information from Scotland, particularly the north, and great part of England, the atmosphere has been rather dry, with little complaint of fog; of which, perhaps, this country has had a greater share, as well as of rain, especially during last month. We have the pleasure to repeat our former accounts of the great forwardness of all culture appropriate to the season, with the heavy, and most unfortunate drawback of the accompanying WEED culture,

the curse of English farming, and the ruin of many an English farmer, and starving of many a labourer. The wet, heavy lands have been broken up in massive clods, affording no very promising seed-bed; and where such have been manured, there is little doubt but that both the time and charges have been expended in vain: in such a case, and we decide from experience, the absence of weeds, consequently root weeds, and subsequent effective aëration with the hoe, would be far superior in profit, to a coat of the most forcing manure. We have lately witnessed on heavy lands, which were fallowed early in autumn, a mass of soil turned up, with the stubble fresh and sound, and weeds in equal proportion, with myriads of slugs and terrene vermin of every description. It was, however, beyond our expectation to hear so much about weeds, as we have lately heard from the celebrated county, Norfolk; surely Holkham must not be included. We have been amused at the idea of killing weeds by feeding off rank wheat with cattle, because, upon the lands of those whom we have known longest in the practice, we have observed an ample store of weeds. As of wheat, generally, there is an uncommon breadth of spring wheat sown; and it is probable, with good husbandry, that all the spring crops will be got early into the soil. Oats, beans, and peas, in the forwardest districts, are finished; and barley sowing in such, began with the month, and is now in a state of forwardness. Complaints are reiterated, indeed, increased, as to the quantity and quality of the last year's crops. The wheat and beans come out so soft as to be unfit for the granary, and prices are said to afford no profit; the same of live stock, which, it is averred, cost as much per lb. in stones, as they produce at Smithfield when fat. As to the fairs and markets, there seems very little variation from our late reports; they are in general amply supplied, sale and price varying in different parts. The crop of potatoes was wonderful, both for bulk and quality; indeed, such seems to be the prerogative of that valuable root. They are literally unsaleable in many parts, and if at all, must be used in stall-feeding. Hops are somewhat in demand. Wool, some few markets excepted, has again come to a stand-still. In Lincolnshire, and other counties, where draining is much and meritoriously in practice, the labourers are well employed and satisfied, earning 12*s.* and 14*s.* per week, and at task-work, 20*s.* There is no fear of using thrashing machines. In too many parts, westward, the labourers are in an impoverished and dangerously dissatisfied state. We had lately a visit from a farmer, who informed us that, in his parish, one hundred and thirty men and boys had no other resource than labour on the high roads at 3s. per week—that the gaols were in many parts filling with poachers from absolute necessity; and that great numbers were extremely desirous to emigrate, had they the means or information thereon. This surely must be an object of important consideration with our patriotic ministers, to whom we would recommend something *effectual* to be done in the case. Horrid incendiarism still lurks in the minds of the discontented; and the following fact will shew, that the vindictive act may be excited by any cause of discontent, as indeed has immemorially been the case. Two or three weeks since, the overseer of a parish in Berks, for doing his duty, by acting according to the orders of the vestry, had his premises set on fire *twice* in the course of three days, and few of the labourers would lend a hand to extinguish the fire, to which end men were obliged to be procured from a neighbouring village; and also as a nightly guard subsequently, a repetition of the crime being fully expected. Such is the state of morals among the inferior classes in this enlightened country; and such the apathy and want of spirit with which the consequences were met in the beginning, and even in its progress. The dreadful wickedness is actually encouraged, and in the end, no man of property will be found to undertake any public responsible office.

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Middlesex, February 22nd.

APRIL, 1832.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THERE are many communications still remaining in the hands of the publisher; and others will be forwarded by the fifth of the month. Those of our correspondents who may not have received private communications by the date specified, are requested to send to Messrs. Whittaker as soon afterwards as may be convenient.

To a correspondent who charges us with having changed our politics, and with becoming "thorough-bred reformers," we beg to say one word. To the accusation of being "reformers"—in the farthest and fullest, though in an unrevolutionary sense of the word—we, without the slightest remorse or contrition, plead guilty. But that we, as public writers, have "changed our politics," is a charge that results only from ignorance of a particular fact—that the political writers in the present volume of the "Monthly" are not the political writers in the last volume. The Magazine has cast its Tory skin, we admit—but this is attributable to the circumstance, that a proprietor does not purchase principles with a journal; any more than our correspondent, if he wished to purchase a house for his own occupation, would purchase one already inhabited by an obstinate tenant and ten children. A man buys an estate, and plants it as he pleases. The present proprietors of the "Monthly," when they undertook the management of it, never dreamed of carrying it on upon any but popular and independent principles. They have simply possessed themselves of a fortress of the enemy, and turned into a stronghold for the friends of Reform. They were prepared for any misrepresentations they may have encountered, and are aware of the risks they run in being honest and open in their measures. They did not wheel round "bit by bit," but came at once to the point, and confessed, without fear, for what party they intended to vote.

Articles intended for insertion in the ensuing number must be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

It is requested that *all* communications may be addressed *"To the Editor"* only, and forwarded to Messrs. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane. It is scarcely necessary to say that no *unpaid* letter can be received.

The writers of poems, and other short pieces, are requested to keep copies of them.

H. BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XIII.] APRIL, 1832. [No. 76.

THE CHURCH PUT IN THE TRUE LIGHT.

UNLESS we are deceived, much of the outcry that has been made against the clergy may be traced to a popular misconception as to the true use and design of the church. How common is it to hear it alleged that the establishment is a national institution, intended to maintain and promote the Christian religion! Now, that this theory is not the true one, we have the best possible proof—its inadequacy to explain the phenomena:—it is irreconcileable with all we know of churchmen either from history or experience. Such, however, is the tenacity with which, in sacred as well as in profane matters, men stick to a favourite hypothesis, that those who hold this erroneous opinion as to the object of the church, instead of abandoning it, (as by the rules of just philosophizing they are bound to do,) the moment it is shewn to be repugnant to facts, not only persist in maintaining it, but, aggravating bad logic by bad feeling, convert it into an instrument of attack upon the clergy, whom they brand with hypocrisy, because, forsooth! their conduct does not quadrate with a system which is nothing but the fabric of their own fancies.

No marvel, indeed, that the public press—that unwearied archer—daily empties its quiver upon bishops, priests, and deacons, when the notion has been so busily propagated that their principles bind them to despise riches, renounce the world, and preach with their lives as well as their lips the doctrines of the New Testament. Were such the case, the defence of the clerical order would, truly, be no easy matter. Their enemies would only have to prove their enormous wealth to obtain a verdict against them. An establishment, in the annual receipt of some seven or eight millions sterling, designed to shew forth the evangelical charms of a life of penury and self-denial, were an odd adaptation of means to ends. It is not the gospel that is described as

"A gay religion, full of pomp and gold."

A hierarchy, "lifting its mitred head in courts and parliament;" a priesthood which might take for its motto "*quorum pars magna fui*," so much more conspicuous are their labours on the magisterial bench than in the Christian vineyard: these things savour more of this world than the next. The pluralist, the non-resident, the fox-hunter, are characters which it would puzzle the best advocate in the Common Pleas to tor-

ture into the remotest similitude to that of the apostles. Nothing, in short, can be plainer than that a radical reform of the church is necessary, *if it be true*, that its design is to benefit the community by the advancement of religion.

But let us throw that idea boldly overboard, and state the design of the establishment to be simply the temporal comfort and good estate of the clergy, and see how intelligible and harmonious the whole system at once becomes! Before the true theory, as by the touch of some wizard's wand, every difficulty vanishes; the crooked becomes straight; deformity is turned into loveliness; what seemed anomalous proves to be in the most exquisite proportion; ecclesiastical practice with ecclesiastical principle makes sweet music; all is regular, consistent, natural: the splendour of the church is no more her shame: with one hand upon her coffers replenished with gold, and pointing with the other to her vast domains, she turns to any who assail her, and exclaims—

"You vulgar cynic! how can I be wrong?"

How glorious, upon the golden hypothesis, is the right reverend bench; how comely the deans, each in himself a corporation; how seemly the archdeacons, prebendaries, and canons; and oh! how goodly a thing it is to traverse, even with the mind's eye, the florid files of the rectors, and see in every round and rosy form the profit of that godliness which maketh fat! Where now is the abomination of non-residence and the crying sin of plurality? where the scandal of fox-hunting? what has become of the unseemliness of holding the commission of the peace, or the extortion of taking the poor man's tenth sheaf, or tenth goose? Even the starveling curate, in this view of the establishment, is justly to be numbered amongst its beauties: he makes the fatness of the rector more fat by contrast.

The money theory makes every thing square. The connection of church and state is no longer a criminal conversation; the bishop yearns to the boroughmonger, and says unto corruption, "Thou art my brother," nor can malignity itself charge him with departure from principle; the deanery is no longer ill-bestowed on the adulator and parasite; the priest no longer intrudes, when he meddles in politics; the pulpit is no longer polluted when it rings with the cry of the Orangeman or the Tory; the character of a good parson is no longer fabulous,* like the Chimera or Centaur, for to be a good parson nothing more is needful than a pious affection for the good things of the passing world. Pelf, on this hypothesis, is religion; the love of pelf is piety; avarice is devotion; rapacity zeal; extortion enthusiasm; he is the best divine who has the largest maw; he the most faithful shepherd who shears his flock nearest to the skin. As to preaching, the essence of all sermons (that are of any use) is contained in the following laconic address of an Italian monk we have somewhere read of: *Vos me quæritis, fratres carissimi! quomodo itur in Paradisum. Hoc dicunt vobis campanæ monasterii nostri—dando, dando, dando.*

But it will be said, if this view be correct, the God of the establishment cannot be the God of the scriptures. Why, not exactly; but still a god often made mention of (never *of course* very honourably) in that

* See Dryden's Fables.

apocryphal book—the Money-god or Mammon—him, who, not vauntingly in the least, but most truly, thus speaks of his own divinity in the seventh canto of the "Fairy Queen"—

> "God of the world and worldlings I me call
> Great Mammon, greatest God below the sky,
> That of my plenty pour out unto all,
> And unto none my graces do envy:
> Riches, renown, and principality,
> Honour, estate, and all this world's good,
> For which men swink and sweat incessantly,
> From me do flow into an ample flood."*

Yes! Mammon! god of churchmen! thou art indeed great! Thou alone reignest in the hearts and souls of men; thy worshippers are the whole family of man; the foot of a hypocrite never trod the courts of thy temple. Thou hast no peculiar priesthood; for the priests of all other altars serve at thine: with their lips they honour other gods; but thee they honour with their lives, which go up before thee as a morning and evening sacrifice. Thou art kind and ever gracious to thy servants, and never keepest them back from riches and honour: the followers of other deities are poor, afflicted, and of no reputation: thine are clothed in purple and lawn; they are plump and of good estate; they sit with the nobles of the land, and receive other diadems than those of martyrdom, crowns of roses not of thorns. In serving themselves, most gracious Mammon! they serve thee: thy rewards are mitres and pluralities: on the prelate thou descendest in golden showers: by thy grace he possesses the land in the length and breadth thereof, and when he takes his place where the princes and rulers are gathered together, to thee is the glory to be ascribed. Thou smilest on the dean and in the light of thy countenance he greatly prospers: thou lookest on the rector and he waxes fat. Thou dost not say to the shepherd—"care for nothing but the flock, be with them in their goings forth and their comings in, be thou empty that they may be filled;" but this is thy charge concerning them—"do with them as it seemeth good in thine eyes; they are thine, given to thee for thy gain, that thou mayest profit by them, not they by thee; they are thine to feed or to devour; tarry with them if thou wilt; depart from them if thou wilt; absent or present they are thine; thine in their fleece and fatness; for thou art my faithful priest and servant; thou honourest me and thou shalt have thy reward." Oh! Mammon! God of Churchmen! among the gods of the earth there is none like unto thee; thou are great, glorious, and good; thou are worthy of all honour and all establishment; kings set up thy golden image, and the

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* Milton, (led into error by his veneration for the Bible,) in his account of Mammon, actually goes so far as to place religion and the love of pelf in contrast. Hear how he describes the golden god—

> "The least erected spirit that fell
> From heaven, for even in heaven his thoughts and looks
> Were always downward bent, admiring more
> The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
> *Than aught divine or holy*"—

as if there were no divinity in riches—as if gold were not "the holy of holies" itself.

princes, the governors, the captains, the prelates, the judges, the magistrates, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, fall down and worship: thine is the only Catholic church; thou art the adored of all nations; all the languages of the earth praise thee; but thou knowest, oh Mammon! that none have bent the knee so low before thee as this people; none have built thy altars so high; none have so frequented thy temples; none have so magnified thy name; none have so reverenced thy commandments; none have so endowed thy ministers; thy priests tithe us; thy high-priests rule over us; thy religion is the religion of the state.

But this is enthusiasm and we meant only to be philosophical. Let us conclude, therefore, in the calm strain in which we commenced; let us hope that the true theory of the established church will rapidly supplant the false one; and that we shall hear no more in future of the inconsistency and double-dealing of the clergy, whose zeal and activity in their master's business is in truth above all eulogy; whose principles, when not misrepresented, are steadily and vividly illustrated by their lives; and from whose example a Christian ministry might take many a profitable lesson. If ever a religious revolution shall take place in England, and Mammon shall be deposed to make room for Christ, let the new ministry be but half as diligent in their vocation as the old, but half as zealous for the gospel as their predecessors for gain, but half as sincere and devoted and persevering through good report and through evil report; their hearts but half so full of affection for their lord and master, their eyes fixed but half as steadily upon the reward of their labours, and we fear not to predict they shall see the faith they preach, prosper and increase mightily in the land.

THE WRECKERS, BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"A storm! A storm!" the Wreckers cry,
As they look from the shore—yet no storm seems nigh;
But wind and billow, rack and ship,
Along the main seem all asleep:
But where is the day?—'Tis gone! Not a trace
Of the sun! The cloud has taken his place,
And moves not—breaks not—hanging there,
As 'twere fix'd in the sultry, thick'ning air!

A flash!—Another!—sky and main
Begin to move!—A flash again!
Thunder—wind—the storm is come,
The sea's a smoking sheet of foam!
Rain!—It pours in floods, as though
The clouds did mock the floods below!
And the Vessel, from her anchors torn,
Towards the shore by the raging billows is borne.

Hurra!—Hurra!—A wreck!—Hurra!
She strikes!—By the board her tall masts go;
She reels!—recoils, and strikes again!
They hoist the long-boat out!—In vain—
'Tis swampt!—She now beats broadside on—
Another sea—she sinks!—she's gone!
Masts, cordage, planks, the breakers strew!
May Heaven have mercy on her crew!

DON PEDRO AND HIS ADHERENTS.

"Tros vel Tyriusque Nullo mihi discrimine habetur."

The infamous career of Miguel is drawing fast, very fast, we trust, to a close. Don Pedro is on the seas, and ere the expiration of another moon the constitutional banner of the young Queen Maria da Gloria may float in triumph, not in the language of Casimir Perrier beneath, but above the walls of the capital of her ancestors. Were we to measure the probabilities of the success of the expedition by the rules of the military art, we should be less sanguine in our expectations—in a military point of view, all the chances are on the side of Miguel. Don Pedro's line of operation will extend from Terceira to the coast of Portugal, subject to all the vicissitudes of a maritime expedition, and the risk of a descent in a country in which he has not a single *point d'appui:* but the question comes rather under the head of military politics than of strategies. Don Pedro will triumph rather by moral than physical force. The first battalion sent to oppose his landing will join his ranks; this is an opinion we share with the ex-emperor himself, who confidently expects to enter Lisbon almost without firing a shot.

Every term of obloquy and reproach with which our own, and every other European language abounds, have been vented on the head of the present ruler of Portugal. It is not our intention to dispute the justice of that sentence of universal execration so justly awarded against him; our object is rather to shew, by the following sketches, that Don Pedro, and the leaders of his party, are just as unworthy of the generous sympathy of the British nation as the Infante Miguel himself.

DON PEDRO D'ALCANTARA.

The ex-Emperor Don Pedro, notwithstanding the bright corruscations of liberalism that have, from time to time, illumined his political career, is considered by his warmest partizans rather a liberal "*par ton*" than "*par sentiment.*" In fact, if, undazzled by the glittering halo shed around him by the incense of flattery, we penetrate its specious glare, we shall discover that the ruling passion of his mind is despotism; while the whole tenor of his political life has been marked by phases of a deeply dyed political duplicity, to which no parallel can be found, even among the deeds of his more unpopular brother Miguel.

When the constitutional system was adopted in Brazil in 1821, Don Pedro, eager for popularity, and enamoured of novelty, declared himself the champion of freedom, and momentarily became the idol of the people. But his popularity was short—for it must be in the recollection of every one acquainted with South American affairs, that scarcely three months after this event, the Praca do Commercio, within the walls of which were assembled the electors of the capital, for the purpose of constitutionally petitioning the king, was suddenly surrounded by a battalion of Cascadores, who commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the assembled multitude. This atrocious assassination, this open violation of the constitutional rights of the people, was the work of the liberal

Don Pedro himself, who was seen disguised in the uniform of an officer of the corps, personally directing the work of extermination. But it was soon after the departure of his father, Don Joaõ the Sixth, and on his assuming the regency of Brazil, that he threw off the mask, and stood boldly forward to the world, as the violator of every sacred pledge, human and divine.

The prince kept up an active correspondence with his father. In these letters, which do honour neither to the head or the heart of the writer, and which were ordered to be printed at the time by the cortes at Lisbon, Don Pedro dwells on the difficulties with which he was environed, and solicits his recal; and, at a subsequent period, when his own dark intrigues were on the eve of development, in order to lull the suspicions of his betrayed father, he wrote to him a letter (of which we shall make an extract), unique in its kind, even in the annals of falsehood and duplicity:—

"They tell me that it is the general wish to proclaim me emperor. Now, I protest to your majesty that I will never be perjured, that I never will be false to you; and should they attempt this madness, it will only be after I and every other faithful Portuguese have been hacked to pieces. This is what I swear to your majesty—a solemn oath, written in my blood, in the following words:—'I swear to be always faithful to your majesty, and to the Portuguese nation and constitution.'"

"Queriao me e dizem que me querem acclamar Imperador. Protesto a vossa majestade, que nunca lhe serei perjuro, que nunca lhe serei falso, e que elles farao esse locura, mas sera depois de Eu, e todos os Portuguezes estarem feitos em pedacos. He o que Juro a Vossa Majestade *escrevendo nesta com a mea sangre, estes sequintes palavras.* Juro sempre ser fiel a vossa majestade, o nacao, e ao constituiçao Portugueza.

"4 de Octobre de 1821." "Palacio do Rio de Janeiro."

The blood was scarcely dry with which this impious oath was written, than this dutiful son and faithful subject expelled from the Rio, the Portuguese garrison, under Jorge d'Avillez, whom he foresaw would be barriers to his ambitious designs; and ere the expiration of a year, this perjured prince was emperor of Brazil, and that immense empire forcibly separated from the crown of Portugal. A few months after his elevation to the imperial throne, he forcibly overthrew that constitution which he had solemnly sworn to defend; and latterly, having by his folly exhausted the patience, and alienated the affections of his subjects, in attempting to depart from the fundamental principles of the revolution, he lost at once his crown and his empire.

THE MARQUIS DE PALMELLA.

If we except the Austrian Metternich, or the Corsican Pozzo de Borgo, in the well filled ranks of European diplomacy, we shall look in vain for a more formidable enemy to the liberties of mankind than Don Pedro Holstein, Marquis de Palmella—one of the original framers of the holy alliance. Europe, which sickens at his name, has contemplated, with surprise and mistrust, this arch intriguer, this ultra despot, for some months past, sacrificing at the shrine of consti-

tutional liberty, amid the waves of the western ocean. Among the liberal portion of his countrymen his name is in universal execration; for to his subserviency to the political views of the English ministry, they, one and all, attribute the ruin of their country. Accordingly, when, in the year 1820, the constitutional star arose on the benighted horizon of Portugal, the marquis was banished from her shores. Foreseeing that the chord struck in Europe would vibrate in Brazil, he crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of crushing in the bud the first germ of liberty on the Brazilian soil.

He landed at Bahia. Here, by his wiles, he gained over to his views the Brigadier Felisberto Gomes Caldeira Brant (since known in this country as the Marquis de Barbacena), one of the most influential men in the country, and already looked upon as the future Bolivar of Brazil.

Yet, by the promise of an earldom, a boon no South American republican can resist, he enlisted him on the side of despotism; and when the regiment of artillery raised a few weeks afterwards the banner of the constitution, Felisberto led a body of troops against them, was defeated, and, unable to stem the torrent of popular opinion, was obliged to take refuge on board an English sloop-of-war in the harbour.

It would take up too much room were we to follow, from this period until the death of Don John the Sixth, this astute diplomatist through all the dark and tortuous mazes of that policy, which sacrificed, without a blush, every consideration of his country's weal at the shrine of his own ambition. We shall complete this sketch by presenting him to the reader, in his military capacity, during the memorable campaign *of the three days*, as the expedition to Oporto in 1828 has been facetiously termed by the political adversaries of the noble marquis.

When the steam-boat with Palmella and his companions arrived in Oporto, the constitutional army, under General Saraiva, an officer who had studied the art of war in the anti-salas of the palace at Rio Janeiro, was in full retreat, and their vanguard already within seven leagues of the city. Unfortunately for the cause of legitimacy and right, the command of the army devolved on the Marquis de Palmella, who was the senior officer present. Had the youthful queen herself assumed the command, the result could not have been more disastrous. The conjuncture was a critical one; but an officer of decision would have risen superior to it, and have converted the retrograde into an *en avant* movement. But such a man was not Don Pedro Holstein; for years past he had been more conversant with the wiles of a diplomatic chancellerie than with the martial exercises of the camp. He could scarcely sit his charger, and as he rode through the streets of Porto, amid the "vivas" of the assembled populace, holding on by the pummel of his saddle, and almost sinking beneath the weight of his military trappings, he was compared to the figure of St. George of Cappodocia, the patron saint of Portugal, who, in the procession of the Corpus Christi, is annually paraded through the city. The whole day was occupied in performing a distance of barely three leagues, and, in the meantime, hearing that the army was abandoning its forward position, the panic seized Palmella, who actually returned to Oporto without even seeing the army he went out to command. Here he assembled the provisional

government, when it was decided that its members should embark for England, while the army should abandon the city, and gain the Spanish frontier in the best manner it was able. Stung to the quick by this pusillanimous resolution, General Saldanha, one of the best officers in the Portuguese service, offered to remain and conduct the retreat of the army, provided two members of the government would also remain, and share the responsibility. Two of the number, a colonel of cavalry, and a young ouvidor, acceded to the proposition. The general accordingly mounted his horse, and galloped to the army, while the marquis and his companions sought refuge on board the English steam-boat. When the general reached the camp, he assembled the superior officers of the army, communicated to them the object of his mission, and the resolutions of the provisional government—concealing, however, their intended return to England, well knowing that such a communication would have proved fatal to their lives. The officers, to a man, refused to retreat; the general, finding every effort to control their resolution ineffectual, returned to Oporto, and communicating to his colleagues the result of his mission, embarked on board the steam-boat. It was with joy that Palmella witnessed his return; for the glory he was likely to acquire had already engendered in his mind the bitterest feelings of jealousy. Saldanha, on his side, overcome with grief and fatigue, retired to his cabin. Scarcely had the general quitted the camp than a reaction in the feelings of the officers took place. A deputation, composed of the general and two colonels, repaired to Oporto, to induce him to return and assume the command. On reaching the city, what was their surprise and indignation at finding that the members of the government had all embarked, and left the army to its fate. They repaired on board the steam-boat, and demanded an interview with General Saldanha; but this did not suit the views of Palmella. They were told that the general was indisposed, and could not be disturbed. In the meantime the tide served, the boat got under weigh, and when Saldanha awoke in the morning and found the deputation on board, he was already far from the shores of Portugal. Such was the termination of this ill-conducted enterprise. Had the Marquis of Palmella possessed but the spirit and professional knowledge of a corporal, the advance upon Lisbon would have been a mere military promenade; and the evils—which for the last four years have pressed so heavily on his unhappy country, consigned to a scaffold, to the noxious dungeons of Belem, or driven into foreign exile, the *élite* of her population—would have been averted.

It is owing to the jealousy and intrigues of the Marquis de Palmella and the Marquis de Villa Flor, the destined commander of the invading army, that General Saldanha does not accompany the ex-emperor in the present expedition, in the success of which all the liberal portion of Europe is interested.

THE MARQUIS DE VILLA FLOR.

Don Jose Monoel de Portugal Marquis de Villa Flor entered the army at an early age. He served during several of the peninsular campaigns on the staff of Marshal Beresford; the bearer of dispatches

more than once to the court of Rio de Janeiro, he rose rapidly in the service. On his last trip across the Atlantic, he found his quarters in Brazil so comfortable, that he did not return to join his brothers in arms in the peninsular. In 1816 he was appointed Captain General of Gram Para. This province he governed with all the tyranny of a Roman consul, or the relentless cruelty of a Turkish pacha—a professed pro-libertine. It was said of him, as of Cæsar of old, that he was the husband of every pretty woman in the province. Woe to the man who possessed a wife or a sister whose personal charms had excited the lusts of the captain general; some excuse was soon found, either to remove or incarcerate him till the marquis had gratified his criminal desires. It would only shock the delicacy of English ears were we to enumerate in detail the catalogue of his enormities; we shall therefore present only one to the reader, which will exhibit his character in odious relievo to the execration of every honourable mind.

On quitting Para on the expiration of his government, he touched at Maranham on his way to the Rio. While riding out one evening he was struck with the beauty of a young lady of respectable family, who was enjoying the cool of the evening in her balcony. This maiden he forcibly extracted from the house of her father, kept her till the eve of his departure, and then returned her, polluted and dishonoured, to her disconsolate family. He was shortly afterwards appointed governor-general of the province of Bahia, where the constitutional party, in consequence, fearing every thing from his well-known tyrannical character, declared a month sooner than they intended the Spanish constitution of 1820. Several of the officers who thus precipitated the revolutionary movement, are actually now serving under his command at Terceira.

Such are the characters of Don Pedro, his councillor, and his general. The ex-emperor is far from popular in Portugal; and his returning, as he does, surrounded by such men, does not give to that unhappy country the promise of a bright futurity. Indeed, those who augur that the overthrow of Miguel will be followed by the reign of political tranquillity, know little of the real state of things in Portugal. She has yet a fiery ordeal to go through. The political regenerator in vain looks for materials for his great work—to root up from her soil the rankling weeds of centuries of misrule and corruption—to conciliate the fiery wrath of party spirit, and gradually prepare the minds of the people for the blessings of freedom—to guide the vessel of state through the innumerable shoals that beset her onward course, will require the arm of a political Hercules. Yet we fervently indulge the hope that such a man will be found; and that this fine country—this ancient ally of England—to the spirit and enterprise of whose people Europe owes so much, may yet attain a distinguished place in the scale of nations, and bask in the sunshine of political prosperity.

THE POLITICAL ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

FOR the gratification of those who have not yet visited this establishment, we give the following brief account of the extremely rare and curious collection of animals it contains. We shall not aim at classification, but take fish, flesh, and fowl, just as they chance to recur to our memory.

A huge cage near the entrance contains:—

The Boroughmonger—the monarch of birds of prey, of the vulture species; its usual food is public property; this it is enabled to procure by means of its long beak, which it darts into the pockets of the people. Its odour is singularly offensive; and it is found in all parts of the kingdom, particularly in Cornwall. There is reason to think the species will soon be extinct; the whig sportsmen consider them excellent shooting; and a general "*battue*" is expected to take place in a short time. The bird here exhibited is one of the largest size and most rapacious in its habits; it was taken some time since at Newark, just in the act of dashing its talons into the vitals of the constitution.

The Bishops—amphibious, living both by land and by sea, (*qu.* see,) resembles the porpoise in shape; but in voracity is near akin to the shark. It is found in most parts of Europe, but thrives best in the British isles. The finest and fattest specimens are found at Canterbury and Durham in England, and Derry in Ireland: the present one was taken on the Thames close to Fulham.

The Dean—a smaller animal of the same genus.

The Sinecurist—a species of the sloth-bear, at once a lazy and predatory animal: its favourite food is salary, of which it is absolutely insatiable: it is to be seen in great numbers in the western districts of the metropolis: in appearance it is bloated and disgusting: it multiplied more rapidly some years ago than it does at present, which is chiefly to be attributed to an invaluable little animal, called economy, (introduced of late years into England, by a gentleman of Scotch extraction residing in Bryanstone-square,) and remarkable for its instinctive animosity to the sinecurist, which it pursues into its den and destroys, something in the way a weazel disposes of a rat, or any other sort of vermin.

The Pensioner—a variety of the sinecurist: it is gregarious, and goes in packs usually called *lists*. A kind of poison composed chiefly of printer's ink, has been found the most effectual way of extirpating them: it is sold at most of the offices of the daily and weekly newspapers, and is so extremely useful a commodity that it is heavily taxed by act of parliament.

The Tory—It is nearly impossible to distinguish this quadruped either by feature or voice from the common ass. To the stupidity and obstinate temper, however, of the donkey species, it unites the cunning and malignity peculiar to itself. In fact the beast is a hybrid, between knave and fool. A mortality commenced amongst the species just about the time the Reform Bill was introduced into Parliament; and it has raged so violently ever since, that some persons assert there is not a genuine specimen of the animal to be found now in all England. This, however, is manifestly a mistake. Besides the present instance, it is well known that several fine old tories are still to be found at

Oxford and Cambridge, and many other parts of the country. Zoologists tell us a number of extraordinary stories of their propensities and instincts. Amongst other things, they say, that they have the greatest antipathy imaginable to Frenchmen and Americans, especially the former, whom they never see without braying in the most hideous manner, and endeavouring to kick their shins. Another peculiarity is, that they delight in a red-coat as much as a turkey-cock hates it. They are said, likewise, to exhibit the most lively symptoms of joy at sight of a gallows or gibbet, which is the more surprising, as it is not their nature to eat human flesh.

The Orangeman—a decided blood-hound; it is a native of Ireland, where it is still common, particularly in the northern provinces. Previous to the year 1829, the ravages committed by this fierce animal were almost incredible. A vast number of them were kept in the government kennels, and used to hunt down the papists, as Cortes hunted the aborigines of America with wolf-dogs. At the date referred to, it began to strike the legislature that it was not the best way to tame the people of Ireland to treat them as wild beasts; and accordingly they passed an act for drawing the teeth of the Orangemen, which was carried into immediate execution. It was ludicrous enough to observe the furious but ineffectual attempts they made to bite after the state dentists had deprived them of their fangs; they snapped at every one they met, and barked louder than ever. No species of dog is more subject to *hydrophobia*, as appears from their uncontrollable propensity to drink excessively of wine and ardent spirits, particularly about the first of July and the fourth of November, when they are in the highest state of rabid excitement, and make the most horrid howlings imaginable. The specimen here offered to public notice is a most ferocious dog. He was taken about a month since at the door of Exeter Hall, at the conclusion of the great "whole Bible" meeting, at which Lord Lorton presided.

The Rector—a wolf in its internal conformation, but externally resembling a sheep. It avails itself of this likeness to insinuate itself amongst the flock, one or two of which it usually devours at a meal. It infests all parts of England and Ireland, to the great annoyance and damage of the farmers in particular. The Irish, however, have a kind of shepherd's dog, called a white-foot, which has a rough, but most effectual way of dealing with these depredators. There is a white-foot in this collection, a half-starved cur, the very antithesis of an English mastiff.

The Tithe-Proctor—this animal is to the foregoing what the jackall is said to be to the lion. Zoologists call the jackall the lion's-provider, because he selects and hunts down the prey with which that lordly brute gorges himself. The tithe-proctor performs the same savage and obsequious part for the rector. The Irish peasant, when he catches it, is in the habit of cutting off one of its ears, and sometimes both; it is a rare thing in that country to see a tithe-proctor with a complete set of the organs of hearing. The specimen here exhibited was caught in the county Kilkenny, near Knock-Toplur. It is a young one, and has the moiety of one of its ears left.

The Curate—of the ox species; supposed to be a native of Egypt, from its striking similitude to the breed of Pharaoh's "lean kine." It is an intelligent, useful, submissive animal; does an incredible deal of

work, and requires incredibly little provender; indeed so little, that some zoologists have supposed that, like the chameleon, it might be supported altogether on air.

The Herald-at-arms—a nondescript animal, with the head of a lion, the body of a horse, the plumage of a mackaw, and the tail of a dolphin. Its outlandish shape and gaudy colours are wonderfully attractive to children under eight years of age, hereditary peers, and old ladies; but it is impossible for a sensible man to see them without bursting into a fit of laughter. Like all monsters, the herald-at-arms is perfectly useless; and it is, perhaps, for that reason that it is so great a favourite in the aristocratic circles. It has the screaming note of a parrot, and might be said to have a language of its own, were it not that none of its sounds have the slightest sense or meaning. The growing indisposition of the age to encourage the breed of any creature that is unserviceable to man, is likely to make this grotesque animal as great a rarity before long as a phœnix or unicorn.

The Great Captain—a hunting leopard, a fierce and sanguinary, but withal magnificent looking animal. It generally hunts down whatever game it is ordered to pursue; but its keeping costs more than the game is worth. The people of England had once such a rage for the species of amusement this brute afforded them, that they submitted to be taxed enormously for it. In fact, their "*penchant*" for great captains has contributed more than any other national folly to swell the national debt. In the year 1815 one of the finest of the breed was brought over to Flanders (reckoned the best ground in Europe for the chace), and there was such noble sport, and so much game killed, that nothing else was talked of for a long time: at length, however, bread grew dear, the people began to see that such pastimes were too expensive; and they have "rued the hunting of that day" ever since.

The Agitator— a species of watch-dog, and a native of Kerry, in Ireland. It got into the House of Commons one day (through the negligence of Sir R. Peel, who left the door open), and bit the Irish secretary, who immediately went mad and attended to his business. The animal is fierce and noisy, but has many useful, and some noble qualities. In the present defective state of the laws for the protection of property, the agitator is extremely useful, especially to the poor, who would often have their pockets picked, or their cottages burglariously entered, but for his timely barking. Many a depredator, lay and clerical, has been detected by his vigilance; he is consequently the "best abused" dog in Ireland; some call him a mad dog, some a dirty dog, some a wicked dog; all, however, agree that he is a clever dog. His chief fault seems to be, that he snarls sometimes at persons whose intentions are honest; this, however, may be only through habit: the knaves in the world are so much more numerous than the fools, that wiser animals than dogs may be excused if they do not always distinguish the one character from the other. Some say that, if the ministry would throw him a bone, he is ready to turn tail upon the people; we incline to believe, however, that he is attached to his master; and, as good radical reformers, we heartily wish we had a dozen of the same breed in England.

A WINTER EVENING WITH THE POETS.

We have been anxiously looking forward to the delight of passing one of these long winter evenings in the contemplation of our immortal poets; to creep away for a brief season from the tumultuous clamour and the hateful passions of tory despotism and democratical phrenzy, into the cool and ever verdant umbrage surrounding the fountain of our early poetry. How grateful and refreshing to the mental eye, dazzled by the gilded luxury of modern days, are the beautiful colours still floating over the rural pictures of old Chaucer; and with what a balmy and restoring influence does the divine air of Milton's "Paradise" steal upon our senses as we gradually ascend into the pure atmosphere of his holy imagination. The cry has gone forth that the age of poetry is past. We grant the truth of the conclusion, but dissent from the premises. Poetry has not departed from our minstrels, but taste and feeling from the public. The supply has diminished in proportion to the demand. The fact of a MS. volume of poems by the late George Crabbe, having remained in the hands of Mr. Murray for several years unpublished, is an authentication of our assertion. We believe, that if a poet were to arise, uniting in his own person the fancy of Spenser to the learning of Milton, his fame would nevertheless be confined to his own immediate coterie or school.

We see nothing singular in this state of the national mind. The literary history of every people affords an evidence in confirmation. The growth of refinement, after it has reached a certain stage, is always accompanied by the decay of invention. We behold this very clearly in the productions of the Athenian dramatists. The imagination which arose wild and sublime in Æschylus, was softened into beauty and elegance in Sophocles, and diluted into sentimental pathos in Euripides. The progress of science has likewise been found generally to have involved the ruin of the purer spirit of poetry. The Greeks thought Anaxagoras endowed by some Δαιμων because having foreseen rain in the morning, he took the precaution of attending the Olympic Games in a strong outer garment. Yet Anaxagoras had Pericles and Euripides for his pupils, and the Athenian theatre was ennobled by the tragedies of Sophocles. Egypt, the most enthusiastically devoted to science of the ancient nations, was at all periods totally destitute of a school of poets. We are not aware of any available instance. The poets who wrote under the Ptolemean dynasty were Greeks. But we must not spend our "Winter Evening," in discussion upon the Pagan ages: we have made these brief allusions, because the facts referred to, form an interesting commentary upon the state of poetry.

We would not have it supposed, that, because we profess ourselves enthusiasts in our love of the older English poets, we are blind to their defects, or deaf to the charming of the modern. We hope to award them all the merit they deserve. The *Excursion*, and *Thalaba*, and the *Ancient Mariner*, are not Lays to be spoken of lightly, or estimated carelessly. What would we have given for one lecture of Aristotle upon the rich fancy of Southey, and one comment of Plato upon the philosophy of Wordsworth!

The history of our poetry commences with Chaucer. Snatches of beautiful thought, and sentiments of love and tenderness, had indeed

been diffused over the masses of society by the early ballads, which have been found to precede the dawn of literature in every country. They were, however, if we may be allowed the metaphor, indications of the golden morning, which soon after began to appear above the horizon. The elements of poetry were prepared, and Chaucer moulded them into a form, and breathed the life of inspiration into his creation. A dreary period elapsed from his death to the days of Surrey and Sackville. We look in vain for any name of distinguished excellence. The seed sown by Chaucer, lay for a long season in the earth before it burst forth into an abundant harvest. The names of a few intermediate writers occur, such as Lydgate, who was more famous as a traveller than a poet, and James I. of Scotland, and Skelton, more remarkable for his furious attacks upon the Cardinal Wolsey, than his offerings to the muses, to which may be added those of Occleve and Gawin Douglas. Of the writings of Skelton, we are willing to confess our ignorance; we know, however, that one of the most accomplished scholars and classical critics of the present day, (we allude to the Rev. Alexander Dyce,) is now engaged in editing his works.

The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, were friends and contemporaries, and must ever be pointed out by the historian as the promoters of a more elegant style of versification. A memoir of each is prefixed to the beautiful edition of their works in the Aldine Poets. Little requires to be said of their poetry. Wyatt, was a clever man, and a very mediocre writer; his Defence proves the one, and his poetry the other. His poems consist almost entirely of amatory effusions, put forth under such endearing titles as these:—*How the Lover perisheth in his Delight as the Fly in the Fire;* and again—*On his Love that pricked her finger with a Needle.* We are inclined to reject altogether the story of his attachment to Anne Boleyn, and confess our inability to discover that alteration which the believers in the love-tale assert to have taken place in his verses, after the execution of the unfortunate lady. Any of our readers who have no other occupation, may read Dr. Notts' speculations on the mutual affection of the queen and the poet, or their perusal may be imposed, by way of gentle correction, on a refractory child.

The character of Wyatt seems to have been deservedly held in high estimation by his contemporaries, and his death called forth numerous memorials of love and esteem. That "his poems sufficiently attest the variety and scope of his abilities," we coincide with his biographer in the "Aldine," in considering, though in a different sense. We are at a loss to guess how any critic of this day, could call the following lines, written by Wyatt during his incarceration in the Tower, to Sir Francis Bryan—*beautiful.*

> Sighs are my food, my drink are my tears;
> *Clinking of fetters would such music crave;*
> Stink, and close air, away my life it wears;
> Poor innocence is all the hope I have;
> Rain, wind, or weather, judge I by my ears;
> *Malice assayl's that righteousness should have.*
> Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,
> But, yet, alas the scar shall still remain.

We are quite ready to confess our ignorance of the meaning of the lines we have marked in italics. Our readers we trust will be more

sagacious. We wonder that a fellow with such a glorious beard as Wyatt appears to have possessed, should have written such nonsense.

There is pathos and a measure of picturesque elegance in his *Penitential Psalms*, which we prefer considering with the author of the Aldine Memoir, as indicative of the serious and contented nature of his thoughts, rather than, as Dr. Nott has imagined, of remorse, or regret, for his previous career. We will quote one stanza, which is characterized we think by much simplicity of idea and considerable harmony of versification.

> This while a beam that bright sun forth sendeth
> That sun, the which was never cloud could hide,
> Pierceth the case, and on the harp descendeth:
> Whose glancing light the chords did overglide,
> And such lustre upon the lamp extendeth,
> As light of lamp upon the gold clean tried,
> The lome whereof into his eyes did start,
> Surprised with joy by penance of the heart.

We have been lingering too long with Wyatt, and we hasten to the great epoch in the history of English poetry—the composition of the "Paradise Lost!" The sudden transition from the quaint images and English ruggedness of Wyatt, to the stately harmonies and magnificent visionings of Milton, is like the entrance through a miserable wooden door into the gorgeous audience-chamber of the Persian prince, of which mention is made in the travels of Morier. Of the gradual progress which the muse had been making towards this perfect excellence we shall now say nothing. We trust that Southey will some day give us the history of English poetry, which he once promised. It would be difficult to find one more peculiarly suited to the task. Of our own qualifications, with the modesty of true genius, we are silent.

We are led to speak of the Aldine editor of the poems of Milton more at length, because we take it to be (so far as it has hitherto extended) the most perfect, and at the same time the most interesting of any which have yet appeared. Mr. Mitford possesses the learning and taste which alone enable a man to edit such a composition as the "Paradise Lost." The original notes illustrative of the text are worth the price of the volumes.

The Memoir of Milton appears to us quite beautiful in the tone of its sentiments, and the melody of its style. We shall presently afford our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. A diligent perusal of the prose works of Milton, and of the illustrious scholars of that age, has enabled Mr. Mitford to throw much light upon many obscure passages. Into the private or public life of the poet, however, we have no intention of entering: we shall confine ourselves to his poetry. Milton had very early formed the idea of writing an epic poem. Homer was reported to have found the Iliad and Odyssey in an Egyptian temple. In like manner the archives of European literature have been examined, and the most worthless productions brought to light, in order to discover the original of the Paradise Lost. His critics, by a sort of general consent, have determined that the framework, at least, of his immortal composition was borrowed. Colonel Leak, the able geographer of Greece, has pointed out a singular coincidence between the Paradise Lost and a modern Greek poem. Of these hypotheses we are not aware that Mr. Mitford takes any notice. Possibly

a critic in the Athenæum alluded to this omission, when he accused Mr. Mitford of having "thrown out no new views of Paradise Lost." Surely the list is sufficiently extensive.

Poetry never more clearly proved itself to be the antithesis to prose than in the Paradise Lost. We do not remember a purely prosaic passage in the whole twelve books. The spirit of life is every where diffused. A current of celestial blood seems to circulate in the veins of the immortal agents—you never cease for a moment to recognize the divinity of Milton's angels. And here he surpasses Homer, and all the writers of antiquity. He appears undismayed by the magnitude of his subject; the proportions of his mind increase with the events which he describes. His spiritual converse has communicated a heavenly power to his understanding. The tumult of affairs, says Pliny, is continually drawing off the attention, and the master-pieces of art require silence and tranquillity of mind. The Roman critic is alluding to the study of painting—but the observation is not inapplicable to Milton. His poetical life—that season which he devoted to the composition of his great poem—may be dated from the conclusion of his political engagements. He retreated out of the turbulent animosities of the time into the sanctitude of his own imagination. The bitter passions of a violent republican were replaced by meditations upon the fall of humanity. All his youthful dreams of King Arthur vanished, and he felt himself called to a nobler daring.

We promised an extract from Mr. Mitford's memoir, and we cannot do better than quote the beautiful passage in which he notices this change in Milton's sentiments:—

"We should have had the enchantments of Comus, the sounds of revelry and Circe's cup; but we should have wanted the songs of a higher mood, the sorrows and the pride of the Hebrew captive. We should not have been carried back, as it were by vision, into the dark and austere learning of the Sanhedrim, and had the Teraphim and the Ephod, pall and mitre, and the 'old Flamen's vestry' brought before our eyes. We should still have possessed the noblest epic of modern days; but its argument would not have been the talk of angels, the sullen despair, or the haughty resolves of rebellious spirits, the contrition of fallen man, or the decrees of eternal Wisdom. We should have had tales of chivalrous emprise, of 'gentle knights that pricked along the plain,' the 'cruelty of inexorable beauty, and the achievements of unconquerable love.' Its scenes would not have been laid in the bowers of paradise, or by the thunderous throne of Heaven, nor where the wings of the cherubim fan the Mercy-seat; but amid royal halls, in the palaces of magicians, and islands of enchantment. Instead of the serpent with hairy mane, and eye of carbuncle, gliding among the myrtle thickets of Eden, we should have had jousts and tournaments, the streaming of gonfalons, the glitter of dancing plumes, the wailing of barbaric trumpets, and the sound of silver clarions; battles fiercer than that of Fontarabia, and fields more gorgeous than that of the Cloth of Gold. What crowds of pilgrims and palmers should we not have seen journeying to and fro, with shell and staff of ivory, filling the port of Joppa with their galleys. What youthful warriors, the flower of British chivalry, should we not have seen caparisoned, and in quest of the holy Sangreal? The world of reality, and the world of vision, would have been equally exhausted to supply the materials. The odours would have been wafted from the weeping woods of Araby; the dazzling mirrors would have been of solid diamond; and the flowers would have been amaranths, from the land of Faëry. Every warrior would have been clothed in pyropus and adamant. We should have watched in battle, not the celestial sword of Michael, but the enchanted Caliburn; we should have had, not the sorrows of Eve, and the fall of Adam, but the loves of Angelica, or the exploits of Arthur."

The genius of Milton possessed more perfectly than that of any poet who ever lived, the opposite endowments of the Φοβερον and the Καλον. The terror and majesty of Satan, and the loveliness and delicacy of Eve, can never be surpassed—nothing can exceed the charm of that gentle creature in the melancholy season of human sorrow and temptation. Her footsteps make a beautiful light in the darkness of that painful story. But we must look to the character of the fallen angel, and the description of his actions, for the full development of Milton's powers. The wings of his inspiration are unfolded, and their gigantic shadow rests upon his poetry. The present becomes the past; in the words of Schlegel, he gives *de l'ame aux sensations, et un corps a la pensée.* Milton has been charged with arraying Satan in too attractive colours, and certainly his sublimity of manner seizes strongly on an ardent and youthful mind. Lord Thurlow is reported to have been excessively fond of reading the Paradise Lost aloud at Oxford, more especially the speeches which are put into the mouth of Satan; and he frequently exclaimed, after finishing the celebrated address to the sun, "*He was a fine fellow—I wish he had won!*" Setting apart the impiety of the observation, we think it expresses very vividly the feelings of many of Milton's readers.

We have already noticed the supernatural strength and energy displayed by Milton in the Paradise Lost. Even before the "dark pavilion," spread out upon "the wasteful deep," the poet stands unquailed by the thrones of Chaos and Night. We see in him none of the straining after effect, and lashing of every power into exertion, so obvious in other poets. He gazes upon Eternity with a calm and serene countenance, while the illimitable ocean of time rolls around him. His Titan intellect bears the pressure of six thousand years without any perceptible bending. The mind of Milton was not debilitated by the enervating nourishment of vain and unprofitable studies. The nerves of the spiritual man were firmly knit together, and braced by the pure air of that lofty region in which he delighted to wander. But the sublimity and terror of Milton were softened by a most touching and endearing grace and pathos. The gentle voice of Sion's "flowery brook" is heard amid the warring elements of nature. He disdained not occasionally to mix the crystal waters of the heavenly fountain with the bright wine of a Grecian Circe. Milton was the most learned of poets; but in him poetry was "the blossom of all human knowledge." Unlike Callimachus, or the writers of the Alexandrian school, his immense acquirements were all transmuted by a spiritual alchymy into splendid and exhaustless imagery. The stream of his poetry rushes over the orient pearl and sands of gold, which the tide of years has gathered together. Milton was the most frequent, and the most successful of imitators. It may be affirmed of him, as of Virgil, that he borrowed nothing which he did not improve. The various editors of Milton have cited parallel passages almost without number, and the cultivated mind of Mr. Mitford has enabled him to offer another highly interesting contribution. It is curious to trace out the sources of some of Milton's peculiar idioms. Mr. S. Boyd very ingeniously pointed out the coincidence between a passage in the *Banquet of Virgins,* of Methodius, and the description of Eden in the 4th book of the Paradise Lost.

The words of Methodius are, "There bloomed innumerable trees,

surcharged with autumnal riches, and glorying in their golden fruitage, which *depended amiably*"—Καρπων απαιωρδμενων ιλαρως—Milton says—

Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable. Book 4, p. 250.

Surely this coincidence could not have been accidental. But we have neither time nor space to pursue this inquiry. Whenever Milton descended from his majestic throne to gather assistance from the humbler works of others, he always rose, Antæus-like, with tenfold energy.

And now, thou most dainty blue book, we must close thee for a brief period, for we are desirous of saying a few words upon one who resembled thee only in his adoration of nature, and the innocency of his breast—we mean the author of "the Seasons." We shall return to Milton in a future *Winter Evening*, for we have much to say upon that now frequently underrated poem, the *Paradise Regained.*

The principal merit of the earlier volumes of the *Aldine Edition*, appears to us to consist in the antiquarian research which they display. The purely critical passages might have been written by Alaric Watts, or Robert Montgomery. Indeed, we have been occasionally reminded of these distinguished authors during our perusal of the Life of Thomson. We shall offer two or three specimens of the biographer's style, and we are the rather inclined to do so, because of the subsequent lives (we allude to those written by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, and the Rev. J. Mitford) we have already, in the case of Milton, spoken and shall continue to speak in terms of high praise. The author of the "Life of Thomson" commences his memoir with the following lucid observation.

"The biography of a man whose life was passed in his study, and who is known to the world by his writings alone, can present few facts to render it popular, unless it was chequered by events that excite interest, or marked by traits which lessen esteem."

We have two remarks to make upon this paragraph. In the first place, it would seem strange to persons of ordinary minds, that an individual who had been honoured with a "biography," should be nevertheless "known to the world by his writings alone," and secondly, how it is possible for the "biography of a man whose life was passed in his study, to be chequered by events that excite interest." We make this objection with all diffidence, and proceed to illustrate our remarks by another quotation. The author of the Memoir, has been alluding to the injustice Thomson always received at the hands of Dr. Johnson, and he proceeds thus:—"The cause of this hostility must be sought in vain; but the temper of Johnson, and his violent political feelings, are sufficiently notorious to render the patriotic sentiments which Thomson every where inculcates a sufficient explanation of his hostility, whilst his country may have been another ground of his dislike."

We are gravely assured at the beginning of this short sentence, that "the cause of this conduct will be sought in vain," and in the next line, are presented with the very cause itself. We repeat our conviction, that the Memoir of Thomson was written by the author of "Satan." We

are sincerely happy to find however, that Mr. Pickering limited the "Oxford" minstrel's biographical talents to the author of the "Seasons," and that we are not disgusted by his "Omnipresence" in any other of the Aldine.

Thomson was the founder of the descriptive school of poets, and it may be affirmed that by none of his numerous followers has he been surpassed, very rarely equalled. The love of nature and her works, which in many of our modern bards is a fictitious passion, was in the poet of the seasons a genuine feeling of the heart. The exquisite stanza in the *Castle of Indolence,* in which he so touchingly pourtrays this sentiment, is, we trust, in the recollection of our readers. Thomson's life may be considered a delightful scholiast upon his poetry. In a letter addressed to his friend Mr. Paterson, we find him giving an account of his innocent and simple occupations. "Retirement and nature," he says, "are more and more my passion every day; and now, even now, the charming time comes on; Heaven is just on the point, or rather in the very act, of giving earth a green gown. The voice of the nightingale is heard in our lane. You must know that I have enlarged my rural domain much to the same dimensions as you have done yours. The two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no —paled in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes in the night."

Thomson was an ungraceful letter writer, but his simplicity of manner and expression is sometimes very pleasing. We wish he had occasionally carried more of this quality into his poetry. His pictures of scenery and natural objects are commonly vivid and beautifully true, but they are often injured by a pomp of language and exaggeration of imagery. He not unfrequently exchanged the wild-flower band of his muse for a golden girdle, which ill-assorted with the graceful negligence of her attire. Poetry, purely descriptive, is not entitled to a very distinguished rank. It requires little imagination, and no invention. The beauty of the pictures of scenery in the Seasons consist in their truth. The sound of the cataract, and the whispering of the summer waves, and the singing of the birds, all live in the verse, every word seems to be imbued with a particular colour. Thomson is the Claude of poetry. Mark how terribly he paints the rising of the storm.

A boding silence reigns
Dread thro' the dun expanse: save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath,
Prone to the lowest vale the aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud,
And following slower, in explosion vast
The thunder raises his tremendous voice,

At first heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,
The tempest growls: but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind, &c.

Summer, b. 1135.

Now take a picture of the returning calm:—

As from the face of Heaven, the scatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lightened air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm
Diffusive tremble:

* * * * *

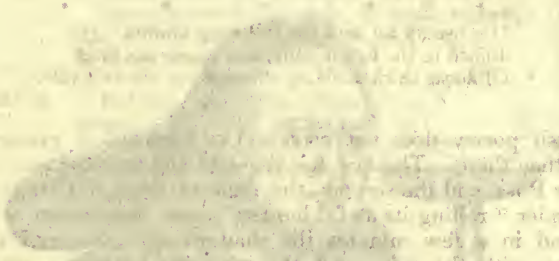
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleet
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.

b. 1234.

English poetry does not contain two pictures of greater truth and beauty than these. The first has the wild and tempestuous colouring of Salvator Rosa, and the second, the delicate tints of Claude. We hear the thunder "rolling its awful burden" upon the bosom of the hurricane, and in a few minutes the shadows are gone and the grass is glittering with the rain, and the kine are lowing in the meadows. How poor and spiritless, compared to the landscapes of Thomson, are the graceful etchings of Goldsmith. If the "Deserted Village" had been written in blank verse, it would never have attained a tithe of its present popularity. Goldsmith was the Gainsborough of poets. That delightful artist was accustomed to select the most simple features of nature, a thatched cottage with a back-ground of beautiful and luxuriant trees, with a cart winding up the green sequestered lane, and a little urchin by the side of an old gray horse—there was a subject for Gainsborough. He had absolutely no invention, he copied nature, as boys do maps, over a tracing glass. A similar character may be given of Goldsmith; the finest image in the "Deserted Village" was taken from Young's "Night Thoughts."

We have been scarcely able to write these last lines by the decaying light of our lamp, and we are therefore compelled to break off abruptly, but we shall devote an early winter evening to the continuation of our thoughts upon Thomson and his illustrious companions.

W. R. A.



THE MARQUIS OF UNDONE DERRY.

THE 'PRENTICE-BOYS OF DERRY.

AN IRISH VAUDEVILLE—(Acted but once.)

Scene, DERRY.—*An immense assemblage of 'Prentice-boys, consisting of not less than twenty-seven persons, all above fourteen years of age, are encircling the Town-Pump in the absence of their great Patron, and drinking in pure water, (with some whiskey in it,) health and long-laughter to the Marquis, or, as he is more familiarly called, the Quiz, of Derry. They dance round the Pump, on which the Peer's head is appropriately carved, and sing—*

Green grows the Marquis, oh!
Green grows the Marquis, oh!
The wildest wag the world e'er saw
Is tamer than the Marquis, oh!

Old Nature dear she loves the peer,
Whom people near and far quiz, oh!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on DAN,
And then she made the Marquis, oh!

Green grows the Marquis, oh!
Green grows the Marquis, oh!
What signifies the House of Lords,
If 'twere not for the Marquis, oh!

A shout is raised in the distance, and cries of "The Marquis! the Marquis!" The gates of Derry are heard to creak on their obstinate hinges, and the hero enters in triumph, borne irresistibly onwards by a dense crowd of fifteen tenants. As the 'Prentices rush forward to greet him, crying out "The Marquis! the Marquis!" an Irish echo answers, "Quiz! quiz!" and when they change the shout to "Derry!" the same echo faithfully replies, "Derry, down derry." A VANE *is descried in the background, pointing to the west, where the sun of England is seen setting for ever. The Marquis ascends a car, not unlike a coal-waggon, and speaks:—*

My lords and patriots—I mean, my "lads,"
And "Pats" that keep aloof from every "riot,"
By patriots raised—believe me that it glads
My heart, to see this scene of peace and quiet!

Here a fight ensues among the 'Prentices, in consequence of one of them having said that it was the Duke of Wellington, and not the Marquis, that beat Alexander the Great at Waterloo; and that Magna Charta was instituted by Oliver Cromwell instead of the hero of Derry. The refractory asperser, being put down by the united valour of the assembly, is eventually borne off upon a shutter.

Most gallant politicians, noble boys,
Who hate vile Freedom, nourished upon noise,
I've often wished—it makes my bosom bleed
To think you can't—that some of you could read.
Then should you see, in London as in Derry,
How every way my genius wins its crown;
And how the press devotes itself to ferry
My fame across the current of renown.
Of course you've heard of my exploits, you've heard
How every night my satire some one shatters;
How Brougham was left without a single word,
And how I tore Lord Plunkett all to tatters.
Two Chancellors are they, without a chance;
The House seems horror-stricken; poor Earl Grey

Turns blue, and cries "divide!" as I advance—
And then the treasury troops all run away.
(*Hurrahs and laughter.*) Thus, ye boys, do I
"Flutter the Volscians in Corioli."

Here the 'Prentices can contain their enthusiasm no longer, but mounting the car, or waggon, insist upon seizing the hero and carrying him in triumph round the town; which he respectfully declines, on the score of their not being able. He then resumes his speech.

Give me, ye men—that is, ye boys—permission
To read to ye—just mark—your own petition!
Yes, here it is—I needn't read it through—
"We who have fixed our crosses hereunto,
Not underminers, no—but merely minors;
We having, like the peerage, not yet reached
Years of discretion, are the best diviners
Of what should now be practised, and what preached.
Being quite ignorant of all that passes,
We're free from prejudice; and simply ask
Your Majesty to crush the middle classes,
And look for help from us in every task;
To grant, in reason's and religion's name,
The church whate'er it condescends to claim;
To shut your eyes to scenes of wild distress,
Your ears to wronged reformers' idle stories,
Your mouth, when throne-addresses vow redress,
Your heart to all—except your faithful Tories;
To raise the pensions, and increase the taxes,
And give the earth a more convenient axis;
To make the Horse-Guards keep the land in peace;
To stop the rushing ocean on its way,
And let the rivulets have proper play;
In short to make your people, all police;
Let Derry have the seals, dismiss Lord Grey,
And your petitioners will ever pay."

Tumultuous delight, manifested by the medium of shouts and shilalaghs. The 'Prentices rend the air with their cries, as far as they can; and again insist upon carrying their hero in triumph—but he assures them that he merely wishes them to carry the petition—which is done. In the confusion the speaker resumes—

This to the King shall be forthwith preferred;
I'll then repeat the speech you all have heard.
And now, ye glorious 'prentices, all hark!
Let every lad amongst ye *make his mark.*

A flourish of sticks. Everybody makes his mark where he can; but as the blows of the combatants are principally directed to the head, little mischief is done. Three cheers are given for the Hero, three for the Boroughmongers, and three thousand for the Queen. The Marquis makes his escape with only a few affectionate bruises, and the Derry choristers break out into their opening chaunt—

Green grows the Marquis, oh!
The oddest sums that e'er were spent
Were spent upon the Marquis, oh!

Old Nature hears O'Connell's jeers,
And people near and far quiz, oh!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on DAN,
And then she made the Marquis, oh.

Here the 'Prentices, in a state of delirium unprecedented even in Derry, all fall down—to a boy; and then—the

CURTAIN FALLS.

PIGS—ADDRESSED TO THOSE "ABOUT TO LEAVE BUSINESS!"

MISERABLE are those thrifty traders, who having crammed their bags "e'en to bursting" with gold and bank-paper, shut up shop, and endeavour gradually to accustom themselves to the sight of green turf, ere they are called upon to sleep under it. Mr. Pettitoes was one of these unhappy beings. He had, in his day, shed oceans of pig's blood, and had grown immensely rich by the sanguinary employment. One day, however, his evil genius whispered, "Pettitoes, sell your business, and go live at your ease in the country." We much doubt whether the suggestion of the genius would have of itself prevailed, had it not been most opportunely backed by the whirling-by of the handsome carriage of Mr. Figdust, late grocer of Oxford-street, but then Cincinnatus of Battersea Rise. Enough: Pettitoes "sold his business:" behold him in the country.

Pettitoes had a fine family—three daughters, born, it would seem, with a mortal hatred of pigs—a splendid house, gardens beautifully laid out, graperies, pineries, arable land, peacocks strutting on the lawn, and golden pheasants glittering in the wise preserves. To these delights may be added *The Morning Advertiser* every day; and, had he deigned to consult them, the twenty new novels (subscribed for by the young ladies) every week. What greater delight could fall to the fate of a retired pork-butcher, tainted with a touch of the romantic? And yet, after a time, Mr. Pettitoes lost his customary suavity, became careless of his attire, of gentlemanly cut, and once or twice struck his family with consternation, by handling, in an absent and mysterious manner, his father's ivory-hafted killing-knife, religiously preserved by his pious son. Mrs. Pettitoes and her daughters—unanimous for once—declared that Mr. P. "was not at ease.—What could be the matter with him?"

Unreflecting souls—they had their new novels, the last new songs of the butterflies, lectures on chemistry, and the Egyptian hieroglyphics, to occupy their minds—but not so Mr. Pettitoes: he, indeed, in the eloquent language of his sympathising family, "was not at ease." Could they have entered into his mind, they would have seen how grotesquely were reflected there all the beauties of surrounding nature. To his mental vision, every oak, beech, or elm, seemed to take the shape of a huge "hand" or "leg" of swine's flesh—a hedge of hornbeam was but a Brobdignag loin—the row of poplars so many gigantic skewers—Sylph, the Italian greyhound, had bristles in his back, and the peacocks did not scream, but grunt. Gentle reader, let not this description of our hero's mind appear forced and extravagant. It is the common malady of the retired trader to assimilate the objects of rustic life to the things of his former and happier state. As the sailor beholds "green meadows in the salt seas, and hears the bleeting of the sheep," so does the retired tea-dealer or pawnbroker (we, of course, mean those with whom books are nought) clothe the fields and hedges with hyson and souchong, and see the three balls, glistening like Virgil's golden branch, from every tree. Could they write their confessions, what drolleries would they not give us—what hackney-coaches running in the milky way—what skylarks singing the twopenny-postmen's bells—what Naiads and Hemadryads frisking it in comely whitey-brown

aprons and elbow-sleeves. Thus it was with Mr. Pettitoes: all his dreams, his waking feelings, ran on pigs; it was in vain that he tried to divert his mind by reading. He sent for "Hogg's Tales," but was disgusted and disappointed. Shakspeare was only saved from his contempt by two lines—"Where hast been, sister?"—"Killing swine!" Oh, acutely wretched is that golden wretch, who, dragged by Plutus from the joyous town, creeps over fields and adown hedges, twisting buds and flowers into numerals and £. *s. d.* The glorious sun is to him but a bright new shilling, and when he gazes at the moon, he reads there, "Georgius IV., Dei Gratia Rex!"

Our friend Pettitoes wrestled with circumstances, but it was in vain; he succumbed to the ruling passion, and, like a true philosopher, it was observed that he displayed a greater serenity of mind, when it was evident that he knew the worst. His family wondered at his composure; they were still more astonished when they discovered its cause; for, it is a curious fact—a fact well worthy of the attention of those "about to retire from business"—that from the moment Pettitoes had resolved once more to keep pigs, from that moment he became more civilized and companionable. Great, however, was the terror of the wife and daughters when they discovered that, to receive the purchased pigs in due state, it had been deemed necessary by Mr. Pettitoes to demolish a magnificent green-house. The fucias, the geraniums, the ranunculuses, gave way to boars and farrow sows, with long-tailed pigs, short-tailed pigs, pigs with crispy tails, and pigs minus such decoration. Mrs. Pettitoes was astounded—the young ladies vehemently remonstrated. Pettitoes, however, flew from domestic strife, and solaced himself at the pig's-sty There, at all times, might he be seen, his eye gliding up and down some plethoric porker, as though, in his mind's vision, he was cutting up the breathing animals into hands, legs, loins, and chops. Had Pettitoes been transformed by Circe, he would have surely wept when set again upon his two legs. In order, as he thought, to mollify the ire of his wife and daughters, our tradesman christened his grunting family after the heroes and heroines of modern poems, novels, and songs. There might be seen, located in various styes, "Pelham," and "Eugene Aram," the "Lost Heir, and "The Man of Refinement." "Satan" was a great boar, and "Alice Gray" had a farrow of thirteen. This desecration of all that the female Pettitoes held beautiful, only served to whet their disgust at pork, and to send Mr. Pettitoes from his carpetted room, hung round with genuine Morlands, to obtain tranquillity and enjoyment at the piggery. For some time was our tradesman satisfied with looking at the objects of his affection: it was enough for him to see the backs of his darlings widen, and the legs to become massive with the best of fat. At length, however, he felt his native thirst for blood, and it was observed that, after a time, he never visited the piggery without fumbling about at his knife. It was in vain—he gave himself up to fate—he would take his old shop. He *did* take it, paying the tenant an immense premium to go out. When Pettitoes' wife and daughters learnt his resolution, they fainted; it is said, that for three days horrible shrieks were heard in the neighbourhood. Fortunately, however, for the gentle sex, "as woman," as Mad. de Warens might have said, "who screams is not dead," Pettitoes was not called upon to go in sables. The ladies, of course, did not accompany Pettitoes to town; no, they kept the country-

house, and lived with their fitting companions, the peacocks, and the golden pheasants.

Pettitoes re-opened his shop: the day he again appeared in public his face had a fresher glow—his steel glittered in the morning sun—his apron and his sleeves never looked so blue. In fact, he appeared more than a vulgar butcher—there was a certain regimental air about him; indeed, it might have been said of him, as of a great general, he looked "butcher to the king."

By degrees the piggery at Battersea Rise was cleared of its inhabitants. A large part of "Childe Harold" was minced into sausages—"Eugene Aram" was once more anatomized for the benefit of the public—the family of "Alice Gray" went at from seven to ten shillings each—"Satan" was drained into black puddings, and "the Undying One" hung for two days, with a gash from ear to ear.

Of course the family never deigned to visit Pettitoes at the shop. Too proud, however, was the husband and the father, if his wife and daughters, at their country residence, would suffer him to send them down a joint of pork. They had their novels, their harps, and their auriculas—but Pettitoes was again in business: he had his apron, his knife, and his pigs.

J.

THE CONVALESCENT.

"We sometimes find a disease quite strip the mind of all its ideas, and the flames of a fever in a few days calcine all those images to dust and confusion which seemed to be as lasting as if graved on marble." LOCKE.

BREATHE, gently breathe upon this wasted frame,
Thou breeze of spring, that stirs the dewy air!
Breathe, gently breathe! for fever's restless flame
Hath long been madd'ning there!

Yon vale—how sweet! 'Tis sure some fairy spell
Binds my soul there, and bids me fondly gaze!
Hark! 'twas a voice that murmur'd through the dell—
And spake of happier days!

And where are they?—a thousand visions pass—
A thousand phantoms melting into air—
Hast thou no records, Oh! my heart?—Alas!
All—all is vacant there!

Why slumbers memory in its depths unknown?
Wake, sweet remembrance! ere the doom be cast:
Long hath this heart been desolate and lone—
Oh! bring me back the past!

Roll back, thou tide of being! Break your rest
Ye light wing'd dreams! and from that slumber start:
Oh! all is dark'ning in this dreary breast—
Come—and light up the heart!

'Tis past—the tie hath burst! Away! bright vale,
I've no communion with thee! all is flown!
Then come, wild Fancy, weave some wizard tale—
Some memory of thine own!

Wing, wayward thought, thy lone mysterious way!
Mount through all marvellous things—Heaven's mystic plain—
The winds!—the melancholy moon!—Away!—
There's madness on my brain!

O.

SUGGESTION FOR THE CELEBRATION OF SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

An event once happened in April, that has made it illustrious—more illustrious even than "the fairest maid on ground," the ever fair and ever youthful May herself. The light of one little day has shed a glory upon the month, that is as pleasant and refreshing to the heart, as the breathings of spring that come with it are to the sense. Shakspeare was born in April! on the twenty-third of the month, in the year 1564. This is quite enough to hallow the recollection of April, in the minds of all true lovers of poetry and human nature, as long as there shall be months, or mankind to enjoy them.

Let not the reader imagine that I am going to gild refined gold, and to eulogize Shakspeare. If I were an emperor, and were inclined to offer a reward for a new pleasure, I should probably offer one for a volume of praises worthy to be placed on the shrine of the greatest and gentlest-hearted poet that the world has ever seen. But, as it is, I should as soon think of writing an essay to prove that nature is a greater thing than art; that *Falstaff's* quips and quillets have a tendency to excite laughter, and that *Hamlet* is a finer philosopher than the grave-digger. My only object is to tell a short story, and then to throw out a suggestion by way of a moral to it.

I have the pleasure of being a member of a "club" that was instituted a few years ago, by a few personal friends, in honour of Shakspeare. The number of our members is limited to the number of his plays; and our regular meetings are two only, in the year—on the Anniversary of the Poet's Birth-day, and on a particular day in the autumn. This meeting we distinguish by the title of the Mulberry Festival. As the club, if I must call it so, consists chiefly of persons connected with literature and the arts, we have provided a book called the Mulberry Leaves; and at each half-yearly meeting we elect a member or two to contribute something to its pages—an essay, or a song, or perhaps a fanciful vignette, all of course in praise, if not in illustration of the "golden meanings" of the spirit in whose name we are assembled. Besides these contributions, which are reserved for publication at a future period, we have a few Shakspeare-songs, which the sentiment they express at least lends music to, and which the occasion never fails to make pleasant.

Now without pointing out, as a model for others, the plan upon which one little cluster of the admirers of Shakspeare thus meet together, I may hope to be pardoned for suggesting to all who have drunk with similar delight and profit at the fountain of that verse, which philosophy repairs to for an inspiring knowledge, and which flows on from age to age in a current of the purest and truest humanity—to all who have ears for his music, and hearts for the glorious beings with which he has peopled the realm of fancy—to such I may venture to suggest, without the slightest apprehension of incurring ridicule, that they cannot evince their gratitude to so social and loving a genius, more acceptably, than by marking out the day of his birth as one of the brightest in their calendar—as a period when friends may well meet together in unaffectedness of heart, to discuss all pleasant things in his name, to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of them—to put his poetry into practice for at

least one night in the year, and to deserve the poet by appreciating his wisdom and gentleness. Let it not be supposed that such a celebration of his birth-day would degenerate into any thing theatrical or commonplace. We can talk of Shakspeare without eternally calling him "our immortal bard," and the "sweet swan of Avon." There are meetings to be held out of the Freemason's Tavern—and of course out of the Garrick Club, where at the dinner the other day, they forgot to mention the name of Shakspeare, until some one recollecting that Garrick owed a few trifling obligations to the author of *Hamlet* and *Richard*, proposed this very celebration which we are now suggesting—an idea that was immediately rejected, on the score of inconvenience and innovation. But let the reader try the experiment; let him assemble some half-dozen friends, if he object to a larger party, and revel for an evening upon recollections of *Bardolphs* and *Benedicks*. He will find that we have advised him well, and in "the sincerity of love and honest kindness."

Of course there are many great names in English literature that might be made the annual instruments of calling friends together for a similar purpose—and we should like to see similar honours paid to them, even by public meetings. When a nation is blessed (or rather, was) with a Pitt Club, we can see no especial objection to the establishment of a Hampden Club. A few lovers of poetry and lofty principle might possibly be called together once a year in Milton's name. There are thousands we hope that would not hesitate to join as many Spencer and Fielding Clubs as might be formed. But Shakspeare was of all others a social genius, and stands first in more senses than one. Milton himself regarded him with "wonder and astonishment." Cowper thought it praise enough—

> "To fill the ambition of a private man,
> That Shakspeare's language was his mother tongue."

And Wordsworth, an authority no less illustrious, exclaims in one of his sonnets—

> We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake."

The season of the year in which the birth-day falls is an argument for its celebration—that season, to use his own words—

> "When proud-pied *April*, dressed in all his trim,
> Has put a spirit of youth in everything."

The sanctity and loveliness of the time has been beautifully touched upon, in some verses that celebrate

> "The hallow'd morn when Will was born, in the spring-time of the year.
>
> "Some morn symbolic of his mind—elastic, warm, serene;
> Whose smile expansive lighted up man's universal scene;
> Whose subtle spirit everywhere could penetrate and cheer—
> On such a morn our Will was born, in the spring-time of the year."
>
> *Shakspeare Songs, by John Ogden.*

After all these quotations, it would be presumptuous to conclude

with some verses of my own, were they not offered, as the writer of the songs from which I have just quoted, remarks,—in the hope that they may elicit better. I have had the gratification more than once of hearing them sung, adapted to an Irish air, by one of the ablest dramatists and truest Shaksperians of the age.

SONG—FOR SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

Ever since the dawn of time
Have poets told their sylvan stories,
Gemming life with truths sublime,
And crowning man with living glories.
Sweet their strains, but far less dear
Than his to whom all shapes were given—
Now a breathing violet here,
And now a streaming star in heaven.
Oh! the vast, the varied mind,
The all-encircling line of Shakspeare!
Nature yet must feel regret
At losing him—the gentle Shakspeare!

Oh! the brighest flame of life,
It burns in those who best adore him;
Gloom and doubt, despair and strife,
Like snow melt all away before him.
All his mighty mind was love!
Yes, sure his pen was once a feather
In the wing of Noah's dove—
It links us so in peace together.
Oh! the sweetness of his song,
The music and the mirth of Shakspeare!
Golden word was never heard
Like thy all-echoed name, my Shakspeare!

O'er the mind his magic breathed,
And still it leaves a charm within it;
As Apollo's harp bequeathed
Its music where it laid a minute.
Time shall never still the tone,
Nor e'er of radiant wreaths deprive him;
Nature was his nurse alone,
And Nature only can survive him.
Oh! the green, the glorious page,
The everlasting line of Shakspeare!
Millions meet, with praises sweet,
Around thy sunny shrine, my Shakspeare!

I repeat my prayer to the reader, to Shakspereanize on the coming 23d of April. Let him try the experiment—he will find it a pleasant and proper starting-point for his summer enjoyments. "To conclude," in perfectly original phrase—if the suggestion I have thrown out should be the parent only of one meeting—if it should tempt only one lover of humanity to pay a hearty homage to its great Friend and Illustrator—my object will be attained. L. B.

DREARYWIT AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Let me not discuss the origin of evil: that pernicious pippin was, doubtless, the cause of all the misery that has hitherto been contrived by man for the benefit, or rather the bane, of his species. No wonder, therefore, that Sir Isaac Newton discovered gravity by means of an apple.

It is, however, not a little deplorable that what are termed the "good things" of this world have not a more equal and equitable partition; and that you shall not seldom see a poor devil with hardly a leg to stand upon, while a huge alderman can afford to keep half-a-dozen footmen in good calf. It is no part of my present purpose to account for these discrepancies,—it is nevertheless my duty, as a virtuous member of society, to lament them.

What I most complain of is, that men having "appliances and means to boot," whereby the respectable appointments of a gentleman may be maintained, should, as it were, voluntarily relinquish them into the most tenacious digits of rogues and swindlers; and, by a perversity of reasoning, or a depravity of taste, seem virtually to affirm that a leg of mutton is far worse eating than the mastication of the air, and that a sirloin of beef is not half so pleasant as the enumeration of trees in St. James's Park.

"A bird in the hand," quoth the old proverb, "is worth two in the bush." What opinion, then, should we form of the intellects of a man who, when he might hold a veritable goose in his grasp, should prefer to be beating about the bushes for a pair of dubiously existing owls; or who should leave his Stilton to the tender mercies of the mice, under the belief that he was shortly to receive a new importation of green cheese from the moon? We should, doubtless, forthwith consign his head to the barber, and look to find him, in due time, among the incurables in the Lambeth Asylum. But,

> "Certain the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat,"

or how else can we account for the singular complacency with which some people hold open their pockets (and this, too, under the perfect conviction that they are immense gainers by the operation) while others dive into and dismantle them? Some there are, indeed, who, having gone forth to shear and become shorn, would fain betake themselves to their own homes, like the prodigal son, to eat roast veal, and would, forsooth, say no more about the matter, like a wise man under rebuke, or a fool in the megrims; while others, not content with making "ducks and drakes" of their money, must needs make geese and donkies of themselves, and go cackling and braying about the face of the earth with a most portentous inanity of aspect, or repose themselves under the shade of disgrace, poverty, or ruin, with an air of agreeable lassitude and genteel relaxation. These enthusiasts,

> "So perfect is their misery,
> Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
> But boast themselves more comely than before;"

and I verily believe would refuse sufficient annuities, if they were thereby prevented from pursuing their destructive and disastrous avocations.

I would that the foregoing moral reflections had not been called forth, and the extent of reprehension contained in them were not applicable, in a mournful degree, to my friend Drearywit, who has all his days (so to speak) been casting his bread upon the waters until he has quite got rid of the loaves and fishes, and who was no more expected by his numerous connections to be seen in the path of life he chose to perambulate, than you might indulge reasonable expectation of meeting a cow in a milk-walk. I say, it is not a little astonishing, as the world goes, to find a man stepping over the heads of others; still more surprising to behold him wandering about on his own; but most marvellous, when we discover him running his proper skull against a post in the most ruinous and persevering manner. Conceive a distracted muffin-maker plying for custom on Salisbury Plain; or a petitioner tweaking the nose of his patron; or a runaway banker, who has once "hopp'd the twig," returning to repeat such saltatory movement; you can, after all, conceive no extent of folly, imprudence, or madness, at all comparable with the visionary day-dreams of my friend. But I will not anticipate.

Let me, however, do strict justice. Drearywit was as far as possible removed from any sympathy with those whining sentimentalists who creep about as grave and watery as an undertaker on St. Swithin's day, and mysterious as a maiden speech: he was not one of that tribe of dissatisfied rascals, 'yclept misanthropes, who rush headlong into a sea of troubles, like their swinish prototypes in the New Testament, and when they should be endeavouring to swim, cut their own throats: he was not one of those against whom the stigmatizing name of twaddler is launched, neither could he, after any fair process of investigation, be accounted a bore. But why do I waste my time in these negative statements? Drearywit's character was ever, I believe, in all the domestic relations, unimpeachable, and any posthumous notice respecting him may be, accordingly, engraved on his tomb (when he shall take it upon himself to die) without giving occasion for a blush to his panegyrist or an incredulous grin to the stone-cutter.

But it is in quite a distinct light that I would at present view him; I would fain, as it were with a lever, upraise his bulk into the air of reason and philosophy, that the rays of truth may fall upon the dense mass of frail and incommunicable flesh, and that I may, finally, be enabled to draw his frailties from their brittle tenement with satisfaction to myself and advantage to the reader.

CHAPTER SECOND.

It is neither my duty nor my inclination to be censorious or uncharitable. I do not profess to be a modern Diogenes, looking after honest men with a pair of lantern jaws, and creeping into a kilderkin if I cannot find them; moreover, it is no concern of mine whether the community be honest or otherwise. I should certainly prefer grasping my friend's hand in any other place than my own pocket, and I should duly deplore the deficiency of the moral sense in one whom I might discover in the act of plundering my pantry or secreting my spoons. But, as I have hinted, I am not curious upon these points of morality. I have, accordingly, the less hesitation in condensing long dissipated and

dispersed whispers into an articulate sententious sound, signifying, that the father of our friend Drearywit was not particular to a shade; that he did not stick at trifles; that he knew on which side his bread was buttered, inasmuch as he buttered both sides himself; and that all were fish that came to his net, especially gudgeons. It by no means follows that he was not a highly respectable man, and a member of the common council. Let me indulge a reminiscence respecting him. If the retina of my eye have not deceived me, and my memory prove faithful, my old acquaintance must ever have cut a despicable figure, looked upon as a study for the artist or a model for the sculptor. He was *tantum pellis et ossa*, so much skin and bone; in truth, if to inherit no flesh were to be exempt from the "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," the outline in question might have laughed and grown fat at his leisure. But he had not soul enough to laugh; indeed, although according to Shakspeare, a catch could draw three souls out of a weaver, I question whether all the music of the spheres would have extracted the tithe of one from my wretched friend.

It is a mystery to me, ignorant as I am of the process by which ideas are generated in the mind, how it could have occurred to the old widow Snatchaway and her daughter that such a penurious rascal should be deemed a desirable speculation. It is still more remarkable that he should have consented to take any woman into stock (for with some men such enterprises are mere matters of business) without being thoroughly satisfied of the pecuniary fitness of the transaction. Certain, however, it is, that elaborate calculations were entered into on his part, during which it was observed that he divided by two, more often than was his custom heretofore. In a word, he was content to do one imprudent act in his life, upon a principle which I do not understand, but which, at all events, vindicates the existence of the will in a most conclusive manner. On the lady's side, be it borne in mind, she was now of that most uncertain of ages called "a certain age," by which, let it be understood, she was dancing to and fro upon the vast gamut of time, extending from twenty-nine to sixty inclusive, and no one knew the precise chord upon which she should fairly have reposed herself. Furthermore, there was a fatality in the concern: she had her own private reasons for wishing the thing; she had dreamed of him; she was born for the man; her mother had consulted the grounds of the coffee-cup, and such-like Delf-ian oracles; and, in fine, the two ladies, either by setting, laying, or running their heads together, had made him their own to a dead certainty, long before the match had been even contemplated by him.

A marriage consequently took place, appertaining to which nothing is half so deserving of mention, or worthy of commemoration, as the birth of our friend; a circumstance unlooked for at home, and matter of wonderment and whisper to the neighbourhood, which, I must say, generally contrives to interest itself much more in other persons' affairs than the occasion could seem at first, or even at second sight, to warrant. For example, winks and shrugs and smiles were put into requisition; shrewd guesses were hazarded—"he was a wise child that knew his own father," and indirect imputations of the like nature were mumbled, all tending to provoke a breach of the peace and harmony then subsisting between a couple whose evenness of temper on the one hand, and

smoothness of forehead on the other, were, if I may hazard the conjecture, pretty much upon a par.

The old gentleman, however, had friends of another complexion,—men, elevated far above the mists of prejudice and the tumults of passion. These worthy individuals were delighted at the accession so recently made to their friend's family, and were the first to make a leg, and present a congratulation. To these, of whom I shall just now only remember two—the estimable Earthworm and the respected Gulph, the physiognomy of the infant, sooth to say, as yet so imperfectly developed, indicated, with all the lineal accuracy of a chart, the possession of faculties of a superhuman growth, and pointed out with a precision almost miraculous, the destiny whereto fortune was about to raise him. In the meanwhile, it was deemed to be a time-honoured observance to enrol his name duly as a youthful Christian, at which ceremony the solemn Earthworm and the lugubrious Gulph were called upon to officiate as sponsors. To this proposition one objection would fain have presented itself, since the former was in common decency expected to make his appearance, bearing some offering indicative of a kindly feeling towards the child, which feeling was upon this occasion made manifest by the presentation of a pair of pewter spoons, while an outlay of sixpence, paid into the ruthless and vice-closing hand of the nurse, was entailed upon the unhappy Gulph. These exactions, nevertheless, hindered not the outpouring of similar prognostications, to which the old gentleman lent a ready ear, and, indeed would have given both ears rather than these prophecies should be unfulfilled. But—such is the infirmity of man—even these gratifying anticipations could not be indulged in a sober and fitting spirit; for, it is a grievous truth, that at the close of the day, this worthy triumvirate demeaned themselves in a most heathenish and extravagant manner. Drearywit had, long before the termination of the evening, resigned his perpendicular, and was, as it should seem, strictly and minutely scrutinizing the pattern of the carpet; Earthworm had for a considerable period been stretched athwart the mat at the foot of the stairs, bellowing for assistance; while Gulph, upon whose brain the influence of wine acted as an amiable madness, after dancing solemnly and sedately about the drawing-room, was carried grinning and gibbering to his own home, where the application of a few smart reprimands, and as many smart boxes on the ear, administered by his wife, soon brought him to his senses, and caused him to sneak up to bed with a very forlorn and dejected deportment.

CHAPTER THIRD.

That ancient philosopher who made it his business to go out upon the house-top and shout with a loud voice, "Educate your children," was a well-intentioned, but I regret to say it, an absurd person. I am inclined to think he must have been a single gentleman, without incumbrance—of brains, at any rate—and one addicted to the intolerable ill-breeding of offering advice where it was least wanted. He should have eschewed treading the tiles, and have "come down" with something handsome. A score of young Greeks, boarded and converted into sages at his sole charge, would have taken the conceit out of him. To be plain, this sort of gratuitous advice is of no practical service whatever, like Dr. Watts's considerate recommendation, "to get a vast quantity of

ideas,"—"never to be deceived by sophisms or fallacies," and the like. Hand us over the coin then, deliver a cheque upon your banker, my dear twaddler, or mum's the word. For, to speak in the vulgar tongue, how is a family pauper to perform payment, a dustman to down with his dust, or a "needy knife-grinder" to "fork over" the ready? The idea is preposterous. The expense, then, of educating his son had agitated old Drearywit most miserably; for the schoolmaster was at that time at home, and quite indisposed to "rear the tender thought," without raising the stubborn charge for his trouble. It was this conviction that decided the old gentleman upon keeping his child for a few years under the tutelage of his grandmother, with whom, although he would hardly acquire sufficient mental activity to skip over the various branches of learning like an intellectual squirrel, to whom knowledge should be as nuts, yet he would be enabled, perchance, to climb up the main trunk of the tree, by the aid of goadings and castigation, in a deliberate, sober, and steadfast manner. And, surely, this was a very prudent design, for the lady in question was truly one of a thousand, and appeared to have drunk constantly, if not from the very fountain of knowledge, at least from some source, into which had been infused a strong decoction of old-womanism, since her learning was of the traditional kind, and sheathed itself in an infinite multiplicity of adages, proverbs, and axioms, for an insight into which the curious may refer to Dr. Franklin passim, or to the first sagacious aged gentlewoman he may chance to encounter. The strictness of this amiable person's discipline more than kept pace with her erudition, for the elements of our vernacular tongue once thoroughly acquired—the alphabet, I say, being digested, and the syllabic mystery explained, "and there an end," as the respectable lady held, never having read a book herself, that the truth was not in them. Her instructions, then, such as they were (and far be it from me, by such mode of phrase, to undervalue them), were delivered by word of mouth, and enforced in an exemplary manner, viz. by causing her crutch to descend upon the skull of the devoted wretch with amazing force, insomuch that echoes were made to vibrate and tremble along the walls; and the immense thickness and density of the boy's occiput rendered more pliable and porous, and fitter to the reception of such ideas as she might please should take root and flourish there.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the boy, so disciplined, even unto the creation of echoes, as aforesaid, should have thriven thus vigorously; but so active and restless was his mind, and such a spirit of inquiry actuated him, that his preceptress herself was heard to admit "he sometimes even puzzled her;" nay, it was ascertained that he had supplied the old lady with various information and knowledge to which she had been heretofore a stranger. Some went so far as to say that he had taught his grandmother "to suck eggs," but this I do not believe. I must even express my doubt whether such ovicular instruction is practised in this age. The practice is, however, legendary, and comprises a fine apologue, which may be called "Truth teaching Experience," and rendered serviceably efficient as a hint to certain self-willed greybeards of my acquaintance.

Unpleasant difficulties, nevertheless, it must perforce be told, arose out of this reciprocal exchange of knowledge and community of ideas; for the lad, being now well nigh grown up, appeared less disposed than he had hitherto shewn himself to receive implicitly such dogmas as the

perverse old cat would oftentimes enunciate; so little willing, indeed, that a dispute having one day arisen, the ferocious fiend sought to establish her point, as usual, by calling to her assistance that ligneous coadjutor her crutch; when the vivacious youth, turning upon herself her own instrument, made such a reprisal upon her pericranium, as completely demolished the organ of memory for one while, and set the prismatic colours dancing before her eyes in a somewhat complicated and incessant figure.

And now he was become of a fitting age to benefit by the more practical and profound precepts of Earthworm, and the subtle and ingenious sophisms of Gulph; both of whom found a singular delight in grafting the slips of their experience where the moral fruit was likely to be abundant, and of rapid growth. Now, as the characters of these gentlemen were somewhat strange and opposite, it may not be irrelevant to record them here. Earthworm, held of a verity that every man was better off, and *de facto*, a better man than himself, who possessed any one species of property, not common and accessible on the instant to him, the said Earthworm, and his chief object, accordingly, was to lay his fingers upon such property in the most amiable attitude possible. He maintained, that it was better to be a toadeater, than eat nothing at all, and he would have administered flattery to old Nick himself, if he could have got his matches dipt in brimstone for nothing by it. He was like the "camomile that thrives the more 'tis trodden upon," and he would have welcomed a kicking, if it were understood to entitle him to a fair claim upon your good offices in future. His piety, however, was orthodox, and the parson and he were the best friends in the world. Not so Gulph, whose honesty was the fear of the gallows, and whose religion was a dread of the devil. Gulph was a kind of Timon, with a considerable resemblance to Sir Giles Overreach: and was alternately railing at, and robbing the world with an intensity of satisfaction inconceivable to the mere rogue in grain. He would have been considered a very grave person in the cave of Trophonius, but he had his laugh out in private. Withal, he was always having a fling at human nature, and complaining, that there was no friendship and sincerity in this life, that there was no community of feeling, but a mere interchange of snuff-boxes. He admitted, there might be such a sentiment as friendship, but thought that our own friends tended to fix us in a contrary belief; and said, that their hearts might be in the *right* place, but he should be glad to know *where* they were. I am not sure, for my part, that Gulph was not correct in these latter conclusions; for it just now occurs to me, we do not find that our friends exhibit much alacrity, or appear very solicitous about paying our debts, or alert at securing our convenience and comfort. But I apprehend, it is all owing to that cursed linsey-wolsey material of which this said human nature is composed. "We cannot make a silk purse," &c., the proverb is a trite one, or if we could, it would commonly be found that we had got the *wrong* sow by the ear.

By these worthies, then, was our friend Drearywit, rendered conversant in early youth with such branches of knowledge, as would in course of time have sufficed to make him a pretty accomplished rascal; and it is far from improbable, that he profited not a little by the lessons vouchsafed unto him by these sages, for he seized upon every opportunity of wheedling Earthworm out of such coinage as that curmudgeon found it

in his nature, after wretched inward wrestlings, to bestow; while he took delight in abstracting the spectacle cases from the pockets of the other, and in employing maledictions and outrageous abuse, accompanied by gesticulations and face-making, while the old fellow's back was turned, not a little shocking to hear and to behold.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

As I had for many years been a constant visitor at the house of old Drearywit, both before his marriage, and after the demise of his lady, (who had not long survived the birth of her infant,) I felt that I also had a right to mould and model the flexible organization of the lad after my own fashion; and was not unwilling to instil into his soul a few grains of philosophical truth, not to be picked up by every goose of the common. I was the more readily enabled to do this by reason of the boy's partiality towards me; induced, I conceive, by timely presentations of stomach-ache in the form of apples and unlimited pastry; as well by the amiable appearance of occasional mintage, that found favour in his pocket after an emigration from mine.

But in this design I had been in a great measure forestalled by a philosophical fire-eater and water-drinker, Millwheel by name; a man of intemperate temperance, and the most uncontrollable temper. He was one of those who enforce moderation in a voice of thunder, and exemplify charity by buttoning up their pockets; yea, such was the ferocity of his nature, that he would have presented you with a piece of bridecake on the point of a bayonet, and run you through the body by way of tickling you at his excruciating jests. His voice, too, was detestably horrible. A whisper from him, "came o'er the ear like the sweet north east," or, an echo from the hollow caverns of Avernus, and a sigh (if any such there were) resembled a blast from the Vulcanian forge.

The doctrines of this person were of a lamentable description, howbeit, they have been, I mourn to say, indulged and adopted by many individuals quite narrow-minded, ignorant and presumptuous enough before without such aids, and sufficiently of a piece to succeed and establish the previous promulgations of Earthworm and Gulph. "He taught the boy to speak" inhuman nonsense, and, as he advanced into manhood, supplied him with exhaustless chatter concerning utility, and, "the greatest happiness principle," the eternal discussion of which subjects was not only without utility, but productive of the greatest misery conceivable. The first, appeared to my weak and uninitiated understanding a mere amplification of vulgar cant, which the cheesemonger is beginning to be ashamed of; while the other was manifestly an anomalous monster, begotten on a truism by the amiable principle—"Every one for himself;" or, "The devil take the hindmost."

Millwheel, a sincere convertite to these notions, and a zealous expounder of them, in explanation of his theory of utility, hesitated not to affirm the superiority of a candle-snuffer over a Newton or a Galileo; while Milton, "that mighty orb of song," was accounted nought in comparison with a mightily rotund shopkeeper. But, his greatest happiness principle, was in no quarter so well understood as at home; where to maltreat his wife, to chastise his children, and to kick his servants down stairs, supplied him with tolerable employment, and left

him in fit cue for a denunciation of the evils of the body politic, and a patriotic indignation at the tyranny of its rulers.

It were no marvel if a youth, passed in the first instance through the crucible of a remorseless grandmother, afterwards tried in the furnace of an Earthworm, filtered through the sandy alembic of a Gulph, and finally, rolled out and extended in the mangle of a Millwheel, should have come forth into society a ready-made pattern of perfection, a *monstrum sine vitio*, or at least, a specimen of that kind of popular virtue which is seldom undermined, or endangered, by a too great susceptibility of feeling, or a superabundant allowance of passion.

But it was not so, for as it is said, that "what is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh," so I believe it to be just as true, that a cobbler's lapstone can never be converted into a diamond of the first water, and, that the volition of a milestone (if it have any), is of rather a sedentary nature. For, be it observed, your comet is hardly to be reasoned with, and your stock of wild oats cannot properly be sown until the waste lands be brought into a little cultivation. This may appear to be very madness, but such wide talk will alone fit the nature of the case, and this Suckfist* mode of ratiocination is the closest argument I can afford upon the present occasion. More intelligibly, however, to speak, "All the fair hopes which Millwheel was to have crowned," did the young dog Drearywit, with a capricious gamboling and a juvenile unconcern destroy; and thus—

It so chanced that the father of the youth, or, as I should now say, the young man, took an opportunity one day of giving up just so much of the ghost as he might be supposed to have possessed. The old fellow had been for a long time in a bad way, and there is no doubt but that half an hour's simmer in the pipkin of Medea would have done him a world of good; as it was, he had become very aged, with a frequent oppression and weight upon the chest, only to be likened to the burden of a nightmare with an alderman upon its back, or an elephant standing upon one leg for lack of the other three. The death of this respectable gentleman, if it gave rise to any feeling in the breasts of his friends, was of that especial kind, that "doth lie too deep for tears." We were, certainly, in no condition to prove our lineal descent from Niobe; for I much misgive me, whether the quantity of moisture mustered over his grave might not have been exceeded by a chymical extract from an ounce of tinder, or by the voluntary exudation of a grain of dust.

The young gentleman was pleased to call this event a happy release, and truly he appeared to consider himself released from any further payment of deference or respect to his quondam advisers; for he took the very first opportunity of reviling Earthworm, of abusing Gulph, and of ridiculing Millwheel; and I verily believe, would have had small scruple in dancing over the grave of his grandmother, had he not been withheld by the dread of her posthumous presence in the form of phantom, night hag, or succubus.

For my part, as I find very little pleasure in winking at a blind horse, in whistling to a dead dog, or in arguing with a deaf man; and as there is no superfluity of fleece and some waste of trouble in the shearing of swine, I very prudently forbore to interfere between my young friend and his plans. Certain I am, that none are so impatient

* Rabelais.

of advice as those who are most in need of it; and if one's friends will go to the dogs, it is really no business of ours to see the tails of those animals docked, and their quadrupedal vagaries restrained.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

It was shrewdly suspected of Lorenzo de Medicis, that he possessed two souls, so singular an union did he furnish between virtue and vice. A like predication, slightly modified, might have included Drearywit. Never did a man so flagrantly belie the expectations of his friends, and so perversely turn away from the right path into the most crooked byways and tangled brakes. Instead of that sedate deportment hitherto adopted by the young man under the auspices of his elders and his betters, a reckless and wretched levity was substituted, quite subversive of those principles of serious meditation heretofore inculcated, and altogether destructive of that elongation of visage which is the necessary result, if not the type and symbol of them. The party to whom he was indebted for his introduction to the great world—the piper, as it were, to whose particular tune he was but too willing to dance, even though he were compelled afterwards to pay such piper, was a young fellow calling himself Harebrain. This hopeful youth, this scatterling, having in an incredibly short period run through his paternal estate, now felt himself reduced to the necessity of living upon the small freehold of his wits; and, to do the boy justice, as he had never been unwilling to maintain his immediate predecessors in the same exigency, he naturally felt, that he had a strong claim upon the next in rotation. Experience, it is said, makes fools wise, but as neither he nor his disciple considered themselves fools, they were quite above taking any unfair advantage of experience.

Harebrain, indeed, was constitutionally incapable of resisting anything that came before him in the questionable shape of speculative philosophy; and having been hurried and twisted round in the vortex of dissipation and pleasure, brought an acquired giddiness and volatility to the general stock that admirably aided the headlong propensities of his companion. He was acted upon by every impulse of the moment, and transferred to his friend, on the instant, a portion of the same rage, whatever it might be, that, for the time at least, was, by the energy of its action, consuming his very vitals. Thus, an occasional visit to the hairdresser would have suggested the expediency of importing a vast quantity of Polar bears, and the exhibition of a conjurer would have induced the determination of procuring a Lapland witch or two by way of novelty. He had dived into chymistry, and questioned whether moonbeams might not be potted like cucumbers, and rendered serviceable at pleasure as tapers; and he would fain have bottled the lightning. His pen also had been employed upon a "Dissertation on Mares' Nests," and, "The best means of setting the Thames on fire," not to mention some loose hints on the possibility of building castles in the air, with reflections on the art of making bricks without straw, and other matters of less moment, but, as he conceived, of more difficulty and hazard.

Here, then, was the kind of Mentor to whom my poor Telemachus of a friend committed himself and his fortune; and it demanded very little sagacity to foretel, and by no means the optical completeness of an Argus to foresee, that this brace of blockheads were going to the devil in the most handsome and liberal manner. But the case became so

urgent in a very short time, inasmuch as the total melting away and vanishing of the young man's property was veritably nigh at hand, that we, his oldest friends, to wit, Earthworm, Gulph, Millwheel, and myself, were constrained to call a council, and in close divan devise expedients for reclaiming or restoring the infatuated victim.

It was proposed by Earthworm, that the youth's effects should be sequestrated and confided to his sole and peculiar care. Gulph, as one of the executors under the father's will, was strenuously of opinion, that the remainder of the property should be withheld from him; while Millwheel was for inserting him in Bedlam with the least possible delay. For my part, I had enough to do to reconcile these conflicting propositions, which, however, were speedily laid aside upon the appearance of the young gentleman. And now it was, that I made a serious endeavour to bring the boy to his senses; and with timely exhortation and the most earnest entreaty, I have but little doubt that I should have caused considerable salutary compunction and better resolutions for the future, had it not been for the pestilent interference of those vociferous old fools, who, nevertheless, found not their account in such vehement discourse. Presuming too far upon the forbearance of their quondam pupil, they proceeded to such extremity of reprehension as caused the youth to have recourse to the poker, which directly led to the necessity of their making a sudden and simultaneous rush to the door, a huddling and tumultuous casting of themselves from the stair-head, and a violent issue into the street; the whole presenting a spectacle of unextinguishable laughter to the window-gazing inmates of the house, from which they had so unceremoniously disembogued themselves.

Left, then, as at length he was, to the sole direction of Harebrain, a series of the most preposterous projects was the result. He contemplated, it seems, the civilization of the native Indians, and forthwith despatched two ill-fated missionaries to attempt the establishment of a commercial treaty between them. He proposed to send over books, religious and profane, for their improvement, in exchange for tomahawks and other implements of warfare, to be used with advantage upon the skulls of the more obtuse in our own country; and was only prevented from carrying his design into effect by a notification, that the unfortunate functionaries had been devoured *in toto* by those whimsical beings, who had accomplished a saraband after the repast, with the most ingenious and extraordinary agility.

But, why should I enter further into these distressing details? why relate the mining associations, the pearl fisheries, and the vinegar companies, in which my friend Drearywit took too fatal an interest? What need to tell, that after galloping most vigorously over South America, our agent was unable to discover any suitable or practicable mine; that after incessant diving and plunging, not even an oyster shell was to be detected; and that the devil a drop of vinegar was to be had, for love or money, unless, indeed, it were extracted from the visages of the shareholders.

It is of more importance to state, that these utopian projects carried away my friend's property without ceremony, and hastened the introduction of Harebrain to a private retirement in Battersea-fields, designed expressly for such spirits as despise utterly the usual diurnal duties entailed upon our physical, moral, and intellectual being.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

It were, without all question, a most desirable circumstance, if, after having paid, however dearly, for our experience, we could, by some extraordinary and retrograde movement, contrive to occupy the same position in respect of years, application, and means, as that, from which we originally started. But, the misery is, that we cannot do so; and, upon better reflection, a system of this kind would undoubtedly introduce a strange jumble of dates, facts, and memories, not at all reconcileable with the known adaptation of our natures. We should, "take no heed of time," even "by his loss," and, indeed, that worthy old fellow would be constrained to shave off his beard with his own scythe, and accommodate himself to the prevailing fashion.

It is, nevertheless, melancholy to reflect, that a man is disposed to husband his money precisely at the period when he has none left to preserve; just as vast pains are taken to turn the key of the stable, after the horse has been sold at Smithfield. There is no help for it.

Here now was a man, my friend, who had began life with "brilliant prospects," as they are called, compelled, much against his will, to restrict his views to a narrow vista, terminating, in all probability, in a dead wall; and whose prandiary propensities were hereafter to be satisfied, not as formerly, at pleasure, but by certain express invitations from Duke Humphrey, or by a wretched resemblance to King Nebuchadnezzar.

Under such circumstances, a great many things are assuredly to be done; there is a wide scope wherein the faculties may expand themselves; and if a man cannot become prime minister, he may at least be secure of going out of the world like a gentleman whenever he pleases to annex himself, by way of personal appendix, to a yard of twine.

"'Tis pleasant, through such *loopholes* of retreat,"

to make an escape from the vexation and coil incident to humanity; and as there is very little pleasure upon earth, it is well to be independent of that element when we take our leave of it.

With such consolatory talk did I beguile the miseries of my unfortunate friend, who had now discarded altogether that impatience of advice, and repugnance to reproof, so common and prejudicial to young men in general; and who, perhaps, would have listened to the exhortation and comfort even of Earthworm, or Gulph. As for Millwheel, he had long ago given him up for lost; ever since he had ascertained that the miserable wretch had been guilty of a taste for the fine arts, and had actually uttered strange language, indicating occasional sympathy for his fellow creatures, couched, alas! in the abominable form of sentiment. Moreover, he was at this time too busily engaged in the composition of a work intended to prove that all men were rascals, and that, accordingly, all men should beware of all men; and it was an ingenious expedient of his logic, that whenever he found a particular conclusion at direct variance with the principle he sought to establish, that principle was set down at once as steadfast, immovable, and not to be controverted.

There were, at this juncture, several paths open to Drearywit, into one of which I would willingly have introduced that young man; very good paths in their way, although not so precisely gravelled and

smoothly rolled out as the pleasant promenade on which he had hitherto delighted to parade. For instance, by a strenuous exertion of interest, a sinecure might have offered its stool and salary for his reception; or, he might have let himself out as shadow to a young fellow of fortune, or compendious abstract of witticism and repartee, or convenient echo of horse-laughs and puppyisms, whereto, "profits might accrue." Or, if he really possessed any talent, he might have scribbled a fashionable novel; or, if he were entirely destitute of brains, he might have done the same thing with as much advantage to himself. Against all which projects he decidedly set his face. Well, then; there was the establishment of a republic in South America, a blessed chance of distinguishing himself, with magnificent remuneration "*in futuro;*" or there was the independence of Greece, and the rapture of enthusiastic and never-ending reference to Marathon and Thermopylæ, with a special recommendation to Capo d'Istrias. No, it would not do. Further, there were matrimonial chances, connubial bliss, domestic peace, rich heiress, complying widow, or expectant spinster of the last century. This was by no means palatable. He said, one might as reasonably fall into a well and expect to find Truth there, as fall in love and hope to meet with her in a woman; and he cited instances in which certain friends of his had met with ruinous reverses, nay, with untimely deaths, in consequence of such witless extravagance of sentiment.

Finding my endeavours likely to produce no fruit worth the gathering, I left the foolish and wrong-headed wretch to his own obstinate devices and determinations; and I shortly afterwards heard of his departure, with the wrecks of his property, for New South Wales, where he fully expects to realize a very large fortune in a very little period; and, for my part, I sincerely wish that he may get it.

And thus abruptly terminated the hopes and flattering expectations which we had been too prone to entertain of this young gentleman; and, perhaps, the recital may not be without its advantage if it operate as a warning against the folly and extravagance of youth. And if the reader should, after all, be unconscious of the moral intended herein, why, I must even dismiss him in the chin-clad dervise style of the eighteenth century—"Go, my son, be virtuous and be happy."

As for Harebrain, I had occasion to see him a short time ago. It appears, he is about to square the circle and discover the longitude; and he has, he avers, succeeded in creating a perpetual motion. And he maintains, that his mansion at Battersea is the very Temple of Reason, and his strait waistcoat the academic robe of a Stoic Philosopher.

ON THE STATE OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN FRANCE.

The code of laws which, in France, regulates the prosecution and punishment of crimes and offences, is one of iron-handed oppression. Bequeathed by the expiring despotism of the French empire, to the restoration of the Bourbons, it has outlived the ascendancy of that infatuated race, to form, at the present day, a strange anomaly with the principles which led to the revolution of 1830—with the constitution then framed—with the free institutions upon which the French monarchy now reposes.

Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, framed the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle* rather as a means of arbitrary government than a preventive of crime; and with this view, he exempted public functionaries from its operation. With the semblance of providing against all undue exercise of power, this code tends, in reality, to keep the community in awe by the terror of its oppression. No individual, however free from reproach, who does not belong to the class of functionaries, is beyond the reach of its lash; for no evidence is required to deprive him of his liberty, it being a doctrine of French criminal law, that an accusation must in itself warrant provisional imprisonment until proof of the fact can be found. Thus any citizen may be incarcerated upon a mere alleged culpability, and kept in confinement, *without a trial*, during an indefinite lapse of time, even to the term of life itself, provided an interrogatory, or any other *act of instruction* take place once in every ten years.*

The due execution of this monstrous code is entrusted to the discreet vigilance of a body of the high magistracy, consisting of the several *Procureurs Généraux, Procureurs du Roi, Avocats Généraux, Avocats du Roi*, and *Substituts*. These officers constitute the *Ministère public*, or agency of public prosecution, of which each *Procureur Général* is the chief within the jurisdiction of the *Cour Royale* to which he is attached. They exercise a variety of functions, and are invested with a power over the liberties of the subject, almost beyond control, and entirely free from personal responsibility. A French *Procureur Général* is at the same time high magistrate and public prosecutor, accusing from the very judgment seat; he unites in his single person the character of judge with the duties of high sheriff and chief constable, and thus holds in one hand the scales of justice, and in the other wields the sword of executive power; his *réquisitoire* consigns to jail whomsoever it may please him to tax with crime,† or even incipient criminal intention, and no acquitted prisoner can be liberated but upon his warrant, which he may at all times withhold. He exercises, moreover, a special *surveillance*‡ over the criminal judges, and with it a necessarily strong personal influence, much increased by the great patronage he enjoys, as the judges look forward to preferment through his recommendation.

In French law, the *action civile*, and the *action criminelle*, resulting

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* *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, 637.

† *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, 47, authorizes the *Procureur du Roi* to accuse and incarcerate, *no matter how he may have acquired his information*. See, also, same code, 22, 27, 47, 249, 274, &c. &c. &c., relative to the functions of the *Ministère public*.

‡ *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, 279.

from the same fact, are quite distinct, and the right of criminal prosecution is vested solely in the public prosecutor.* The person injured cannot arrest the action of the *Ministère public*, and if he join in such action, he can become a party, only so far as regards his civil interests; but he is bound to pay all the costs, should the accused be acquitted.

The formidable attributes of the *Ministère public* being, as we have already observed, unattended with responsibility, are the more dangerous, because every functionary invested with them, holds his appointment at the pleasure of the crown. Hence they become an engine of cruel oppression in the hands of a corrupt government. But the most common inducement to exercise them with undue, not to say unjust and inhuman severity, is one of personal interest—the hope of preferment to higher rank. The promotion of an officer of the *parquet*,† depends, after his subserviency to the existing government, upon his skill in detecting the existence of crime, and his success in obtaining convictions where the justice of conviction is doubtful. To prove criminality without evidence, is a test of talent which leads to distinction and celebrity.

Neither is transcendant eloquence, nor forcible reasoning, a necessary concomitant of success in such cases. A plausible man, of very ordinary talents, may easily succeed in misleading an unsuspicious jury, because every thing connected with the administration of justice, in a French *Cour d'Assises*—nay, the very law itself—assists the public prosecutor in his attempt to maintain the truth of that which he knows to be false, or, to use a milder expression, in his endeavour to present as true that which he doubts. The criminal law of France is founded upon the doctrine of constructive crime, and the investigation made by a judge of instruction, instead of being confined to the proof of a specific charge, extends to the whole previous life of the person implicated; by which means a mass of facts, independent of each other, and presenting not in themselves a shadow of criminality, may be so connected and arranged as to form a specious semblance of guilt. It matters not whether these facts be brought to bear upon the identical imputation which gave rise to the proceedings, or upon any new charge, provided a crime of some sort be framed out of the materials collected; because the *title* of the accusation is not fixed until the *instruction* is terminated, and the party ready for trial.

The labours of the judge of instruction,‡ selected in each case by the public prosecutor himself, depend, as to their duration, upon his mere will, or, perhaps, upon that of the *Ministère public*, to whom he is always obsequiously subservient. An incarceration of several years before trial is an event of common occurrence;§ nor, after conviction, is this previous captivity, termed provisional, ever taken into account,

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* Same code, 1, 3, and 4.

† Office assigned to the members of the *Ministère public.*

‡ There are twelve judges of instruction at Paris.

§ M. Bourbon-Leblanc, a distinguished French Advocate, to whom Peyronnet, formerly Minister of Justice, and Jacquinot-Pampelune, ex-*Procureur Général* of Paris, were personally hostile, was arrested, provisionally, in 1824, and tried and acquitted in 1830, a period of *more than six years!!!* Bail can never be received when the charge is above a simple offence (delictus), and when allowed on the most trivial charge, the law makes it a favour, and not a right, so that it is optional with the public prosecutor and the Chamber of Counsel to grant it or not.

much less is any indemnity obtained on acquittal. During the period of such punishment by anticipation, the judge of instruction may apply every species of torture short of the actual rack. Solitary confinement in a dark cell—long and harassing secret examinations—privations beyond those usually inflicted in prisons—all communication prevented with family and friends—beset by spies day and night, and every casual expression tortured into self-accusation;—such, and many others equally cruel, are the means resorted to by judges of instruction, and persevered in for years, in the hope of overcoming the patience of the accused, and inducing an avowal of what perhaps does not exist. "*Nemo tenetur se ipsum accusare*" is a maxim of our own law; so it is of the jurisprudence upon which the French pretend to have founded theirs; yet it is spurned in the practical criminal law of France, where so much importance is attached to an avowal or admission of crime on the part of the accused, that to obtain it every mean stratagem is employed.

The proceedings are carried on, in secrecy, under the direction of the public prosecutor, and the accused denied all access to them. The law even provides, that each witness summoned by a judge of instruction shall be heard, *out of the presence of the accused*, who is thus kept in ignorance of the charges against him. In a word, the leading principle of the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle* seems to be, that the means of accusing and prosecuting shall be subject to no restraint, and those of defence confined to the narrowest possible compass.

The judge of instruction terminates his share of the prosecution by a report to the Chamber of Counsel, composed of five judges, over whom he himself presides. If the accused is to be discharged, there must be unanimity of opinion in this chamber, a single vote being sufficient to send him before the *Cour Royale*. Thus the opinion of the judge of instruction, when unfavourable to the prisoner, decides the point, and his report is always signed by the other judges, as a matter of course.

When the proceedings are transmitted to the Chamber of Accusation, which is a section of the *Cour Royale*, the accused is called upon to furnish, within five days, a written justification, without, however, being allowed to see the proceedings, or to know the specific charges against him. This is quite a mockery of justice, as likewise is the decision of this chamber, which is always given upon the report of one of its members delegated to examine the case. All the proceedings of the Chambers of Counsel and of Accusation are secret; and the secret deliberations of judges in France are, to use the words of an eminent lawyer of that country, "*des échanges d'égards et de procédés avec Monsieur le Procureur Général auxquelles ou sacrifie impunément, dans le secret du conseil, l'honneur et le repos des familles.*"

The report of the judge of instruction, confirmed by the Chambers of Counsel and of Accusation, contains, in too many cases, broad allegations, unsupported by the slightest evidence; and to such an extent is this carried, not only in such report, but likewise in the *Procureur Général's* act of accusation, that facts are assumed, and false inferences drawn, for the mere purpose of presenting a case to the jury.* It may readily be

* This may appear too highly coloured, but it is, nevertheless, literally true. The public prosecutor and the judge of instruction have, to use a French expression, "*la tête dans le même bonnet*;" and when an individual, however innocent, has

imagined that such statements, coming, as they do, to the jury with all the weight of judicial authority, often make an undue impression upon the most impartial, and the honour, perhaps the life, of an innocent man may be sacrificed to the selfish ambition of the accusing magistrate.

By means such as we have described, the public prosecutor in France obtains a very powerful auxiliary to his personal talents. But this is not all. In a French *Cour d'Assises* there are no protecting rules of evidence; neither is there any humane participation by the presiding judge in the defence of the accused. The bench generally take a decided, and often disgraceful, part against the latter. Prior to the trial, they study the case from the materials collected by the judge of instruction; and it is notorious that their minds are made up upon the merits of the accusation, from these ex-parte materials, before the prisoner has had an opportunity of offering any defence. A general bias of the assize judges in France in favour of the prosecution arises from this vicious system; and the resuming or summing up of the evidence by the president has several times been noticed in the French legislature as an additional pleading against the accused, and, as such, subversive of the true ends of justice.

With regard to evidence, none is really required to convict. "The law," says the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, Art. 342, "does not inquire how, or by what means the jury have become convinced. It prescribes to them no rules by which they are to fix the plenitude or sufficiency of a cause. The only question is, have they an intimate conviction?" In short, the law authorizes their coming to a conclusion without any evidence whatever, and upon mere circumstantial inference. This is termed the *omnipotence* of the jury.

It cannot be denied that such a system is highly dangerous to public justice; for it actually breaks down the safety-barrier, with which the necessity of proving ought to surround and protect the accused, who is otherwise exposed to the errors and imperfections of human judgment, unbridled by those wise laws of evidence, which serve as a counterpoise to its fallacy. The French legislator has, either wilfully or inadvertently, laid down a wrong principle—having confounded intimate conviction with mere opinion formed on hypothetical reasoning. Conviction can proceed only from certainty, and certainty cannot exist where a doubt is possible. Intimate conviction of a physical fact can, therefore, be obtained from physical proof alone. To be intimately convinced you must be as sure as if you had yourself seen or heard; and such actual certainty, if not the result of your own senses, must, by the evidence of other people's senses, be brought upon your mind in the same manner as your own seeing or hearing would do. This last kind of proof is that submitted to the jury in judicial trials; and in England, where its principles are so well understood, it is subjected to rules which, so far as human foresight can extend, have provided against every chance of error.

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been detained in prison twelve or eighteen months, these worthies will strain every nerve to get him condemned, in order to justify his previous detention. In 1828, Count Portalis, then Minister of Justice, stated in the Chamber of Deputies, that a prisoner *was seldom detained more than twelve months without a trial, unless the Ministère public felt sure of getting him convicted!*

Certain it is, that where no evidence is required—where all the advantages belong to the prosecutor, and none to the accused—where the judges take a decided part against the latter, and *have the last word* against him—the jury may, in their pretended omnipotence, be inveigled into an act of injustice; but when a power above the law itself is applied by the presiding judge to any particular view of the case, which the ex-parte statements of the prosecution may have made him take, it becomes still more difficult for the prisoner to burst his toils; he must shew innocence in a twenty-fold ratio ere he clear himself from imputation. This formidable power, termed *discretionary*, is given to the president by the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, Art. 268. Being undefined by the law, it is exercised to an unlimited extent. By it, the president is enabled to dispense with all protecting forms of law, and actually to set aside the solemn judgments of his own court, in which he has concurred as president, but whose effect he paralyzes, *en vertu de son pouvoir discretionnaire.** Added to this, is the faculty, which the law ascribes to the presiding judge, of wording the questions put to the jury; and this is sometimes done so artfully as to produce conviction where acquittal was evidently intended.

During the reign of Napoleon the operation of these laws was comparatively mild, because their most oppressive enactments, being principally applied to political offences, were not accompanied by that reckless thirst for condemnation, which has so disgraced the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. Since the restoration of the Bourbons this code has been applied to party feuds, prostituted to private malice and revenge, and made a stepping-stone to ambition. The *Ministère Public* has actually revelled in the wantonness of his uncontrolled authority; the most delicate family secrets have been cruelly forced upon the notice of the public—the venial faults of youthful indiscretion, long ago forgiven and forgotten, have been revived and magnified into heinous offences: in short, the honour and peace of families have been, and are still, at the absolute discretion of men who ought to be made personally responsible for the exercise of a dangerous and unconstitutional power, which they are too much inclined to misuse.

It might have been expected that the revolution of 1830† would have put an end to a system so contrary to its principles. M. Barthe, the present minister of justice, and his predecessor, M. Mérilhou, have both oftentimes admitted the discrepancy between the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle* and a constitutional government. Nevertheless, this code has been suffered to remain, in all its native deformity, as an appendage to constitutional freedom, whose exuberance it is, no doubt, intended to check. The only improvement in the criminal laws, which the Perier administration has deemed expedient, is a partial revision of the penal code, whose operation is merely dependent upon that of

* A disgraceful instance of this occurred, in 1830, at the *Cour d'Assises* of the *Departement du Lot.* It is recorded in the "*Gazette de Tribunaux*," and also, with severe comments, in the "*Censeur Judiciaire.*" Our limits prevent our giving the particulars of the case.

† When order was restored after this revolution, M. Bernard de Rennes accepted the office of *Procureur Général* at Paris, and M. Barthe that of *Procureur du Roi.* But these distinguished individuals soon discovered that such offices were not in unison with their high-minded notions of honour and delicacy, and they retained them only a few weeks.

which we have endeavoured to point out some of the defects. Casimir Perier comprehends not the wants of his country—he misunderstands the revolution of 1830, which he would fain degrade to a modified restoration of the Bourbons; and he, perhaps, finds use for such an engine as the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, whenever he would smother the cry of popular discontent. How much longer a system so hostile to the institutions of a free people may be tolerated, is beyond the scan of human foresight; but from the manner in which it bears upon the French community, they who sanction its oppressive operation may, perchance, in the end, "draw the string a little too tight."

C.

THE DIAMOND DISTRICT OF THE SERRO DO FRIO.

WHEN the ex-emperor, Don Pedro, raised the standard of Brazilian Independence at the Villa de Piranga, in Minas Geraes, I was residing at Villa Rica, the capital of that province. Foreseeing that the tide of political events would soon oblige me to return to the Rio de Janeiro, I resolved previously to leaving the interior provinces, to visit the Diamond District of the *Serro do Frio*. The prodigious value which, in every age and country, has been attached to diamonds, and, perhaps, too, some old nursery recollections, powerfully excited in my mind an ardent desire to see this far-famed district—though when I tell the reader that I am but an indifferent mineralogist, he will probably think that the feeling which actuated me was very similar to that which induced the celebrated Tom Sheridan to descend into a coal-pit, merely for the pleasure of being able to say he had been there. At any other period I should not have been able to procure the necessary permission for my journey from the official authorities, so studiously was all access to the Diamond District prohibited by the Portuguese government, to whom belonged every diamond found throughout the country. Even in Brazil itself little was known of this region beyond the immediate sphere of the few individuals officially employed there by the government. It was governed by a code of regulations, drawn up by the hand of the celebrated Pombal himself. On leaving the Comarca, all persons were subjected on the frontiers to a rigorous examination, both of person and property. But liberalism had become the fashion of the times; to depart from every regulation enacted by the old government was now political "*bon ton*." Pombal, formerly the object of their admiration, was declared a despot; and thus did I obtain my passport from the same cause which, only a few months earlier, would have induced the authorities to have haughtily refused it.

Having made the necessary preparations for the journey, I left Villa Rica on the 9th of October, accompanied by a trusty guide and two negro servants. The whole party was well mounted, and moved in light marching order. Francisco, the guide, was a shrewd, intelligent fellow, well acquainted with the country; he knew, moreover, every page of the Chronique Scandaleuse du Pays for several hundred miles; it was his invariable custom to divert the tedium of our day's journey, by relating some anecdote of the family with whom we were to take up our quarters for the night. If one twentieth part of the Senhor

Francisco's histories were true, gold and diamonds were certainly much more abundant productions in the country through which I was travelling than chastity and morality. To my great mortification, I found, however, that his own did not stand very high along our line of route; he was a grempeiro (a smuggler), and had been extensively engaged in the contraband trade of diamonds, which accounted for his accurate knowledge of the country; a circumstance, too, and travelling, as I did, with such a personage in my suite, that subjected more than once the motives of my own journey to painful misconstruction. Indeed, a suspicion that I was myself a contrabandista of superior grade, appeared to be lurking in Francisco's mind. I frequently observed him minutely examining every article of my baggage, and once I caught him striking the butt-end of my gun and my pistols against a large stone, in order to ascertain by the sound if they contained cavities for the secretion of the precious gems, besides endeavouring to draw from me, by artful inuendos, the motive of my journey.

Travelling in Brazil, even in the most populous parts, is no sinecure. And yet there is a wild excitement, a feeling of ecstacy, produced on the mind when wandering through these magnificent and auriferous regions—regions cast by Nature in a titanic world—that I have never felt, even when sojourning amid the classic spots of the old world, consecrated by the lapse of ages, and hallowed by the inspiring associations of history and romance.

We generally bivouacked for the night at a rancho, a sort of shed, open on every side, to leeward of which there was always a large fire. I preferred this, in preference to taking up my quarters at a venda, or a fazenda, the owners of which so pestered me with questions, that I fairly believe they took me for an "Encyclopedie Ambulanté." It moreover afforded me an opportunity of studying the wild, independent character of the inhabitants of the country. My nocturnal companions were chiefly muleteers, proceeding from the capital to the distant provinces of Goyazes or Matto Grosso, gipsy merchants, parties of miners, men, in short, of every caste. But wild and savage as was their demeanour, their manners were simple and kind. They invariably swung my hammock in the best part of the rancho, and would hang up a hide, or their large ponchos, to shelter it from the nocturnal breeze. On these occasions the social qualities of my guide shone forth with considerable lustre. He would collect the party around him in groups, and entertain them with some wild legend of the country. They generally turned on the early history of the colonists; on the discovery of some mine of extraordinary richness, all traces of which had been unfortunately lost by the untimely death of the discoverer; and, as the narrative proceeded, the dark visages of the listeners would glisten like copper when exposed to the action of the furnace. It was interesting to observe the effect produced on the minds of these people, by these stories, so common in every mining district on the globe, and which have so singularly affected the moral and social condition of their inhabitants. On the conclusion of the story, they would sit, wrapped in deep silence, each of them, perhaps, dreaming at the moment that it might be his own fate to again discover this fabulous "el dorado." At other times Francisco would take his guitar, and sing to its accompaniment some plaintive modinha of the country, or striking a livelier strain, would excite the wild movements of their national dance. The grouping of

the figures, their singularly wild and picturesque costume, their savage air, heightened by the red glare of the fire, produced a pictorial effect, which only the pencil of a Salvator or a Murillo could delineate. On one occasion the harmony of the evening was interrupted by a serious brawl. A miner, a tall, morose-looking fellow, took fire at the attention paid by Francisco to a pretty mulatto girl, who was travelling under his protection, and on whom the handsome person, and fascinating powers of the guide made considerable impression. The jealousy of the miner was aroused, and he applied to Francisco the opprobrious terms of cigano (gipsy), and grempeiro (smuggler); the former retorted, by the term "baeta," an allusion to the coarse fabric of his poncho, and one which no miner can patiently endure. In an instant his knife was out, and but for my timely interference, in another I should have been deprived of the valuable services of my guide. On the following morning Francisco, aware of the vindictive character of his countryman, struck into a route only known to himself; and on the evening of the same day, the ninth since we left Villa Rica, we arrived at the Villa do Principe, situated almost on the verge of the Diamond District.

The country through which we had travelled was, perhaps, the richest on the face of the globe. In the year 1756, the produce of the gold mines in Minas Geraes was estimated at upwards of six millions sterling, produced almost solely by the simple operation of washing in the mountain streams. But the moral and social condition of the inhabitants of these auriferous regions was at the lowest ebb. The extraordinary wealth accumulated by some of the earliest mining adventurers, the fabulous legends they left behind them, have so dazzled the imagination of their descendants, as to totally unfit them for all the ordinary occupations of social life. On our line of route many of the hills were pierced like honeycombs; and in every direction we saw streams diverted from their course for the purpose of gold washings. Thus they dream away their existence in pursuit of a shadow, and neglect the more solid advantages of agriculture, in a land in which the productions of every soil and climate would almost spontaneously flourish.

On leaving the Villa do Principe, the geological features of the country were completely changed; it was dreary and barren, and full of embedded stones; the trees had no longer the same luxuriant growth; the mountains were bare and black, and their tops exposed to the benumbing influence of a cold, bleak wind. We were now within sight of the mountain boundary of the far-famed Valley of Diamonds; and fatigued by a hard day's riding, I felt anxious to arrive at our halting-place for the night. "Who," said I to the guide, as we toiled up a steep ascent, "is this Illustrissimo and Valerosissimo Capitam de Cavalleria" (for such was the hyperbolical superscription of my letter of recommendation), "with whom we are to take up our quarters for the night?"—"Senhor," replied Francisco, with gravity, "he hum homen da chapa tem venda;" (he is a man of property, and has a venda, a chandler's shop on a large scale); "but," he added, "he muito impertinente," (he is very curious); a sufficient reason, I thought, tired as I was, for declining the honour of his acquaintance, even though we passed the night on the summit of the Sierra. Avoiding, therefore, the habitation of this personage by a considerable detour, for his dignity

would have taken fire had we passed near it without paying our respects, we resolved on gaining the rancho on the Rio Milho Verde by a forced march.

The moon was just rising when we reached the summit of the lofty Sierra that surrounds the Diamond District; the scene that suddenly burst upon us will, to the last day of my existence, be green in the memory: it was one of Alpine magnificence, and one which forcibly recalled to the recollection the glowing descriptions of the Arabian tales.

On every side arose, high on the blue expanse of the heavens, the peaks of gigantic mountains, of almost perpendicular elevation, down the bare sides of which rushed impetuously into the valley beneath, innumerable torrents, glittering in the moon-beams like liquid silver. A thick mist hung over the valley, beneath whose surface lay hid those precious gems, the noblest ornament of the monarch's diadem, the pride of beauty, the universal object of research in every age; on the value of which the caprices and vicissitudes of fashion have been powerless. I stood, gazing on the wild scenery around, till the cold mountain blast reminded me that I should find much more comfortable quarters on the Rio Milho Verde. We reached, about the middle of the ensuing day, Tejuco, the capital of the District, in the very centre of which it is situated. It contained about five thousand souls; but so barren was the soil in its immediate vicinity, that every thing necessary for the subsistence of its inhabitants was brought from a considerable distance. I met with a most hospitable reception from the Commandante das Armas, who insisted on my making his house my home. My host was a man of superior intelligence, and he appeared to think that his country was not yet politically ripe for a revolution. He entertained the most exalted idea of the power of England. "Grande nacao sao os Inglezes," said he, "porem bebem muito," (the English are a great people, but are very hard drinkers). This opinion of the gallant commandant's is general throughout both Spanish and Portuguese America. The late king of Portugal, though extremely fond of the English, looked upon us, nevertheless, as a nation of drunkards.

When the congreve rockets were first introduced into the navy, the admiral on the Brazil station proposed to exhibit to the King Don Juan VI. the effect of these formidable projectiles. His majesty consented, and the whole court were accordingly assembled in the balconies of the palace at the Rio, for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle. By some mishap, of very frequent occurrence in the early history of these missiles, at the moment of firing the tube veered round, and the rocket, instead of flying over to Praia grande, took the opposite direction, and fell and exploded in the great square, almost beneath the windows of the palace. The consternation of the king was only equalled by the mortification of the admiral, who immediately dispatched an officer on shore to explain the cause of the *contretemps* to his majesty; and offering to let off another, but the terrified monarch would not hear of it. "I have a great respect," said he, "for my good allies, the English, but after dinner they are absolutely fit for nothing;" an observation which clearly indicated to what cause his majesty attributed the unfortunate result of the exhibition. Two days after my arrival at Tejuco, I rode out to the principal diamond works in the Commarco, on the Rio *Jigitonhonha*. The operation of working for these

precious gems is a very simple one. The alluvial soil (the cascalhao) is dug up from the bed of the river, and removed to a convenient spot on the banks for working. The process is as follows:—a rancho is erected, about a hundred feet long, and half that distance in width; down the middle of the area is conveyed a canal, covered with earth; on the other side of the area is a flooring of planks, about sixteen feet in length, extending the whole length of the shed, and to which an inclined direction is given; this flooring is divided into troughs, into which is thrown a portion of the cascalhao; the water is then let in, and the earth raked until the water becomes clear; the earthy particles having been washed away, the gravel is raked up to the end of the trough; the largest stones are thrown out, and afterwards the smaller ones, the whole is then examined with great care for diamonds. When a negro finds one, he claps his hands, stands in an erect posture, holding the diamond between his fore-finger and thumb; it is received by one of the overseers posted on lofty seats, at equal distances, along the line of the work. On the conclusion of the work, the diamonds found during the day are weighed, and registered by the overseer *en chef*. If a negro has the good fortune to find a stone weighing upwards of seventeen carats, he is immediately manumitted, and for smaller stones proportionate premiums are given. There are, besides, several other works on this river, and on other streams, but the supply of diamonds falls now considerably short of former periods, and their produce scarcely defrays the expences.

The Diamond District of the Serro do Frio is about twenty leagues in length, and nine in breadth; the soil is barren, but intersected by numerous streams. It was first discovered by some miners, shortly after the establishment of the Villa do Principe. In working for gold in the rivulets of Milho Verde and St. Goncalzes, they discovered some pebbles of geometric form, and of a peculiar hue and lustre. For some years these pebbles were given as pretty baubles to children, or used as counters for marking the points of their favourite game of voltarete. At last an officer, who had been some years at Goa, in the East Indies, arrived in the Commarca: he was struck with the peculiar form of these pebbles, and from several experiments he made, it struck him that they were diamonds. He immediately collected a few, and sent them to Holland, where, to the astonishment of the lapidaries, they were found to be brilliants of the finest water. It will be easily imagined, that on the arrival of this intelligence in Brazil, the hitherto despised counters suddenly became the objects of universal research, and almost immediately disappeared.

The government of Portugal now issued a decree, declaring all diamonds a monopoly of the crown. For a length of time it was considered that diamonds were confined solely to the District of Serro Frio. But this is an error; they are found in almost every part of the empire, particularly in the remote provinces of Goyazes and Matto Grosso, where there exist several districtos diamantescos. These gems have been even found on the tops of the highest mountains; indeed, it is the opinion of the Brazilian mineralogists that the original diamond formations are in the mountains, and that they will one day or other be discovered in such quantities, as to render them objects of comparatively small value.

The largest diamond in the world was found in the river Abaite,

about ninety-two leagues to N.W. of Serro do Frio. The history of its discovery is romantic:—three Brazilians, Antº de Souza, Jose Felix Gomes, and Thomas de Souza, were sentenced, for some supposed misdemeanour, to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the Interior. Their sentence was a cruel one; but the region of their exile was the richest in the world; every river rolled over a bed of gold, every valley contained inexhaustible mines of diamonds. A suspicion of this kind enabled these unfortunate men to support the horrors of their fate; they were constantly sustained by the golden hope of discovering some rich mine, that would produce a reversion of their hard sentence. Thus they wandered about, for nearly six years, in quest of mines; but fortune was at last propitious. An excessive draught had laid dry the bed of the river Abaite, and here, while working for gold, they discovered a diamond of nearly an ounce in weight. Overwhelmed with joy at this providential discovery, they resolved to proceed, at all hazards, to Villa Rica, and trust to the mercy of the crown. The governor, on beholding the magnitude and lustre of the gem, could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He immediately appointed a commission of the officers of the Diamond District to report on its nature; and on their pronouncing it a real diamond, it was immediately dispatched to Lisbon. It is needless to add that the sentence of the three "condamnados" was immediately reversed.

This celebrated diamond has been estimated by Romé de l'Isle at the enormous sum of three hundred millions sterling. It is uncut, but the late King of Portugal, who had a passion for precious stones, had a hole bored through it, in order to wear it suspended about his neck on gala days. No sovereign possessed so fine a collection of diamonds as this prince.

The average annual produce of these mines since their first discovery, is estimated at 25,000 to 30,000 carats, and the expense of the works from £20,000 to £25,000 sterling; but it is supposed that diamonds to the amount of nearly £3,000,000 have been extracted by the contrabandistas, whose illicit trade the most vigilant measures of the government have been unable to check. Nothing can give a stronger idea of the jealous vigilance with which this district was watched, than the code of regulations, drawn up in the fiercest spirit of eastern despotism, by the celebrated Minister Pombal, in the year 1775. According to this "regimento," no person, however exalted his rank, could enter the District without the permission of the Intendente General. All persons who possessed no ostensible vocation were compelled to leave it; and should they return, the offender was banished for life to the coast of Africa. But all this, and the organization of a corps of cavalry, the officers and men of which were acquainted with every inch of the country, was ineffectual in preventing smuggling. Such was the "appas" of gain, that the very government employés were more extensively engaged in it than any others. Indeed, the venality of the public functionaries in Brazil completely neutralizes all the efforts of the government; probably not more than one half of the revenue finds its way into the government coffers. Some years ago, while residing at one of the northern ports, an English vessel arrived with a cargo of gunpowder — the article was, at the time, a strict monopoly of the crown; but notwithstanding the severe penalties attached to an illicit trade, the whole cargo was landed—landed under the eyes, and by the

administrador of the custom house himself, who shared in the immense profits of the transaction. And yet the words honour and patriotism are constantly in the mouths of these people.

After sojourning upwards of three weeks in the Commarca, I returned to Villa Rica, where I dismissed Francisco, who, I believe, had found an opportunity of indulging in his old vocation. Notwithstanding his notorious reputation as a smuggler, I was surprised at the terms of easy familiarity with which he treated even the intendente himself. I believe they perfectly understood each other. Francisco was a gipsy; his people are numerous in Brazil, and carry on the whole commerce of the interior. The epoch at which this singular people, whose origin has occupied so much of the labours of the learned world, migrated to the wilds of South America, I could never ascertain from any Brazilian, who are singularly ignorant of every thing connected with the early settlement of their country. I once questioned Francisco on this interesting subject, in the hope that some old tradition of the event might be preserved among his tribe; but I received the universal answer given to every other such question, "*Quem sabe.*"

The character of the Brazilian people, who pompously style themselves a nation of demi-gods, may be briefly sketched:—their numerous vices are scarcely redeemed by a single good quality. In cunning they surpass all people—all must yield to the Brazilian. No check is imposed on his rapacity and fraud by the fear of detection, the consciousness of shame, the sense of justice, the love of honour; speciousness, craft, dishonesty, swindling, lying, gasconade, and cowardice, form the grand features of their character, coupled with every other vice that can degrade human nature.

ON WHAT PRINCIPLES IS THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT FOUNDED?

WE think we can answer this important question.

1st. A congregation is non-essential to the existence of a church. The common idea that clergy is a relative term having laity for its correlative is erroneous.

2d. Supposing that by any accident there is a laity, its numbers are never for a moment to be considered in fixing the numbers or incomes of the clergy. The former may be counted by hundreds, and the latter by thousands, without the slightest impropriety.

3d. The same disproportion may lawfully exist between the wealth of the church and the resources of the country. A people vegetating upon potatoes and sea-weed, and a priesthood dining on venison and drinking claret, is no anomaly, but the most reasonable state of things imaginable.

4th. The interests of the flock are to be taken into account only when they are not opposed to the affluence and ease of the minister.

5th. The chief part of the pastoral office is the sheep-shearing.

6th. The laity should concern themselves about one thing only,—namely, that the clergy be well provided with the good things of this world: the clergy should be left to take care of every thing else.

7th. The text—"You cannot serve God and Mammon," is an interpolation, and of no authority whatever.

8th. That other text—"The labourer is worthy of his hire," is a misconstruction of the original, which should be translated thus—"The rector is worthy of his tithe." The notion of labour and hire is inconsistent with the dignity of the church.

9th. A clergyman may reside amongst his parishioners if he likes; but it is by no means incumbent on him to do so. He can take as good care of their souls, living in Bath or Naples, as in his own glebe-house.

10th. Pluralities are perfectly consistent with the spirit, though perhaps no-where directly sanctioned by the letter of holy writ.

11th. Union is good in all things; especially union of parishes.

12th. As the number of priests is not to be regulated by that of the people, so is not the number of bishops to be regulated by that of the priests. Although twenty-six mitres are enough in England for seven thousand rectors, it by no means follows, that twenty-two mitres are too much in Ireland for twelve hundred rectors. Bishoprics are great blessings, they cannot abound too much.

13th. The same holds good of deans, arch-deacons, and dignitaries of every degree.

14th. A bishop is "*Episcopus,*" or *Overlooker:* he may therefore *overlook* religion altogether.

15th. A church never looks so comely as when she is literally a "Church Militant," fenced in by thirty thousand bayonets, and a park of artillery in every parish.

16th. A minister of the gospel is never seen to such advantage as when he is charging his flock at the head of a troop of dragoons, or a strong body of the constabulary force. This is what is described by the psalmist, as "the beauty of holiness."

17th. It is no objection to the establishment of a Protestant church, that the people of the country where it is established are not Protestants.

18th. The more reluctant the people are to pay tithe, the more needful it is to force them to do it. Their hatred to tithe springs from their irreligion.

19th. The argument for a church establishment gains strength the more unpopular that institution becomes. Were it universally admired, the people would be universally religious, and then there would be no occasion for it at all.

20th. The best way to bring the nation round to the religion is to make them hate the clergy. The tithe-proctor is the best apostle of Protestantism; and the tithe-system, (or such substitute for it as is contemplated by the present government,) the most powerful instrument for advancing the reformation.

21st. Finally, it is never to be forgotten, that nations were made for institutions, not institutions for nations.

These principles, co-numerous with the Bench of Bishops, seem to embrace what may be called the spirit or genius of the Irish Ecclesiastical Establishment. We frankly confess, that we think them open to *some* objections; and that, in a church constituted on such grounds, there should be persons who believe it would be possible to make *some* improvements, it does not appear to us to be matter of astonishment.

THE FIELD OF MONUMENTS: A VISION.

I HAVE often thought, when viewing a diversified country at sunset, that the prospect might be aptly compared with a backward glance at the history of literature. We look abroad upon the face of nature, and we see it sprinkled with gilded eminences; some nearer, others more distant; some rising almost up to heaven, others projecting but a little way beyond the level of the earth; these only are distinctly revealed to the eye, though we know that many dark valleys, and many sterile flats intervene, and that the broader and more towering eminences, have thrown into shade some of the lesser heights which surround them. And so, when we glance backward at the history of literature, we see the great and the small start out from the vast level of past ages; some stand single, others in groups; long and dreary wastes, their level scarcely broken by a single prominence, stretch in one direction; while in another, hardly are we able to discover a vacant spot of earth. I have often, in a dreaming hour, fancied myself wandering over this vast level, upon which there seemed to be scattered the monuments of the departed, shewing by their attitude the comparative genius of those whom they commemorated; and this, not according to the verdict of mankind, but according to the final and unerring judgment of some higher tribunal. It was but in the dusk of yesternight, that I stood contemplating this wide plain, which seemed to be lighted up by the oblique rays of the declining sun. At no great distance from the spot where I stood, was a cluster of pillars, for the most part of moderate altitude; beyond these, and to a considerable extent across the plain, monuments were scattered, single, and in groups, and of various altitudes, and of these, the most remote rose immeasurably the highest, and stood upon the verge of a vast desert expanse, where scarcely a single monument arrested the eye, as it glanced across to the extreme limits of the plain; but there, as if links between heaven and earth, gigantic columns were seen towering up between it and the highest horizon.

While I remained silently contemplating the scene, I saw a man suddenly step from behind one of the pillars, and advance towards the spot where I stood: I had somehow an instinctive knowledge that this man was able to be my *cicerone* over the field of monuments, and I received him with much civility. "You are no doubt desirous," said he, "to learn the secrets which this plain reveals, and thus be able to estimate the judgment of the world: you will see many things which may appear wonderful to you, but you are one of a misjudging race; sometimes your verdicts are right, but they are oftener wrong. *We* who manage matters here proceed upon more certain data."—"It is probable," I replied, "that our hasty judgments are often incorrect, but time rectifies our errors; the mass of the world will always be led by the few in it who are capable of judging, and therefore the deferred verdict of mankind must be just."—"Just!" interrupted my companion, with some heat, "how can justice result from erring judgments? fashion, passion, and prejudice, may indeed be corrected by time, but the powers of judgment among men are not greater now than they were two thousand years ago. Limited they have always been, and limited they will always be. How, let me ask, should you be able to judge of the merits of a poem,

when you are profoundly ignorant of the nature of that which has produced it, the mind?"—"We judge by the result," I ventured to reply.—"Truly an excellent way of judging," said my companion, with a smile; "look at yourself, and look at this blade of grass; judging by the result, you would say that the genius which contrived the one, is more excellent than that which produced the other; and yet they are both the work of Omnipotence; but come, let me be your instructor and your guide over this field of truth;" and so saying, my companion walked in silence towards the monuments.

We soon approached a group of monuments of different altitude, of which three were more conspicuous than the others. "These names," said my companion, "are no doubt familiar to you, but your estimate of them may perhaps have been erroneous."

I read upon the three pillars the names of Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Laurence Sterne. Of these, the first appeared upon the lowest of the three monuments, the second was inscribed upon the highest, the last occupied a middle station. "What!" said I, in surprise, "do you rate the genius of Johnson, the colossus of English literature, lower than that of Goldsmith or Sterne? Johnson, whose learning was unbounded, whose mind was capable of embracing the whole circle of letters?"

"Softly," returned my companion, "we do not estimate men here by what they may be thought capable of doing, but by what they have done."

"And yet," said I, "Johnson has done much; as a lexicographer, at least, he has no competitor."

"So much the greater misfortune for the English language," replied my companion; "his work is an extraordinary example of persevering labour in a man whose genius no doubt qualified him for a higher sphere; for when we contemplate the beauties which are scattered over his moral and imaginative writings, we cannot but regret the sacrifice which has probably been made of works from his pen, for a production which would better have emanated from the combined labours of men of inferior talent."

"But what," returned I, "do you say to the claims of Johnson as a critic, a novelist, an essayest?"

"His great critical work," said my companion, "is more valuable as a specimen of biographical writing, than as a body of sound criticism. For criticism of a certain kind, Johnson was well fitted; his natural shrewdness, his long habits of thinking, and his knowledge of mankind and of the world, enabled him to judge justly, and promptly, of all that is addressed chiefly to the reason; and of all that class of poetry of which imagination is not the source, but only the adornment. This, he was well capable of doing; unless when the free exercise of his judgment was impeded by his prejudices, which were neither few nor weak. But on poetry of a higher order, the cast of Johnson's mind altogether disqualified him from the exercise of criticism. His own poetry is a sufficient proof of his want of that genius required for judging of the higher flights of poetry in others."

"Then you are of opinion," said I, "that in order to judge of lofty poetry, one must have the power of writing it."

"No," returned my companion; "but if a critic himself adventures into the poetic field, and betrays in his productions a want of those fine

sympathies, those delicate perceptions of the beautiful and the grand, which are inseparable from a poetic mind, and shews himself the disciple of a school whose character is correctness instead of fire, and which abounds more in laboured declamation, than in the inborn eloquence of the soul, we are justly entitled to conclude that that man is not fitted for judging of poetry, the elements of which dwell not in him. In proportion as the poetry criticised by Johnson approaches his own, his judgments are correct."

"But how is it," said I, "that with such an estimate of Johnson's merit as a critic, this monument should be even so lofty as I find it?"

"Because," replied my companion, "he was also a moral essayist; and possessed that fine sense of right and wrong, that unerring perception of virtue, which, aided by a sound judgment, and keen observation, eminently qualified him for excellence in this department, and it is a curious illustration of this truth, that the prejudices which in matters of criticism often betrayed him into error, have never impaired his moral judgment. But look, this is the record of a greater man," added my companion, as he turned towards the loftier pillar, upon which was written the name of Oliver Goldsmith; a better dictionary than Johnson's may hereafter appear; a sounder body of criticism than his pen has produced; but never will it be our duty to raise a monument to a poem, or a novel, more full of nature and truth, than those bequeathed to us by Goldsmith."

"And this," said my companion, turning towards the pillar that stood hard by, "fixes the rank of Laurence Sterne."

"You amaze me," said I, "you assign a higher place to him than to Johnson; to a trifler, than to a—"

"No profanity," interrupted my companion, "he who is master in any one department has a right to pre-eminence, and deserves to be named with respect."

"And what department may I ask," said I, "was that in which Sterne was master?"

"The pathetic," replied my companion. "You have had no imitations of Sterne," added he, after a pause; "you have had the ghost of Johnson, but never the shade of Sterne. The language in which Sterne clothes his thoughts is as imposible to be imitated as the thoughts themselves. There never was but one Sterne. But let us pass on," said my guide, "there is nothing to detain us here."

As we walked onward, I saw many groups, and single pillars, scattered here and there, generally of little altitude, and some scarcely visible above the level; but feeling as desirous of knowing who were esteemed little, as who were esteemed great, I inquired to whom belonged a group of pillars of very moderate altitude that stood on the left hand?

"These," said my companion, "are the metaphysicians; we do not question the accuracy of some of their deductions, but we question their utility. If Locke had never existed, men would have continued to act as they now do; the stock of human enjoyment would not have been less, or the amount of human knowledge scarcely less limited. Where a study can neither lead to any practical result, nor widen the circle of enjoyment, the time that is bestowed upon it is cast upon the waters."

As we still proceeded, my companion pointed out to me, as we passed successively by them, the monuments of our historians, novelists, and poets. Among the latter, I could distinguish those of Thomson, Collins,

Gray, and Burns; the latter distinguished by its greater altitude. But we passed by innumerable little monuments, almost like grave-stones, so slightly elevated above the surface of the plain, that the name was scarcely visible; upon one of these I observed the name of Addison.

"Surely," said I, suddenly stopping, "there is some mistake here."

"Here we make no mistakes," said my companion. "I perceive you are surprised that your estimate and ours of the genius of Addison, so widely differs. Humour, morality, and good sense, distinguish the writings of Addison, but genius I know not where: his poetry owes any charm it possesses, to a correct judgment, rather than to a fine imagination; but poetry is not the child of reason, although it must be corrected and chastened by her. Poetry is that which is conversant with beauty and with power; which calculates not, labours not; but springs up like a first creation, and throws over the dulness of reality a spirit of energy and life. The province of imagination is visionary; but Addison confined his poetry within the province of reason."

"But," said I, "I perceive we have passed by a monument greatly more elevated than any of its neighbours; let us return to it."

"It is the record," said my companion, "of Dean Swift."

"You estimate his genius high," said I.

"Not higher than it deserves," returned my guide.

"Why!" said I, "no man has written so much nonsense."

"He wrote," replied my companion, "much that fools would call nonsense; but which wise men would perceive to be sense in disguise; he took a new view of human nature."

"He satirized it," said I.

"No;" returned my instructor, "his work is no satire upon human nature, only upon its absurdities and pretensions. In one part of his work, where men are represented six inches high, and where yet the drama of life is carried on as among mortals such as yourself, Swift has satirized the objects of intellectual pride; ambition, glory, and distinction, are all shorn of their illusions; for he represents the highest offices in the state awarded to those who are able to leap highest on a packthread; he ridicules national honour, by making wars originate in disputes about the manner of breaking an egg; and if he would lay bare the insignificance of human grandeur, he represents the emperor six inches high, with his sceptre and crown, sitting in divan with the lords of his council, and regulating the concerns of a kingdom twelve miles in circumference. In all this he shews the insignificance of great things; while in another part of his work he satirizes the too great importance that is attached to little things; he views things through a magnifying glass, and thus beauty becomes deformity; and the frailties of human nature being stripped of the veil which throws over them the glass of refinement, humility is taught, and personal vanity humbled."

"And what is the estimate here," said I, "of his other works?"

"They have added little," replied my companion, "to the height of this monument; but come," added he, "let us proceed."

I would have stopped as we passed the lofty pillar upon which the name of Pope was inscribed, but my guide told me it was unnecessary, because the estimate which we mortals had formed of his genius corresponded almost exactly with that which the pillar indicated. "But yonder," said he, "upon the verge of that comparatively desert plain, stands a range of far loftier monuments; let us hasten towards them, for

the sun sinks low, and the journey across the waste is long and weary." We accordingly quickened our steps, and soon approaching the group, which, however, was not concentrated, but scattered over a considerable space, I remarked about a dozen of pillars, more elevated than the rest; all of them of vast altitude, some of them towering almost beyond the reach of vision, but no two among the twelve precisely equal in height. I read the names of Milton, Shakspeare, Moliere, Cervantes, Corneille, Petrarch, Tasso, Spencer, Bacon, Dante.

"Let us pause here," said my companion, as we reached the pillar upon which was inscribed the name of Milton.

"I perceive," said I, "that this monument is not eclipsed in height by any that surrounds it."

"Why should it be eclipsed," returned my companion; "for is not the production of a great epic poem the highest effort of the human race? It embraces within itself the rudiments of every other species of poetry. In the invention and disposition of the plot, and in sustaining the chief and subordinate characters, the dramatic art is largely required: in the episodes, are demanded the endowments of the lyric muse; while the conduct of the narrative calls for all the gifts of the descriptive and didactic poet."

"Tell me one thing," said I; "how is it, since such various and such exalted qualifications are required by the poet who attempts the epic, that the nearest approaches which have been made towards perfection should have been in the infancy of the respective languages in which the attempt has been made with success; the works of Homer, Milton, and Dante, were each of them the first fruits of a language just emerged from barbarism."

"There is an epoch," replied my companion, "in the history of a language, when alone it is competent to sustain the weight of the highest production to which the mind is able to give birth; and if no genius sufficiently mighty to achieve this undertaking should arise in that particular era, the language will never afterwards boast of this highest effort of the poetic power."

"I should imagine," said I, glancing at the same time up the gigantic column, "that this pillar is meant to commemorate perfection."

"Perfection," replied my companion, "belongs not to human efforts; unbounded as was the genius of Milton, extraordinary as was his learning, splendid as was his subject, and immense the resources with which he came to it, stored as he was with a perfect knowledge of all the great models of antiquity, the treasures of the early Italian, and the powers and facilities of his own unrivalled tongue, it may yet be said that Milton has not entirely succeeded in the object of his work. The pure illimitable attributes of the 'great first cause least understood' baffle the feeble powers of man, and are contemplated with sentiments of awe, which even the loftiest flights weaken and debase."

"But," said I, "were not the same difficulties opposed to the epic poets of the ancient world?"

"No," said my companion; "the mythology of the Greeks and Romans does not oppose the same difficulties; their gods were carnal gods, fraught with human passions and human failings, and differed in nothing from the inhabitants of your 'sin-worn mould,' except in being gifted with superhuman powers, and present immortality."

"These," said my companion, glancing towards the other lofty pillar

that stood near, "are the records of the great of modern times; they stand, you perceive, upon the verge of that dusky plain whose monotony is broken by few monuments, and those few scarcely rise above its level; that pillar on the edge of the desert is inscribed with the name of Dante; it is the connecting link between the literature of the middle ages, and that of modern times, and stands on the dark shore that separates the ancient from the modern world; and look, canst thou descry, across the dreary level, some gigantic pillars on its utmost limits, dim and indistinct?"

"I can see them plainly," said I.

"These," returned my companion, "are the monuments of the ancients; wouldst thou pass the desert, and read the names of Virgil and Homer, and Æschylus and others, the poets and philosophers, and orators and painters, and sculptors of the ancient world?"

"Let us cross the desert," said I. But as I walked on, keeping my eye fixed upon the dim and distant monuments, I lost sight of my companion, who, outstripping me, glided behind the monument of Dante, and when I reached it, he was no where to be seen. I was alone. Before me lay the wide monotonous plain thinly sprinkled with monuments; the lofty pillars of a former race stood on its utmost limits, their summits yet gilded by the last rays of the declining sun, and I leaned against the column upon which was written the name of Dante.

"Mighty poet," said I, looking upward at the tall column, whose summit I could scarcely discern, "mighty was thy song, fit to be the imperishable record of thy genius. Hell, and the workings of despair, in the sad realms where hope never comes, that comes to all;" purgatory, and the reign and progress of repentance, mingled with the sweet influences of reviving hope; heaven, and the fulness of pure joys unutterable—

"Where the blest spirits above
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowrets crowned,
Quaff immortality and joy."

I knew not whether to retire, or to advance; whether to linger among the monuments that were scattered around me, or enter upon the plain, where were thinly strewn the records of the middle ages; but the gigantic monuments that stood upon its uttermost limits seemed to beckon me forward, and I went on.

I had now no guide to direct my judgment, and I was forced to form my own conclusions from what I saw. These were somewhat at variance with my previous impressions; for although, compared with the field of monuments which I had already passed, the plain which I now traversed was bare and monotonous; and although the pillars which I passed by were but of moderate height, yet the records of human endeavour were more frequent than I had expected to find them. When I had thought of the dark ages, I had pictured to myself a time when Goth and Vandal trampled under foot all that was noble and intellectual; a dark rayless season of mental bondage, when intellect never put forth one bud, or if she did, when her blossoms were crushed by the hand of the barbarian, or drooped because they bloomed alone, and that at a certain epoch called the revival of letters, intellectual light broke upon the benighted earth, as the sun bursts from an eclipse upon a shrouded world. But this impression I found belied by what I saw

around me; I discovered a connecting chain; I was arrested by many pillars, records of the genius of the middle ages; many, not indeed of vast importance, but yet rising above the level, inscribed with the names of those who had appreciated, and therefore preserved and multiplied the relics of the ancient world; and many, more lofty, bearing the names of those to whose genius modern Europe is indebted for the germs of her romantic poetry. I passed too, the monuments that had been raised to those illustrious patrons of letters, whose zeal for the promotion of knowledge shed, for a time, something like the twilight of learning throughout the sphere of their influence. I read the name of our great Alfred upon the most distinguished of these pillars, and the name of Charlemagne upon another; and I transported myself, in fancy, to those days when christianity struggled with the relics of paganism; when the sciences had hardly any existence, when the refinements of life were unknown, and when yet, the spectacle was seen, of sceptred kings and conquerors listening to the instructions of wisdom, inviting the learned to their courts, protecting genius, encouraging education, promoting knowledge, and devoting the repose which victory had purchased, to the cultivation of the arts of peace.

I had passed a dreary waste, and now approached a spot where stood a group of tall pillars, surrounded by many lesser monuments. It was already deep dusk; the monuments of the ancients were no longer visible, and the light only enabled me to read upon the columns around me the names of Hafiz, Ferdusi, Al-Mamoun, and Haroun Al-Raschid. These were the records of Arabian and Persian genius, when, at a time that intellectual light was flickering with an uncertain flame over Europe, that flame had found a shelter, and was burning with a steadier blaze, in a land from which long ago all traces of its influence have disappeared.

I threw myself at the base of the column of Haroun Al-Raschid, and abandoned myself to a dream of past glory and present debasement. Arabia, a thousand years ago, the seat of learning, the cradle of genius, the birth-place of poesy: how changed! a thinly-peopled land, an uncultivated soil; flocks of wild animals, wandering tribes, whose riches are their camels; cities, deserted and silent, ruins crumbling away; ignorance, superstition, idolatry, throwing their deepest shadows over a parched and desolate land. Well may a contrast like this curb the haughtiness of man, and lead him, from the mutability of human endeavour, to look beyond it. I.

SONG: FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Good reader, these are times, too serious for rhymes;
The world's been full of crimes, since we were whipped at school;
Yet some men have no taint, 'gainst them we've no complaint,
And Cumberland's a saint—Oh, you April Fool?

The Tories, so they say, resolve to fast and pray,
Repenting (well they may!) their errors and misrule;
Eldon's resigned his fees, his conscience to appease,
And Wharncliffe's on his knees—Oh, you April Fool!

The Derry boys aspire, above each base desire;
Lord Londonderry's ire has now begun to cool;
There's Wetherell in haste, now buttoning up his waist,
And Ellenborough's chaste—Oh, you April Fool!

There's Hunt has grown genteel, as Hardinge or as Peel,
And Croker now can feel a drubbing like a mule;
While Perceval at last, has really made us fast,
And then the Bill has passed—Oh, you April Fool!

Now Cobbett's morals mend, he calls "The Times" his friend,
Our cares are at an end, O'Connell's grown a tool;
For Ireland cries *jam satis*, and this a truth I state is,
He loves the tithes like 'taties—Oh, you April fool!

Our Aldermen forswear all corporation fare,
And take themselves to pray'r, on some convenient stool,
And they with thoughts divine to "Temperance" incline,
And send the Poor their wine—Oh, you April Fool!

The Cholera rages still, in spite the Doctors' skill,
Continuing to kill, with systematic rule;
Among the Peers it spread, the Tories quickly fled,
The Bishops are all dead—Oh, you April Fool!

The Lords are growing wise; they write to our surprise,
The gravest tragedies, as humorous as Poole;
Their genius soars so high, from them must Shakspeare fly,
And Milton's "all my eye"—Oh, you April Fool!

Some flourish in debating, astonish in narrating,
Are clever in translating, as Sotheby or as Hoole;
We've all so happy grown, by their good deeds alone,
That taxes are unknown—Oh, you April Fool!

And now all heroes fly, to conquer or to die,
And "Freedom!" is the cry, from Timbuctoo to Thule;
His murderers remain, where Torrijos was slain,
And Poland's free again—Oh, you April Fool!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF POLINARIO, THE SPANISH BANDIT.—NO. I.

ALTHOUGH my life has been almost wholly passed on the Castilian side of the Sierra Morena, I am, nevertheless, a native of Andalusia, and no Castilian, though the contrary is asserted in the royal pardon obtained for me, in which I am called Polinario of La Mancha. Possibly the Bishop of Jaen, who obtained for me the king's forgiveness, did not care to own me; but the truth is, that I was born in his diocese, in the small town of Tobaruela, which is situated about eight leagues up the river Guadalimar from Andujar. My father was a muleteer, owning four as good mules as any in the province; and these he turned to the best advantage—travelling between Jaen, Andujar, and Ubeda, sometimes with a little merchandize on his own account, but oftener on the errand of others. He was as honest a muleteer as any on the road, and a good Catholic, never omitting either mass or confession; and by his industry, he contrived to provide sufficiently for his family, which consisted of two besides myself, Diego and Maraquita, the one older, the other younger than me. I shall have occasion hereafter to make frequent mention of my father, who died only four years ago—at present I am speaking of the time that elapsed from the age of which I remember any thing, until I attained to fifteen. When I say that my father provided sufficiently for his family, I do not mean that we had always the chocolate pot to go to, or that we had a smoking *puchero* every day in the year; but we had bread, and fruit, and wine, and oil, and I may say eggs, in plenty, and a puchero on feast days, as well as on every occasion when my father was expected to return home with his mules. Since those days, I have tasted the best that either Castile or Andalusia can afford—and have eaten of many a dinner that might have tickled the palate of a baron; but never any thing so dainty as the pucheros cooked by my mother against my father's return. These were happy nights; I think I see now the mules enter the kitchen, one by one—and even my father behind, in his embroidered jacket and tight gaiters—while we three children ran to meet him; and my mother (God rest her soul!) left off stirring the pot to ask how he fared, and how many *pesetas* he had brought back; and then he would loosen his girdle, and untie the knot at the end of it, and take out a handful of coin, silver and copper mixed, and give a quarto to each of us, and drop the rest into my mother's lap; and then we all feasted on the puchero. Never was there a better mother than mine, or a more indulgent—I am not sorry that she went to paradise before I had entered upon what she would have called evil ways.

When I had attained the age of about twelve, it was a question with my father and mother in what line I should be bred. Diego, my elder brother, had already learned the trade of making ropes of aloes, and could gain a *real* every day; and my mother wished me to follow some business that would bring in as much. "That will be two *reals* a day between the two lads," said she—for I perfectly remember her words—"three hundred and sixty-five times two *reals*—it will go far in a year's time to buy you a fifth mule." My father, on the other hand, fancying he discovered proofs of capacity in me, thought of the church; but for my part I liked neither the one nor the other of the plans; and one night, when my father had returned, and when my brother Diego

put into my mother's hand the *real* he had gained, "when," said she, addressing her husband, "will this little rogue," tapping me on the head, "be able to do the like?"

"I was thinking," said my father, "that he had best follow his father's trade; I'll put him on a mule the next time I go to Andujar; and who knows but in a year's time, as the lad is quick, he may manage to take two mules to Jaen, at the same time that I take two to Andujar, and so turn over more *reals* than Diego? and so in effect it was agreed: at thirteen I was a muleteer; and to the taste which this manner of living gave me for an unsettled life, may be partly attributed the events that subsequently followed. But I have now to relate, with some exactness, one or two circumstances that helped more especially to change my manner of life.

I had attained the age of fifteen, when my father gave me in charge two mules to take all the way to Cordova, to bring back some lead from the mines in that neighbourhood, which was wanted for some repairs to the Convent of San Felipe Neri, in our town. I took my mules to Cordova accordingly, and put up at the Posada; I had scarcely dressed and watered the beasts, when there drove into the yard a coach drawn by seven mules, and another coach behind it. The Duque de Huescar sat in the first, and four of his highness's attendants occupied the other. The Posada was soon all in a bustle; for dinner was to be got ready for the duke. There were soups, and stews, and pasties, and many fine dishes I never saw before or heard of, for the duke's own cook—a Frenchman as some said—travelled with his master; but there were no pucheros—no, no! the duke's stomach was too delicate for them. At length the dinner was cooked and served; but the duke not having then dismissed the corregidor, who had waited upon his highness out of civility, the head servant invited all who were in the kitchen to go and see the duke's dinner, the like of which nobody there had ever before set eyes on. Among those who were in the kitchen, there chanced to be a poor fellow, with scarce a rag to cover his back, and who appeared grievously to stand in need of some inner lining to his belly. I had observed, that when the cook tossed a bone to the dog, he snatched it up, and began to peel off it the little that was left; and this *pobre* followed the rest out of the kitchen. "All this," thought I, "for the Duque de Huescar, and nothing for this *pobre!*" As my eye wandered over the smoking soups and stews, and the rich steam saluted my nose, there was a dish with a capon in it, divided into two: and just as I had cast my eye upon it, a great bustle in the passage announced the duke's approach. Every one scampered off, the duke's servant the first, and I took the opportunity to seize a half capon by a drumstick that rose above the sauce, and whisking it out of the dish, conveyed it to the starved wretch, who still lingered behind, wistfully eyeing the dishes; and he concealing it under his tattered cloak, we left the room just as the duke entered. Among all the events of my life, and their results, no one ever afforded greater satisfaction than this; when soon after leaving the kitchen to look after my mules, I saw the poor hungered fellow crouching among the beasts, busy with the capon which I had subtracted from the duke's feast. The whole of that evening I argued within myself the question, whether there could be any sin in robbing the rich to give to the poor; and the longer I thought upon the matter, the more satisfied I was with myself. I had never,

however, before taken the value of a quarto from any one, even to give to another, and I accordingly resolved to go to confession before quitting Cordova. This I did the following morning, and my confessor having enjoined only an ave and a paternoster, I was the more confirmed in the estimate I had formed.

This event, insignificant as it was in itself, was not insignificant in its results; for beside that it in some degree helped to decide my after line of life, it materially affected the manner of it; for it will be seen hereafter, that no adventure in which I was ever engaged, terminated at the expense of the poor; that I always took from those who could afford to lose something; and that the gold of the rich, in most cases helped the poor to a puchero.

I have now to relate the second circumstance that contributed to strengthen, or rather to form my inclination for the life which I afterwards adopted. I was now eighteen years old; and my sister Maraquita, was one year younger. We were all a handsome family; my father was tall and straight, with broad shoulders, and fine calves to his legs; my mother, besides her fine eyes, had the true Andalusian figure and gait, and knew the use of her fan and her mantilla, as well as any *Senora* in the land: I took from both; at seventeen I was as tall as my father; and almost as strong; my limbs were as straight as a palm; and my dark crisped locks, open brow, and well turned features, to say nothing of my ready speech and skill in the Bolero, had already created enough of jealousies among the village girls. But I was speaking of Maraquita. She was the queen of Tobaruela, some said, of all the province. Guitar strings were freely broken on her account; but this was not the worst of it: some quarrels among rivals, ended badly; and my father was resolved to marry her. The son of a neighbouring small olive graver, was the favourite of my sister; but the father of her lover would by no means consent to the marriage, unless his daughter-in-law could bring as many *duros* as would purchase an olive press, and a mule, to tread.

Since I had transferred the half capon from the duke's table underneath the cloak of the *pobre*, I had never committed any breach of honesty; but I now began to think how happy it would make Maraquita, and all of us, if she were married, and how little matter a mule and a small purse of *duros* would be to some. During the greater part of a year I meditated upon this, and just then an event took place that helped me to the accomplishment of the resolution I had formed. An uncle, my father's brother, died at Torre Nueva in La Mancha, leaving to him, a house and a small piece of saffron and wine land, and the mule trade between our village and Andujar having become worse, owing to the channel of the river having been deepened so that boats could pass down, my father resolved to cross the Sierra into La Mancha, to spend the rest of his days on his newly acquired inheritance. The evening before our departure, while my sister Maraquita sat weeping at the thoughts of parting from her lover, whom she thought never to see more, I resolved that she should no longer have cause for sorrowing: and without saying anything, I slipped out, and wrapping my cloak round me, walked to the outskirts of the village, to a small venta kept by a man called Tobias, who had the reputation of being a shrewd man and an arrant rogue, and whose neck had been saved upon more occasions than one, by the dexterous use he had made of an ill-gotten purse.

"Good evening, Señor Tobias," said I, "I've come to wish you health in this world, and a moderate lease of purgatory in the next; you've heard, no doubt, we cross the Sierra into La Mancha, to-morrow?"

"A bad exchange," replied Tobias, "but the virgin go with you."

"Tobias," said I, "we're in sad want of a mule; you're a shrewd man, and likely to know where one may be picked up cheap."

"If you had asked me," said Tobias, "where one might be picked up for nothing at all, the question would be easier answered."

"Well, Tobias," said I, "suppose you were to answer that question."

"Come, come," said Tobias, "don't be ashamed; thou'rt a promising lad; ask my advice, and thou shalt have it. Dost thou hear the chink of these *duros?*" striking his hand upon his girdle; "they were yesterday at the disposal of a prebendary of Jaen; to-day, they must obey Tobias. You want a mule; well, the superior of the Carmelites returns from Baylen to-night; not a friar in the province owns a better mule; and I'm mistaken, if his purse be not in as good condition."

"No, no, Señor Tobias," said I, "I'm a good Catholic; and would rather go without a mule, than be indebted to a friar for it."

"And so am I a good Catholic," said Tobias, crossing himself; "but if a horse will suit the purpose as well as a mule, I can spare thy conscience, and fit thee to a tittle. Not ten minutes since, the young lord of the Señorio, passed by on a choice Andalusian, with a guitar slung behind him, I'll lay my life, to try what he can do with your pretty sister Maraquita."

"Thanks, many thanks, Tobias," said I, and the next moment I was making the circuit of the village towards my father's house. I was soon convinced of the shrewdness of Tobias' surmise, by hearing the twang of the guitar, and by seeing a horse standing in the moonlight, at a little distance; and pulling a loaf out of my pocket, I took him gently by the mane, and began leisurely to feed him. I had not been long occupied in this way, when the caballero, having just made an end of a *canto amoroso,* and perceiving that some one stood beside his horse, left the spot where he was standing, and walked towards me.

"Señor," said he, "please to leave this neighbourhood; it is unusual to intrude upon a serenade; and please also to leave alone this horse, which is my property."

"Señor," said I, in return; "the neighbourhood of your serenade chances to be the neighbourhood of my house; and this horse I have just made my own."

"How, fellow!" said he.

"I am no jester," returned I, "you have just been serenading my sister, and striving to please her ears with your guitar and *canto amoroso.* Meanwhile, I have been serenading your horse in another fashion; by tickling his palate. The only difference is, that I have been more successful than you; Maraquita has paid no attention to your guitar and fine sayings, but your horse has willingly listened to my importunities, and has eaten a loaf of the finest bread in the province: if Maraquita had listened to you, doubtless you would have made the most of your good fortune; and in thus taking advantage of the docility of your horse, I but act in the same way. Put up your guitar, Señor, and pass on the other side, lest worse befall thee;" and the young lord of the Señorio, perceiving my athletic figure and determined air, and sup-

posing that next day he would have his revenge, by feeing the Escrivano, took my advice, and left me with my conquest. But his projects, whatever they might be, were disappointed; before day, I had carried the best of our mules to the house of our neighbour, as the dowry of Maraquita; and soon after, all our family, mounted on the three mules and the caballero's horse, were toiling up the Sierra Morena; which, however, my sister Maraquita soon re-crossed.

All that I have hitherto said, has been but introductory to my life and exploits; but I have related this last circumstance at some length, because it was the first occasion on which I openly made myself master of the property of another: henceforth my actions will be of a bolder and different character, and will justify the name of Polinario the Bandit.

I had not yet, as has been seen, made the life of a robber a profession: and for some time after settling at Torre Nueva in La Mancha, I assisted my father in the cultivation of his land; but never felt any inclination for that life, which, after my experience of that of a muleteer, appeared to me sufficiently monotonous. We began also to fall back in the world. Having occasion for but one mule, we sold the others; and as the saffron land brought in but a small return, the money we received for them was soon expended. About this time it was, that my mother died; and on the very day of her burial, a muleteer from Andujar, brought us intimation, that my brother Diego lay sick, and was desirous of seeing one or other of us before he died. The very next morning I set out on foot for the neighbourhood of my native town; and from that hour, I date the commencement of my lawless life.

As I journeyed onward, I thought of our poverty, and the unequal distribution of wealth; and recalled to my mind with no small satisfaction, the only two occasions upon which I had attempted to make it more equal: and with these thoughts, and a few pesetas in my pocket, and my gun over my shoulder, I reached the Venta de Cardeño at the foot of the Sierra Morena. I was not then acquainted with Bartolomeo, the master of the Venta, who afterwards proved so useful an ally to me, but I at once perceived him to be a shrewd man, and a rogue, like Tobias, whom he greatly resembled in many things; and he, on his part, doubtless saw something in me, that led him to open the following dialogue.

"You have never seen Don José de Rabadel?" said he.

"I have heard the name," said I, "but the caballero never chanced to come in my way."

"So much the better for you," returned Bartolomeo; "but he was before your time—you're as like to him, Señor, as two peas are to each other—only twenty years or thereabouts his junior."

"He was a robber, was he not?" said I.

"The prince of robbers," returned Bartolomeo; "he was the true king of the Sierra Morena, and his throne yet remains vacant for any one who likes to step into it, and has boldness enough to keep it."

"You were his friend then?" said I; "his"—

"Speak out," said Bartolomeo, "his accomplice; ay, and many a rare diversion we've had here,—flat times since then, I'll warrant you. A likely gun that of yours for a bit of work. If Don José were here, he'd not sit long with the wine-skin in his arms; and before cock crow, gold pieces would be as common as pebble-stones. I don't know how

you may find it, Señor, but for my part, 'tis but seldom I hear the chink of gold—body of me but it's a pleasant sound."

"In truth, Señor Bartolomeo," said I, "the sound as seldom tickles my ears as yours. I'm no boaster, Señor, but I may make bold to say, that with the advice and countenance of a man of your experience, there's little Don José could have done that Polinario would fear to encounter."

"Give me thy hand, friend," said Bartolomeo, "I've found him again then, and old days are coming back."

I am unable to recollect the particulars of the conversation that followed, and which was such as might be expected from one of Bartolomeo's experience. The conclusion, however, was nearly this:—"Don José," said he, "committed one error; he had comrades, and one of the number betrayed him: take my advice, and act for yourself—no comrades in your exploits, and only one accomplice to secure the booty—boldness, Señor, only boldness is required on your part; the fear of a name is better than half a dozen comrades." In my after life I acted strictly upon this advice, and found truly, that the fear of my name did as much for me as my gun and cutlas.

The exploit with which it was ordained that I should commence my career, was not one of extreme difficulty; Bartolomeo informed me, that a messenger had arrived that morning, to bespeak supper for three canons, travelling from Cordova to Toledo: "they travel in their coach," said Bartolomeo; "and some years having now passed since Don José has been heard of hereabouts, they travel without any escort,—'tis but strolling up the mountain road, and waiting their approach—the rest follows of course."

It was just falling dusk when I quitted the Venta de Cardeno, and as I slowly walked up the winding road, I considered, for the last time, the course upon which I had entered. I had no difficulty in resolving, that it was better each of the three canons should be a purse the lighter, than that my father and I should be compelled to live upon bread and garlic; my only cause of hesitation was the necessity of confession, which I had never omitted, and the probability that the priest might exact as the price of absolution, a promise to change my manner of life. In this first exploit, however, I resolved to obtain absolution from the canons. It was nearly dark when I reached that turn on the road where there is a small low ruined wall, which has for the last twelve years been known under the name of Polinario's Seat, because it was there I was afterwards accustomed to sit down, and wait the approach of travellers. It is well adapted for the purpose; for neither in going up or down the Sierra can this wall be seen, till one be within twenty yards of it; and, although in all my exploits I ever calculated upon success, yet, in the event of failure, this spot was the most judicious that could have been selected, for just there a deep dell runs into the wildest parts of the Sierra; and I may say, without undue vanity, that, having once cleared the wall, nothing but a lead bullet could overtake me. Once only I have had occasion to resort to this escape, three, or it might be four years before I left off the life of a robber. I had resolved to rifle the Seville mail, and, sitting on this wall as usual, challenged it as it came up. It chanced, however, to be laden with pines for the royal table, sent as a compliment by the governor of Ceuta; and in place of finding only three guards to oppose me, out jumped three other troopers,

who had been sent to guard the treasure. I have made it a rule never to spill blood without good cause; and, perceiving little probability of success, I darted into the gorge. Six bullets were sent after me, but they all whizzed by. But to return to the canons.

I had scarcely taken my seat on the wall, when my ear caught the sound of carriage wheels, and in a few moments after, I had turned the mules' heads, and opened the carriage door. "Reverend Señores," said I, "you see before you the representative of the renowned Don José de Rabadel."

"Ah, Jesus Maria!" exclaimed all the three canons, at the same time muttering a prayer, and rapidly crossing themselves.

"No doubt," continued I, "your reverences travel with well-stored purses, that you may have wherewithal to bestow a charity by the way."

"Mine, Señor," said one of the three, "is the only one of our purses that is not entirely exhausted; the demands of charity upon those of my two brothers, have left not a real in either of them."

"Then," said I, "I will be generous, and accept of the purses of your brethren;" and those being hesitatingly drawn forth, and presented to me with faultering hands, I found, as I expected, to be well stored with gold; while the remaining purse that had been offered, I afterwards learned from Bartolomeo contained scarcely as many pesetas as paid for supper. "Remember, Señores," said I, "that Polinario is the name of the man who has made himself master of your gold, and that he has taken two purses when he might have taken three;" and having requested absolution, which they dared not refuse, I allowed the canons to pursue their journey, and arrived at the Venta soon after they had entered it, and in sufficient time to partake of supper along with the reverend señores whom I had robbed.

"No cause for alarm, Señores," said I, as entering the room where the canons were just dipping their spoons in the soup; they all let them drop into the dish, and rose from their seats. "Pray, reverend sirs," continued I, "resume your places; having shared your gold, I am now going to partake of your supper; but, harkee, say not a word of me to the rascally innkeeper, who would play me a trick if he could, at the first sign of recognition—you understand me, Señores." This I said to screen Bartolomeo from suspicion of being connected with me. The loss of their gold, and perhaps my presence, appeared to have in some degree diminished the appetite of the canons, so that there was abundance, and choice too, for a fourth mouth; and after supper was ended, I divided the booty with Bartolomeo, who complimented me highly, especially upon my having returned to sup with the canons, which he said was just Don José's way. From this moment I was Polinario the Robber, known and feared from Seville to Madrid.

I do not purpose now to continue the regular thread of my exploits. In the eleven years that I ranged over La Mancha and the Sierra, I committed no fewer than three hundred and fifteen robberies; but I purpose only detailing a few of the most difficult, the most curious, and the merriest of my adventures; relating also in what manner I obtained a wife, and how I visited my sister Maraquita, and my native village of Tobaruela and Tobias, for it will be recollected that I am now on my way to see my dear brother Diego, who lies at the point of death.

ABOLITION OF IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

On Tuesday, March 6th, the Lord Chancellor moved an humble address to his Majesty, requesting that he would cause that there be laid before the House, the last report of the Common Law Commissioners.

His lordship observed, a more important document than that to which he alluded had seldom been laid upon the table of that House, and in this opinion we most heartily and wholly concur. Upon no subject did we ever feel more deeply interested than that respecting the rights and interests of debtor and creditor; and it is a great gratification to us to find the commissioners recommending the abolition of punishment for misfortune. During several years we have wagged our tongue till our mouths' moisture was absorbed, and used our pen till the inkhorn was dry, in aiding the accomplishment of this legal improvement; we hope that even our humble efforts have at length been of some avail. In the outset we found many opposed to us: we found that the poet of nature was oracular, when he said that "pleasure and revenge (and we will add, interest) have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision." This is not surprising, for we learn from the speech of his lordship, that some of the *commissioners* who had none of these feelings to gratify, and who had commenced the investigation of this important subject with a contrary opinion, were not till now convinced of the futility as well as injustice of imprisonment for debt.

The trading portion of the community—the honest traders, who, in most matters, understand their interests better, have, we believe, been advocates for, though in truth they are the greatest sufferers by, the existence of this power to imprison. Dearly do they pay for the pleasure they enjoy in that most delusive protection; and however averse they may be to lose the opportunity of thus gratifying their spleen, we conceive they will soon find their account in a pecuniary compensation, by the abolition of what in fact is a mere dilatoriness in the execution of the law. Happy should we have been could we have convinced men by the voice of reason or humanity; but passions, if not governable, must have restrictions imposed upon them,—individual gratification must be sacrificed for the general good. It is no easy task to convince men to forego even a seeming advantage; but many tradesmen with whom we have conversed are of opinion with us; they aver, that independently of the injury of imprisonment for debt to the community, and its cruelty to the individual, it is also ineffectual. How cheering to find that throughout the laws of civilized society, humanity and true policy go hand in hand. We will venture to assert, that wherever laws are cruel, they are not merely unnecessary but inefficacious.

Interest and power blind men for a season, but the impotency of cruel laws will effect their downfall, although mercy or enlightened humanity fail. To illustrate our position, we now find the bankers, the originators and upholders of death for forgery, petitioning for its abolition, and their reason assigned is, not the cruelty nor the injustice, but the inefficacy of the punishment.

We should think it requires no stretch of reasoning to convince those who will reflect upon the subject, that even creditors themselves (scarcely excepting creditors for law-costs) would benefit most by the alteration. But to all honest persons these laws work an evident injury. All who

intend to pay, or who do pay for what they purchase, are suffering from them. Do we not know by experience, that tradesmen charge extra prices for risks, and calculate for bad debts? If so, the honest pay for the fraudulent. The inducements, therefore, to give credit, if of a tyrannous nature, should not be countenanced by the law; if they were not, men would only trust those in whom they could confide, or where the extraordinary gain was tantamount to the dangers from fraud and misfortunes. If it be said, that this would stop the current of necessary credit, we ask have we one bankrupt less, because he is not (if an honest man) imprisoned—because his creditor cannot confine him three or four months? They fear not perjury here, although the temptations are necessarily much greater; and, seriously, has any injurious diminution of credit taken place on account of the bankrupt laws? If the abolition of this protection decrease the facilities of getting any credit at all, it will be credit of an injurious or fraudulent description. The poor and the dishonest alone will feel the hardship: perhaps they may be stimulated to useful exertion, when they are no longer tempted to indulge in luxuries, for which they can have no reasonable hope of ever being able to pay, but which they have not the moral courage to refuse.

Men are still found much too ready to give credit, which is a great evil. We think that any law which would diminish the facility of getting into debt, would be generally beneficial. There would necessarily be less waste of property, fewer losses to the honest, and more industry, with less extravagance among that portion of society whose chief endeavours now are to live upon the labours of the industrious. Tradesmen frequently trust with considerable risk, upon the strength of this power of imprisoning, and the exorbitant profits to be made thereby; and they are often in the end, allowing for all losses, great gainers in this gambling traffic. By this custom all honest debtors are imposed on by being compelled to contribute towards paying for bad debts. Remove the cause of this practice, and the honest portion of the community will in future pay only for what they positively get.

Active tradesmen well know whom to trust, and where to risk; let them abide by the consequences of too venturous or too avaricious attempts at gain. The caution of the tradesman will induce carefulness on the part of the customer, who will purchase at a cheaper rate, where there is no extraordinary risk; and nothing but good must result from giving credit only where there is substance or likelihood. Caution will prevent an endless waste of property, and incalculable misery on all sides. But creditors who contend that insolvents of all denominations merit punishment, should be informed, that in England imprisonment for debt is not awarded by law as a punishment, though it comes to the same thing, and produces all the evils of which we complain. It is an awful procrastination of justice alone, which compels a man to remain incarcerated several months before his cause can be heard, till an inefficient tribunal brings up his hour; but the poor insolvent during this time has lost his employment, is degraded and quite ruined. He could not before his imprisonment pay his debts, perhaps he could scarcely support himself;—can shutting him up within the walls of a prison improve his circumstances? But suppose he has a wife and family—a circumstance not very uncommon with a poor man—the injury does not stop here; consider the consequences which follow upon his imprisonment. His

wife seeks a living how she can. God knows the difficulties a poor but virtuous female may encounter to procure bread under such circumstances. If she be indifferent to her fate, alas! for the sympathies of humanity. The helpless children, however, must be fed and clothed by the parish; they are virtually imprisoned, and the badge of *disgrace* is cast upon them for their parents' misfortune. Here then is a new burthen, but it may go even beyond this.

By such disgrace, and the misery consequent on imprisonment, you not only reduce men to poverty, but to demoralization and despair; they either become a burthen to the community, or are driven necessarily to the commission of crime, which puts the country to a worse and wasteful expense of prosecuting the victim of its own rearing.

Prisons, we allow, must exist for the protection of the just, and workhouses for the relief of the wretched poor; though both are necessary, at best they are evils; but let a politic legislature prevent as far as possible these scenes of depravity and degradation from becoming our schools of education.

We would allow a creditor to pursue the object of vengeance, and to take from him what is not his own—make his whole effects liable now and available for ever—pursue him to execution—to destitution, but stop there;—imprison not the body—infringe not upon the individual right of freedom—confound not guilt with misfortune, a distinction which should be carefully observed—punishment should be proportionate to the offence.

You only imprison the felon, you feed and clothe him; you imprison too the useful labourer, honest, moral, and industrious though he be; you deprive him of his means of subsistence. It matters not whether the person indulging in this barbarous but legal tyranny be an honest man or a rogue; he and his family perhaps are luxuriating upon credit; and this is not a rare case; he is a man of straw, one who intends from the beginning of his career to defraud his creditors, sufficiently confident to ask, and wicked enough to take effects on credit, with the sole view of appropriating them to his profligate uses; yet even this man, not liable himself to suffer imprisonment, is intrusted with the scales and sword of Justice. Interested and vindictive, he is made the judge and avenger in his own cause; he has the power to imprison the guiltless and useful member of society, for offending, however slightly, against his borrowed and temporary lustre. Monstrous! but to crown this absurdity, the law robs Justice of her chief attribute, and permits Oppression with a partial eye to select his victim.

To allow imprisonment for an original debt for which the creditor gave a substantial consideration, is undoubtedly injurious to all parties; but it is the height of impolicy and folly to permit attorneys and bailiffs for costs, to paralyze the efforts of able and useful men, and to reduce *very numerous families to destitution and infamy.*

These results too, incredible though they appear, more frequently happen in actions for costs than upon original debts, the imprisonment or detention not arising in the wish or vindictive pertinacity of the creditor, but in the callousness of low officers, familiar with this business. Nor should it be here forgotten, that the instances are not few in which the original creditor himself becomes the twofold sufferer, first by losing his debt, and secondly by incarceration for being unable to pay the enor-

mous bills of costs, incurred by endeavouring to recover the wages of his industry.

We will notice but one point more, which indeed is wormwood to us; it is the unequal manner in which the law affects the different parts of the community. The law-makers, both peers and commons, exempt themselves from the fangs of arrest-law,—disgusting anomaly!—The powerful body of large traders too are screened, *i. e.* if insolvent they may take refuge in the bankrupt laws; and a long list of public functionaries, with their domestics and caterers to their various appetites, whose duties are considered by the legislature of more importance to society than the culture of the earth or manufacture of its produce, are privileged from arrest and imprisonment. What can be more conclusive of the absurdity of imprisonment than the very fact of privileging certain classes of individuals, that they may not be impeded in the exercise of their duties for the public benefit? If this be beneficial to the state (which is the only reason they dare assign for its existence) in the instances above cited, it is surely much more so when extended to labourers who have nothing but their power of labour, but without the benefits of which the machine of government would stand still. Nor can you draw blood from stones—men truly insolvent cannot pay. Deprive yourself of their services, or what is worse, allow every man at will to deprive you of your useful members, and you sap the best interests of the state. Industry and character are two of the chief pillars of our constitution—in the name of patriotism let us use our dearest efforts to preserve and foster them. For our own parts we hesitate not to attribute much of the existing misery of the country to imprisonment for misfortune and the unavoidable consequences flowing therefrom. If there be any utility in imprisonment it must be useful to all; but had this been made the condition of allowing imprisonment for debt to exist, how long, we ask, would the lords and members of the House of Commons have tolerated it? We have done.

The rights of humanity, the voice of reason and of true policy both for the individual and general advantage, call aloud for impartial justice; they demand of the legislature the prompt performance of an imperative duty; namely, that of acting upon the recommendation of the report of the law commissioners, and sweeping from amongst us the absurd, impolitic, and barbarous practice of imprisoning insolvents.

R. T.

SPECIMENS OF LATIN COMEDY—No. III.

THE MENAECHMI, OF PLAUTUS.

"Credite, non ludo; nam sunt mihi dramata Plauti,
Nil nisi lautitiæ deliciæque meræ."

Lamb. Pithop.

We remember to have read somewhere, we believe in the life of Demosthenes, by that most narrative and *unparalleled* biographer, Plutarch, an anecdote to this effect: a young Athenian once asked this "mightiest chief of Grecian eloquence," what he considered the first thing to be attended to in oratory? to which he replied, *action:* the interrogateur then asked, what he considered the second? to which also, he replied, *action,* in a more decisive tone: and "what is the third?" said the youth; *action,* replied the orator in a voice of thunder.

Now, if we were called upon in a similar manner, to say, what we deem the most fertile subject of comic merriment, we should unhesitatingly reply, *personal resemblances,* and if asked, what we deemed the second, we should but reiterate our answer; and if interrogated respecting the third, we should refer the person who thus pestered us with his interrogatories to the April Number of the Monthly Magazine, (that never-sufficiently-to-be-lauded publication,) for the year 1832, page 445, where he would have an ocular declaration of our opinion.

The leading trait both in the Captives and the Amphitryon, is the mistake and comic humour arising from the similarity and convertibility of two characters; in the Captives, of Tyndarus and Philocrates, in the Amphitryon, of Sosia and Mercury, Jupiter and the General, who has given name to the play. And so in the Menaechmi, the amusement of the piece hinges on the series of mistakes and divers hallucinations into which the Epidamnians fall in consequence of the perfect resemblance of the twin brothers, and their final confrontation. But, though the leading trait is essentially the same in this play as in the two from which we have made extracts before, yet the plot is so beautifully varied, and the scenes are so exquisitely diversified, that what in other hands would probably have been but a monotonous repetition, assumes under the management of Plautus, the air of novelty and perfect originality.

The Captives, was imitated by Rotrou, the Amphitryon, by Dryden and Moliere, but the Menaechmi, has been imitated by Shakspeare, in his well known *Comedy of Errors;* which, though it does not stand high in the gamut of our great dramatist's compositions, bears nevertheless, the evident stamp of Shakspeare; but we cannot agree with the celebrated Schlegel, in thinking it superior to the Menaechmi of Plautus. The fact of Shakspeare and Dryden, *par nobile fratrum,* having lighted their torches at the lamp of Plautus, is no inconsiderable testimony to the excellence of the Roman comedian.

Few, if any plays, have been so frequently imitated and translated as this, particularly in the Italian theatre; where the *Lo Ipocrito* of Aretine holds the highest rank, though the respective imitations of Cecchi, Firenzuola, and Trissino, enjoy considerable reputation. The Menaechmi, received a version into English as early as 1595, the title of which bore these words; "a pleasaunt and fine conceited comedie,

taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus, chosen purposely as least harmfull, yét most delightful." It has also been imitated in French, by Regnard; whose play entitled, *Les Menechmes ou les Jumeaux*, is considered the most lively, and in every respect the best imitation of this comedy, which is certainly one of the best of Plautus's, and is decribed by a learned commentator, as *festivissima atque eruditæ varietatis fabula.*

The whole plot and humour of this play is founded on the perfect resemblance of the twin sons of a merchant of Syracuse. And, as we have intimated, the mistakes and misunderstandings which arise on both sides from this personal likeness, the unwitting counterworkings of the two Menaechmi, and the upshot of the whole in the discovery of their brotherhood, render the *intrigue* particularly interesting. One of these children, called Menaechmus, had been lost by his father in Syracuse, in the midst of a dense crowd in the street, and upon being found by a Greek trader, was conveyed by him to Epidamnum, (the Roman Dyrrhacium, now, *Durazzo,*) and kindly received into his family. But the father did not long survive the loss of his child; and the grandfather, to mollify a little the grief which he felt on the occasion, gave the other, (before called Sosicles,) his brother's name of Menaechmus. Months and years rolled on, till at last the original Menaechmus was adopted by his protector, and the other Menaechmus, (originally *Sosicles,*) was arrived at an age, at which he might be trusted to act on his own account, and follow the profession of his late father. Accordingly, the latter, willing to spare no exertions for the discovery and restoration of his brother, undertook many expeditions and travelled in every direction in search of him, till in the course of his peregrinations he came to Epidamnum, where every one he met seemed to look on him as on one with whose person they were familiar, and many to his surprise, whom he had never seen before, greeted him by his name, and offered him the usual salutations in the most friendly manner; and even the wife of the Epidamnian Menaechmus, takes him for her husband. And here again, we have the parasite acting one of the principal parts. The play opens indeed, with the preparation for an entertainment, which Menaechmus of Epidamnum had ordered for his mistress Erotium, and to which the parasite was invited. The Syracusan brother happening to pass, is asked to come in by his brother's mistress, who falls into the common error, and partakes with her of the feast. This greatly enrages Peniculus, the parasite, when he finds that the banquet is over and he has been overlooked. (Act. iii. sc. 1.) He (Menaechmus of Syracuse) receives from her, in order to carry it to the embroiderer's, a robe, which his brother had abstracted from his wife's wardrobe to present to his mistress. He is afterwards attacked by his brother's wife and her father; he of course is quite ignorant of the whole affair; and answers as if he were so; this convinces them that he is deranged, and the old man goes for a physician. The Syracusan escapes; but they soon afterwards lay hold of the Epidamnian, in order to carry him to the physician's house, when the servant of the Syracusan, mistaking him for his master, rescues him from their hands, and for a recompence demands and at once receives his liberty. The Epidamnian then goes to his mistress to persuade her to return the robe to his wife. The scene which occurs between them is very amusing; the innocent ignorance of the husband, the half-feigned suspicions of Erotium, and the

evident confusion of both, are highly comic. At length, however, the whole enigma is unravelled by the meeting of the two Menaechmi; when by means of the *valet* of the Syracusan, who asks them different questions about their father and mother, place of birth, age, &c., they are proved to be twin-brothers. This is the *denouëment* of the play, and the whole is concluded by the servant of the Syracusan receiving from his master a confirmation of that liberty which had been granted him in mistake by the Epidamnian Menaechmus, who agrees to return with his brother *per undam Siculam* to the place of their joint-nativity.

The scene is of course laid in Epidamnum.

The third act opens with the parasite vehemently exclaiming against his patron for giving him the slip at the time he had invited him to dinner, and reproaching himself for mixing in a crowd, where he was so likely to be missed: he appears of course in his usual character of an unmitigated cormorant.

> I have seen thirty years and more, yet never
> Played I so foolish or so vile a trick
> As I have done this day, in mixing with
> The crowd in the assembly of the people,
> Where while I stood staring about, Menaechmus
> Gave me the slip, I fancy to his mistress;
> Nor took me with him.—Gods confound the man!
> First took it in his head to institute
> These meetings to engage the most engaged:
> 'Twere better only to elect the idle,
> Who should be fined in case of non-attendance.
> There are enough who eat their meals alone,
> Who've nought to do, who nor invited are
> Nor e'er invite.—These were the men to hold
> Assemblies, and attend at the Comitia.—
> Had this been so, I had not lost my dinner,
> Which he'd as sure have given me, as I live.
> I'll go however—hope of the very scraps
> Comforts my mind.—But see, Menaechmus comes
> From dinner, with a wreath—all's ta'en away,
> And I am come at a fine time indeed!

In the next scene we have the interview between Menaechmus, (Sosicles,) of Syracuse, and the parasite, who takes him for his Epidamnian patron, and, making up to him, addresses him under this persuasion. Sosicles is coming out of Erotium's house, carrying the robe to the embroiderer's to be beautified. Peniculus first speaks apart, greatly enraged at the dinner being finished without his valuable assistance, a circumstance which he argues from the departure of his (supposed) patron from the house of his mistress:—

> He's carrying the robe
> To the embroiderer's—and dinner's done—
> The wine drank off, and the poor parasite bilked.
> By Hercules! if I put up with this,
> And not revenge, I'm not the man I am.
> Let's first see what he'll do, and then accost him.—

Menaechmus, of Syracuse, (whom *brevitatis causâ* we shall call Menaechmus Sosicles,) not observing any one coming, congratulates himself on his unexampled fortune in the language both of the Epicurean and the Pirate, little expecting the rencontre which he was to have with the hungry parasite:—

Immortal Gods! is there a man on whom
You've in one day bestowed more good, or one
Who less could hope for it? I've dined, I've drank,
I've feasted with my mistress, have borne off
This robe, which she no more shall call her own.
PEN. (*apart.*) He speaks so softly I can scarce distinguish
What 'tis he says: sure, now his belly's full,
He talks of me and of my share at dinner.
MEN. SOS. She told me, I had given her the robe
And that I'd stolen it from my wife: tho' I
Knew she was wrong, I seemingly assented
To all her story, as if both of us
Had been joint parties in the whole transaction.
Said as she said.—What need of many words?
I never in my life have fared so well
And at so small expense.
PEN. I will accost him.
I'm out of patience till I quarrel with him.
MEN. SOS. Who is it that is coming to accost me?
PEN. Tell me, inconstant, lighter than a feather,
Thou worst of men, most wicked of mankind,
Base man, deceiver, void of faith and honour!
Have I deserved this of thee? For what cause
Hast thou undone me? Say have I deserved,
That thou shouldst steal thyself away from me,
Now at the Forum? Thou hast buried too
The dinner in my absence, to the which
I was joint heir—How dare you serve me thus?

The unexpected expressions of ignorance and of affront on the part of Menaechmus, form a striking contrast to the parasite's vociferations of rage and gluttony:—

Prithee, young man, what hast thou to do with me?
Abusing thus a man thou dost not know—
You'd have me wreak this insult then hereafter?
PEN. You've done that already.
MEN. SOS. Answer me.
Tell me your name, young man.
PEN. Still mocking me?
As if you did not know my name?
MEN. SOS. In troth,
I know not till this day I ever saw thee,
Nor art thou known to me: whoe'er thou art,
It ill becomes thee to be troublesome.
PEN. Not know me?
MEN. SOS. If I did, I'd not deny it.
PEN. Awake, Menaechmus.
MEN. SOS. Troth, I do not know
That I'm asleep.
PEN. Not know your parasite?
MEN. SOS. Thy head is turned, young man, in my opinion.
PEN. Answer me, did you not this very day,
Steal from your wife that robe, and give't Erotium?
MEN. SOS. Neither have I a wife, nor robe have stolen,
Nor given to Erotium.
PEN. Are you mad?
Have you your senses? Why the thing's apparent!
Did I not see you coming from the house,
The robe upon you?

MEN. SOS. Woe upon thy head!
'Cause you're a rogue, think you we all are such?
Say you, you saw me with this robe upon me?
PEN. I did, by Hercules!
MEN. SOS. Go and be hanged,
As you deserve, or else go purge your brain;
For thou'rt the veriest madman I e'er met with.
PEN. By Pollux' Temple, nothing shall prevent me
From telling to your wife, the whole that's passed.
And then shall all this scurril wit retort
Back on yourself. Nor shall you unrevenged
Have swallowed down my dinner.
MEN. SOS. What is this?
Shall every one I see, affront me thus?
But see, the door is opening.—

The parasite now finding it impossible "by this encompassment and drift of question," to extort from his patron, as he imagined, the reason of his conduct, goes away, leaving Menaechmus in a maze of astonishment, to see himself exposed to so many unaccountable adventures; and this astonishment is soon heightened by the servant-maid of his brother's mistress coming out to him with a clasp to be repaired and renovated at the goldsmith's—and as it is "all fish that comes to hook" with him, of course he readily takes it, promising faithfully to discharge her injunction.

In the next act we have Menaechmus of Epidamnum, his wife, and the parasite brought together, by no means "in sweet accord." The parasite endeavours to expose the conduct of his patron to the wife, and brings against him severe accusations, which, from the sincerity of their allegation and the credulity of his wife, Menaechmus knows not how to controvert. The first thing is to silence the sycophant:—

Wont't you be silent?
PEN. No.
He nods at me to hold my tongue.—(*To the wife.*)
MEN. EPI. Not I,
By Hercules! I neither winked nor nodded.
WIFE. I'm an unhappy woman!
MEN. EPI. Why unhappy?
Explain.—
PEN. A rare assurance, that denies
What yourself sees.—
MEN. EPI. By Jove and all the gods!
I nodded not—are you now satisfied?
PEN. And to be sure, she now will give you credit.
Go back again—
MEN. EPI. And whither?
PEN. Whither else
But to the embroiderer—beyond all doubt
I think you ought—go, and bring back the robe—
MEN. EPI. What robe do you speak of?
WIFE. Since he don't remember
What he has done, I have no more to say.
MEN. EPI. Has any of the servants been in fault?
Has any of the men or women slaves
Given you a saucy answer?—Say, speak out,
He shall not go unpunished.
WIFE. Sure you trifle,
MEN. EPI. You're out of humour: that I'm not quite pleased with.

WIFE. You trifle still.
MEN. EPI. Has any of the family
Done ought to make you angry?
WIFE. Trifling still.
MEN. EPI. Angry with me then—
WIFE. Now you trifle not.
MEN. EPI. Troth I've done nothing to deserve it of you.
WIFE. Trifling again.
MEN. EPI. What is it gives you pain?
Tell me, my dear.
PEN. He sooths you: civil creature!
MEN. EPI. Can't you be quiet? I don't speak to you.—(*To Peniculus.*)
WIFE. Off with your hand.
PEN. Ay, thus you're rightly served,—(*aside.*)
Dine then again in haste when I am absent!
And rally me before the house when drunk!
A wreath too on your head!

Peniculus thinks he has got the better of his patron, and that this will be a "knock-down stroke," as Shakspeare says; but Menaechmus is too much surprised to apply himself to resent the insult.

By Pollux' Temple!
I have not dined to day, nor have I once
Set foot within the house.
PEN. You dare deny it?
MEN. EPI. I do, by Hercules.
PEN. Consummate impudence!
Did I not see you with a wreath of flowers,
Standing before the house here; when you said
My head was turned; when you denied you knew me,
And when you'd pass upon me for a stranger?
MEN. EPI. I do assure you, since I slipt away
This morning from you, I've not been till now
At home.
PEN. I know you, Sir; but you knew not
I'd wherewithal to take revenge upon you.
I've told your wife the whole, by Hercules!

The parasite is continually throwing out these provoking innuendoes, with the triumphant confidence of one who delights in bantering another with his knowledge of a secret, by the disclosure of which he has it in his power to injure his character or prejudice his interest. But Menaechmus (of Epidamnum), remarkable throughout the play for his coolness of temper and gentlemanly conduct, replies with the innocent curiosity of a *mens conscia recti*—

What have you told?
PEN. I know not. Ask of her.
MEN. EPI. What's this, my dear? What is it he has told you?
You answer not—why don't you say what 'tis?
WIFE. As if you knew not. Why, a robe has been
Stolen from me in my house.
MEN. EPI. A robe stolen from you?
WIFE. Do you ask me?
MEN. EPI. In troth, I scarce should ask it,
Was I assured it was so.—
PEN. Wicked man!
How he dissembles! but you can't conceal it;
I know the whole affair; and I have told it
All to your wife.

MEN. EPI. What is all this about?
WIFE. Since you have lost all shame and won't confess
The thing yourself, hearken to me, and hear it;
I'll tell you what has made me out of humour,
And every thing he has discovered to me.
They have done well for *me*, they've stolen my robe.
MEN. EPI. Done well for *you* by stealing of your robe!
PEN. Observe his subterfuge: 'twas stolen for *her*—
(*meaning Erotium.*)
And not for *you*: Had it been stolen for *you*,
It had been safe.
MEN. EPI. I've nought to do with you.
But what say you?—(*to his Wife.*)
WIFE. I say, I've lost from home
A robe.
MEN. EPI. Who took it?
WIFE. He, who stole it, knows.
MEN. EPI. And who is he?
WIFE. One who is called Menaechmus.
MEN. EPI. Spitefully done! And who is this Menaechmus
WIFE. Yourself, I say.
MEN. EPI. What! I?
WIFE. Yes, you.
MEN. EPI. Who said so?
WIFE. Myself.
PEN. And I; and that you had carried it
Off to your mistress, to Erotium.
MEN. EPI. I?
I gave it her?
PEN. You, you, I say. Shall I
Go fetch an owl to hoot it in your ears,
You, you? for we are both quite tired.
MEN. EPI. By Jove and all the gods, I swear, my dear,
I never gave it her: will that content you?
PEN. And I, I swear by Hercules! that we
Say nought but truth.
MEN. EPI. I did not give it her,
I only lent it.
WIFE. Troth, I never lend
Your coat, nor cloak abroad. 'Tis right for women
To lend out women's garments; men, their own.
Won't you return my robe?
MEN. EPI. The robe I'll see
Shall be returned.

Menaechmus then goes to Erotium's house, in order to get the robe to return to his wife, but the reception he met with was anything but what he expected. Erotium had given the robe already to Menaechmus of Syracuse, taking him for her lover; and when he comes again as she imagines to re-demand it, she suspects some collusion in the matter, and upbraids him most unsparingly for his double-faced conduct; and goes out (*exit*) in a rage.

In the next scene we have Menaechmus (Sosicles) coming in with the robe from the embroiderer's, and immediately accosted by the wife of Menaechmus (of Epidamnum), who imagines he is her husband, with whom she had just held such quarrelsome discourse.

WIFE. I'll go, and talk to him as he deserves.—
Art not ashamed, vile man, to appear before me,
And with this robe?

Men. Sos. Why, what's the matter, woman?
What is't disturbs you?
Wife. Dare you, impudence!
Mutter a single word, or speak to me?
Men. Sos. What have I done, I should not dare to speak?
Wife. What! do you ask me? O, consummate impudence!
* * * * *
You would not own but now, you stole that robe,
And now you hold it out before my eyes?
What are you not ashamed?
Men. Sos. By Hercules!
You are an impudent and wicked woman,
To dare to say this robe was stolen from you;
When it was given me by another woman,
To get it altered for her.
Wife. Yes, by Castor!
I'll call my father hither, and lay open
All your base actions to him. Decius, go—*(to a servant)*
Seek for my father, bring him with you; say,
'Tis proper he should come.—I'll tell him all
Your horrid usage.—
Men. Sos. Are you in your senses?
What horrid usage?
Wife. How you have filched from me
My robe, my gold, from me who are your wife,
And given them to your mistress—say I not
The very truth?—
Men. Sos. I prithee, woman, say
Where I may sup, to charm me from your tongue.
I know not whom you take me for—for you,
I know as much of Parthaon.
Wife, Dar'st thou deny
That thou know'st me, deny thou know'st my father?
Men. Sos. I'd say the same thing did'st thou bring thy grandfather.
Wife. By Castor! you are like yourself in all things.

She hastens away to bring her father to aid her in restoring her husband to his right senses. Meanwhile Menaechmus Sosicles escapes, and when they arrive he of Epidamnum is in the way, and his ignorance of what had passed but a few minutes before, superadded to the ignorance of Sosicles respecting what had taken place between him and the wife, only enhances the general bewilderment and confusion, which ends in the old man trudging away for a doctor to consult him on the disease under which Menaechmus is labouring—but he is as unable as they are to explain the mystery, or exercise to any purpose the therapeutic art, and advises them to have him carried to his house, where he would be better able to form an opinion on the matter—(probably by consulting his Hippocrates). This is agreed on, and accordingly in the fifth scene of the fifth act, we find the old man marshalling in a phalanx of servants to bear off the subject to the physician's house. Messenio, however, the servant of Menaechmus of Syracuse, Sosicles, mistaking him for his master, rescues him from their merciless hands. The scene is very amusing.

Men. Epi. I'm undone.
What is the matter? What do these men want,
That they run here so fast? What is't you want?
Why do you thus surround me? Why thus hale me?

Where would you carry me? Undone! help! help!
Aid me, ye Epidamnians! Let me go.—(*To the servants.*)
MESS. Ye gods, what do I see! What men are these
Who thus unworthily are bearing off
My master?
MEN. EPI. What will no one dare to help me?
MESS. Master, I will, and boldly too.—What villainy!
Ye Epidamnians, thus to seize my master,
In the open street, by daylight, undisturbed
By tumults in your city—A free man
He entered it—then let him go, I say—
MEN. EPI. Whoe'er you are, assist me, I beseech you,
Nor let them do such signal outrage on me.
MESS. Yes; I'll assist, defend, and succour you.
'Tis far more just that I myself should perish,
Than suffer you to be thus treated, master:
Pluck out that fellow's eye, I beg of you,
Who holds you by the shoulder. I'll myself
Plant in these rascals' chaps a crop of blows.
If you persist in bearing him away,
You'll find you'll have the worst of it. Let him go.
MEN. EPI. I've got hold of the rascal's eye.
MESS. Why then,
Let in his head the socket strait appear.
Rogues! rascals!
SERVANTS. You'll murder us! Have mercy!
MESS. Let him go then.
MEN. EPI. What is't you mean, you rascals!
By laying hands on me thus violently?
Curry the scoundrels with your blows.
MESS. Away,
Begone, go and be hanged, ye rascals!
You there, that are at last to quit your hold,
Take this along with you as a reward.—(*Strikes him.*)
So, so: I think I've on this scoundrel's chaps
Written in red letters.—Troth, I came in time
To your assistance, master.
MEN. EPI. May the gods!
Whoe'er you are, be ever kind to you,
Young man. For without you, I ne'er had seen
The setting sun this day.
MESS. By Pollux! therefore,
If you do right, you'll give me, Sir, my freedom.
MEN. EPI. Give you your freedom!
MESS. Out of doubt, my master,
Since I have saved your life.
MEN. EPI. How's this! young man,
You are mistaken.
MESS. I mistaken! how?
MEN. EPI. I swear by father Jupiter, I'm not
Your master.
MESS. Can you say so?
MEN. EPI. I don't lie.
I never had a servant yet, I say,
Who ever did for me, what you have done?
MESS. If then you will not own me for your servant,
E'en let me go and have my liberty.
MEN. EPI. As far as in my power, take your liberty,
And go where'er you please.

In the next scene Menaechmus (Sosicles), and Messenio, his servant, meet; the master declares he has not seen the servant before for the day; and the servant declaring with equal confidence, that he had not only seen him, but had even given him his liberty; but just as they are disputing this knotty point, Menaechmus of Epidamnum comes in, and every one is surprised to see Menaechmus, the citizen of Epidamnum, and another so like him, that they could not distinguish between them: this gives rise to the investigation which, by the management of Messenio, servant of Sosicles, leads, as we have stated before, to the clearing up of all the mistakes and misunderstandings which had recently taken place between the different parties, and the result is such as we have above detailed.

We cannot, we think, conclude our notice of this play better than by a translation of a soliloquy of the parasite, who always supports the character of the broad comic in the Latin plays. It stands in "Plautus" at the beginning of the first act, but it will not be deemed out of place as a farcical peroration.

Our young men call me *dishclout*, for this reason,
Whene'er I eat, I wipe the tables clean.
Now in my judgment, they act foolishly,
Who bind in chains their captives, and clap fetters
Upon their runaway slaves; for if you heap
Evil on evil to torment the wretch,
The stronger his desire is to escape.
They'll free them from their chains by any means:
Load them with gyves, they file away the door,
Or knock the bolt out with a stone.—'Tis vain this:
But would you keep a man from 'scaping from you,
Be sure you chain him fast with meat and drink,
And tie him by the beak to a full table.
Give him his fill, allow him meat and drink
At pleasure, in abundance, every day;
And I'll be sworn, although his crime be capital,
He will not run away: you'll easily
Secure him, while you bind him with these bonds;
They are wondrous supple these same belly-bonds,
The more you stretch them, they will bind the harder.
For instance, I'm now going to Menaechmus,
Most willingly I'm going to be bound,
According to his sentence passed upon me.
Good soul! he's not content with giving us
A bare support and meagre sustenance,
But crams us even to satiety;
Gives us, as 'twere, new life, when dead with hunger.
O he's a rare physician: he's a youth
Of lordly appetite; he treats most daintily;
His table's bravely served; such heaps of dishes,
You must stand on your chair to reach the top;
Yet I've some days been absent from his house;
Homely I've lived at home with my *dear* friends,
For all I eat or buy is *dear* to me,
Yet they desert the very friends that raised them.
Now will I visit him: but the door opens:
And see! Menaechmus' self is coming forth.

The poor parasite little thought how he was to be defrauded of his long-anticipated banquet.

THE DRAMATIC MONOPOLY.

We return to this subject with the pleasing hope that our advocacy of the cause of fair competition, however humble, will not be useless. Among the fair auguries which seem to portend its success, the brightest, perhaps, is the unanimity of the press in its favour. Like the discovery of the cavern in Rasselas, it is better than an omen; it is an irresistible aid. We are happy that the public voice, speaking by this its mighty organ, has pronounced judgment against the all-powerful influence of wealth and rank, that might be supposed to ensure a bias on the other side. And it should be a subject of honest congratulation that a people and its leaders, engaged in the most important political discussions, and occupied with the prevention of pestilence itself, have yet the inclination warmly to interest themselves in the less pressing consideration of the rights of artists, and the means of perfecting their art. Public opinion, then, the originating power of most beneficial measures, has given leave to bring in the bill, and has pledged itself to efficient support. For the mere advocates of the cause, it would have been better had some one vouchsafed them an answer. Their arguments are merely "beating the air." After careful perusal and inquiries, a solitary article in the "Metropolitan" is the only one which can claim a line of comment. Personalities in the Sunday papers, distinguished as the "scurrilous," are, of course, not noticeable; they have no right to claim a common denomination with the newspaper press of England. But the opinion of the "Metropolitan," if at all founded in fact or reasoning, is of higher importance, though there is a strange aristocratic petulance about styling the opponents of monopoly "the minors and the mob;" the writer should rather have said, "the small theatres, whose existence has been threatened, and the public, whose rights have been contemptuously disregarded." The "Metropolitan" claims compensation for the larger houses, and puts forth an objection on the score of morality. "If," says the writer, "unlicensed private theatres already do so much harm to the morals of juvenile linen-drapers and milliners, what is to become of the infatuated *calicots* and *grisettes*, if they are allowed to follow their idle propensities as a lawful calling?" He need not be alarmed; we, at all events, and we presume the framers of any legislative measure upon the subject, are actuated by the desire of protecting such only as by assiduous study have gained something like a competent knowledge of their art. The actors, we presume, the exertion of whose talents is sought to be prevented, seek no alliance with auxiliaries of this kind. Neither they nor the public wish to see theatres springing up in every street, merely making the incompetency of the performers a cloak for riot and debauchery. No; they and we wish to uphold an useful, as well as an agreeable art, not to suffer it to be brought into disrepute by ludicrous wretchedness on the one hand, any more than to be destroyed by grasping monopoly on the other. We are, in the best sense, the conservatives.

We are not, however, of those who would find fault with an existing order of things without giving our best attention to the means of improving it. We have dwelt long enough upon the faults of the present system; let us take up the more agreeable task of proposing the remedy.

The basis of any enactment to afford a real and permanent relief, must be the utter destruction of any fixed monopoly. It must have at least the spirit of existing competition vitally animating its operations. To throw down one class of vested interests for the mere sake of protecting others, and, as far as property goes, inferior ones, would be an absurdity. The only vested interests which claim respect, in a question in which their value is an absolute tax either upon the public or the artists, are such as are conferred by the reputation of able and efficient management. The moment any exclusive right enables an individual or a corporation to exact, in the shape of rent, more than the proper interest for the building and its situation, that extra rent is an oppressive and unjust tax. Let it be levied on whom you will, its ultimate effect is the deterioration of the public entertainment in some one advantage of quality or of cheapness. Let it lessen the actors' salaries, the best performers will go elsewhere; let it decrease the means of expenditure in scenery or dresses, the public are the losers; let it appear in high prices, it will destroy the public opportunities of amusement, and reduce the theatre to a desert, or an unprofitable receptacle for free orders. Of all amusements this is one which ought to be cheap. Those who indulge in it should be led into no crime against the more serious calls upon their resources. With the lower orders it should not be the ally, but the antagonist of the gin-shop; with those of decent mediocrity of circumstances it should be a relaxation, the price of which calls for no privation in other matters. The hours, too, of amusement at all the theatres should be much fewer. No theatre ought to be permitted to be open for more than three hours and a half, or, at the very utmost, four hours; and effectual penalties should be levied for any infringement of so important a rule. The pleasant, perhaps necessary dissipation of the evening should leave no sting for the next day. It might be made the usual and delightful alternative with music or cheerful conversation, and should scarcely interfere more than these would with ordinary household arrangements. In speaking of the classes we have enumerated, we have mentioned almost all the real supporters of the drama. The higher ranks of society, with a few illustrious exceptions, have abandoned the theatre for frivolities which lay less burden upon the thought, which appeal almost solely to the senses, and ask no occupation of the intellect. They interfere sometimes with an absurd and baneful patronage, make fashions of foreign novelties, build saloons, and uphold the particular interests of actresses; but seldom, very seldom, do they interfere with an art which, from want of information, they despise, unless to degrade it by their own misuse, and to disgust those of its professors who regard it with respect and enthusiasm. The proofs are not far from us; at what time were the stage and its followers so justly regarded, as under the almost absolute control of one of their own order, David Garrick? We should say to the actors, as, indeed, to the whole people of England, leave off the affectation of aristocracy, which is losing you the substance of comfort and respectability, by offering you a shadow; be as proud of the name of plebeian as others are of the rank of patrician, and at least regulate the affairs of your trade and calling with less deference to birth and title than to skill and experience.

The public should, we conceive, be allowed to be their own judges as to the necessity of any increase of the number of places of amuse-

ment in their own particular vicinages. Wherever a sufficient number of rate-payers might consider the present means of dramatic entertainment insufficient, their petition for a license ought to be the warrant for its immediate grant. This would protect existing establishments from ruinous and useless competition. It would render them dependent on those whose tastes and feelings it is their bounden duty to consult. It would give an immediate appeal from incompetency and caprice; it would be a sufficient guard to a liberal and popular management. Nor should any theatres be licensed, unless declared to be fit for the accommodation of some given number of persons, and certified by a surveyor as to their safety and convenience. The capital necessary to commence speculations of this sort would in itself be a pledge of some reasonable chance of success or necessity for competition, as well as for the use of proper and decent means for securing the favour of the audience. The hours, the conduct of the establishment, should be subject to the vigilant inspection of the police, acting as much as possible upon fixed and well-known regulations, so as to render fine or the forfeiture of the license a matter of course upon their infringement. By these means the stage would still be bound in heavy recognizances for its good behaviour, without being restricted in the exercise of a just liberty.

Such a plan may perhaps be considered Utopian: we do not think it so. The greatest error in legislation is an attempt to combine mere temporary convenience with abstract justice: the latter is never allowed a fair and unfettered trial, and retarded by its drag-chain of "circumstances," a right theory apparently fails, and is laughed at as the experiment of a mad *doctrinaire*. We are lothe to trifle with this principle of settlement, so absolutely necessary to maintain a permanent opposition to corruption, caprice, and monopoly, but if it be too democratic for allowance, we presume no one could object to vesting the absolute discretionary power in the magistracy.

A question may perhaps arise as to the limitation of the different theatres to their respective classes of entertainment. To this, an easy reply may be given. What part of their universality of performances will the Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Drury Lane abandon, their dignified exhibition of tragedies and comedies, or their more profitable representation of melo-drama, opera, and spectacle? While they have all, what remains but a perfect equality of competition? We have not yet heard of a pantomime at the Theatre Français, or the Odeon, though the Porte St. Martin produces such a drama as Marion de l'Orme; and surely, where the national theatres of England claim so much more, they should not concede so much less.

But, whatever arrangements might be proposed between interested individuals, the public can surely permit no compromise of this sort Their interest, clearly defined and incontrovertibly proved, is, to have the best class of entertainment at the cheapest rate, as near as possible to their own doors, and in theatres of a size for the enjoyment of it. Their interest is, that actors and managers should compete, not arrange. To revive the public taste, the best plays of the old masters must be allowed to be acted in every theatre of the metropolis. How long are the inhabitants of the immense districts of the Tower, and of Lambeth, to be contented with an exhibition purposely made inferior to that presented to the inhabitants of Westminster? Why are the citizens of

LONDON itself, to be treated with so singular and senseless an indignity? In what are the hopes of the rising generation of authors to consist, unless in the right of having their dramas represented wherever it is the interest of the management to encourage them? The most popular production of the present season is, "The Rent Day:" what was the real stimulus to the writing of this fine specimen of the slandered dramatic genius of the age? That it could not be subject to individual caprice, being of a class acceptable at every theatre in London. Let as much be done for plays of more pretension, and we may find the modern drama in a higher form, though it may be difficult to build it of much nobler materials, either as to character or feeling.*

The strong hold of the enemy is his barrier of so-called vested rights, a defence which has served for every abuse within the memory of man. Large, indeed immense, sums of money have been laid out, the most unsparing profusion has been exercised in the hope that a monopoly created by patent, and recognised by acts of parliament, would be perpetual. This is their case; let us examine it in every part. Of the enormous sums, almost incredible! expended upon the building, fitting and decorating of the two theatres, how large a portion will their proprietors allow to be irrecoverably lost? The money has been paid doubtless, but what is the actual sum for which the earnings of authors and actors are now mortgaged by the monopolists to their creditors? Does the present rent of the theatre royal Drury Lane equal the sum necessary, expenses deducted, for its effectual annual assurance against loss by fire alone? What is the actual value of any share in it divested of the privilege of admission? Is it more than nominal? Plain answers to these questions will, we apprehend, prove quite sufficient to satisfy the candid, that this vested interest is but a shadow. Look at the other house. Without the payment of *any* rent, have not its proprietors, during the present season, been obliged to come to a compromise with the performers? During the first season of Miss Fanny Kemble's acting, when the receipts were avowedly prosperous, (as in the case of Drury Lane,) would the profits have paid insurance? We put them to their answer. Let the "Metropolitan" defend them upon this ground. True, in any other case their financial affairs would be their own, their misfortunes even sacred in our eyes, but when they set up a claim of compensation for vested rights, it is the duty of those who write upon the subject to examine their value, and if that be comprised in a single cypher, the simplest arithmetic is the best answer.

If we are to argue the vested patent rights upon principle, they are not for an instant tenable ground. They were granted in a spirit opposed to the English statute law against monopolies, passed in the time of James the First. Their origin is in every way corrupt, an exercise of arbitrary power, a reward for the basest kind of services. The condi-

* One clause is absolutely necessary in any bill that may be brought in upon the subject, namely, that the licenses, granted by whatever authority they may be, should be for no less term than a year, subject, of course, to forfeiture, in case of their misuse. Without this, the monopoly must virtually continue. The same arrangement of seasons between the parties interested, so as effectually to destroy useful competition will be left, and both the actors and the public must be the sufferers by the grievance. The utmost care should be taken to uphold the principle of free-trade in the enactment, and its preamble should enforce this as a land mark for lawyers who may expound, and legislators who may amend the statute.

tions on which they were granted have been in every manner violated, so that we sincerely believe a Court of Chancery would annul them. Moreover, they are incompatible with the advancement of the art, for the purpose of advancing which they claim to have been created. The whole, however, of this part of the subject, most ably treated by Mr. Eugene Macarthy, in his speech at the Freemason's Tavern, has been with still more skill and care insisted upon by him in a pamphlet just published, and it is not for us, in an endeavour to amuse and interest, to go twice over beaten ground.

Among the proprietors of the theatres royal, we believe, there is no more than one actually a member of the profession they claim to monopolize. That gentleman, and in speaking of so distinguished an ornament of the stage, we would use all the delicacy due to his feelings and the respect which his attainments command, has, we imagine, been himself the greatest sufferer by the monopoly of any one exercising his art. The time and assiduity devoted to a hopeless enterprise have been obstacles to his wealth, the irresponsible power of management has proved a snare for his reputation. We have no right or wish to go further into this point than so mere a hint, but we have to deal with him as an exception to a body, the remainder of which have embarked their property as mere speculators, or would claim some honour from their pecuniary advances as patrons. As for the present lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, his vote ought to be secured to the abolitionists, inasmuch as the effect of legally destroying the monopoly must be to lessen a rent paid by him, for a privilege which virtually no longer exists.

Among the latter class of proprietors, at all events, there should be no hostility to a just settlement of this question, and yet the old adage, that "Corporations have no honour," may not impossibly be verified in this instance. We have heard an anecdote of a member of committee, whose personal reputation he would doubtless hold dear enough, advising the non-payment of a debt avowedly due to an actor until the law might compel such a settlement. But let us trust to better things. The influential persons interested in the great houses are now appealed to in their solemn office of legislators. To offer an unjust opposition would, as we imagine, be doubly dishonourable and uncandid. They have, if they view the matter rightly, some wrong to repair as well as justice to afford. Without begging the question, we sincerely hope, that it may be argued and decided upon as a conscientious matter of right, and we have no fear of the result. It would be surely libellous to imagine, that it can be decided upon any other view. Let us leave it to those who would spurn the imputation to prove themselves incapable of the reality.

With the advocacy of the press, with the opinion of the public, with the consciousness of right, can the cause of a noble department of literature be lost in liberal England, in the nineteenth century? We answer, "No;" it will not, the advocacy of many a name high in political and literary reputation is already pledged to it. Of the dramatic authors, (we may almost say the actors,) we believe we may assert, that all are favourable to it. Many openly espouse, and none have offered to oppose it.

GIBBS, THE PIRATE.

It is amongst the remaining blots upon the literature of the present age, that our most distinguished writers of fiction should continue to select their heroes from the most sanguinary and monstrous characters that appear upon the theatre of the world. If wisdom, disguised in the mantle of pleasure, be the object searched after by the novelist, it is not to be attained by the exhibition of remorseless murderers and pirates, arranged in a false grandeur, and surrounded by all high qualities of heroism, magnanimity, and gloomy glory. Byron, Cooper, and Bulwer have all descended for their skeletons into the caverns of murder; and even he who has arrayed in colours of gold the native truth, affection and homely virtues of a Jeanie Deans, has yet bestowed upon the pirate Cleveland, the accomplishments of generosity, sentiment, and the charms of an exalted name. It were well that the pirate should no longer be depicted as a hero, roving over sunny seas, and amongst green islands and romantic rocks, but as a remorseless outcast, revelling in scenes of drunkenness, blasphemy, and murder—indifferent to the shrieks of his defenceless victims slaughtered on the solitary sea.

These remarks have been suggested to the writer, by the various horrid narratives of piracy that of late years have occurred in the seas of the West Indies, and amongst the Capes and lonely harbours of the Island of Cuba. Amongst these desperadoes was William Gibbs, who recently, in the flower of his youth, ended his days upon Long Island, in the United States, by the hands of the executioner, after a course of murderous achievements, unexampled in the annals of crime. He was a native of Rhode Island, of religious and wealthy parents; and after having received a liberal education, this daring spirit was apprenticed to the sea. Through various adventures he is first recognized as commencing a career of piracy in a privateer, cruizing out of Buenos Ayres—one of those numberless marauders which, since the recognition of the independence of the South American States, have roamed over the Gulph of Mexico for the purpose of indiscriminate robbery and murder. In this privateer he first distinguished himself by heading a mutiny against the officers of the vessel, which proving successful, the officers were landed upon the coast of Florida, and Gibbs, assuming the command, stood out to sea to commence his terrific career. After proceeding for some time in merely detaining vessels for the purpose of robbing them of their valuables, his crew grew weary of these incomplete operations, and consisting for the most part of Spaniards, it was agreed upon that as dead men can carry no tales, thenceforth no quarter should be shewn, and the vessel now hoisted the black flag of the pirate. In the course of four years, during which this vessel infested the waters of the Gulph of Mexico, thirteen merchant vessels were boarded, captured, and all on board indiscriminately slaughtered—Gibbs himself having been present at the murder of four hundred human beings. The vessels and cargoes were regularly carried to Cape Antonio—a piratical station upon the north-western extremity of the Island of Cuba—the merchandize being thence transmitted by coasting vessels to the harbour of Havannah, to agents in correspondence with the pirates, from whom were received in return ammunition, provisions, and other supplies. At

Cape Antonio was a regular encampment and a battery mounting four guns; and during four years, owing to the supineness of the authorities of Cuba, these desperadoes reigned without disturbance at that extremity of the island. During this period their correspondence with the Havannah and other stations enabled the pirates to elude the cruizers of England and America; and Gibbs appears to have made frequent visits to the Havannah, where his fine manners and dashing expenditure brought him into the society of the officers of the vessels of war, from whom he frequently learnt the track of their ensuing voyages in search of piratical vessels. It is also a circumstance to be regretted that regulations should exist in our naval service, which, by conferring upon the officers of our vessels the immense gains arising from the transportation of specie, contributes to divert them from the active duties of watching these piratical seas, so fatal to our commerce; and at this period the commanders of the vessels of war in the service of England and America, were busily engaged in carrying gold and silver across the Gulph of Mexico, whilst the pirates of Cuba were ravaging the seas.

Amongst the adventures of Gibbs and his associates at this period was the following most melancholy and truly dramatic occurrence. A large ship bound from Curacoa to Holland, was intercepted and captured in the Gulph of Mexico, and the crew and a number of passengers, in all twenty-eight persons, were murdered and thrown into the sea. Amongst the passengers was the family of a Dutch gentleman returning to Holland, consisting of himself, his wife, servants, and an only daughter—a young lady in the bloom of youth and beauty. After witnessing the slaughter of her parents, the unfortunate girl fell upon her knees to the captain of the pirates, and entreated him to save her from destruction in a manner so moving, that at the hazard of endangering his own life from the jealousy of his ruffian associates, Gibbs undertook to preserve her, and she was carried off to the encampment at Cape Antonio. Here this miserable female lived for six weeks amongst these ferocious monsters in a course of life unutterable; and to all the horrors of remembrance of her murdered parents, her own desolation and hopelessness of ever regaining her home and country, was added the perpetual dread of death from men whose policy it was to allow no human witness to escape. Frequent dissensions respecting her arose amongst the pirates, and upon one occasion her brains were about to be dashed out with the handle of a pump by one of the most desperate of the gang, to prevent which Gibbs was compelled to shoot the ruffian dead upon the spot. At length so alarming were the consequences of preserving her, that a council of war was held upon her fate, when Gibbs was compelled to consent to her destruction; whereupon this miserable lady was carried off by poison—a dreadful termination of an agonizing life. Her melancholy end was declared by Gibbs to have caused him more horror than all the atrocities of his sanguinary life; it is the one redeeming circumstance in his history, that in the midst of his brutal associates all natural affection was not banished from his breast; and his persevering efforts to preserve the life of this unfortunate female form the one bright spot in his dark career.

After various adventures, and many times being closely pursued by vessels of war, the pirate was at length encountered by the United States' brig, Enterprise, under the command of Lieut. Kearney; and the

retreat to the port being now cut off, the vessel was abandoned, and the pirates escaping in boats to the shore, defended themselves for some hours behind the four gun-battery; but this being eventually carried, the gang were thus dispersed into the woods, and to the various harbours of the island. Here Gibbs found himself in possession of the sum of thirty thousand dollars, the proceeds of his accumulated share of the booty of the various expeditions; and with this sum he now embarked for England, from the harbour of Havannah, determined, in the enjoyment of his ill-gotten wealth, to banish the remembrance of its criminal acquisition. But this was in vain; conscience haunted him in the midst of his career of sensuality, and sinking into habits of drunkenness and waste, he found himself at length in circumstances of poverty in the port of Liverpool. Compelled again to resume his profession of the sea, but determined to return to his lawless pursuits, Gibbs appears to have sailed for Gibraltar, and thence to the city of Algiers, with the intention of offering his services to the Dey, then engaged in war against the French; but finding the harbour so closely invested by the fleets of France that no entrance could possibly be effected, he was compelled to abandon the enterprize, and returning to Gibraltar, sailed thence to the port of New Orleans, in the United States. Here his poverty left him no alternative but to engage as a seaman in the brig Vineyard, bound to Philadelphia; and in this voyage were perpetrated the murders which terminated his career of crime.

When at sea, it became known to Gibbs and his fellow seamen, that amongst the cargo of the brig, was the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in boxes of specie, consigned to Mr. Stephen Gerard, the wealthy banker of Philadelphia, whose recent decease, and magnificent donations to the public institutions of Pennsylvania, are well known in this country. To secure this treasure, with the vessel and cargo, by the murder of the officers, was now determined upon; and the conspirators, of whom Gibbs, with a youth, and the mulatto steward of the vessel, were the principals, proceeded upon a certain night to the quarter-deck, where stood the captain, who was brought down by the blow of a pump handle, and immediately, whilst still alive, thrown into the sea. Descending to the cabin, the mate was there murdered in a similar manner, and the mutineers were now in possession of the vessel. Gibbs assuming the command, and steering to the north, from ignorance of the true position of the vessel at that time, it appears that in the following night, the brig went ashore upon Long Island, at a point distant about nine miles from the city of New York. It now became necessary to abandon the vessel; and the fifty thousand dollars being secured, the party now descended to the boats, and stood towards the shore; a rough sea rising, however, at the time, compelled them to throw overboard boxes containing thirty-five thousand dollars, and a landing was with difficulty effected with the remaining fifteen thousand. This amount the pirates buried in the sand upon the beach, and proceeding to a neighbouring tavern, were soon immersed in those scenes of debauchery, always attendant upon a life of crime. Here, one of the party, whose participation in the mutiny and murder had been compulsory and unwilling, revealed the particulars of the deed; whereupon the whole party were apprehended, conveyed to New York, and committed to prison. In the month of June last, they were tried, when Gibbs, with the youth, and

the mulatto steward, being convicted upon the evidence of their associates, were condemned to death, and executed upon Long Island, near the scene of their landing from the brig. The particulars of this narrative are from the confessions of Gibbs, previous to his death; and an important document is said to have been rendered by him, containing the names of many of his former associates in his career of piracy: from which it appears, that many of the highest authorities of the island of Cuba have been for years connected with piratical adventurers. It is now the prevailing opinion in America, that the military occupation, by a superior power, of that lawless dependency of Spain, can alone prevent a repetition of those murderous piratical horrors, which have recently spread universal terror over the seas of the West Indies.

MEDITATIONS ON A SCENE IN SUMMER.

Oh, Spirit of the Day, what sounds are these?
And what a lovely light is on the land!
Here pilgrim-like I sink upon my knees,
Where summer, with its glad and golden hand,
Hath spread profuser glories; and thus fanned
By the mild air, at Nature's living shrine,
I yield my spirit to her sweet command;
And, filled with calm delight and thoughts divine,
Salute the sacred sun, and watch its slow decline.

Above me, and around me, and beneath,
Far issuing from the sky, the tree, the ground,
Beings invisible a balm bequeath,
Wherein the mystic charm of health is found.
Here, seated on this softly shadowed mound,
Beneath the breathing beauty of these trees,
That seem enamoured of each sylvan sound,
Raising their leafy lyres amid the breeze,
Here may my mind look forth in full majestic ease:

And, with a deeply meditative eye,
Reading the radiant truth sublimely writ
Along the purple page unrolled on high,
Surpassing all the powers of mortal wit,
Behold across the vivid volume flit
The cold grey shadows of unsettled things,
Dimming the azure tints that still emit
A warmth and welcome unto one that brings
A heart by nature held from worldly wanderings.

Anon my eye enraptured views the air
With silver plumes and wreaths fantastic graced,
Pictured in colours exquisitely fair
And varied as the forms amid them traced;
They come and vanish, not to be effaced
From the mute mind, that treasures in its cell
The tokens of eternal beauty placed
Promiscuously round, that man may dwell
Among familiar signs of joy invisible.

Then downward glancing I survey the earth
In the green grandeur of its summer dress,
Glad with the gush of loud melodious mirth,
And gentle flowers, that spring in wild excess,
Strong in the natural spell of loveliness,
Fervid and fragrant as an infant's cheek
Beneath its mother's rapturous caress.
Thus smiles the sun upon each tender streak,
Teaching the timid leaves and blushing buds to speak.

Oh! flowers have voices, for the human ear
Too tremulously fine, but to a sense
By holy hopes and native truth severe
Refined and quickened, with a tone intense,
An almost silent, rich intelligence,
They breathe of various themes to wisdom known,
And oft the world hath gained a virtue thence,
Which man amid his pride is slow to own,
In many a tender trope and touching moral shown.

Far down, the stately sculpture of the wood,
Groupings of glorious beauty, meet the view;
Shapes that have like some olden statue stood,
Forms free as ever antique genius drew:
Romance, among yon mazes ever new,
Would seem like Reason won from worldly wiles;
The stream, that like a spirit glideth through,
His sole companion in those dim defiles,
Gushing in music down or stealing forth in smiles.

And other paths are there, where Pleasure's feet
Touch airily the daisy's trembling head;
Where Idlesse stretcheth in indulgence sweet
His sun-sick frame upon a branched bed;
Or, by the light of clustering lilies led,
In the fond patience of her pilgrimage
Comes Melancholy there, unseen to shed
A human tear o'er life's illusive page,
The dazzling dreams of youth and dreary wants of age.

Let me from hence explore each haunted nook,
With an all-wondering and expectant gaze;
And let me in the fresh and bubbling brook
Hear harmonies and long-remembered lays.
Each passing sound is full of nature's praise;
The winds come whispering with a fervent power,
And every turf an altar seems to raise,
With welcome incense, won from many a flower,
Loading the happy air and hallowing the hour.

And oh! to sit upon this quiet hill
To track the flower-like footmarks of the Spring,
To look upon the clouds thus calm and still,
The glorious water ever wandering,
The shadows flung from many a shining thing,
Green mead and mountain grey; and high in air
A bird by natural transport taught to sing,
As if to mark the limit of despair—
This is to me a joy—a triumph over care.

L. B.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

The Reform Bill.—The "Bill" has at length passed the Commons; and now comes the Rubicon. Will it pass or not? Twenty millions answer, yes—the Duke of Wellington thunders, no. The odds against freedom would be fearful, but for one little circumstance that promises to turn the scale. Is it the glorious and convincing majority of one hundred and sixteen by which the Bill has been sent up for the consideration of the Lords? No; the opinion of the Commons has little weight with the Lords, except when it declares itself in favour of some suppression of useful knowledge, or an increase of that taxation which distinguishes us from surrounding nations, and makes us the envy of them all! Is it the energy and enthusiasm of a ministry, strong in the confidence of the king, and in the fidelity and patient firmness of the people? No; the ministers seem scarcely to know more than that the king has summoned them to his councils, and that the people are complaining about tithes. Is it the new batch of peers, of whom Lord Grey has had fifty lists in his pocket for the last six months? No; there is a perpetual motion on the part of the press and the people for the production of one of these lists; but, like the perpetual motion, it is not to be found. Is it the transfer of Lord Althorpe to the House of Lords, to make an amiable return of good for evil, and to charm the refractory peers by the suavity of his temper, as Jack the Giant-Killer vanquished his enemies, by a skilful layer of straws? No; Lord Althorpe may be wanted in the House of Commons to introduce a fourth Reform Bill, and to assure the people that there is no earthly reason why they should feel discouraged, as every debater in the House knows his speech by heart, and can recite it again without the slightest inconvenience. Is it—but we need not multiply inquiries; every man that has read the debates in the House of Lords on the bringing up of the Bill, knows whither the wind bloweth, and whence it cometh. It may truly be said to come from the sees. The Bishop of London has declared himself—this, as the contagionists phrase it, is an undeniable symptom.

The Duke of Wellington won his political battle of Waterloo, upon the occasion of the defeat of the last Reform Bill, not by any gigantic measures of his own, but by the unexpected and unprovidential coming up of those Prussians, the Bishops, at the very instant when the reform troops were least able to withstand the shock of their crosiers. But bishops are easily translated when there is an object to gain; and the Prussian politicians seem not unwilling to undergo a translation into English churchmen—to act with forbearance, when they find that they are not fighting with windmills, and to give up all idea of gaining what they have no hope of being able to keep when gained. A few will, of course, hold out, consistent in their philosophy or folly, to the last, as the Roman Emperor fiddled to the flames; and even the others submit to civilization and liberality with so ill a grace, that posterity will hardly think of peopling Westminster Abbey with their statues.

But, notwithstanding this church-symptom of support, and certain promises from the "smooth tongues", (according to the Standard) of Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby, we are by no means secure—but exactly the reverse—that *the* Bill will pass the final reading. There are

gipsies in the House of Lords (of what age or sex we shall not say) who will barbarously seize upon the unhappy child of liberty, dye its ruddy and glowing features with deadly orange-juice—clip off its flowing locks, or curl them up into the semblance of a clerical wig—draw out some of its teeth possibly—strip off the splendid drapery in which popular expectation has clothed it, and so distort its limbs and deface its visage, as to make it pass for their own. Let its parents and guardians look to it. Let them watch its wanderings step by step—let them explore every inch of the way that it is to walk in. We do not expect it to come back to us with every hair of its head untouched and entire; but we expect it to have a head. Let no noble necromancer persuade them that the child is a Hydra, or a Briareus; it has not a limb to spare; it must return to us unmaimed, or Reason disdains it as her offspring.

FACTS AND DOCUMENTS.—Facts are as stubborn as anti-reformers; and documents St. Jerome avers to be the "imperishable verity of historical record." A new contemporary (the "British Magazine") has given them a still higher and holier property; namely, that *truth* is only to be distinguished by them. In advocating the interests of the church (principles we had almost written, forgetting for a moment that this term is now obsolete in its relation to church affairs,) he also alludes to the education of the poor, their moral and religious condition, and their temporal wants, being of paramount interest. Now the interest that the clergy, as a body, have taken in the affairs of the poor of late, is truly wonderful; from the publication of the Bishop of London's letter against the purchase of vegetables on a Sunday morning, down to their efforts in the *invention* of cholera, to prevent them from dying of starvation. The Editor speaks, as we before said, of *documents*, and the *pious use* that may be made of them. With respect to the use of documents, we have a case most admirably in point;—a few months ago, some statements, tolerably correct, respecting the enormous revenues of the clergy, and the value of church livings, were answered in a Tory journal, by a paper setting forth the value of church property, as stated in *the King's books*;—so much for the *use* of *documents*. Now, as we are in perfect and christian charity with our brother, the editor of the *British*, we will present him, gratis, with a few abstracts of some curious documents which have fallen in our way, relative to church government.

Imprimis, we would refer him to a document drawn up at the Council of Elvira, A.D. 305, article 28, which prohibits bishops receiving any emoluments or free-will offerings from those who are not members of the church. Art. 48 prohibits those who are baptized from putting money into the basin, lest it should be supposed that the priests had received pay for that which ought to have been done gratuitously—again, there is another document, left by the Council of Arles, A.D. 314, which enjoins all ministers to reside in the vicinity of that church where they were ordained: we refer him also to a *document* left by the grand Council of Nice, held by order of Constantine, which totally prohibits the translation of bishops and priests from one church to another; and to another *document* subscribed, at the Council of Sardis, by one hundred bishops from the west, and seventy-one from the east, "that no bishops should go to court unless sent for by the emperor." We also

refer him to some very important documents left by the Council of Carthage, A.D. 378, art. 13, which ordains that bishops should reside near their own officiating church; and art. 14, that their furniture should be plain, that they should be frugal in their manner of living, and seek honour in a good name, rather than riches. Art. 20 enjoins that they should not trouble themselves with secular affairs, but employ themselves solely in reading prayer, and preaching the word of God. Art. 31, declares that they shall not apply any of the revenues of the church to themselves as appertaining to them, but look upon such gifts as a trust for the benefit of others; that they should cherish the poor, the infirm, and the aged. Council of Augurs, A.D. 453, art 7, prohibits priests and deacons from going to places of amusement where love-songs are sang (the Opera); art. 13 ordains, "that any clerk, or member of the church, being addicted to drinking, should be suspended for thirty days, and suffer corporeal punishment." At the Council of Orleans, assembled by order of Clovis, and held the 11th of July, A.D. 511, art. 5 ordains, "that any benefactions bestowed on the church by a prince of the blood, shall be appropriated in repairing the church, supporting the poor clergy, maintaining the poor, and ransoming the poor captives. Bishops neglecting to conform to this advice to be excommunicated." Art. 16 enjoins, "that each bishop, within his diocese, shall feed and clothe the poor, the infirm, and all those who are unable to earn the common necessaries of life." The Council of Tarragona, A.D. 516, directs "that each bishop shall annually visit all the churches in his diocese; shall repair, at his own expense, all those which are dilapidated, and shall perform service in each." Art. 10 prohibits the clergy from receiving any remuneration for their services, unless it be a free-will offering. The Council of Epaisse prohibits the clergy from keeping any dogs or birds for field sports, lest it should abstract the mind from religious duties, and that no clergyman, or priest, should enjoy more than one living. At the Council of Orleans, called by order of Chilbert, A.D. 553, art. 3 ordains, that bishops shall receive no pay for ordination, or any other special episcopal function. Art. 4, that whatever bishop shall receive money for consecrating a church, shall be deprived of his benefice. Art. 24 enjoins the bishop to take care of the sick and poor within his diocese. Council of Jous, A.D. 567, art. 5, prohibits the bishop from receiving any fee for consecrating a church. Council of Lyons ordains bishops to watch over and protect the sick in their dioceses, to furnish them with clothing and food; and the Council of Toledo, A.D. 589, ordains that the bishops should daily read their bibles at their own tables.

These, and similar documents, we opine, would be of essential service to the church, as well as to the public, should the editor bring such forward; and as *facts* are to be brought forward also, we certainly do think there is a fine field of amusement—were every clergyman to contribute the facts of his alma mater, the mummery by day, the buffoonery by night, and the debauchery through both—the doing generals, juraments, and quodlibets—the lecturing to dead walls, and the chaunting of Joe Miller's jests, done into Sternhold and Hopkins' metre. All this would be doubtless highly amusing and edifying. The methodists make a use of their backslidings, by giving the facts of their experiences, and perhaps the British Magazine may become the repository of some of those instantaneous and remarkable conversions which must

take place, before the candidate for holy orders declares himself called upon by the Holy Ghost to enter the ministry.

With regard to the use made of facts on the present occasion, we find it stated as a *fact*, that there are in England and Wales above 4501 livings, *under* £150 per annum each. If this be fact, the more is the shame for the pluralist, and the greater pity for the poor incumbent. All the other facts go to prove one fact sufficiently obvious, namely, that the affairs of the church are in a most deplorable condition, and that the poverty of the clergy deserves our deep commiseration. The Archbishop of Canterbury, according to the returns here printed, has only £27,000 per year; the Bishop of Durham only £17,000; the Bishop of London only £10,000.

The whole of the church property only amounts to two millions. But, in turning over to the next page of the magazine, we find an account of the "Savings' Banks," in which it is stated that the deposits of the poor are fourteen millions, demonstrating, by all the powers of arithmetic, that the poor are seven times richer than the clergy—that the apostolic age is returned, and that the power of working miracles will again be the glory and exclusive privilege of the church;—a privilege, indeed, that will soon be imperatively necessary.

PLEBEIAN AND PATRICIAN COOKERY.—The ingratitude of the poor is a proverb among the rich, and yet in spite of it we find philanthropists as plenty as blackberries. The days of prison discipline and magdalene qualifying are upon the wane; the Rev. C. C. Smith is like a thing forgotten, dead, out of mind; and man seems fast returning to the unsophisticatedness of his primitive state. His definition, according to one who knew human nature well, the celebrated Dr. Kitchener, is the "cooking or broth-making animal," and we hold the subjoined prescription as an evidence that our nature is not entirely reprobate, and that the *stomach*, which has been emphatically termed every man's master, has not completely lost its "balance of power," in this universe of bone, flesh, muscle, tendon, nerve, and ligament. We met with it in a religious print, and recommend it most heartily to the medical board as another—cure for the cholera.

"SOUP FOR THE POOR.—Take six quarts of water"—(water, says Sheva, is good, the doctors use a great deal of it), "and boil with it *two* onions, a turnip, and a couple of carrots, till they are reduced to *three*" (this is a puzzle for a Croker or Ricardo), "mixing with it, by degrees, half-a-pint of grits or oatmeal, keeping it well skimmed" (for fear it should be too rich, of course); "then take two ounces of *bacon fat*, and shred it small into the mixture, with two spoonsful of *walnut liquor*" (such as gipsies stain their stolen children with), "keep the whole stirring" (to amalgamate and mix its various qualities, for by this process the fibrine is corrugated, the albumen coagulated, the gelatine and ozmazome is liquified) "for half-an-hour, when it will be found, with the addition of pepper and salt, a wholesome and nutritious beverage, and exceedingly cheap.—N.B. It should be eaten without bread."

Certainly; good wine needs no bush, and we doubt whether the addition of the pepper and salt be not superfluous; it is apt to destroy, if not used with the most scientific caution, the fine animal aroma of soups in general. But, *de gustibus non est disputandum;* the only objection we have to the dish is, that our population is too numerous already, and we think the revealing of such a secret at the present moment highly

impolitic, and fraught with the most ruinous consequences. We have heard from a learned Theban, whom we would sooner trust than a peer's promise, that it was this very soup (leaving out the bacon-fat, which was prohibited under the mosaic law) that made the children of Israel to multiply so exceedingly in the land of Egypt; and for our parts we propose as an amendment, by and with the advice of our privy council, the following, written at the request of a charitable lady, by a member of the Metropolitan Committee of *Taste*, as infinitely more simple and quite as economical:—

"Take ten quarts of water, and stir it with a rush-light till it boils; season it to your liking, and it is ready for use.—N.B. The wick may be bolted."

Descartes might well ask if God made good things only for fools? Here is the receipt of a philosopher, one who considered the stomach as the grand organ of the human system, a nervous expansion of the brain. But leaving philosophy out of the question, and to shew the difference between plebeian and true aristocratical soup, and what pains that gracious, and noble, and right honourable body take to spoil *aqua pura*, by heterogeneous and corrupt additions, we subjoin from the "Universal Cook" the method of preparing *Soup à la Reine*.

"To a knuckle of veal, and six or seven pounds of lean beef, and six good rashers of lean ham, put six quarts of water, with a little salt. Boil all together till the meat is boiled quite down; then boil *half a pint of cream*, and pour it on the crumb of a penny roll. Blanch and beat a pound of almonds as fine as possible, putting in now and then *cream*, to prevent them *oiling*. Then take the yolk of six hard eggs, and the roll that is soaked in the cream, and beat them all together, quite fine; then make your broth quite hot, and pour it to your almonds, strain it through a fine hair-sieve, rubbing it with a spoon till *all the goodness* is gone through into the stew-pan, and *add more cream to make it white*. Set it over the fire, keep stirring it till it boils, skim off the froth as it rises, and soak the crusts of two French rolls in *melted butter* in a stew-pan till they are crisp but not brown. A quarter of an hour before you send it up to table, take a little of the hot soup and put it to the buttered roll in the bottom of the tureen; then put in the remainder, and pour some *thickened cream on the top*, and send it up to table."

The Court of Aldermen, the Bench of Bishops, the House of Peers, ought to grant pensions, "from generation to generation," to the families of Collingwood and Williams (authors of the "Universal Cook") for this glorious invention. Heliogabalus offered a reward for a new dish, but he had never tasted *Soup à la Reine*.

Progress of Dogmatism.—It is one of the most interesting things in the moral world, says Tully, to observe how men in all ages, while serving the immortal gods, have at the same time served themselves. It seems as if the deities had ordained that all that is given to their glory by the pious should return to them in blessings and temporal advantages. Thus the riches, and honour, and power which generally belong to the supporters of religion and the defenders of our sacred altars, may be considered as the natural reward of piety and zeal.

It is, we suppose, from a due consideration of, and a fervent belief in the truth of this divine apothegm, that the great, and good, and wise, of the present day, are so excessively zealous for the interests of the Deity. An exemplification of this sacred principle was the other day

afforded in the House of Lords, when Lord Roden affirmed "that national education is nothing without morality, and that there was *no morality unless in the unmutilated word of God;*" and also warned government how they might persevere in a course which *must* bring down the indignation of the Lord on this *favoured* land. Truly this country is highly favoured, and we ought to be grateful for it; we have the supreme felicity of eight hundred millions of debt, two millions of paupers, as clamorous as young rooks, the dangerous burthen and deep contamination of eight millions of filthy lucre taken off our hands by the clergy, and wheat at eighty shillings a quarter instead of twenty. When God sends mouths he sends bread enough to fill them, says the proverb, in spite of Dr. Malthus; the only difficulty is that the mouths all go to one place and the food to another. This, however, is not exactly to our question, which is that of Irish Education. We recollect some thirty years ago when Joseph Lancaster brought forward his system of education, that in a short time nearly all the bishops, headed by Mrs. Trimmer, espoused the cause of Providence in a similar manner. To them it appeared plain that the Lancasterian system of teaching was to lead to heresy and schism, and that this universal running after strange doctrines would bring down the vengeance of an incensed Deity upon merry England. The same outcry was raised when the London University was projected—Heaven was to be dishonoured and atheism was to abound in the land; to prevent which terrible catastrophe, and to save England from utter ruin, the King's College was founded. Now all this we consider highly laudable, but there is one particular about the Irish education affair that strikes us as rather discordant; namely, that Lord Roden, when he found himself perplexed by the Duke of Wellington, on one side, and the Bishop of London, on the other, proposed, as a mode of settling the whole affair *satisfactorily*, that government should *withdraw the grant from both parties!*

A THREATENING LETTER.—A Peer of Parliament has published a letter in a Tory paper, addressed to Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby, in which, after a pathetic exordium, he says—"I have next been told that Lord Wharncliffe has created a strong sensation of fear amongst the bishops, and that he actually boasts of having brought over many of the right reverend bench to vote for the second reading." Impious! We wonder the very stones do not rise up in judgment against his lordship for so unheard of an atrocity. The peer then continues—"Until I witness this defection I have too strong a faith in God and in the Church to conceive it possible; but if it be so, I shall from that moment consider the Church deserving the ruin impending over them, having themselves contributed to its accomplishment." Thus, after boasting of possessing *too* strong a faith in God, and in the Church, which he seems to consider to have but little connection with each other, as they require to be separately mentioned, he gives the Church over to its great enemy in the most remorseless style imaginable. Then this paragon of peers concludes by inquiring of the noble lords he is addressing, what has induced them to draw off men of high honour and character from a course of proceeding "*which their own smooth tongues on a former occasion greatly induced them to adopt.*" We must say that this is a very shocking affair. We did not imagine that Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby

were such gay deceivers. Here is a clear case of seduction, and the only remedy within their power is in an action to recover damages for the loss of their high honour and character. But what has induced them to do this?—aye, there's the rub! And as it is a problem so very difficult of solution, we must leave the noble lords to answer for themselves. We only ask the deluded victims what induced them to listen to the *smooth tongues* on a former occasion?

Mawworm in Parliament.—We have already noticed the dramatic talent of the Marquis of Londonderry, in his representation of *Marmaduke Magog;* but the noble marquis has been outshone, and that too in a sphere so congenial to his lordship's taste and talents. Mr. Perceval, on the evening previous to the General Fast, arose from his seat, and addressed the members at considerable length, in the true *Mawworm* strain of religious eloquence, boasted of a call from Heaven to awaken them to contrition, declared that they had "neglected their God, and that in consequence their God had neglected them," and produced such a sensation in the terrified House as never could have been equalled since the days of Cromwell. The honourable member, we think, forgot one threat which would have been very applicable. We remember having heard it used by the Rev. John Liston, at the Drury Lane Tabernacle, some time since, with considerable effect. That excellent divine exclaimed to his edified congregation, much in the same manner as Mr. Perceval addressed his—"When I'm going up to Heaven, ye'll want to lay hold of the skirts of my coat—but I'll fling ye all—for I'll wear a *spencer!*" We have heard, but do not vouch for its authenticity, that the manager of one of the patent theatres has offered him a liberal salary; but as he receives £3,000 a year for performing the same character in another House, we do not see how he is to accept a similar engagement—unless he can make an agreement with his conscience to think pluralities as allowable in his profession, as they are among the most orthodox of our churchmen.

Importance of Celibacy among Statesmen.—The most singular assertion of the month, is that of the Lord ex-High Chancellor Eldon,—that the woolsack was never the object of his ambition; that his mind revolted from the acceptance of the highest judicial honours of the realm, and meant to have contented itself with the mere Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas. It is as if a man should purchase a lottery-ticket, and declare his disappointment when it came up a prize. The parallel is imperfect, for the Chancellorship has been but a blank to Lord Eldon; there has been much cry, but little wool in the woolsack. To be sure, his son had the reversion of three offices forced upon him, out of pure love for the people, by George III.; but then Lord Eldon declares that he even *begrudged the fees* for the patents—which is very probable. In return for the unpleasantness of paying fees, he took undoubtedly all that fell in his way; but then, as the Duke of Wellington observes, "it is the duty, and the practice of all Lord Chancellors to provide for their families *as well as they can.*" So that Mr. Malthus is right after all—the children are to blame and not the fathers—and the whole matter becomes one, not of peculation, but of population. We agree with the principle laid down by an evening journalist (*The True Sun*, a new paper, that promises to

become an assiduous and valuable advocate of popular rights). The writer observes—"Parents and guardians are, at all events, the most dangerous species of statemen that a nation can be afflicted with; and we can see no hope of effectually cutting down sinecures and salaries until the peers are compelled, as the priesthood used to be, to take a vow of perpetual and patriotic celibacy. Instead of asking a nobleman who is about to enter into office, what his qualifications are—the number of his cousins should be carefully inquired into; and, instead of admiring his great talents, we should have an eye to his great aunts." People who advertise for any places, save those under government, are in the habit of setting forth their eligibility, by declaring that they are "without incumbrances;" what a pity is it, that we have no statesmen of this stamp. Why does not some patriotic person insert an advertisement in the *Times*—"Wanted a minister, without relations."

THE STATE OF THE CONTINENT.—The whole surface of society on the Continent is swelling and heaving with the agitation of a moral earthquake, which, in a short space of time, will overthrow the strongholds of superstition and tyranny in Europe. Poland, though weighed to the earth, feels her spirit of freedom still uncrushed; it breathes like a smouldering fire, fanned by hate, and kept alive by continued wrongs. Let but the neighbouring nations display the banner of liberty around her hills, and Poland will again rise—the resuscitation from the living grave, where she has been kept by her relentless taskmasters.

In France Casimir Perier has enough to do to discover conspiracies. Scarcely a day passes without a plot, and arrests and imprisonments are continually growing more numerous. But these conspiracies seem to be of the most frivolous nature, and people are daily accused on the most ridiculous grounds.

From a letter which we have received from a distinguished foreigner, we make the following extract:—

"The French papers speak with great confidence of the approaching downfal of Casimir Perier; the public opinion having shewn itself against him, both before the jury and in the Chamber of Deputies. The president of the French Council is a man of abilities, but of an obstinate and unsympathizing temper. Self-esteem and great presumption are his striking characteristics. In giving up again the seals of foreign affairs to General le Castiani, Perier returns them less powerful; and, indeed, during his *intérim*, France has by no means maintained her honour abroad. The occupation of Ancona with so small a force will certainly prove fatal, both to the Romagna and to the French government. The pope is a monk, and the cardinals are all vindictive. The people will soon become hostile to the French, and in one day the citizens of Ancona may repeat the Sicilian vespers. France seems advancing towards a new change. Louis Philippe becomes daily less popular: the Carlists, the Republicans, and the Napoleonists, fight for the same object—that is to say, for the overthrow of the present government; and Casimir Perier, with his impolitic obstinacy, accelerates their projects."

Yet Italy has something to hope. Plots have penetrated into the sacred precincts of the Imperial City, and conspiracies would have been hatched during the Carnival, had not his Holiness thought proper to make the citizens of Rome dispense with the mask.

It appears that the French soon made themselves great favourites with the people of Ancona, though one Cardinal was exceedingly shocked

at hearing that the French officers had caused an "air to liberty" to be sung in the theatre.

A meeting of the Apostolic Junta has been held at Madrid, which resolved, with the concurrence of the King, that as the restoration of the constitutional system in Spain must inevitably follow the success of Don Pedro in Portugal, it was essential for the protection of the throne and the Clergy that assistance should be given to Don Miguel. The army of observation, stationed on the frontiers, have therefore received orders to march into Portugal at the summons of the Usurper. We shall be glad to see something like a good struggle take place. We have no doubt that Spain will follow so near and so excellent an example; and that the land of poetry, beauty, and romance will ultimately succeed in throwing off the burthen of priestcraft and despotism which has so long pressed upon its energies, destroying one of the finest kingdoms in Europe, and weighing its people to the earth with poverty, degradation, and shame.

Lord Londonderry, having grown tired of his nightly wrestling with the English Lord Chancellor, is obliged to put up with a mere Irish one. When he is wearied of Lord Plunkett, he will probably take to the Lord Advocate of Scotland. And having again exhausted himself, will look about for a Welch antagonist. In the struggle with Plunkett, the Marquis certainly received several mortal wounds to his vanity; but it must be admitted of the Irish Chancellor, that he was rather bent upon giving blows than avoiding them. Having given the Marquis satisfaction, Lord Plunkett might have "explained," as the parliamentary phrase is. The passage-of-arms was a "passage that led to nothing."

Political Phraseology.—Colonel Sibthorpe is, beyond all comparison, the most unfortunate member that the unreformed parliament has yet to boast of. In the first place his amendments are invariably rejected; and in the next, they have the singular misfortune, which is probably one among many causes of their failure, of being supported by Mr. Kearsley. There is a peculiar beauty in the epithets selected by the honourable house for its ordinary uses; but upon any unusual occasion, they rise into poetry. In a recent instance, Mr. Kearsley carried the Parnassian practices of parliament to an almost unprecedented degree of perfection. He exhausted the world of the English language, and then imagined new. The bill was, in his estimation, an iniquitous, "damnable, and pick-pocketing bill." The term, pick-pocketing, is one that enters, in a very particular sense, into the parliamentary vocabulary; but Mr. Kearsley applies it in a way quite different from that in which it will be understood by the people. When a measure is introduced to effect the transfer of money from the pockets of those who want it, to those who do not, the term legislation is substituted for the obnoxious one; but when a borough is to be abolished, it is not legislation, but political pick-pocketing.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Saturday Evening. By the Author of "The History of Natural Enthusiasm."

With the simplicity characteristic of a strong and expansive mind, the author of this singularly powerful and comprehensive work has embodied, under the most unassuming and homely of titles, a series of profound and interesting views on the state and progress of religious knowledge, the great truths and hopes it disseminates, its onward impulse, and the popular errors by which it is impeded. In the performance of his laudable and laborious task, the writer, we think, has amply fulfilled the high promise held out to us in the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and will greatly add to the widely diffused and well earned reputation which he had previously obtained. It is a production which bears throughout the impress of original and discursive intellect; and, to convey our idea in a word, it may be considered, as applied to religious disquisition, like the writings of Wordsworth in our poetic literature, both in its familiar and imaginative spirit. Thus, with the speculative reasoning of the philosopher, the enlightened piety of a Christian, and the compressed argument of the logician, there is a tone of enthusiasm, as well in the style as in the sentiments of this writer not often to be met with, in treating of purely moral or religious subjects. In this more imaginative power, indeed, he may be thought to have somewhat too freely indulged; trenching closely on the borders of hypothesis and disputed creed, to the prejudice of his more calm and elevated opinions on the great interests of religion it is his object so strenuously to enforce. Perhaps the same exciting influence lends to his phraseology an occasional peculiarity and quaintness, with its terseness and originality, qualities from which neither his ideas nor opinions can be said to be wholly free. Layman, as he states himself, his manner of expression, whether in words or in periods, seems less purely English than that of many eminent divines, the style of some of whose compositions, indeed, presents the best models we possess of our language. But these trivial drawbacks are amply compensated by the high and masterly power with which he has here discharged the character of a public instructor; though, in his simple title, he would seem to disclaim, in his preface, more than that of a familiar friend and companion, treating, withal, of high themes, by a "Saturday Evening" fireside. But if we grant to him this quiet unassuming office, we would observe, to borrow his own enthusiastic manner, that, in doing its pious duties, his presence, we trust, will be felt in the cottage or the palace—like that of the angel-guest of Adam ere his fall—to warn, to counsel, and to open, as far as human eye may reach, the vast prospects of futurity. To an undertaking of this kind, the author of "Saturday Evening" has brought requisites of no common kind;—he has dwelt on subjects most calculated to impress the popular mind—to conciliate—to eradicate error, and to impress on all the great duty of venerating the religion of Christ, and of cultivating good will, peace, and charity towards one another.

Caractacus. A Metrical Sketch in Twelve Parts.

We cannot but consider an undertaking of this nature, in these degenerate days, as scarcely a less proof of heroism in the writer, than of the British hero himself, in seeking to deliver his country from the Romans. To write a blank verse epic in twelve parts, and to celebrate a series of campaigns that occurred before the period of state bulletins or of bullets, and of which such scanty reports were given in the ancient British gazettes, must be, we opine, the very *hic labor, hoc opus* alluded to by Virgil, as to signification of infernal toil. But the greater the obstacles presenting themselves in a national achievement of the above kind, the more brilliant must be the merit of that poet who celebrates the early renown of his country's heroes, and defenders of other days. Without

exactly ranking the bard of "Caractacus" with the Homers or Ossians of their days, we may safely aver that he might have executed his heroic task in a style much inferior to what he has here done. It is so far from being a failure that, we are of opinion, with more experience, and a more practised ear for the harmony of verse—with riper powers, and a severer taste, the author of the poem before us would do no discredit to the epic muse of his country. Witness for him the following specimen of the introduction from part the first, if we excuse, here and there, a little halting in the lines :—

"On Mona's isle the bardic song was raised ;
Harmoniously the sacred anthem rose,
From earth in supplication unto Heaven
For Albion's weal! From harp, and pipe, and shell
Wild music floated thro' the forest grove
Softer than Lydian—sweet as Loxian measures
The weak notes chimed upon the tuneful waters ;
The louder tones voluminously full
Swept grandly o'er the plain, and rolled
With heavy cadence down the long steep vales."

THE ALBUM WREATH.

WE have great pleasure in agreeing with all critics, who are not above noticing a pretty and graceful publication because it is published at a very cheap rate, in praise of the "Album Wreath." It consists of selections in prose and poetry; and original contributions, that seem in general to deserve the compliment of being printed in a small and beautiful type, upon paper which varies in its colour every number, but is always of the most elegant tint possible. The numbers of this little work would form an ornament to any table.

THE CLASSICAL SCHOLAR'S GUIDE. BY RICHARD CARR.

WERE we to judge of the merit of a work by the opinion which the author himself entertains of it, we should not hesitate to rank "The Classical Scholar's Guide" with the most elaborate productions of Porson and Hermann. But since it is a failing in human nature to examine strictly the pretensions of an author who thinks so highly of himself as Mr. Richard Carr, we cannot, conscientiously, place him in so lofty a station. He seems enraptured with his plan; witness the following sublime language—"What an accession of knowledge will this be! derived from a source, which is in itself so apparently simple, yet, in its situation, so central, that with an influential and sweeping operation, like that of the mighty vortices of ancient times, it will, by the power of its all-attracting agency, give, as it were, direction and motion to all the *materia ambiens*." If our readers understand this, their intellects must be more acute than ours, for we must candidly confess that it surpasses our limited comprehension. Our eloquent friend, in speaking of the phraseology of some modern hypercritics, breaks into sublimity—thus :—"Such like assumptions as these are the very quintescence of vanity; since we all know that ere long, when the decrees of fate shall have run out—when the mighty barriers of the universe shall be pushed aside, and the fatal blow of dissolution shall be struck at the *compagines natura*—every system, whatever may be the subtilty of its constituent parts, whatever ability may have directed its synthetical process, or however it may be distinguished by the various lines of intelligence, shall then, under the hand of analyzing destiny, be reduced to its primitive nothingness, and, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.'" The book is said to be "principally intended for the use of schools;" and, we would advise Mr. Carr, before "he trespasses on the indulgence of the public" again, to adopt a simple and more intelligible style.

We do not wish to speak uncharitably of the work, but it is our opinion, that it will rather embarrass, than assist, the student of the classical languages.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, OR THE LIFE OF SAMUEL HICH. BY JAMES EVERETT.

ALTHOUGH we do not approve of obtruding on the public the life of every individual who has raised himself above his sphere in life, and been distinguished among his cotemporaries by an acute intellect and fervent piety, yet oftentimes such works are very interesting to those who have been acquainted with the person whose character is delineated; and if they are a source of pleasure to any, there is a sufficient reason for the publication. The volume now lying before us epitomizes the life of a blacksmith, distinguished for his integrity and piety, and who has been very useful in his day and generation. It is written in an easy, graceful style; and it cannot fail to interest those whose hearts can warm to the expressions of sincerity and benevolence, which breathe through every page.

SELECT SPECIMENS OF THE EDIFICES OF PALLADIO, BY F. ARUNDALE.

WE are here presented with a very valuable addition to those more useful and voluminous works connected with the architecture of different nations, which have from time to time made their appearance. It forms a cheap and handsome folio—is dedicated to that veteran of his art, Sir John Soane—and, besides a life of the celebrated architect it commemorates, contains twelve fine engravings upon steel, among which are views of the Olympic Theatre, the Palazzo, Chiericati, the Screen to the Sala della Ragioni, and the Villa Capri, with ground plans and sections, and a particular description of each edifice. Mr. Arundale has evinced great skill and judgment, no less in the buildings which he has selected as specimens of this distinguished master's style, than in the arrangement and execution of the entire work. He has farther rendered it interesting, by giving a view of the rise and progress of the science in Italy up to the time of Michael Angelo; and both in the preface and in his descriptions of the edifices, he shews that he had made himself a complete master of every branch of his subject. Indebted, as many of our first English architects have been, to the chaste and noble examples of Palladian architecture, from the days of Jones to those of Lord Burlington, the present work will, we are sure, be hailed with pleasure by its admirers and students, no less than by professional men, who are deeply interested in the promotion of just principles and a real knowledge of architecture, particularly among the higher classes, as having so decided an influence on their own reputation and success. The work is every way creditable to Mr. Arundale's talents.

RUDIMENTS OF THE PRIMARY FORCES OF GRAVITY, MAGNETISM, AND ELECTRICITY, IN THEIR AGENCY ON THE HEAVENLY BODIES. BY P. MURPHY, ESQ.

THAT distinguished astronomer, Kepler, acknowledged, after all the important discoveries he had made during a life devoted to its study—"*that a general investigation of the laws of motion was yet wanting.*" It was generally considered that Sir Isaac Newton had developed the mystery which regulates the planetary movements, by his principle of *attraction* or *universal gravitation;* but even that great man has owned, that besides the attraction of gravity, the heavenly bodies are influenced "by some other attractive power diffused throughout their particles." The connection of *electricity* with certain atmospheric phenomena has since been proved by the ingenious experiments of the able Dr. Franklin. Later discoveries have been made, both by English and foreign astronomers, by which the theory of electrical agency with planetary temperature has been placed beyond a doubt.

After intense application to the study of natural philosophy, more particularly to the investigation of astronomical science, Mr. Murphy has published the result of his labours, from which he forms a theory of his own—which is, "that the planetary bodies, including the sun, which constitutes the solar system, may be defined to be the union of the elements of *three* primary forces; *gravitation, magnetism, and electricity.*" This our author very satisfactorily proves, not

only with regard to the laws of motion in the planetary system, but the agency of his primary forces in all atmospherical phenomena, tides, dews, fogs, and meteors, and the effect produced by those forces causing the variations in the barometer. His observations on pestilential exhalations, particularly the *mal aria* of the "Campagna di Roma," seem to us the result of considerable ability; the whole volume bears the stamp of a powerful mind, and we only regret that our limits will not allow us to give our readers a more lengthened analysis of its able contents.

Family Classical Library.—No XXVII. Plutarch. Vol. V.

This volume contains the lives of Pompey, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Phocion, men who are so distinguished in the annals of the world, that we have only to mention their names in order to excite all the enthusiasm which they justly inspire. And it is superfluous to say *how* their lives are written by Plutarch, the king of biographers.

We have often reverted to the series of translations published under the title of the "Family Classical Library," and we have more than once expressed our opinion of the cheapness and beauty of the publication. We cannot, however, but mention our regret that some new translation has not been afforded to the public instead of the old version, most of which are universally admitted to be far from excellent. The translation of Plutarch in the present volume is by the two Langhornes; and every classical scholar knows how very inaccurate it is. The best translation of Plutarch, in the English language, is that by North, which is itself only a translation of the French of Amyot. Although it could not well be inserted in the "Family Classical Library," on account of the antiquated language in which it is written, yet we would advise our classical readers to procure it, for it far surpasses Langhornes', both in energy and correctness. Mr. Valpy would have rendered an acceptable service to English literature by procuring a new translation of Plutarch. But he would be still more useful to the public, by publishing translations of those Grecian and Roman classics, which have never "been done into English." There are many works of Cicero with which few are acquainted; and as we expect to see them soon in the "Family Classical Library," we do sincerely hope that they will not be mere re-publications of translated works; but that those splendid productions will be brought forward, which the English have never yet had an opportunity of reading in their own language.

Real Life—Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler.

This work, we are afraid, will not please the greater number of novel readers, for it is written in so plain and neat, yet withal, elegant a style, that the vitiated taste of those accustomed to more highly seasoned delicacies will find difficulty in relishing it. But we are always glad to see such works as these, and to turn from the affected and extravagant sentiment of the generality of modern writers, to the narration of some simple and unaffected tale. The volume at present under our notice is a series of sketches, many of them animated, and all interesting. There is, perhaps, a little of what is termed by some, *prosing*; but we can forgive it, on account of the general merit of the work. It is supposed to be written by a person in an inferior station of life, who accompanies his master, Simon, in his annual round of summer fairs; and he writes down the events of every day, in order that his wife may live with him during his absence. We said that many of the reflections were expressed in beautiful language; and that our readers may have some opportunity of judging of the truth of our assertion, we will extract the account of the two travellers arriving at Bannockburn, immortalized in history by the glorious victory which Bruce obtained over Edward, and which secured the independence of Scotland:—

"After walking in silence about a mile, we came to a burn, running rapidly through the low grounds, and overhung by brushwood and alder. Simon suddenly stopped, and turning to me, with sparkling eyes, and his whole countenance illuminated, cried, 'Do you know what burn that is?' I answered 'No.' 'Off with your shoes and stockings, lad, and wade across it. It is holy water—it will do

your heart good, and your health good, for that is Bannockburn! Poets may write nonsense about the inspirations of the muses, and of this or that sacred stream, but foul fa' the Scotch heart to which Bannockburn is not a true source of inspiration! It has been thought illiberal of late years to feel or express exultation over the triumphs of our forefathers, and men, thinking themselves very wise, very superior, and very genteel, treat with cold scorn the honest pride we feel about battles and victories which took place five hundred years ago. But that is the false philosophy and vain deceit, which bewilders men of a certain calibre of intellect, who thinking themselves wise, become fools."

A Geological Manual. By Henry T. de la Beche, F.R.S., &c. &c.

The science of Geology is still in its infancy, though every day affords fresh materials to give greater certainty to its positions. Many have been the theories on this subject; though, with some splendid exceptions, few but seem to have been guided rather by fancy than reason. It is, therefore, very useful to the student to have some book by which he may commence his studies, without being bewildered by the numerous and strange hypotheses with which this science, perhaps more than any other, is encumbered. For this purpose Mr. Beche's manual will prove extremely useful; although we think it by no means unworthy the attentive perusal of those advanced in the science. The author says in his preface, that he "has endeavoured to address himself less to the accomplished geologist than to the student, though it is hoped that the former may also find matter interesting to him. He has been particularly anxious to point out his various sources of information, even when he has himself visited the same countries, that, independently of the fundamental principle, *suum cuique*, the student should be enabled more fully to avail himself of the labours of the various authors cited, by referring to their published works for greater detail than could be admitted into a volume of this description."

This renders the work very instructive; and, as Mr. Beche always refers to authors of acknowledged reputation, its excellence in this respect will be easily appreciated. We had intended to give a longer account of the work than we can now find space for; therefore we will condense our remarks into one pithy observation, that it is decidedly the most *useful* treatise on the subject with which we have ever met. It is printed in a most beautiful manner, and the woodcuts are very well executed; in fact, the beauty of its illustrations, the solidity of its hypotheses, and the accuracy manifested throughout its pages, well entitle it to the perusal of every lover of geology. There are some of the author's positions which, as speculators in this mart of science, we might possibly be inclined to doubt; but since it is much easier to raise objections than to suggest improvements, we shall be performing a more pleasant duty to congratulate the author upon having produced a work which cannot fail of being eminently useful.

A Numismatic Manual; or, Guide to the Study of Greek, Roman, and English Coins. By John Y. Akerman.

Many persons imagine that the study of coins is dry and uninteresting, and in fact, of very little use. But Mr. Akerman well observes, "To the historian a knowledge of the coins of the ancients must be of infinite value; they will present the admirer of classical literature with many illustrations, which exist in no other shape; and the artist will discover in them much to instruct him in his historical compositions." These assertions are perfectly true; and we may also add, that the study of coins imparts great amusement, besides conveying considerable instruction. The present volume is of a small, unassuming form; but is likely to be of great utility. It contains an account of the origin and progress of coinage among the Greeks, Romans, and English, together with a list of the coins of those nations, arranged in a clear and compendious manner. To those who are desirous of studying the subject we can cordially recommend this manual, as a work which will give the *tyro* every requisite information, without wading through those long and elaborate dissertations with which works of this nature are too commonly full, and which serve to perplex, rather than instruct, the student.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

Really, Mr. Monk Mason, this will never do—after the brilliant notes of preparation, in which you thought it expedient to sound—after having thrown the whole of the fashionable, and would-be fashionable world into a fit of indescribable excitement—after having divided the public mind with the reform bill, the cholera, and other subjects of vital import—to fall as flat as Walter Scott at the Battle of Waterloo*—why, you are surely laughing at the pensive public—you are positively playing as many tricks and fancies in your management as a child in a toy-shop. Where do you conceal the promised prodigies of song?—the unrivalled wonders of dance?—Where, where, in the name of all the muses, are your vaunted novelties? I beg your pardon—Il Barbiere, Pietro L'Eremita, La Vestalle, have appeared; and then your artists are beyond all praise—miracles of genius—though the gentle public are not alive to their merit—the Contessa Lazise!—Signora Albertini!—Signor Calveri! Indeed, we are informed that you intend making some splendid additions to your already valuable *corps*—Miss F. Ayton, Miss Pearson and others. Then there is Signora Puzzi, endeavouring to create a sensation about the *success* which she met with—a success which you very pertinently described as rivalling that of the ancient warrior, when he exclaimed—"Another such a victory and we shall be ruined." That *jeu d'esprit* is the best hit you have made this season. Seriously speaking, Mr. Mason, if you are not totally deaf to the voice of pity—if your heart has not yet arrived at the acme of professional callosity—for "managers have flinty hearts"—do, for Heaven's sake, something that may even partially satisfy the general craving, and justify the unwholesome quantity of puffs—for in them alone have you shewn variety—with which every paper has been filled since you were created the lessee of the King's Theatre. *Puffs* are dainty morsels, to be sure—but such slender provision is not hospitable to your friends, who crave other things. If you are determined to make your fast-day last the season, you had better close your doors, and convert your theatre into a conventicle. By the way, it would not be a bad speculation—Mr. Spencer Perceval would join you.

So much has been said and written concerning the tragedy of *"Francis the First,"* that little remains for us to say. As a *coup d'essai* it is very promising, and possesses sufficient merit to do honour to an acknowledged dramatist. It is a pity, however, that Miss Kemble did not take the advice of a noble and talented lady, and erase a few extremely objectionable words and passages, which we cannot but consider as so many blots upon its fair proportions. But we may expect a little self-sufficiency from a young lady, doubtless spoilt by the ill-judged flattery of friends; we would say, however, that coarseness rarely conveys force to expression. As an acting play *"Francis the First"* is somewhat disjointed, but we must bear in mind, the tragedy was not written with a view to its production on the stage, and therefore no adaptation can remedy the original defect. Some of the scenes, however, are highly effective.

"Der Alchymist" has at length appeared, and proved to be the most wretched, tiresome—we want a word, to express the very quintessence of tediousness; to express, in fact, what we felt—but that is impossible. It is enough

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* For none by sabre or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott!

to say, that it triumphs over all pieces that have hitherto lent their weight to crush the stage! Indeed, we were rather surprised that, even amongst the many bold adventurers, there could be found a man sufficiently lost to all sense of the moral obligations owing to society, as to be capable of perpetrating so glaring, so monstrous a dramatic offence; but, on inquiry, we are happy to state that the whole weight of the trangression does not, fortunately, fall on one. The responsibility and the consequences must be divided among several offenders. 1st. There is one Henry Bishop, a great criminal—one, indeed, who has already to answer for other mortal sins at the bar of the drama; among which, for that called "*The Dæmon,*" he can hardly ever, even by the most sincere contrition, expect a pardon. 2d. There is Haynes Bayly, another considerable delinquent, and the fate of whose "*Decorum*" last season, one would suppose, might have taught him more this. 3d. Henry Morton, reader to Drury-Lane, stands accused of the almost incredible crime of having contributed that portion of the opera, facetiously enough termed humorous—but calling it so, is the most humorous part of it. 4th. Though last, not least, Mr. *Fitz*-Ball claims a very considerable share of popular indignation. From the opaque and incomprehensible nature of the plot, we can readily imagine it to be this gentleman's portion of the work; it must have cost him as much difficulty in writing, as us in understanding it. By a process extremely easy, we can now fancy ourselves on the judgment-seat at the Old Bailey, with these hardened criminals at the bar for judgment. This probably would be about the extent of our severity.—You, Henry Bishop, are an old offender, and must banish every hope of mercy from your mind. We hoped that the fate of your namesake last session would have been a warning to you; but you persevere in the same dreadful courses with no remorse. You are incorrigible. Your namesake suffered, as you well know, for the very crime of which you are guilty; and are you to escape? The name of the unhappy Sphor stands in dreadful evidence against you. You murdered him under circumstances of unexampled atrocity; it appears that you have, without compunction, mangled and torn him limb from limb, until the air has been filled with untuneful howlings! The names of other sufferers likewise cry aloud for vengeance; miserable, prepare to meet your fate, and make use of your remaining time in conciliating the ghosts of your victims. Approach, Mr. Haynes Bayly; and promise never more to write for the stage; confine your efforts to the amusement of the drawing-room and the boudoir; attempt not to court the good graces of Melpomene or Thalia. To woo these damsels your Pegasus must fly with other wings than those of Butterflies! And now go away in peace. Morton! *et tu, Brute!* must we believe the charge preferred against you!—Are you really guilty of so grievous an offence! You get three hundred pounds a-year for *reading* plays—in the name of wonder, how much do you get for *writing* such parts as that played by Harley in "*The Alchymist?*" Is it possible that, among the 4,500 dramatic pieces which you have read, you can find no conceit amongst them more witty than Harley fancying himself a tea-pot? Why couple up with your unhappy witticisms, so inspiring an appendage to domesticity?—Why this unmanly—yes, Morton, we repeat it—unmanly enmity against a vessel, than which, in all our domestic inventions, we find not one so cheerful—not one that so realizes the ideas of social enjoyment? You, Morton, are a domestic man yourself, blessed with an amiable wife and family; why, again we ask you, why hurl such bitter vengeance against that emblem of home-comfort—a tea-pot? Could you find no fitter object for the exercise of your comicality? We sentence you to be limited to the quantity of seven cups to your afternoon repast for the space of one calendar month.

"Like Justice Park, we cannot but weep over the apparent cruelty of our awards; but there is one more culprit. He strives to conceal himself. Fitz-Ball! The Fitz-Balls must be added to the list of the Fitz's; though it has been whispered that this Fitz-Ball was once upon a time simple Ball, and that he only condescended thus to place the baton of heraldry across his shield within these last few years, to keep the Fitzgeralds, Fitzherberts, and others, in counte-

nance, to afford them his most illustrious protection. Some say that it was the only way he had of distinguishing himself from the herd of vulgar Balls that infested the skirts of literature; mere sheep-skin balls, stuffed with worsted; or cotton balls, only fit for mantua-makers; or bladder balls, puffed out with wind, and patted about by ladies in a drawing-room; or your true foot-ball, to be kicked about by men. Our *Fitz*-Ball is none of these: he is as much above them, and as ornamental as the superb gilded ball that you see stuck a-top of churches, under the weather-cock, to shew which way the wind is; and as for utility, he may vie with that ingenious instrument, the ball-cock of a cistern. There is a fact which has been frequently advanced, that illegitimate children generally turn out clever men; then, by Heaven, we will, at sword-point, maintain the legitimacy of our author, and break a lance in defence of his mother's virtue. We merely sentence him to beat hemp for a month at the House of Correction.

Der Alchymist; or, the Last of the Soporifics. Such was the title of a *soi-disant* opera which was damned at Drury-Lane. Bless me—but I have said all this before: well, then, to proceed with others.

The qualities of good and generous wine everybody knows to be highly favourable to the development of our comical faculties. Sheridan never wrote or said such witty things as when a bottle of Burgundy was within his reach; and we, though, alas! no Sheridan, should write none the worse were we slightly—mind, we only say slightly—under the influence of such an inspiring fount. We question whether a draught from the fount of Helicon itself, in all its purity and freshness, would suit our constitution half so well. But this is idle talking; we are never likely to taste one or the other. This, then, leads us to the point.

A comic actor, of all men in the world, should never appear before the indulgent public without this necessary preliminary; and actors are so well paid, that they can afford to drink nectar if they knew where it was to be bought. They are not like we poor devils of scribes, who are obliged to content ourselves with whisky toddy; and very little of that, too. But actors—they are kings! they can drink when they like, and what they like; they are happy dogs—they can lie in a gutter all day long, if they please, and then at night reel upon the stage and damn poor authors' pieces. It is rather hard on authors, but, poor devils! they are born to suffer. An actor must not be restrained in his innocent recreations; you might just as well expect him to come before the audience without his glass, as a fiddler without his resin.

These ideas were suggested by the impertinent complaints of Mr. Poole, the dramatist, who says, that when his farce of the Young Hopeful came out at the Olympic, Mr. Liston was so extremely *elevated*, that he damned the piece. In other words, we blush to write it, that he was very drunk indeed. Shameful aspersion! just as though Mr. Liston ever was drunk. Indeed, how could he? for to our certain knowledge he is chairman to a branch Temperance Society, held at the Pig and Tooth-ache, Brompton, and is the bosom friend of Lord Gambier. These facts speak volumes. Let Mr. Poole deny this if he can.

Mr. Buckstone is one of the champions of the minors—an unflinching reformer, a staunch anti-monopolist; by the way, we suppose that is the reason he keeps the Adelphi stage entirely to himself: no other pieces than those of the purveyor-general being marketable commodities at the Adelphi. We do not so much find fault with his original French pieces—everybody has a right to get as much money as he can, and in the easiest way, always supposing honestly; but that which raises our ire is, that the moment a man of genius breaks through the system of translation, and embodies an idea successfully, then the purveyor-general, at the head of a crowd of starvelling wits, rushes forward, seizes the bread out of his very mouth, and the mob, like famished cannibals, devour it before his face. To speak more plainly, the moment Jerrold's "Rent Day" appeared, the

purveyor gets up the "Forgery" upon the same plan.—It is a miserable failure, but that's nothing; it makes a good puff for a play-bill, and that's half the battle. Touching the Rent Day—the managers of the Adelphi, with an acumen that argues well for their sagacity, could see but little merit in that piece; and actually allowed the author to withdraw it from their house, because, with the spirit which becomes a man of genius, he would not consent, for the sake of a few paltry pounds, to have his piece hacked about to suit the whims and fancies of one of the major mountebanks of this most magisterial minor.

Madame Vestris, or, as she is generally called, the Widow of Wych-street, having, by strict attention to business, and moderate charges, gained a considerable increase of custom, intends removing to more commodious premises, and, singularly enough, has contracted with an undertaker to construct her habitation on magnificent proportions. Gentlemen of this profession have generally such small room for the display of their taste and ingenuity, that we are curious to see the result. We hope it is not true that the fair widow has lately become a strict disciple of Mr. Irving; if so, the serious turn given to her mind by the reverend gentleman, may naturally enough account for her employing an undertaker. We suppose she contemplates the result of his labours as her last home.

We fear that there will be little more to say in future respecting the theatres —those termed national, we mean more particularly. Our minds misgave us from the first, when we heard that a certain old gentleman in black, generally supposed to be decorated with a tail and cloven foot, had identified himself with the theatres, and had been at the elbow of managers during the season. The consequence may be easily anticipated—it is such as usually attend those who put their trust in such advisers. It appears that the old gentleman's visit, though short, has been long enough to ruin the managers, and with them their dependants. They have, therefore, accepted a general invitation from him in return, and consequently theatres and actors, with the managers at their head, are all going post-haste to "*Le Diable*" together. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Le Bouquet, a Souvenir for the year 1832, *for the Spanish Guitar, composed by Signor Verini.—Bentick Street, Manchester Square.*

THIS little volume contains twelve vocal pieces, Italian, French, Spanish, and English, ariette and duetti, all familiarly arranged for the guitar, besides several short pieces adapted from popular Italian, English, French, and Scotch airs. The songs, we believe, are original, and are put together in a very tasteful manner, and so simply arranged as to encourage the most indifferent performer to attack them. There are a few engravers' errors, which we are sorry to see in so tasteful a work. It is beautifully got up, with a finely executed lithograph, in imitation of a pencil-drawing of flowers. The volume is published at 10s. 6d., which is reasonable, considering the matter it contains.

Beauties of Sacred Harmony, arranged for the voice, piano, or organ, by J. C. Nightingale.—Luff, Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury.

This volume, which consists of selections from the works of Corelli, Handel, Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., is designed, as the editor informs us upon the title page, for the use of families and schools, and may answer the purpose of the devout very well. We have little more, however, than we have seen in other, and perhaps better forms. The selection from Handel, we have seen better arranged by Horsley and others; nor can we congratulate Mr. Nightingale upon the introduction which he has composed to the pastoral symphony

from the Messiah,—it is evident that such hallowed ground was not for him to tread. The rest of the book is made up of "God save the King," Pleyel's German Hymn, and other equally thread-bare and common-place pieces, which the most unlearned amateur would turn from in disappointment. Had Mr. Nightingale's object been to enable beginners to amuse themselves innocently on Sunday evenings, by stringing together a number of common-place airs, we might have applauded his undertaking, but we find in this volumn such songs as "Had I Jubal's Lyre," "Angels are bright and fair," and other songs which require the abilities of professors to give effect to, and consequently the work has no design. Although Mr. Nightingale has failed in his undertaking, we think that a well selected work upon this subject would meet with great patronage from the public.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITION.

Society of British Artists.

As the private view of this exhibition did not take place till the 23rd, which, as most of our readers must be aware, is a late "Magazine day," we have to apologize for not being able to get up a single Greek or even Latin quotation for the occasion, like the illustrious pictorial critic of the Chronicle, who, in imitation of Pope's quadruped:

"And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost,"

seems utterly unable to tell green from yellow, or fore-shortening from *chiaro 'scuro*, until he has disburthened himself of his last six months' gleanings from Macdonnel's dictionary of quotations.

With this apology, therefore, for our want of learned lore, and trusting to our good-natured reader to repeat the first twenty lines of "Propria quæ maribus," before he proceeds any further, we venture at once (in answer to the call of the devil) to dash *in medias res*, which, according to the catalogue, is

No. 13. *Ruins, composition.* D. Roberts.—And, Heaven save the mark, here we get a quotation ready made to our hands, which we venture to set up in opposition to the four next bits of learning that shall emanate from that very small painter but very large critic, who struts so brilliantly in the columns of the Chronicle. This is what Mr. Roberts (Mrs. Hemans *loquente*) tells us about his own picture:

"There have been bright and glorious pageants here,
Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie;
There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
Breath'd from the cavern's misty chambers nigh:
There have been voices through the sunny sky,
And the pine woods, their choral hymn-notes sending,
And reeds and Lyres, their Dorian melody,
With incense clouds around the temple blending,
And throngs, with laurel boughs, before the altar bending."

We wish we could as easily lay before our friends the poetry that is painted in the picture, as we have that which is printed in the catalogue; for it is long since we have looked on any canvas "by a modern hand," so chastily designed, and so purely coloured; even where the tone is warmest, it seems so tenderly inclined to glide away into sobriety, that the eye dwells with pleasure on the scene without fear of being taken by assault by a sally of gamboge, or a charge of the (aqua) marine.

45. *The Widow.* E. Prentis.—There are no "bright and glorious pageants" here, but a tale of the heart instead. It is right pleasant to see a picture handled with the sincerity of feeling which Mr. Prentis has here displayed. There is something ominous in the title of "The Widow," at least we thought so, till we transferred our gaze from the catalogue to the painting itself; for till that moment we had never, under the head of "Widows," become acquainted

with any medium between the two extremes of the "Dames of Ephesus," and those, "like Niobe, all tears." Quite joyful, therefore, were we to find that in this widow there was not one single melodramatic "Oh! Ah!" but in its lieu, a fine vein of sadness current through her face,—a subdued but trembling gaze, as though she were tracing in the empty air real and substantial forms,—and a melancholy repose of attitude in which the reclining of the body seems to indicate the sinking of the soul. To those who love quiet, honest emotions, released from all the bustle of straining after effect, we recommend this picture.

57. *Portrait of Mrs. Davenport, in the character of the Nurse, in Romeo and Juliet.* JAMES HOLMES.—A pleasant picture, and a pleasant likeness: we are obliged to Mr. Holmes for thinking it worth his while to paint a stage-departed favourite, when half the painting tribe is crying "Fanny to the easel, ho!" as though the world had never seen the sun, until this very 1st of April.

115. *The Baptism.*—G. HARVEY, S. A.—This is a picture with great pretensions, some cleverness, and the deuce of all figures in it. When we first caught a glimpse of it, we took it for a parody on Michael Angelo's "Day of Judgment," till we scanned the face of the minister, full of what the English call acerbity,—and the Scotch, devotion,—and which certainly ran no risk of being mistaken for the "head and front" of Buonaroti's daring design.

151. *Caution.* JAMES INSKIPP.—This is a sweet little bit of unaffected nature; and when we say that it is coloured in the artist's best manner, we do not know whether we do not go near to say—coloured in the best manner of the best colourist of the age. There is certainly an astonishing richness and freshness in the tone of this painter's pictures, and withal a delightful vein of ease and nature.

There are other pictures which we could have wished to notice; but we lament to say that our limits and our time will not allow us to proceed any further with those we had marked for observation.

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MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

During the whole of our reporting days, which have not been few, we do not recollect to have received such general, or rather universal, panegyrical accounts, as those now before us, of the excellence of the winter and present season—weather most delightful for all agricultural operations. The spring seeds advantageously put into the soil, and great breadths of plant above ground throughout the country. In course there must exist some adverse exceptions, the result of peculiar circumstances, which we shall note in their place. We must also acknowledge, that we do not entirely agree with our correspondents as to the benefits of a mild, moist, and foggy winter season, with perpetual chopping and changing of the wind, which has had a morbid effect on the human constitution in many parts, and which has encouraged a premature and rank vegetation of the wheat crop, detracting, it is to be apprehended, too much from the seminal virtues of the root. A crop, superabundant in straw, is seldom equally so in corn. If the greatest breadths of wheat, both autumnal, and in the north, and some parts of the north-west, of spring wheat, ever sown in Britain, can command plenty, it is probable the next harvest will produce it. To say a word or two on that convenient professional humbug, *cholera morbus*, our ancient acquaintance, we have not had a single case from the country, though plenty of other atmospheric diseases from different counties—sore throats, coughs, intermittents. Indigenous *cholera* has been immemorially periodical in this country, never contagious, but, as the doctors style it, *spordatic*, or locally infectious; generally of atmospheric origin, but too often produced by starvation and neglect.

The wheats, clovers, and grasses, natural and artificial, are all universally forward, promising very early spring food for all kinds of stock. It is said, however, that the mild white frosts, which have prevailed through part of the last and present month, have in some degree checked, beneficially, an over luxuriance. The winter tares, though yet to appearance a full crop, are said to have experienced some change of colour from these frosts, an effect which we have not witnessed. No doubt, however, but their retarding fruit vegetation will prove a step towards the security of that crop; for it was said a week or two since, in some of the earliest districts, that the bud had not then made its appearance. But the most important effect of those frosts, when accompanied by dry weather, has been experienced in the heavy clay lands, rendering them loose and pliable, and fit for the even early reception of the spring seed, which, without such aid, must have proved disadvantageously late. Indeed, the land has turned up well for all the crops; little or no extra expense of culture has been incurred, and many farmers boast they have scarcely lost a day throughout the season.

As to unfavourable exceptions, the most remarkable were those which we heard of from Oxfordshire and Beds, where they had previously been congratulating themselves on the best lenten season within memory. In the first they had a heavy rain of twenty-four hours' continuance, about the middle of the present month, which consequently put a stop to all immediate culture of the heavy lands, until the only remedy of frost or drought should present. Nearly at the same period, in Beds, they had the heaviest fall of rain and snow, continuing through a similar period, which had been experienced throughout the winter, producing the greatest floods in both districts, and laying their meadows and low grounds completely under water. We cannot help noticing again, that which old Marshall would have styled a difference of *climature*. We really have not been overdone with that dry weather in Middlesex, which has been so much vaunted in other districts. We had constant fogs until the first March breezes, at no rate early, dispelled them; and those fogs appeared to be the substitutes for rain, and generally convertible into rain. As to that article above price, March dust, its first appearance in any great quantity seems to have been on the 24th, deserting us, within two days, with no very satisfactory promise of return.

After all these objections, however, which we have been compelled to urge, the present spring seed season, conclude whenever it may, will, taken all in all, be among the earliest on record. As to the mode in which it has been conducted; that probably has been the best within the farmer's power, considering the depressed situation of too many of that class; though there are some, even many, who, by their own shewing, are successful. We have lately been agreeably

surprised by very flattering accounts of farming, from Cornwall, whence we least expected such, as a county, in our opinion, too far divided from the best agricultural instructions and examples. We have been far less agreeably surprised by accounts from a very different and nearer quarter, of the stock of weeds, living, increasing, and multiplying in the land. Though the letters be before us, we are actually ashamed to repeat the contents. One friend, from whom we expected better things (we trust he will excuse us), writes with much gravity, that his only reason for drilling is to save two or three shillings per acre in seed. That being all, he had better stick to his broadcast. It is said now, that farmers, desperate and hopeless, manage their concerns on the spur of immediate exigency, wisely leaving the future to shift for itself. In pursuance, their favourite crop is wheat; which they cast upon any tilts affording the best prospect of a crop.

The barley and potatoe lands, yet unfinished, are in a course of operation, and the red and white turnip soils are in a very forward state. The old story on ROOKS, is again current in the woodlands. It is said, they are doing great damage to the early sown barley which is above ground, there having been no frosts, during several seasons to reduce their numbers; and there seems to be no other remedy than a gunner in every exposed field. In truth, there are men enough out of employ. We have heard from several quarters of the *gout* in wheat, which some persons lately have styled a new disease. It is, nevertheless, much older than ourselves, and generally appears in rank overgrown wheats, the gouty plants with their broad leaves and large stem more resembling oats than wheat. The ancient practice of eating down too luxuriant wheat, to the very last blade, by folding sheep, has been frequently recurred to, during the present season. We have often known both heavy cattle and sheep employed in this business: an example which we never dared to follow.

As usual, in one quarter, turnips have continued useful to the last, in others they have been rather expeditious in hastening to the seed stem. Sheep and cattle food is universally plentiful, with no probability of its being otherwise during the present spring. Generally, graziers complain that turnip feeding has not been remunerative through the late season, from the early luxuriance of the plant occasioning too great exhaustion of the root. Wool is said again to have become a drug. Of hops, we know nothing at present. Clover and sainfoin seed are scarce and dear; the case of several other seeds. Import then must be the farmer's resource. As to live stock, fat or store, at our fairs and markets, an abundant plenty continues the order of the day. The rot in sheep seems flitting out of recollection; and this year's lambing season, on the whole, has been successful. Nevertheless, many, both ewes and lambs, have been lost through the severity or insalubrity of the season, and the too well known want of care in British flock masters: many heifers have slipped their calves.

A new and additionally horrible trait has lately come abroad, on the subject of INCENDIARISM. The women, in several instances, in the western counties, have proved the instigators of their husbands, to this most detestable act! and in various instances, have been strongly suspected of actual perpetration. An inhabitant of Berks, or Beds, cannot retire to rest without the awful dread of having his whole property, family and animals, exposed to the risk of being consumed by fire, before the morning's dawn. The least pretence of dissatisfaction, just or otherwise, is now sufficient—comply, or we fire your premises. We charge the whole of this national disgrace, as we ever did, on the apathy and lukewarmness of the magistracy.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s.—Mutton, 4s. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d. best dairy, 5s. 8d.—Rough fat, 2s. 8d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46s. to 74s.—Barley, 24s. to 38s.—Oats, 15s. to 27s.

The London, 4lb. loaf, 10d.—Hay, 55s. to 86s.—Clover ditto, 65s. to 115s.—Straw 28s. 30s. to 40s.

Coal Exchange—Coals, in the Pool, per ton, 14s. to 22s. 6d.

Middlesex, March 26th.

BRITISH MUSEUM
NATURAL HISTORY

James Sheridan Knowles

Drawn on Stone from an Original Painting by Calcott Mauton Esqr.

MAY, 1832.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE author of the *Corn Law Rhymes* is a man of fine and striking genius; it is his misfortune, therefore, to be followed by a race of imitators, who content themselves with tracking his poetical footsteps at as respectful a distance as possible. It has been our fate, during the past two months, to receive poems, from eminent unknown authors, on subjects connected with every possible branch of mechanical science, and on every topic that foreign and domestic policy can suggest. We have had Hymns to Hydraulic Engines, and Lyrical Essays on Levers. Mr. Sadler's Factory Regulation Bill seems to have aroused half the poetical imagination of the country; and the Duke of Buckingham's unborn Reform Bill has cast its shadow before in the shape of as much nonsense as his Grace could conveniently talk in a whole session. The March of Truth has set at least a hundred lyres at work; and the last new-invented pulley has acted upon more chords than the patentee imagined. We had intended to have gratified our contributors and surprised the public, with a selection from these poetical helps to science and morality; but we must for the present leave the Population and Political Economy poets in the shade, and give only a few lines of one of the ninety-seven odes and oddities that have sprung from the recent Insurrection at Jamaica.

'View the slave—he spies his master—
See him cringing at the sight,—
Lashed to make him labour faster,
Answer—tell me—is this right?
Does a noble-minded nation
Treat a black man as a brute?
Is the negro no relation—
Sprang he not from Adam's root?
Yes, I hail the hour of freedom
For the British and their slaves;
Let their ransom be agreed on
With the money-making knaves.
Then, in truth, will Freedom shed her
Halo round your mighty name—
Let unswerving justice spread her
Wings o'er black and white the same.'

This, though not first-rate poetry, is better than the Birth-day Odes, and Blockheadisms to Britannia, which the Pyes and Whiteheads were wont to edify the world with.

For the *Address to a Steam-Engine on the premises of Mr. Clowes, in Stamford Street*, we cannot find space; but we are pleased with it for one reason at least—that it has suggested to us a very profitable and pleasurable termination to these unimportant remarks, in an Apologue which we here proceed to copy. It is, if we mistake not, from the pen of Mr. Leigh Hunt, which will especially recommend it; it treats of that same PRINTING BY STEAM, which has just brought it to our recollection; and above all, it is in our estimation, as beautiful in a poetical as in a philosophical sense. Here, then, is Leigh Hunt's *Apologue on Printing by Steam.*

—— During a wonderful period of the world, the kings of the earth leagued themselves together to destroy all opposition, to root out, if they could, the very thoughts of mankind. Inquisition was made for blood. The ears of the grovelling lay in wait for every murmur. On a sudden, during this great hour of danger, there arose in a hundred parts of the world, a cry, to which the cry of the Blatant Beast was as a Whisper. It proceeded from the wonderful multiplication of an extraordinary Creature, which had already turned the cheeks of the tyrants pallid. It groaned and it grew loud . it spoke with a hundred tongues: it grew fervidly on the ear, like the noise of a million of wheels. And the sound of a million of wheels was in it, together with other marvellous and awful voices. There was the sharpening of swords, the braying of trumpets, the neighing of war-horses, the laughter of solemn voices, the rushing by of lights, the movement of impatient feet, a tread as if the world were coming. And ever and anon there were pauses with "a still small voice," which made a trembling in the night-time; but still the glowing sound of the wheels renewed itself; gathering early towards the morning.—And when you came up to one of these creatures, you saw, with fear and reverence, it's mighty conformation, being like wheels indeed, and a great vapour. And ever and anon the vapour boiled, and the wheels went rolling, and the creature threw out of its mouth visible words, that fell into the air by millions, and spoke to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the nations, (for it was a loving though a fearful Creature) fed upon its words like the air they breathed: and the Monarchs paused, for they knew their masters.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES, LETTRES.

VOL. XIII.] MAY, 1832. [No. 77.

MEMOIR OF JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WE have the pleasure, this month, of being able to present our readers, not only with a portrait of this interesting person, whose fine genius is nightly warming the hearts of the public, but with some particulars, hitherto unknown, respecting his life and writings. Mr. Knowles is one of those men, the cordial and domestic turn of whose faculties gives people a more than ordinary desire to know him like an acquaintance; and perhaps a better idea of him will be derived from our portrait and account, than is afforded even by his appearance on the stage, where he has to act the part of another, to strain his voice, and to disguise his person and manners.

James Sheridan Knowles, who must now be about forty-six, or forty-seven years old (for we have forgotten to inquire the precise number) was born in the city of Cork, and is the son of Mr. Knowles, a teacher of elocution, formerly one of the masters of the celebrated school at Belfast, and related to a race whose schoolmasters and elocutionists terminated in producing another dramatic genius in a different line, the late eminent Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. Knowles's father, and the author of the "School for Scandal," were cousins, we believe, in the first degree. Sheridan's father was an actor and a teacher of elocution; his grandfather was the celebrated friend of Swift, Thomas Sheridan, of punning, classical, and careless memory;—a genius for a rainy day;—always in difficulties, and always merry. Hence came the wits and beauties, who have moved in the polite circles of modern times, and have restored the line to its family honours. Mr. Knowles has added a collateral grace, of a very rare and un-Sheridan-like description,—that of a genius for the serious drama, full of faith in the good and beautiful, and good upon that account.

Our author was sent to England at eight years of age, and educated there, which accounts for his betraying so little of the Irish tongue, considering the time he has spent among his countrymen. The dramatic instinct manifested itself in him at the age of twelve, when, being connected with a juvenile company of private actors, the idea of writing a play for himself, first occurred to him. We know not what became of it. This was followed by an opera, founded on the history of the *Chevalier de Grillon*, and given to Richardson, the friend of Sheridan, by whom, or betwixt whom, it was lost. At fourteen Mr. Knowles was the author of a little song, of which many who know it well will be glad to learn to whom they are indebted for it. It is entitled the *Welsh Harper*, and begins, "*Over the sunny hills I stray.*" At sixteen, he wrote a tragedy in five acts, called the *Spanish Story*, which is still in existence; at twenty-four, *Hersilia*, a play which never appeared, and was given to Tom Sheridan; and at twenty-six, another called the *Gipsey*, which was acted at Waterford, *Kean playing the hero.* Kean told Mr. Knowles afterwards that "he would have given any thing to know where he was, in order that he might have used it for his first appearance in London." The *Gipsey* was succeeded by *Brien Boroighme*, an alteration from a piece by a Mr. Mara, which had extraordinary success in Belfast, and brought hundreds to the theatre. The next play in order of composition (for Virginius was not written before it, as report has given out) was *Caius Gracchus*, performed in the same town, and subsequently in London—after Virginius. Beautiful *Virginius* came next, the subject *suggested by Mr. Kean*, and not, as is commonly supposed, by Mr. Macready. Mr. Macready performed the principal character so well, and has so established his reputation for excellence in domestic tenderness, that the supposition was natural enough, especially as nobody knew that Mr. Kean had ever seen the play. Perhaps the report partly originated in the fact, that Mr. Macready did suggest the subject of the play that followed,—that of *William Tell.* It is very honourable to those two actors, that they thought of subjects so good, and on the side of liberty; especially as this was before the arrival of the Glorious Three Days, which gave such a wonderful turn to things, and made the side of liberty the sunny side of the political world. *William Tell* was followed by the *Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*—another failure, to which, however, we owe the piece which is now so triumphant. Then came *Alfred*, which succeeded; and then the *Hunchback*, which is succeeding now, and for ever.

Mr. Knowles was intended for the medical profession, and studied for it; but the instinct of genius drew him more and more towards the stage

He became a teacher of elocution; he was an actor for three years, in Ireland; and, finally, he has added a name to the list of those extraordinary men, who so remarkably abounded on the stage at one time, as combiners of acting with authorship. It will have been seen, by the above account of his plays, that, like all other fine and useful writers, he has not been without his helps of experience and trouble: and he has had others. He delights to call to mind the acquaintance he made, when a boy, with the late Mr. Hazlitt, and the great good done him by that admirable critic, and good-hearted, though irritable man. Mr. Hazlitt took a liking to him, gave him the best advice, quoted passages for him from the best writers, and showed him how superior nature was to art, and what a capital thing it was to have faith in her. The young dramatist also became acquainted with Mr. Lamb, another admirable humanist, whom no man of letters ever knew without being the better for it. Mr. Hazlitt pointed out to his earliest notice, as an instance of clear and elegant writing, a passage in Mr. Lamb's "John Woodville," about a stag; we know not whether that, in which the stag is pictured as making "a dancing shadow of his horns in the water," or the other passage, in which there is a beautiful comparison of the shyness of deer with "bashful younkers in society." Mr. Knowles, however, never "studied" the old masters in the drama; indeed he has said that, with the exception of Shakspeare, he purposely avoided them, when he commenced writing, that his ideas might be unshackled.

But what did Mr. Knowles as much good perhaps, as any thing else in Mr. Hazlitt's society, was that spirit of self-forgetfulness, and equality of intercourse, which all young people, who recollect that great writer, are so thankful to remember. He put himself on a level with him, listened to his arguments, as if they were those of a grown man, and answered them as if he valued them accordingly; and he knew this was wise for himself too, as well as for the boy; since childhood in its unhampered and natural wisdom, often says things capable of suggesting light to wisdom full grown. Besides, Mr. Hazlitt knew how to love the beauty of a child' mind, and to live with it in its primeval world. Mr. Knowles knew him long, and may be said, in some measure, to have grown up under his mind. He has mentioned him in private, as having been a sort of "mental father." We must not forget that Mr. Hazlitt introduced him to Coleridge, who read him one of his fine extemporaneous lectures on poetry and amazed him by the simplicity of another great mind, and the interest he took in talking with a little boy. Among his recollections of Hazlett livelier passages are not wanted, illustrative of other parts of his friend's character. The bashful and irritable metaphysician, who was always

misgiving himself for his want of address, took it in his head once to study rope-dancing, and actually had a lance-wood pole fitted up in his room on which the future dramatist, we believe, practised with him. The boy once sat to him for his picture (for Mr. Hazlitt originally intended himself for a painter,) and perplexed him with the unmarked rotundity of his little visage. "Hang your fat cheeks!" cried the impatient artist:—"frown, James."

It is worth while to dilate a little upon the origin of Virginius. Mr. Knowles, finding great difficulty in getting up any thing at the London theatres, had laid aside the pen for several years, when meeting Mr. Kean, at Glasgow, that great actor said, that if he would write a play in which he could perform the principal part, he would bring it out; and he suggested to him the story of Virginius. The piece, however, was transferred to Covent Garden, because another on the same subject had been previously received at Drury Lane, and, after all, it first came out at Glasgow, the part of Virginius being performed with great applause by Mr. Cooper. A friend of Mr. Macready's sent him an account of the play: he requested to see it in the manuscript, read it, and wrote a highly flattering letter to the author, the consequence of which was an acquaintance between them, and the appearance of this pathetic tragedian in his most applauded character.

All these circumstances contributed to our author's familiarity with life and the stage, and it is an honour to his energies to add, that the profoundest of all teachers has not been wanting to him,—adversity.

Mr. Knowles is married, and has a family, we believe, of six children. He is somewhat under the middle height, stout, and well-built, with a pleasant, ardent, and manly aspect, and a demeanour with a cast of roughness in it, but nothing clownish or ill-bred: it is all cordiality and good-nature, with a relish, as well as a crust upon it, of old port. Mr. Knowles squeezes a hand with right friendly ferocity, and is famous among his friends for the happy buoyancy, as well as the vigour, of his feelings. He is not so good an actor as he is an author:—none of his extraordinary class have been: it would have been too much fame for the same man:—but his acting is far from being common-place. So much has been said of his merit as a writer, elsewhere, that we shall not add any thing on the subject in this hasty sketch. Suffice it to say, that we have the good fortune to write in his character the two best praises that can be given to any one—he is an admirable writer, and a good man.

ADDRESS TO THE STATUE OF MR. PITT, IN HANOVER-SQUARE.

PROUD Statue of a Statesman!—in his time
As great as any little soul can be;
A most gigantic dwarf—a thing sublime,
Yet insignificant exceedingly.

I come to thee, O Statue!—lately set
On high, to let this ancient truth be shewn,
That when a famished people bread would get,
The Tories always proffer them—a stone:

To thee I come—thou Weatherer of the Storm,
Thou stationary Pilot to St. George's;
I fain would know thy notions of Reform,
And of corruption's daily-dying orgies!

Thou sure can'st speak: heads, innocent as thine
Of brains, are heard to speak whole nights together;
And thou should'st feel; for near thee, I opine,
Hearts no less hard now flutter like a feather.

Some service thou should'st render us, since thou
Art all we ever got, or e'er shall get—
Except the glory—somewhat tarnished now—
For that pecuniary plague, the Debt.

Then, Statue! O, for once be patriotic;
Thou art the likeness of a rare magician,
Who moulded peers from commoners chaotic,
And made plebeian people quite patrician.

The prince of peer-makers, who scorning detail,
With barons, earls, and viscounts, crammed the nation;
Who wrote above his door—" Lords wholesale, retail,
And"—would that I could add—" for exportation."

A sort of marble moral to the story
Thy master left, be thou his country's friend;
Quick—emulate the Spanish statue's glory:
Start from thy pedestal! descend, descend!

As Guzman's stony image to the Don,
Go thou at once to that delinquent, Grey;
Thy chiselled hand his shoulder place upon,
But mind—be cautious, or he'll slip away.

Then teach him wisdom triple and quadruple;
Teach him to trust no more to steps of sand;
Teach him to make some sturdy peers, *sans* scruple:
There's much of raw material in the land.

Say, Statue, say, he'll want them soon or later;
Say that some twenty might secure redress;
That if he will not make the number greater,
The nation may resolve—to make it less!

Thy task complete, O Statue, it were fit
That thou should'st be Mac-Adamized; this praise
Would then be thine—more useful far than Pitt—
'Twas thine, not his, to mend the public ways.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

THE Ministers have acted somewhat shabbily with regard to the TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE. After all their implied pledges, the *Six Acts* still disgrace the Statute Book. The tax on paper is still in being, and, a necessary consequence, the manufacturer is still subjected to the vexatious constraints of the excise regulations, to the domiciliary visits of the excise officer,—and pleasanter still, to the trouble and expense, and discredit * of excise informations, to say nothing of the effect of the tax upon the price of books, upon the remuneration of the author, and the profits of the publisher. A duty of one hundred per cent. is yet levied upon newspapers; and the book trade in common with every man who is desirous of selling or buying, is still subjected to a tax of from one to two hundred per cent. upon advertisements. As regards the gentlemen of the Weekly Press, the Whigs have acted with less fairness than the Tories. Those worthies protected those whom they taxed. The present Ministry not only narrow the market of the fair trader, but they allow smugglers of every grade to vend their contraband articles under his very eyes.

The state of the revenue is the excuse made by Lord Althorpe. Let us examine its validity. The sum produced by all the taxes levied, either directly or indirectly upon literature, amounts to about one million and a quarter. † Lord Althorpe has remitted two millions. Had the heaviest and

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* We do not allude to the intentional smuggling, but to formal or accidental violations of the complicated and contradictory *laws which direct how paper shall be made.*

The following is a statement of the amounts respectively produced in 1830, in Great Britain and Ireland. The documents for last year are not yet printed.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

EXCISE	
Paper	£687,808
STAMPS	
Newspapers and Supplements, and Papers for Advertisements,	440,027
Advertisements	173,819
Almanacks	27,256
Pamphlets	1,034
CUSTOMS	
Rags, &c. for Paper	2,312
Books (foreign, or which originally published in this country, have not been reprinted for twenty years	11,810
Paper	1,325
Quills	4,252
	£1,349,643

The duties on the three last are imposed with a view to *protection* rather than revenue. Of course as long as we tax our own manufacturer he is entitled to protection. Though Quills scarcely come under this head. They are part and parcel of the Corn Laws.

TAXES REMITTED BY THE PRESENT MINISTERS.

Coals and Culm	£958,299
Slates	35,573
Printed Calicoes and Oil Cloths	500,000
Candles	482,413
	£1,976,285

most mischievous of these taxes—the duty on newspapers and advertisements—been respectively reduced from 3½*d.* to 1*d.*, and from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.*, *without any increase taking place in the circulation of newspapers, or the number of advertisements,* the loss to the revenue would have been some 450,000*l.*, or 32,000*l.* less than the candle tax produced. Had the duty on newspapers, advertisements, pamphlets, and almanacks, been totally repealed, the loss to the revenue would not have been one third of the sum actually remitted. These remissions, too, were final, leaving practically no point for the revenue to fall back upon. The consumption of coals and candles might indefinitely increase without producing any benefit to the public income worth speaking of. But had the duties on newspapers, &c. been repealed, the revenue would have had another source of supply in the increased produce of the tax upon paper and pasteboard, consequent upon the increased consumption of books, both great and little.

The *remission* of the newspaper and advertisement duties was not, however, asked for; and it may be questioned whether any reduction (excepting the one talked of by Lord Althorpe) would not rather increase than diminish the revenue. Even in commodities where appetite is less likely to grow by what it feeds on, this result invariably follows a bold reduction. The duty on coffee was lowered from 2*s.* to 6*d.* per pound.; the consumption immediately increased *ninefold;* and the produce of the duty was more than double. The tax on Irish spirits was reduced from 5*s.* to 2*s.* a gallon; and, again, the produce of the duty was more than doubled. To come to points more germane to the question. Three or four thousand was deemed an extraordinary circulation for a volume of Lord Byron's poetry, at 14*s.* or 15*s.* The price is reduced to 5*s.*; the circulation is quintupled. In England, with a duty of 3*s.* 6*d.*, the number of advertisements is about *one million* per annum. In America, with no duty, it is *ten millions* per annum. In England, with a duty of one hundred per cent., daily journals are confined to the metropolis. In America almost every town of 8000 or 10,000 inhabitants has its daily paper. With all these facts before us, and there are many others equally conclusive, though not perhaps so striking, it seems clear, that a duty of

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Of these taxes the coal duty was most properly remitted. Owing, however, to the mode in which it was effected, the public reaped little advantage from it for nine months, whilst the revenue lost about 700,000*l.* (It may be questioned whether the *prohibition* of using inland carried coals in London must not be removed before the effects of the monopoly can be put an end to, and the public be supplied with fuel at the cheapest rate for which it can be produced.) The drawback on *printed goods* created much practical inconvenience and expense; but why select the candle tax? It is only about one half the year that the article is necessary to the poor; the consumption of the commodity is not likely to be much increased by its cheapness; the duty only added some fifteen per cent. to the cost of the article, and it was almost the only one where any distinction was made between rich and poor, the duty on tallow candles being 1*d.* per lb., on wax 2½*d.* There was also a practical objection to its repeal at present. The principal raw material used in the manufacture of soap is the same as that used for the making of candles. Whilst each manufacturer was under the surveillance of the excise officer a candlemaker could not engage in an illicit trade without the prospect of immediate detection. At present this check is removed, and the soapmakers say that they are fighting at odds, and that smuggling is more extensively carried on than it was before. The duty on soap is upwards of one hundred per cent.

1*d.*, or an *ad valorem* tax of five-and-twenty per cent. on newspapers, and a charge of 6*d.* or 1*s.* on advertisements, so far from causing a loss to to the public income, may reasonably be proposed as a source of revenue. Why government should, under any circumstances, persist in maintaining the duty on rags, pamphlets, and almanacks, (30,000*l.*) it is impossible to conceive.

The apathy of the public generally upon this subject, may arise from their supposing it a question which merely concerns newspapers. A great, and it may perhaps turn out to be a mischievous, mistake. The interest of several journals rather lies the other way. A reduction of the duty would increase the demand, but it would also increase the competition, and perhaps in a greater ratio. Higher, at least more various talents must be employed, greater exertions must be made in the different departments, and more *knowledge* must be poured into daily, and especially into weekly, journals. More regard to truth must be paid to the narration, more taste and discrimination exercised in the selection of "news," and a considerable improvement take place in the system of reporting. Those who only see what is *done*, are astonished, and not without reason, at the mechanical perfection to which it is carried. Those who know what is left *undone*, continually regret its deficiencies. On matters of general interest the reports are well, though partially and capriciously, done. But questions where knowledge is required, both to comprehend the subject, and appreciate its importance, are slubbered over or omitted. When the reporters cannot understand a man, they profess not to hear him; when they do not appreciate a subject, they cursorily dismiss it. Something, too, is wanted on the score of selection and fidelity. Spirit, and the graphic effect which results from a description of the by-play, is very rarely attempted. The latter part of these remarks more especially apply to legal reports.

But, in reality, the question is not so much between journalists and their readers, as it is the concern of every man who has any thing to lose. To stop the circulation of the cheap papers would be very difficult, and is, perhaps, impossible. The risk of considerable loss and inconvenience, the certainty of very little profit, and the disrepute attached to an evasion of the law, throws these journals into the hands of men both poor and ignorant, and, as a necessary consequence of the latter, rash and violent in their views. We do not here allude to merely political notions, but to opinions which strike at the institution of property, and at the foundation of all social order. With the majority of the untaxed papers the most pernicious doctrines are constantly advocated; not only is the Debt a doomed thing—"the boroughmongers borrowed, let the boroughmongers pay;" not only are rent and tithes condemned, upon the principle that the community has an inherent right of property in the soil; but the institution of property itself is treated as the source of all our social evils, and an equal division of wealth recommended as their only remedy. The mischievous tendency of such doctrines upon the minds of the lower classes—the irresistible majority, if they be stimulated to action—it is needless to dilate upon; but totally to put down the papers in which they are disseminated would be very difficult, whilst popular opinion is opposed to the law, and to check the oral dissemination of the doctrines would be impossible. But there is an easy way to render them innoxious. Permit the circulation of a remedy at as cheap a rate as we do the poison, and

there will be no fear of the result. The laws which regulate the distribution of wealth, which govern the rate of wages, and which indissolubly bind up the interest of the workmen with that of their masters, are capable of clear and popular exposition. They only require a fair field and no favour. *Magna est* VERITAS *et prævalebit,* if Government does not persist in stopping its circulation. Mr. Bulwer, in whose hands the question at present rests, will, by effecting the Repeal, render another and an essential service of literature.

THE SEALS.

Written at the suggestion of a Lover who inferred the decline of his Mistress's affections from her changing the seals of her letters.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HUNCHBACK.

I.

You 've changed the seal—you 've changed it thrice!
Your first* implied you loved;
How welcome was the dear device,
A thousand kisses proved.

II.

Your next† was love—it spoke the flame,
Yet scarce so plain methought;
I kiss'd it, wishing it the same
Your first sweet letter brought.

III.

The second change,‡ was change indeed!
To friendship!—Judge my bliss!—
And did I kiss that seal?—I did!—
But 'twas a farewell kiss!

IT.

The third§—nor love, nor friendship!—There
Indeed love's dream should end;
As coldest stranger better far
Than lover turn'd to friend!

V.

No kiss I gave that seal—no name—
Still dear—of thine it bore;
The signet, whence the impress came,
Perhaps a rival wore!

VI.

I smiled to think 'twas so—'twas strange!
And have such cause to sigh;
How couldst thou—fairest creature—change?
O, wherefore could not I!

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* The sun-flower. † "Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear."
‡ "May the wings of friendship never moult a feather!" § A crest without initials.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

[IN 1806, the writer of this note was residing at Brussels. At that period a fashion prevailed among ladies of collecting autographs. Madame Guilleminot, sister-in-law of the well-known General, applied to a sister of Napoleon, with whom she was on terms of intimacy, to request a few "Autographs." The Princess mentioned the circumstance to Cambaceres, the Chancellor of the empire, who gave orders to the keeper of the state papers to send a quantity to Brussels. The writer was present when an immense package of papers arrived for Madame Guilleminot from Paris. He was desired by this lady to select those letters which appeared the most interesting. This task he performed, and was permitted to copy all those papers which might be deemed worthy of publicity at some future period. Several hundred letters were copied, of which the three subjoined are specimens. Many of these are in English, and those in French are literally translated. It may be asked, how such various documents came into the government archives? This question can only be solved by supposing—a very natural hypothesis—that the Bureau Noir of the police had unsealed a great many of the letters, and had not taken the trouble either to send them, when they were found to contain no dangerous political intelligence, to the proper owners,—or even to burn them, a circumstance of by no means unfrequent occurrence. The extremely curious epistle of Marat, was probably found among the papers of the republican some months after his death, when his name became a term of opprobium among the French. In the collection there are two other English letters, and several French ones from this gentle creature. The letter from Beaumarchais, the author of *Figaro*, and the *Barber of Seville*, in which he describes a visit to that eccentric nobleman, Lauraguais, is a ludicrous sketch. Some letters from Africa, of which there are several, give a faithful and interesting account, somewhat à la Mary Montague, of the inhabitants of Algiers, with curious particulars respecting the harem of the Dey, of which this lady was an inmate. These, however, I must defer.—W. J.]

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* *From Marat to Mr. William Daly.*

"My dear Mr. Daly, "*Dec.*

"I promised that at my arrival at Paris that I would write you. I would prefer to address you in French, as I am not perfect in your language; but as some of our friends, to whom you shall show this letter, do not know the French, and as I wish most ardently to be called to their remembrance, I have resolved to make an effort in order that I

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* This letter is given *verbatim*. It bears no other date except "Dec.;" but was probably written between 1780 and 1786. Marat had in that interval been in England. From the number of erasures it is evident this was the original rough copy, and appears to have cost some labour in composing. The character of the writer is sufficiently well known to those acquainted with the annals of the French revolution. He not only voted for the death of the king, but actually proposed that the body should be divided into 112 parts, and sent to every department in France. He also wished that all persons beyond a certain age should be put to death, in order that the country might be *purified*. The miscreant was at length stabbed while in his bath by a beautiful female named Charlotte Corday, who had travelled from the south of France to Paris for this express purpose.

may thereby show to you and to them how much I have respect, esteem, and love for you all. I shall never forget your kindnesses—they are impressed in my heart, and you shall always find me grateful. I have remitted your letter to Mr. Dubois, that I find a very worthy and amiable man. I told him that I should be enchanted to have his assistance in the studies I pursue, but unfortunately he is on the point to return to his native town, Bordeaux. This will be for me a very great loss, as, after the short conversation that I have had with him, it was easy to discover that he is a person of great science, above all in the branch which I cultivate, anatomy. If you come to Paris you will find me in my ancient dwelling, where you made me a visit last time, but my apartment is now more commodious, as I have taken two other large rooms, which I have the intention to destine entirely to dissection. Be persuaded of one thing, my dear friend, unless that a man makes many and daily experiments upon living bodies, he shall never become skilful or high in this art. I can procure as many dead from the hospitals as I want, and for very little money; but in order not to spend too much in living animals, I have made an arrangement with a butcher in our quarter, that will procure me sheep, calves, pigs, and even oxen, if I should want them. According to the damage I shall have done to the flesh, I must pay in proportion, as he shall take all back. I am afraid you should not be able to make so satisfactory an arrangement in your town. Paris gives me, without doubt, great facilities to study, and I advise and invite you to come here. Your great talents will be to me of an immense succour in the work I prepare to be published next year. You say that you do not love to see poor innocent animals suffer from the scalpel; my heart is as tender as yours, and I likewise do not love to make a creature suffer, but it will be impossible to understand the secret, thorny, and now inexplicable wonders of the human body, unless that you try to catch nature at her work, and this cannot be done if you do not a little evil to obtain a great good, and thereby be benefactors to the human race; in the muscles and various properties of the blood I have made some important discoveries, but I should never have succeeded, unless I had cut off the heads and limbs of a great number of animals. At first, I avow, that it gave me much pain, but by little and little I have accustomed myself and I console myself with the idea, that what I do is for the good of mankind. If you live many years—which I pray heaven to accord you—you shall see the study upon living animals universally followed, and in England and in France. We must study nature in all its movements: if I was a lawgiver, I would propose, for the good of my country and of the world, that those criminals which were condemned to death should have a choice such as this—to undergo some operation upon their bodies which might perhaps cause them to die, but if the operation succeeded, and that the man lived, then he should be, according to the case, or pardoned, or the punishment mitigated by banishment or imprisonment. Persons have assured me that an Italian prince followed this principle in order to find antidotes for poisons, and he succeeded so well that he discovered remedies for the most deadly. But I must terminate: I embrace you with the sincerest sentiments of esteem and friendship.

"MARAT."

From Beaumarchais to the Duke d'Aremberg.

"*Paris* [*no date—probably about* 1780.]

(The commencement omitted as destitute of interest.)

"According to promise, I called, my dear Duke, upon Lauraguais.* On my entrance he rose, and without giving me time to let him know the nature of my affair, he exclaimed, 'Come what will, debts of honour, as well as dishonourable debts—must all share the same fate.' I mentioned your name. 'D'Aremberg,' continued the facetious fellow, 'behaved very kindly to me, but he must come in with the other creditors, and a poor dividend, alas! he will obtain. You have, of course, heard of my bankruptcy; my man of business tells me that it exceeds five millions (200,000*l.*), and that, when all my affairs are well settled, which he thinks will take up two or three years, my creditors may perhaps receive 2½ per cent. on the amount of their bills. I owe D'Aremberg 40,000 livres: he has large estates in Germany and Flanders, and I am told that his grand veneur is unfit for the situation he holds. I will, if the Duke accepts of my services, engage with him, and I do not think there are many persons in Europe who can compete with me in the knowledge of horses, dogs, and every thing appertaining to the chase. Eight thousand livres must be my annual salary, and in five years we should be quits: propose the plan to him; he cannot fail to be delighted with my offer.' I smiled at the suggestion—'Aye, aye,' continued the loquacious nobleman, 'I fear you entertain doubts as to my qualifications; why, sir, I can assure you that thousands of persons who have visited me at Manicamp can vouch for my superior skill in these matters. Every groom, jockey, and horse in my possession came from England, and my friend Dorset could not boast of a finer stud. The last horse I purchased cost me one thousand guineas, the highest sum ever paid for a racer, but I was nearly off the bargain, because I made the owner give me a receipt for nine hundred and ninety-nine guineas and twenty shillings, as I was determined to avoid the round numbers of 1000. But now the only treasure that remains to me is this'—pointing to a ring on his finger—'a treasure which no earthly power shall prevail upon me to part with. It enables me to bear up with all my misfortunes—it is my sole consolation: this, sir, is my wife—my beloved wife!' I thought of the refuge for lunatics, and my countenance probably expressed my feelings. 'No, sir, I am not mad; this ring, or rather part of it, was once a beautiful and amiable woman: she rendered me, during her life-time, the happiest of mortals, and when her soul winged its flight to the celestial regions, I was determined that so much beauty and loveliness should not become the prey of vile reptiles. I applied to Vanderberg, the chemist, who, having placed the remains in a sheet of Asbestos, it was committed to the flames, and reduced by violent heat to a small quantity of powder, which afterwards, by some chemical preparation, was converted into a blue vitrified substance: here it is, sir, set in a gold ring—the very quintessence of my adorable partner!" At this moment some person was announced; I took my hat, and wished Lauraguais a good morning."

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* The Duke de Lauraguais was one of the most eccentric and profligate noblemen who lived before the Revolution. He was remarkable for his Anglomania, his extravagance and his scandalous amours. He became a bankrupt to an enormous amount. On hearing that a receiver-general had failed for nearly a million, he exclaimed in a public coffee-room, "Only think of the horrid circumstance! My name was upon the lips of every one, and now, alas! I shall be forgotten, a receiver-general having failed for twice the sum I owe!"

THE FRESH WATER WHALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT."

"FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.—The bog of Kilmacuddy to meet his Majesty."—*John Bull Newspaper, Aug.* 1821.

THE widow of Blundus O'Rindan, at her decease, bequeathed the whole of the property which that worthy old man had left her, to his nephew and namesake, and to her own niece Luckless O'Carroll, share and share alike. The nephew had been born somewhere about Knocklofty, but what had become of Blundus since he saw the light nobody well knew. True it was though, that he found out when his aunt died, and what she had left him: so, within a week after her wake, who should give Luckie O'Carrol a tap on her shoulder, there where she was milking the late Mrs. O'Carrol's cows in the moat, but himself?—Luckless,—or Luckie, as she was usually called, with a view to destroy the bad omen of her baptismal,—had been living for many's the year with her aunt; so, as soon as Blundus made known who he was, she took him into the house; but, by a back way, because of his rags; not noticing them though, or letting him know it was a back way, for Luckie had a good heart in her prim little body, and Blundus, though mighty proud-spoken, and in bad condition, she couldn't but see was handsome, and not above thirty.

When they'd got in, the first thing she did, was to persuade him to try on the last new suit bought by her uncle, which, since his death, had been enshrined in lavender; and, when he was in it, she coaxed him not to think of taking it off again, because it became him so well, and nobody had such a right to it. Then she brought in her two men, and her old woman, and a piper that was warming himself; and, telling them who he was, got out the whiskey. For six days Blundus condescended to be drunk with the two men, the old woman, and the piper, while little Luckie did the work, and kept things going on as they should do. On the morning of the seventh, after giving him a piggin of spring water to quench the fire in his throat, she told him it was time to be sensible, and set about dividing that their poor aunt had left them. On this point, because Blundus had bragged, while he was drunk, to the piper, of his 'cuteness and scholarship, she'd somehow expected what wouldn't have been pleasant: but she was wrong.—'The money and goods," says he, "Miss Luckless, we'll have as well as we can: you'll take the cows, and I'll have the horse and the whiskey, and, may be, a pig or two: of course we couldn't quarrel about such trifles. But I'm firm and fixed in this:—We'll go to law unless I get the patrimonial part of the property, the hereditary estate of the O'Rindans—as it was before my father sould his rights to your uncle, for no better than a mess of pottage—the Township of Fidlimid, as it anciently was called, and shall be again."

"And what will I have?" asked Luckie.

"You'll get for your share of that which is'nt moveable," replied Blundus, "the nice bit of a farm, here we are, in the bog, Miss O'Carrol. If you don't like the habitation, I'll claim as heir at law, and, may be, dispute the title of my venerated namesake, and the will of his widow."

Luckie thought he must surely be mad; but not being able to bring him to her opinion, for he was terrifically argumentative, she quietly

agreed, at last, to the division he had insisted on making, which, within a week was carried into effect. Luckie's share may be described as a bit of leasehold,—small, it is true, but fat and mellow as good soil could be made by care and manure, where the last O'Rindan, and his widow after him, had lived and flourished in a good stone house, from the day they were married. The township of Fidlimid, which—after inspection, deliberation, and much consultation with the two men, the old woman, the piper, and a couple of beggars who had dropped in while the whiskey was about,—all of whom he took away with him—Blundus had persisted in having, was a desert promontory, without a bush or any thing else upon it, but the trumpery gable end of an old castle, bad in its best days, and now in ruins. The township cut a river that rose from the bog in two; and the waters in front and on both sides of it, had for ages been encroaching upon its boundaries, and occasionally overflowing its entire surface. A worn-out mariner, who lived close at hand, called it a flying fish, because it was about as often above as under the stream. Long before the death of Mrs. Rindan, notwithstanding its former glory, and its rights of custom and poundage for wares and merchandize, wrecks, flatsome and jetsome, waifes, straies, goods left and forsaken, tithe-fish, keelage, anchorage, and other emoluments, profits, and advantages, it had become just good for nothing, but to ride races upon; being, with the exception of those ruins which had once been a contemptible castle, flat and bare as a new board.

Thither, however, with his whiskey, horse, pigs, a few articles of furniture, the two men, the old woman, the piper, and the beggars, did Blundus O'Rindan joyfully retire. As somebody says, "he slept all day, and did no other work;" living, according to his own ideas of feudal pomp, as long as the money and things he had brought away with him lasted. Then, one by one, his retinue fell off; and, at last, he was left by himself, to do as well as he could. One morning while he was out, not earlier, but later than usual, in hopes, perhaps, of seeing the whale, which, according to tradition, was to be thrown upon and enrich his township for ever, who should he see but Luckie O'Carrol, who had been doing well at the bit of a farm in the bog this while, trotting up to him on Meggie, the mare nag she used to ride to market.

"Cousin Luckie," said Blundus, "may be it's the morning air that does it, but I never saw you look so handsome; and if I was'nt the head of the O'Rindans and you the reverse"—

"There's no one betwixt us," interrupted Luckie.

"That's true: but I couldn't think of tying the family neck and heels, as it would be, if I married you, Luckie.

"You've been doing worse than that this many a day, Sir, spending all you had upon trash, and"—

"Miss Luckless O'Carroll"—

"Oh! Sir! I'll speak out my mind for once; and it's not long I'll trouble you"—

"The honour of the O'Rindans"—

"Ah! that's a fine thing, and so is butter; but I know of a better thing to melt even that butter; and it would be well for you to be digging trenches for a potatoe crop, instead of looking out, as you are, for the whale that won't come."

"Miss O'Carroll, since the division I've borrowed money and goods of you, it's true"—

"You may say that, and have pulled me back half-way every step I got forward."

"Still I'am not to be insulted in my own township, even by a female, and one whom I regard."

"You shouldn't, Blundus—no, not by any one—if Luckie O'Carrol had her will: but you're just a lost man, and I'm going to leave you."

"It's joking you are, Luckie."

"Maybe it is: but you'll find this is the last time we'll joke together, Blundus. The writings are drawn out, and I'm now riding twenty miles to get my money. I've sold the farm, with all that's on it; and to-morrow Thady Purcell takes possession."

"Without my leave? And I, the head of the family, here close at hand! Couldn't you pay me the compliment of saying—Oh! Miss Luckless, I'm done with you!"

"Don't go from me in anger!"

"I will—I can't help it."

"Dear Blundus"—

"Not a word more—I never felt just this way I do now before."

"I'll see you again to-morrow, Blundus, when you'll be in a better humour, maybe. There's signs of a bad storm at the change o' the moon to-night, so I'll sleep at Maurice Cavanagh's, and be back in the morning with Thady."

"Curse Thady! Miss Luckless, I'll not hear of him."

So saying, Blundus stalked off; after having strode on about three score yards, he turned half round, but seeing Luckie and her mare stand gazing after him, he made a passionate and contemptuous gesture, and resumed his course. "E' then," said Luckie, curling up her lip, and trying to retain the tear in her eye, "if it's so I'm treated by you, Blundus—." Without finishing what she had thus began, she very unjustifiably laid her switch over the nag's shoulder, which soon carried her off to some distance. On getting to the top of the hill that overlooked the township, she gave a glance back to see where Blundus had gone: there he stood, within a yard or so of where he had misdemeaned himself. Both at once kissed hands; and, with a light heart, away trotted Luckie.

It was a horrible night, sure enough: but by the break of day she was up, and soon after sunrise back she came, with her money safe in a bag, to give Thady Purcell possession. There was the bog, and the river, and the two-headed hill of Bally-linch just as she had left it; but where was her farm? After hunting up and down,—here, there, and every where,—she turned white as alabaster, and telling Thady she could not find it, rode away, without well knowing what she did, to the township. As for Blundus, he had been roused up in the black of the night, by a noise, which he knew, from experience, signified that the river was playing at leap-frog over his township. Of course he got up; but found it so dark, that—after putting on what clothes he had, which were not many enough to be much mislaid—on taking the blanket out of the hole that served him for a window, he could not see a foot from his nose. The waters were roaring and rushing fearfully about, and above the wind's howl, he fancied he heard the keen shriek of a woman. Bursting at once backwards, through a mud wall, with which one of his followers had long ago mended his castle, he found himself floundering in an element betwixt mud and

and water, but much worse than either. Getting out of that as soon as he was able, he made off to a place, whereabouts he thought he would find the big stone used for mounting his horse, when he had one; but just as he had reached it, a wave came betwixt his legs and glode off with him, until he did not know if he was still on his township or in the broad bed of the river. It was lucky for him he had learned to swim before he got lazy; so striking out with an energy of which he did not think himself capable, he floated on bravely, and in a few minutes caught a large hog's trough. Bestriding his prize, he went with the stream, and, by-and-by, bearing a small pig, which he had clutched up in his passage, from among many that were hovering about their old friend, the trough, he succeeded in reaching a harbour.

"Here I am," said he, after he had landed a minute or so, "but where it is I am, I don't know at all. Here's grass three inches high, and there isn't the shadow of a blade on my township. Eh! what's that now, I'd like to know! Though high and dry, I don't feel on terra firma, Such a see-saw and jolt as that is more than suspicious—may be this is the whale I'm upon—the whale that's to enrich my dominions for ever. But no, I can't think that, because o' the grass. Faith then, O'Rindan, its puzzled you are, and no blame to you!"

After putting the pig under the trough—meaning, if the facts of the case would at all bear him out, to claim both as wreckage, by virtue of his right thereto, flatsome and jetsome—he lay down to ponder, but soon fell asleep. On awaking, he found the sun up, and that he had been reposing with his head on the hog's trough, in a field which he could not but think he had seen somewhere else. Cows were lowing, hens cackling, and two or three people in loud and anxious discourse within a short distance. The ducks, by their noise, seemed to have had a jubilee; but the pig under the trough clearly did not like what had happened. A blackbird was building in a bush beside him, whistling as he worked; the primrose-winged butterflies were flapping about, or basking on broad leaves, that hung hot and uneasy towards the east; the bees were breakfasting in buttercups; the lark, busy with his morning carrol, was fluttering as if about to fall, from the rosy flakes of clouds that chased one another throughthe blue heavens; the dew-drops were still clinging to the gossamer in the shade; the field-flowers that close at sunset, had almost, but not quite, been coaxed to open their verdant casket; a thousand flies were contributing small snatches of song to a general chorus; in short, Mister Day was not only wide awake, but shaved, dressed, and powdered for business.

Within a stone's throw was a cottage, nearly smothered with roses.—At first, Blundus thought that he had been drowned in trying to save his probable property, the pig, and got into paradise; but on reflecting for a moment—hearing, as he did, the tones of a passionate dairy-maid, he banished that idea, and did not know what to think. By-and-by he got up, and began to stroll stealthily about, like one who was a trespasser, notwithstanding he felt sure that the objects about him were perfectly familiar, though he could not, for the life of him, recollect where they were, or to whom they belonged. At last he came to the conclusion that he was upon Luckie O'Carrol's small morsel of a farm on the brink of the bog; but how he got there he was at a loss to know, and his heart chuckled when he saw his cousin galloping towards him.

"Blundus," said she, throwing herself from Meggie, her nag, and rushing

into his arms, " poor Luckie is mad, or the world's at an end ! I'd lost my little farm, and find it, shorn of naught but its margin, here, entire upon your township !"

" Oh ! shades of my ancestors !" exclaimed O'Rindan, almost unconsciously, " I see through it all in a moment. The fertile little farm, knowing it belonged to the head of the family, has floated away down the stream, taking advantage of last night's convulsion, and been landed by the waters, plump upon my flat and barren, but illustrious domain. This—this is the whale, by which the township of Fidlimid is to be for ever enriched."

" Blundus," said Luckless, starting from his bosom, " your meaness almost makes me hate you. If the farm has left its anchorage, it's still mine, you know, or tis to whom I've sold it."

" Why so, Miss Luckless," replied Blundus ; " whatsoever comes hither, in the shape of wreckage, flatsome or jetsome, pertains to the lord of the township, by special grant from the Crown ; and I am he, I suspect."

" You couldn't wrong me, Blundus ; cousin Blundus, could you ? " " Not for the world, Miss Luckless ; but if I had a plant worth millions, don't you see, and a bird carried away a seed, and dropped it in your ground, you'd think it hard and unjust of me to claim the produce ; wouldn't you now ? Just so it would be if you questioned my right to a few acres of yours ; acres, that Providence, to which we all should bow meekly, and as becomes mortals, by means of a stream, has cast upon my property."

" Ah ! man ! don't think to flummery me that way. I've a tack, to the tune of thirty years, of the farm ; and of course I'll uphold it. !"

" True, Luckie, you've a lease of certain land, but not with the same 'butments and boundaries as this."

" What's that you're saying, Blundus ?"

" It's this, Luckie ;—have you tack of any thing, bounded on the north by the butt-end of Fidlimid castle ; on the south ? "—

" You'll give me my land, though, Blundus, I think."

" Suppose I did, how could you take it ; you wouldn't expect I'd allow you to leave it here on my township. Answer me this, Luckie ;—hadn't I a tract of country here yesterday ? You know I had. But where is it now, eh ? Hasn't your dirty bit of a farm come down and covered the most of it up for me. What right had your land to be trespassing on my premises ? Who gave it leave ? Did I invite it, or coax it ? I'll engage I didn't. Where am I to look for my estate but here where I left it ? Is the township mine ?"

" No doubt o' that, Sir."

" Then know, Luckie, according to law, whosoever hath the land owns all above it, up to the broad sky. Think o' that, Luckie. So that without taking advantage of my grant, by which I have an indefeasible right to all waifs, straies—"

" Oh, Blundus, don't break my heart with your hard words ; what you say sounds right enough ; but by the same token, I know, it's wronging me you are."

" The courts are open to you."

" Is it law you mean ? Faith, then, when a counsellor sees the sight of Luckie O'Carrol's money.—No, Blundus."

" But I'd rather you'd bring your suit ; I'd wish you to be satisfied ; quite entirely, Miss O'Carrol ;—I couldn't be aisy if you wern't satisfied."

"Well, no matter; maybe I am, I was going to say; and what's more, I will say, it's hard for Providence to take the butter off my bread, and plaster it upon yours, just so. But I'll be content, and think all things is for the best. You're welcome to the place, Blundus; but if it was any but yourself that took it this way, we'd see. I'll now go give back his money to Thady Purcell, and then"—

"You don't mean to say he's paid you? If you do, it strikes me, cousin, you've just a right to tell him"—

"Thady, boy, there's your money; that's all I've a right to tell him; and I know it. You've bad thoughts in your head, Blundus; so, for fear o' your persuading me out o' my conscience, I'll stop my ears, if you speak a word more about him."

"But don't you see, Luckie, if he bought"—

"Oh! hubbaboo, man, I won't hear you. But before I go, I'll say again, you're welcome to my land, since you'll condescend to take it."

"But you needn't leave it, because its mine; you shall be the mistress, Luckie."

"Suppose you brought home a wife by-and-by."

"Maybe I might, who knows? There's proud O'Conner's daughter, now that my township is fertilized"—

"E' then, if you married her, Blundus, I'd go to law with you in good earnest, and sell my life itself to get my rights. No, Blundus, I'll not darken your door; but what I'm to do I don't know. I think I'll go marry ould Murphy, or Jack Darrigan, or Nick England, or one of them, that's been bothering me so!"

"If you did then, cousin,—if you could demean yourself,—you that's next kin to an O'Rindan."

"So you've sworn often; and its true for you, Blundus, as they say of you,—you're the dog in the manger. But, na bocklish! Since it wouldn't plaze you, I'll keep single, so I will; and if you'll lend me the loan of a slip of your township that my land hasn't reached, above there beyond your castle, you'll see I'll get on."

"What you ask, I couldn't refuse. But, do you mark;—you'll take it as my tributary and peppercorn tenant, for I'll not part with my rights and emoluments of wreckage, keelage, anchorage"—

"You don't expect another whale, do you?"

"What harm, then, if I did? O'Conner's land lies awkward, now that the bog's in motion; I think I must make room for it. This that is come mayn't be the whole o' my promised Canaan." "But," added he, gently drawing Luckless into his arms, "we'll kiss and be cousins, for all this that has happened,—won't we Luckie?"

"We will," replied Luckie, "as long as you'll let us."

"Faith, Luckie! you feel and look as if you ought to go with the farm."

"You'll give me a couple of pigs, Blundus?"

"In course, darling."

"And maybe a calf?"

"By this other kiss I will."

"And why not a cow? Sure you wouldn't feel the loss of her."

"Nay, nay! if its cows you're coming to," said Blundus, withdrawing from the protracted and somewhat tender embrace into which he had been betrayed, "if its cows you're coming to, Miss O'Carrol—"

"Faith, then, now I think of it," interrupted Luckie, "all four o' them are mine, allowing you your full rights as king o' the township. At the worst, they are but cattle strayed."

"That's it. Luckie; and a bad worst for you, it is. They come under the word 'straies,' that stands in my charter. And, maybe, was I to give you the pigs and the calf"—

"If I don't go at once, I see you'll argue me out o' them again. So God be with you, Blundus, until I see you again, which won't be often, unless you're sick, or send for me."

So saying, Luckie mounted her little nag, and cantered away in quest of Thady Purcell, to whom, on coming up with him, she gave back his money, telling him never to part with it on so slippery a security as bog-land again. In ten minutes more, with little or no help, she had got her two pigs, and her calf, and taken possession of that slip of township which Blundus had agreed she should have; where for the present we will leave her.

The first steps which O'Rindan took, on entering into possession of his whale, was to secure it against a reaction, or future attack from that element which had borne it to the township. On this point he was so anxious, that he did nothing for a year but peg it down by means of long poles, inserted at short intervals, to the hard and barren ground beneath it. Meantime, the crops went to ruin; the sties, the stalls, and the poultry yard, lost the whole of their tenants; and in the course of three years, Blundus found himself alone on the farm, which had become almost as desolate as the township of Fidlimid was, prior to the stranding of its predicted whale. At length, being over head and ears in debt, and without a moveable left for which he could get the value of a glass of whiskey, after a fierce struggle with his pride, he offered to sell the whole of his domain, with the exception of the broken-down castle, and his rights of custom and poundage, wrecks, flatsome and jetsome, waifs, straies, tithe-fish, and so forth. But no one would become a purchaser;—some doubting the validity of his title as to Luckie O'Carrol's land; and others fearing, in spite of his vehement protestations about having safely pegged it to the township, that one day or other it might perform an act of retributive justice, and swim away back to its place in the bog, carrying a slice of his indisputable property tacked to its tail.

From bad came worse; and by-and-by two men were seen walking down to the township, who did not come back as they went, for betwixt them was Blundus. He had shewed them his charter, and convinced them by the clearest arguments in the world, that they had no right to capture him for debt, as they wished to do, or any thing short of misprision of treason, within the boundaries of his own territory. The two men, however, were so irrational as to carry him off to prison, where he lay for more than a month, with the worst of companions, namely his own bad and bitter thoughts. At last a friend came to see him; you will guess it was Luckie O'Carrol. All this time she had been toiling and doing well, on the slip of ground Blundus had lent her; it was now green as a leek, and fat living things had long been seen on it in plenty. When she entered the cell, her cheek was not pale, nor her eye dull, nor her look woe-begone, but rather the reverse: Blundus, however, dim as the light was, saw that sorrow, or something else, had wrought a fearful change in her. She was evidently flushed with strong excitement. Blun-

dus asked her to sit down, but with a laugh that did not become her she refused.

"It's not a place," said she, "for the likes o'me, that's next kin to an O'Rindan, to sit in; nor shall the O'Rindan himself sit in it again. I 've sould off all I had, Blundus."

"You didn't do well then, Luckie, it's the beginning of bad luck to you."

"Bad may follow it, but good must come of it," said Luckie, "since it's to put you there where you should be, with a free foot, and clear o' the world, on your township again; I've brought the money."

Blundus, however, much as he wished to get out, was too proud to touch a penny of it. Luckie said it was not to purchase his love, but his liberty; that he might marry O'Connor's daughter, or what other he pleased, while she would go far away, and never bother him again. But all would not do. He condescended to confess, that he had found out long ago he half loved her, that now he felt sure he did so entirely: but nothing, he added, could bring him to think of making her his wife—forlorn and destitute as he was—after he had as good as rejected her in the days when he flourished upon the wreck of her ruin. So Luckie went away hopeless and heart-broken. The life that was left in her did not last long; and by-and-by news was brought Blundus that she had blessed him—no one could tell why—with her last breath, and felt glad to die; because, though he would not be beholden to her when living, he could not find any excuse for rejecting the means of obtaining his liberty from one in the grave. Blundus took what she had left him—it was the little all she had in the world—and came out of prison, as those who first saw him said, a changed man. Without turning to the right or the left, he went straight from the door down to the river side, where he laid out what remained of Luckie O'Carrol's bequest, after paying his debts, in buying a bit of a barge, which, brimful of earth, he was soon after noticed rowing with all his might up the course of the stream. It is supposed remorse had come over him, and he had made a vow; but be this as it might, Blundus for certain passed the rest of his life a lone and silent man, unseen by day, and employed all night in the hopeless and endless task of boating his whale, piecemeal, back to the bog.

W. C.

THE YOUNG POET.

You had not thought to see his flashing eye,
Or his full voice attuned by mirth to hear,
That ever care could come his dwelling near
Or fancied sorrow wake one passing sigh:—
Yet he was full of dreams,—he loved to lie
On a still morning by the ebbing sea,
Or in the winter moonlight lone to be
Gazing intensely on the frosty sky;—
He loved the tomb-stone rhyme, the minstrel's tale,
And the wild wanderings of the legend lay,
So burned his soul in fantasies away
Too fierce a spirit for a form so frail;—
Above his dust, is one bright line unpressed,
"A gifted one lies here—Pray, stranger for his rest!"

THE TWO PROFESSORS—A GLANCE AT THE QUARTERLY AND BLACKWOOD.

We believe Miss Fanny Kemble to be a young lady of a certain delicacy of mind and sensibility of feeling; and we know very well that upon such minds the operation of pernicious praise, like that which it has been deemed most expedient in particular quarters to lavish upon "Francis the First," is likely to prove doubly and directly fatal. Take a solemn coxcomb who has just wreaked his wretched poetry upon the public; take him, we say, if you please—slap him on the shoulder familiarly—pat him patronizingly on that globular excrescence which he fondly conceives to be a head, or take him by the button in confidence, and communicate to his private ear your belief that he is a second Milton or an improved Shakspeare; so shall you cause such extremity of folly to be enacted by the dunce, as must needs furnish eternal laughter to the side-shakers; but, for the muses' sake, forbear to mislead a clever and amiable girl into the notion that she has all but effected that, of which her whole life may be vainly spent in the accomplishment; and that she has already done something, which we sincerely hope she may, after much labour and study, be enabled to perform.

We must here be permitted to take one or two retrospective glances, suggested by the extraordinarily, exact, and concurrent manner in which certain critics have jumped upon this occasion. When such people do agree, their unanimity is *not* wonderful; and we shall attempt to show, that the only real cause of surprise is, that the mystery has not been seen through long ago. We are not sorry, therefore, to take up Miss Kemble's Tragedy now, because it supplies us with a sling with which we shall be enabled to "kill two birds with one stone;" or, at all events, to launch our pebble at a brace of poetical and panegyrical professors with as much directness and vigour as we can employ. It is not a crow we have to pick with these gentlemen; that were, indeed, an insufficient type to represent the enormous bird which we purpose to disfledge between us—a bird that has too long drank the life-blood of our literature, and gorged itself to satiety upon the mangled flesh of its victims.

To be plain; we have been urged to this work by a conviction that the present state of criticism, so far as poetry is concerned, is such as imperatively calls for an exposure of the system whereby it is upheld; and demands from us, not a mere disclaimer of participation, not a merely qualified reprehension, but an honest and fearless denunciation of it. We say then, without further ceremony, that the two works to which we shall at this time more particularly apply ourselves—the Quarterly Review and Blackwood's Magazine—have, at least of late years, for purposes best known to themselves, but also pretty well known to others, studiously abstained from the criticism of any one poetical work possessing real merit; that they have held up to praise and admiration works which all the world, except themselves and their minor crew of associates, saw and felt upon the instant to be the most helpless trash; and that they have (to speak tenderly and within compass) preferred to consult their own convenience and advantage, rather than to fulfil the understood pledges given to the public, upon the faith of which alone, they exist, or deserve to exist.

Let us take a short glance at the Quarterly Review. Every one is by this time pretty well acquainted with the character of that publication

during the superintendence of the waspish and malignant Gifford. It was all very well, because it was all very safe and convenient, at that period, to maintain the aristocratical system, and to attempt to hoodwink the people by as popular and plausible a setting forth of the tory tactics as was practicable or pleasant. It was all very well for Mr. Gifford, with his tongue in his cheek and his pen in his hand,—that pen urged forward by the government upon one question—held back by Mr. Canning upon another—swayed and directed this way and that way by Mr. Murray—it was all very well in that crafty old commentator to strive to sneer away the reputation of the honest, and to deprecate the ability of his superiors; there is a time for all things, and this was the time for the thing—Gifford. It was all very well for Mr. Southey, with a sanctified air and the smirk of a Pharisee, to thank God that he was not as other men are, seeing that he was what other men would hardly desire to be; it was all very well for Mr. Croker to have his swing and to turn his summerset in his own way, and at his own discretion,—but it will not do now. Since the accession of Mr. Lockhart the Quarterly has been in a bad way. It is true, it has its tricks still. "It lisps, it ambles, and nicknames God's creatures," but it is only laughed at for its pains. It raves and hath much wrath, but is encountered with silent contempt. Even its old friends—"the great overpaid"—the sinecurists or expectants, shake their heads and sip their wine in silence. The truth is, the day of the Quarterly is gone by for ever, and the whole pestilent crew that sat whetting their tusks and sharpening their fangs under the secure shadow of its influence, are gone their ways to prey elsewhere in a more private and, perhaps, a less profitable direction. Verily, their teeth are drawn, and their nails pared, and there is no venom remaining in them.

It is worthy of enquiry, what was the tenor of the Quarterly's criticism at that period—nay, what has it been up to the present time? Has it upon any one occasion introduced to the public, or assisted in bringing into notice, any one individual, to whose productions genius may fairly and honorably be attributed? No. Has it discovered any anxiety to make reparation for former neglect, by a late, but full, ample, and satisfactory acknowledgment of error and remissness? No. Has it recorded its sympathy with genius, its admiration of intellectual greatness, save where it had been long ago confessed and allowed? No.

We know very well, and a sad reflection it is, that

> ——— "Nations slowly wise and meanly just,
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

But what has the Quarterly done for living merit? What bust has it raised to the living or to the dead, that might not be exceeded in truth of expression by a carving on a cherry-stone, and in vigour of outline by the profile of a cheese-paring? True, indeed, it is, that, conscious of its many delinquencies, and errors both of commission and omission, the Quarterly Review has latterly cast its one eye with much piercing expression over the expanse of English poetical literature; and not being able to find any thing or body in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, it has been fain to resort to the waters under the earth; and brooding on the banks of Lethe for a space, with an easy leap dived to the bottom, and succeeded in plucking up drowned genius, by the shoulder-knot, in the corporeal presence of Mr. John Jones, and in bringing to light the "buried merit" of Miss Mary Colling, with a pair of blue worstead hose

and a bunch of keys at her girdle—the very daughter of "Old Squaro," in Spencer's Fairy Queen.

But we shall be told that Lord Byron, forsooth, is an evidence of the impartial manner in which the Quarterly Review exercised its functions. We shall not admit the plea. If it prove any thing, it only proves the slavish subserviency of that publication. In the first place, Mr. Murray was Lord Byron's publisher—of itself a very sufficient reason for praising him. In the second place, Lord Byron was altogether too much a man of the world to neglect an opportunity of standing well with Mr. Gifford, the then editor, whom there can be no doubt that he flattered in a somewhat gross and unsparing manner; and, lastly, Gifford very well knew that Lord Byron's political principles, (so far as they might be considered convictions of his own,) were absurd, childish, and inconsistent; adopted without much reflection and maintained altogether without skill, judgment, or temper. That cunning old Volpine saw pretty clearly that Lord Byron was at heart as much an aristocrat as any man breathing, and was not apprehensive that the peer, were he so disposed, could do much harm to what are termed "existing institutions." And he praised him accordingly, and, it must be confessed, without much scruple. He laid it on, as Congreve says, "with a trowel," and succeeded in building up a reputation which we do not hesitate to say was in a great measure unearned, and will, in a few years, be, in a small degree, diminished and impaired. But where was the criticism all this while? His lordship swallowed the praise, Mr. Murray devoured the pudding, but the public in the meanwhile "looked up and were not fed." It was not the cue of the Quarterly just at that precise moment to meddle in the way of criticism with Lord Byron. It was not disposed to do so—there were reasons for it. It was like Hull's dog in the proverb, "who was so lazy that he leaned his head against the wall when he wanted to bark;" but, unlike that sedentary cur, it did not bark, after all.

Not so, however, when it had men to deal with where aristocratical pretensions were naught; and also, it was conceived, might be assailed with impunity, even though that impunity were the wages of contempt. Then, indeed,

"Punishment, the drudgery for devils,"

was light work for the Quarterly. Then it spat its venom fluently enough, but it is rather dry in the throat and husky of articulation now.

At that time, far inferior poets to Mr. Milman (and we do not wish to speak contemptuously of the Oxford Professor) were lauded to the third heaven by the same pen (the geese of Lincolnshire can testify that it was a goose quill) that scribbled libel and calumny, and raked up old school stories against Percy Shelley; and does the Quarterly imagine that this shall be forgotten hastily? But why should we cudgel such a bepus, or kick so vaunting a bobadil as the Quarterly Review? It were but the waste of walking-stick and the destruction of shoe-leather; we have no doubt, however, that its unhappy victims will, one day or the other, be brought to their senses. John Jones will be convinced, when he receives a deputation conveying a vote of thanks from the trunk-makers, that Mr. Southey's recommendation was mere moonshine; and that his lucubrations have been an entire waste of midnight taper and supplementary candle. He will be aware that the most convenient privilege of genius is the excuse it affords for scratching the head and not paying

the debts; but as Mr. Jones wears a highly respectable wig, and is too sedate and prudent to be in any one's books but his own, this will be but a sorry consolation.

Mary Colling will, for her part, we are equally sure, be in due time made conscious that it is far more pleasant to be employed in the hem-stitch than to be boggling at a hemistic; and as she fancies that "the flowers talk to her," we should not be at all surprised if some plain peony, with its leaves a-kimbo, should embrace an opportunity of telling her its mind, to the effect that she had far better give the Muses warning; and that if she will needs cultivate poetry, the odds are just nine to one that she makes nothing of it.

We have thought all along, that is, for many years past, that Blackwood's Magazine has taken credit to itself for quite as much talent, and, to speak fairly, has been allowed by a great many to maintain at least as much influence as it deserves and possesses. In our opinion, indeed, the talent displayed in that publication has been somewhat over-rated, and its influence exaggerated prodigiously. But whatever they may have been, we rather imagine that both are on the decline now, and we rejoice at it. We cannot agree in the view it pleases to take of literary and philosophical matters; we do not like the spirit in which a great portion of it is written, and we detest most cordially its politics. We suspect that the novelty of its mode of handling its adversaries was originally its chief recommendation. We all know the appetite displayed by a certain portion of "the reading public," for every thing that is bad in taste, villanous in spirit, and detestable in intention. It was inferred, rather hastily, that the entire absence of the same kind of wit and humour on the part of those opposed to it, was at once an evidence of their want of capacity to repel and resist its attacks; and its admirers were fain to believe that their silence was the effect of confusion, and not the result of contempt. But this sort of thing has been of late years a little better understood. It has been discovered long ago, that (although Blackwood was by no means a bad hand at it) the peculiar wit which consists in making mouths, the withering sarcasm of personal allusion, and the bestowal of nick-names, can be infinitely better done on this side of the Tweed. If a gentle knight, disdaining the tournament and the favour of his lady-love, will perversely descend from his steed and enter the lists, by way of amateur, to play upon the salt-box, or to grin through a horse-collar, he must not be surprised or offended if some knavish merry-andrew or inspired clodpole bear away the prize triumphantly. And thus it has been with Blackwood's Magazine; to that work alone, such influence it assuredly has obtained, is to be ascribed the existence of the filthy and abominable trash circulated weekly in some of the Sunday newspapers. There is its legitimate triumph; there you shall see, carried out, we admit, to its fullest extent, the delightful humour, the graceful wit that sticks at nothing, certainly not at truth, in the consummation of its fabulous realities. There you shall behold the weekly result of labour undergone by the toiling slaves,

"Who fetch and carry nonsense up and down."

There you may mark the gleanings of the ear-primer, or frequenter of key-holes; and anon admire the mangled remains of a reputation, or the exhumed imperfections of the dead.

Do we ascribe all this to Blackwood ? We do not. But we repeat, that Blackwood's Magazine furnished the grand outline of all this, and more ; and that to this work is to be traced the source and spring of all the flippant remark, personal allusion, and coarse invective—all the reckless and "*per fas aut nefas*" swagger which it has only put aside, now that it has discovered the superior qualifications of its somewhile admiring imitators, but, at length, worthy competitors, if not successful rivals.

We do not think it likely that we shall have much more from Blackwood's Magazine of that kind of easily spoken, but hardly believed, profession of sympathy with the people, and filial regard for "things as they are" and "all that." It was easy, at one time, to discourse with animation about "the wooden walls of old England"—and to unfurl with much seeming fervour

> "The flag that brav'd a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze,"

and to ring the changes upon the oft repeated, and at last, thank Heaven ! worn out professions, by which the English people have been deceived and betrayed. This after-dinner enthusiasm will go down no longer ; and we shall soon have an opportunity of judging how far Blackwood's Magazine is sincere in its admiration of "existing institutions" and "things as they are." The lick-spittle flattery and flat-faced prostration of one who could consent to panegyrize a Castlereagh, is hardly the sort of thing to be attended to with much respect now-a-days.

It was, if we mistake not, Blackwood's Magazine that took much credit to itself in that it had exterminated what it was pleased to call "the cockney school." Let us see who were the leaders of that school. The late Mr. Hazlitt, Mr. Leigh Hunt, and the late Mr. Keats. We say nothing of their faults and affectations, and of Mr Hunt we shall say nothing whatever. May it be his way to despise the base attack sand dastardly malignity of his enemies. But will Blackwood's Magazine now deny the acknowledged powers of Hazlitt, and will it presume to say that Keats was not a man of genius ? It is, certainly, "beautiful exceedingly," to hear Professor Wilson with a grave face denounce the affectation of "the cockney school." It is true that Professor Wilson did once praise Mr. Shelley in a review of "The Revolt of Islam," but no less certain that he took many after opportunities of sneering at him. And does the Professor, now that ten or twelve years are elapsed, conceive that the Isle of Palms "is so fine a poem as Alastor:" if so, God help the man's ignorance and amend his taste. The world, by this time, are pretty well agreed that Shelley to Wilson is "Hyperion to a Satyr;" a Satyr that, far from wonderment at the phenomenon, can himself blow hot and cold with the same breath. But Mr. Wilson, it must be confessed, is far better qualified to judge of and appreciate the merits of Mr. Robert Montgomery; and "the Omnipresence of the Deity" is, in his estimation, and, we doubt not, in the opinion of many of his readers, not to mention the private conviction of the author, a far fairer flower than "Adonis" or "Hyperion."

There is another worthy gentleman connected with Blackwood's Magazine, to whose superior learning and taste that publication has been much indebted. This learned Theban, in the course of his researches, has made many wonderful discoveries. For instance, the world in future is to take it for granted that Dr. Bentley was an aimable character, universally beloved by his friends, and scrupulously conscientious in his deal-

ings. There is also no question that Dr. Parr was but an indifferent scholar, that Junius was a poor creature, that Richard Brinsley Sheridan was "a fellow of infinite dulness," and that Goëthe was "an old humbug!" O laughter! where is thy sleeve? Truly, too much learning hath made Mr. De Quincy mad, or he bears a very near resemblance to that Bristol alderman, who, by his own showing, was wont to secretly retire to a private summer-house, and to read for hours together "and nobody never the wiser."

And it is to a magazine, so conducted, that the public is to look up for impartial and enlightened criticism! A magazine that can waste twenty pages upon a Robert Montgomery, and be utterly silent with the "Corn Law Rhymes," and the "Village Patriarch" lying on its table! A magazine that is never wanting when ignorance, insolence, and scurrility are in need of a good word—a magazine with its Professor Wilson to babble nauseous trash, and mischievous and wicked nonsense, about some "Ode to the Holy Alliance," by a lord who happens to feel lyrical; but will take care to be as mute as Hippocrates—as mum as a mourner in the rear of a funeral, when "one of the people" speaks out with a voice of inspiration.

And now let us turn to Miss Kemble's tragedy. With much sorrow (for we would willingly be among the troop of admirers "to help the show" with our presence, and to aid the excitement by our vociferation) we must say, that "Francis the First" is just such a clever, dull, vexatious sort of a thing (not a play, unless Miss Kemble will have it so) as a young lady of more than ordinary talents might—ought, perhaps, to have written; but precisely the work she should never have published. We say this, advisedly; in spite of the admiration expressed by Miss Joanna Baillie. What is this boasted performance, after all? We hesitate not to affirm (and this, too, in the teeth of the fawners) that there is not an act—one scene—one passage—a single line, which an honest and unprejudiced man can lay his hand upon and say, "this is genius."

And here we wish to guard ourselves against any suspicion of hostility to Miss Kemble. What motive, indeed, can be supposed to actuate us, but an anxious desire to keep literally "a clear stage and no favour;" and if we express ourselves rather warmly, it does not arise from any wish of ours to hurt the young lady's feelings, but it is the necessary and unavoidable consequence of the gross and shameful flattery of her inveterate friends.

In the first place, her performance, *quasi* a play, is a very bad one. It does not hang well together. There is no plot leading to one catastrophe. There is no interest in the situations. There is no marked delineation of character. These are all very grievous indications in a tragedy. The play, moreover, is overloaded with dull and unnecessary tattle about nothing—leading to nothing; and wherefore this fifth act, occupied by the braggart speeches of those "runaway curs of Pavia?" The truth is, a mere jumble of events is substituted for an artful evolution of circumstances leading to some definite and conclusive end.

The characters, we have said, are not very ingeniously drawn. Francis the First, is clearly intended to represent a gallant gentleman, hurried away by passion to the commission of a sentimental crime, for which he would afterwards fain make reparation; instead of which, we are presented to a selfish, cold-blooded voluptuary, content to gratify habitual vices at

any rate, and to take every advantage of the impunity with which his rank as a king invests him. The Constable De Bourbon is not much better. No one can possibly take any interest in such a being. A blustering headstrong fool, whom Miss Kemble is willing to believe a very fine fellow. The Queen Mother is a coarse old woman, evidently fond of a private dram, and addicted to swearing, and other violent excitement. As for the monk Gonzales, we have had the pleasure of meeting him before, many times,—years ago, when we were a boy,—at private corridors, and in the subterranean dungeon. He looks as well and mysterious as ever, and that is all we can say of him. And the young ladies?—they are made to the usual pattern of modern historical novel and intensely interesting fiction; but resemble nothing on earth so much as certain little paper ladies, which we have seen in the delighted possession of children; as stiff as starch can make them at one moment, and anon, by the warmth of the hand, made to assume contorted shapes, and to undergo grotesque evolutions.

There has been much and attentive study of Shakspeare on the part of Miss Kemble. Now, had she but given us a little of his spirit, we should have been grateful indeed; but when she only presents us with a button taken from his doublet, or a point not very dexterously purloined from his hose, we feel ourselves rather in the mood of complaint than with much desire to extol.

A man under the influence of such loveliness as Miss Kemble describes in one or two passages, could not particularise each item of perfection with the minute accuracy of an auctioneer. Shakspeare says

"See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand,"

not "See how she leans her fair cheek upon her white hand," which is in the spirit of Miss Kemble's description.

And now we must enter our strong protest against the affectation of employing old modes of expression and obsolete words, (her admirers call it Shaksperian,) to which our fair young authoress seems especially prone. Let us have no more swearing "By this light," "By this glad light," "By this living light," "By'r Lady," "By my fay," and so on, to very weariness; it is far better to leave the line imperfect than to eke it out by such means. And also, we could wish Miss Kemble to eschew the evil of these; "An she were fair," "An it were not," "Sith," "For the which," "passing strange," "Trow," and many others. The following, also, are old acquaintances, but no friends of ours:—

"He started back as though a serpent stung him."
"Is like the sun-shine of a summer day."
"And more in sorrow, as I believe, than anger."
"It nods unto its ruin."
"All pomp and circumstance."
"The still small voice," &c.

These are evidences of Miss Kemble's reading, but by no means proofs of her original genius.

We shall not dwell upon many passages written obviously with a perfect recollection of the only great dramatic author whom, so far as we can judge, Miss Kemble has hitherto studied; nor is it necessary to point out the scene from "Measure for Measure," which she has, not very well, paraphrased. We shall hope that a contemplation of the works of that wonderful man will impress our fair authoress with that humility which

is the best preparation for the achievement of great works; and, at the same time, supply her with a standard by which she will be enabled to measure her own productions, and to render them worthy of herself and of the stage, which she so highly and eminently adorns.

Mr. Millman, however, would seem to intimate that no such preparation is necessary, and that his young friend has already displayed "all but unrivalled talents," in a province confessedly the most arduous that can lie before the ambition of a poet; and in confirmation of his opinion, he indulges us with a satiety of extracts;—

"Now this, now that, he tasteth daintily,"

and serves up his delicacies with an approving smile. But, first, he says, "The most remarkable characteristic, however, of the tragedy before us, is its total and disdainful want of conformity to the present state of the stage. Far from accommodating itself with servile docility to the taste of the day, and displaying the wise tact which might be acquired by familiarity with the incidents and situations—with the tone and manner of composition which produce the strongest effect on a modern audience, the tragedy of 'Francis the First' is conceived in the spirit, and conducted on the plan of a far different period."

The question is, whether the tragedy of "Francis the First," be such an one as, in its present shape, would have been acceptable to an enlightened audience in any age; and if it be not, we humbly conceive that it is "conducted on a plan" which ought not to be followed, and "conceived in a spirit" not likely to give birth to any play that is conceived worth yawning at. He avers, likewise, that there is "so much Shaksperianism in the conception, as to afford a remarkable indication of the able school in which the young authoress has studied, and the high models which, with courage, in the present day, fairly to be called originality, she has dared to set before her."

This cant is so common, that we have no longer cheeks that will be moved by it. During the last twenty years, we have had many Shaksperian dramatists (Mr. Millman is one of them) now, alas! such is the fate of genius, utterly forgotten.

"We must acknowledge," says he, "that while reading the tragedy of which we have thus *freely* spoken, we have frequently paused to ask, whether this could be the conception of a young girl, hardly ripening into womanhood?"

He paused to ask? May we ask, without pausing, to whom he addressed himself for information. Mr. Charles Kemble was at his elbow?—No. We will vouch for it, Mr. Millman knew nothing of the matter—was entirely ignorant of all the circumstances attending the composition of the play; as ignorant, we believe, as Mr. Croker of the locality of Russell-square. He concludes his review thus:—"She must not be content with the fame of the most extraordinary work which has ever been produced by a female at her age." And, again—"with having sprung at once to the present rank, not only of living actors, but of modern dramatists."

We must now tell Mr. Millman, that had he been the sincere friend of Miss Kemble, he had never written this review. He would have felt it to be his duty to speak plainly, honestly, yet, withal, in kindness;—

"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands."

But these are not considerations that weigh with our Quarterly Reviewer.

But Professor Wilson would not for the world lag behind his brother bard in the ambling strife of panegyric. He sets off, indeed, rather awkwardly; but in spite of sundry capricious caracoles and curvettings, he contrives to beat the other hollow long before the conclusion of the race. He then gets upon a platform, as it were, and rearing into the air a huge trumpet, shouts to this effect, with a kind of Bartholomew-fair emphasis :—

" It has been published, and it has been performed; and already the public voice has declared that it is, not only for one so young, but in itself, a great achievement."

He forthwith falls into unmerciful extraction of passages from the play; and coming at length to a rather spirited scene, (the only one in the tragedy,) breaks out into open admiration, whereof the following is the climax :—

" Nor do we hesitate to say, that in dramatic power and effect it is equal, if not superior, to any thing in our language since the old masters."

We do not know what Professor Wilson hesitates to say, but of his review of Miss Fanny Kemble's tragedy of Francis the First, " we do not hesitate to say, that in impotent twaddle and solemn nonsense, it is equal, if not superior, to any thing in our language since the old mistresses,"—our venerable aunts and ancient grandmothers.

It would be useless to argue with Mr. Wilson about the merits of this " admirable production :" that would be in other words avowing our belief that his praise of the performance is sincère, which we do not believe. He knows better, we think, than to rate " Francis the First" one tenth so highly as he would fain urge us to suppose; and, no doubt, he will laugh heartily at our simplicity and want of penetration. But what the deuce does he mean by this? This is carrying the joke rather too far.—" But the prime merit of the play is the composition. We mean thereby the language and the versification. The structure of both is admirable, quite after the immortal fashion of the great old masters."

The old masters again! We depute a gross of hyenas to laugh in one stud, while we expose the audacious impudence of this assertion. Suppose, by way of remote illustration, some well-pleased sign-painter, whose shapeless daub of vermilion is no more like the red cow intended to be pourtrayed, than the Red Sea. Suppose this artless artist to be told, that his monstrous conception is like the " great old masters;" it were natural to enquire, after decent gravity had been restored to the exhausted muscles, to which of the old masters it bore any affinity. Just so in the present case, to which of the old masters, we beg to ask Mr. Wilson, does this play bear any resemblance? We need scarcely inform him, that the language and versification of the old masters are essentially distinct and various. Marlowe is no more like Chapman or Connor, than a leopard is like a wild boar; nay, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Shakspeare, are remarkably unlike each other in both particulars, while Massinger is equally apart from the three.

Nor is the Professor more honest in his review of the characters in the play He cannot make up his mind to admire their consistency altogether, and yet he is loth to say so. " The character of the Queen Mother is strongly, and, *we dare say*, truly drawn out," &c. And again : " Great power is displayed in the character of Gonzales, but we fear it is not a

character fit to figure in the legitimate drama. We presume not to "say what is natural or not natural in such a passion as revenge." And thus he states his objections very humbly, qualifying the whole with—"But this may be a mistake of ours, or a misconception."

It is a mistake of Mr. Wilson's, if he supposes that this species of criticism will be received as heretofore. Let Mr. Wilson be reminded, that he is not so young as he was twenty years ago; and that since his time, a new race of men has sprung up, who will neither be exalted by his flattery, nor intimidated by his wrath. His day is going by—or if he think that he can still wield the knout as vigorously as ever, he may perchance find, to use a vulgar saying, that "that is a game at which two can play:" and if he will not learn wisdom for the time to come, he may, perhaps, be taught moderation, if not be chastised into humility.

With Miss Kemble a word or two, and we have done. Let her not be elated by the empty praises of these professors. We beg to inform her, that a few years ago, these were thought like the "old masters," and wore the bays with much complacency: but where is their reputation now? "Their sound is gone out," and will *not* "be back again presently."

Miss Kemble possesses talents and capabilities which demand much care, and require more cultivation. Let her relinquish the conversation and company of literary lords and ladies, and

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

Let her pursue steadily, and for its own sake, the great object of her ambition; and she may at last, perhaps, succeed. But we implore her to despise, as something worse than unkindness, and far more fatal than splenetic hyper-criticism, the fluent praise, the empty admiration, the—shall we be plain?—the canting humbug of the Quarterly Review and Blackwood's Magazine.

SONNET.

TO A DEAD LEAF.

Wan leaf, that on yon broad umbrageous tree,
Erst in a dark and sunless solitude,
Mid choking weeds and branching underwood,
Wert doomed unnoticed and unknown to be;
How do our fortunes and our fates agree;
My destiny, how clearly understood,
When, in the day-dream of a pensive mood,
I, fondly sad, compare myself with thee.
The sun hath never reach'd thee, thou hast hung,
Ev'n thine own light and shadow, unreliev'd;
The biting worm thy tender fibres wrung
Untimely, and thine early bloom bereav'd;—
And now thou 'rt dead, and shaken back to earth,
This moral of thy fate is all thy worth!

CICERO'S WORK ON THE REPUBLIC.

CICERO'S work on the Republic was discovered in the year 1820, in the Vatican Library, at Rome, by the indefatigable librarian Angelo Maio. Its loss was deeply deplored at the revival of learning in Europe, when the most diligent investigations were made for its discovery, but without any success. The scholars of that age had conceived the highest idea of its excellence, not only from the opinion which Cicero has himself expressed in his writings, but also from the praises bestowed upon it by all the ancients, from the time of Seneca to that of Macrobius; in fact, till the barbarians from the north destroyed all vestiges of literature and the fine arts. The orator himself, in his letters and philosophical works, repeatedly* speaks of it in terms, which lead us to suppose that he considered it his master-piece. Seneca declares that the book is useful to every one,† and that "neither the philologian, the grammarian, nor the philosopher, can ever take up the work of Cicero on the Republic, without deriving information and delight." And to these classical authorities we may add, that Lactantius and Augustus, the renowned fathers of the Christian church, have frequently praised it in their writings, and have quoted it at considerable length.‡

As the loss of the work was greatly lamented, so its discovery has delighted all the literati of Europe. It has been translated into French by M. Villemain, a member of the French Academy. In Germany, the original has passed through several editions; it has been translated into the vernacular language by J. M. Pierre;§ and a treatise|| has been published in that country, which discusses with great ability its political maxims. We state these facts simply to shew the great importance attached to it by the learned of our own time.

But this work of Cicero is more eminently adapted to be useful at this eventful period, when a principle of change is pervading all classes of society, when governments appear to be rocking from their very foundations, and the whole world seems agitated by one great shock of political excitement. Cicero was as eminent for his patriotism, as he was for his philosophy, and added to the loftiest of souls one of the most penetrating geniuses that ever adorned humanity. He lived, too, in the most troubled times of Roman history, in times replete with revolutions of every kind; and in this work on the Republic, he has transmitted to posterity the reflections formed from a long series of observations, to serve as a beacon to future governments, to warn them of the evils ever attending misrule, and to teach them the only means by which the happiness and prosperity of a state can be established and secured.

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* See Cicero ad Famil. ix. 2. Ad Quintum, III. 5. Tuscul. Quæst. IV. 1. De Leg. I. 9, III. 3, &c. &c.

† Seneca, Epist. CVIII.

‡ See Lactant. Instit. V. 12. August. Civit. Dei, lib. XV. *et passim*.

§ This translation is not such as we might have anticipated from the other literary productions of Germany; being little better than a poor *Germanization* of the French version, by Villemain—a work which, though superior in point of accuracy to most of the French translations, is yet not entirely free from the taint of laxity, and affected finesse.

|| See Zachariæ Staatswissenchafliche Betrachtungen, über Cicero's werk vom Staate.

And since it forms part of the plan of the *Monthly*, to disseminate the truest political principles, a portion of its pages cannot be better filled than in giving extracts from this work of Tully's, accompanied by such reflections as the original may suggest. It has never been translated into English,* and, therefore its perusal is confined to the select few who have time to devote themselves to such pursuits; which further induced us to suppose that a translation of some parts would not be unacceptable.

It has been already stated, that it was discovered in the Vatican Library, at Rome. The manuscript, however, is so defaced, that many sentences and even pages, are illegible, and we have to lament the entire loss of some parts. Yet we admire it as we should a beautiful specimen of Grecian sculpture, chiselled by the hands of a Phidias or a Lysippus, which, notwithstanding the mutilations it may have received from the violence of barbarians, and the devastations of time, still retains enough of its former glory, to win our admiration, and to call forth our sorrow at the ravages committed on its beauty. The work was originally divided into six books; the greater part of the first and second remains; of the third, only a small portion; of the fourth and fifth, but a few fragments; and of the sixth, the Vatican manuscript does not contain a single trace. It was written in the form of a dialogue, in imitation of Plato, who has composed all his writings in that style; the *dramatis personæ* are the most eminent men of Rome in the time of Scipio, in whose gardens the conversation is supposed to be conducted. Scipio himself is the principal speaker; all the others yield to his opinion, and his words are law. It was an excellent plan for Cicero to deliver his sentiments on the important subject of government, by the mouth of a man so greatly revered as Scipio was, by all classes in the state; for men listen with more respect to the opinions of the dead, than to the words of the living, however learned and eloquent they may be. Nor could a better period in the history of Rome have been selected. She had just conquered her rival, Carthage, and was herself yet unconquered by luxury; learning was beginning to be generally diffused, and oratory to be cultivated diligently and systematically; while comedy, under the genius of Plautus and Terence, arrived by a rapid growth at the highest degree of perfection which it was destined to attain. In fact, Cicero made choice of this epoch as the most glorious in the annals of his country; and he selected the interlocutors of his dialogue from among those who were illustrious by their warlike exploits and civil honours, in order that his work might receive the greater regard and veneration, as containing the sentiments of such virtuous patriots.

There is a kind of preface, or introduction, to the first two books, in which Tully combats the opinion of the Epicureans, *that no wise man will ever engage in affairs of state;* and proofs are given, that wise men *ought* to devote themselves to the service of their country, and should not listen to the voice of indolence and ease. An advice worthy the attention of our English aristocracy, who are by birth the legislators of our realm; and who too often permit themselves to sink into repose,

* We are happy, however, to be enabled to inform our readers that a translation of it is now preparing by a gentleman, who, by his great talents, critical acumen, and extensive knowledge, is well qualified to execute so arduous a task.

regardless of all but themselves, and mindful only of the high duties which devolve upon them, when there is something to be gained by their labours. But let us hear what he says in praise of the legislator who labours for the preservation of the public security, and who has overcome all the allurements of pleasure and repose.

" * That citizen who, by the authority and the menaces of the laws, induces every one to perform those things, which few indeed are persuaded to do by the dissertations of the philosophers, ought to be preferred to those learned sages who so eloquently demonstrate the principles which he carries into execution. For what discourse of theirs can be so beautiful as to surpass a state well governed, laws well administered, and society virtuously regulated? And, as I imagine that great and imperial cities, as Ennius calls them, are superior to hamlets and villas, so it is likewise my opinion, that those who govern these cities by their wisdom and their influence, are to be considered as far excelling in wisdom all those speculative theorists. And since it is the great object of our ambition to increase the power of the human race; and since our desires, our plans, and our labours, all tend to secure the happiness of life; and since nature herself has excited us to the enjoyment of this pleasure, let us follow the course which has always been pursued by the wisest and the best of men; and never let us attend to those signals of retreat, which have sounded sufficiently high even to recall some who had made considerable progress in their noble career.

" To such excellent and conclusive arguments, the disputants on the other side allege the labours which must be endured in the defence of the republic; but this obstacle, it is answered, is easily overcome by the diligent and the industrious, and ought to be despised, not only in great undertakings, but even in our ordinary duties and pursuits, and, in fact, in every common transaction of life. The perils to which an active life is subjected are next brought forward; but it is answered that the fear of death is disgraceful to the brave; who think it far more miserable slowly to die by the decay of nature and the infirmity of years, than to have an opportunity of being able to yield up that life for the benefit of their country, which must sooner or later be surrendered to nature.

" But our antagonists think themselves most formidably eloquent and resistless, when they enumerate the misfortunes of the most illustrious men, and the injuries they have suffered from their ungrateful citizens."

Cicero then proceeds to examine the examples instanced by his opponents, and overthrows their arguments with his accustomed eloquence. Some of the epicureans qualify their assertion *that no wise man will ever engage in affairs of state*, by saying that the wise man will not engage in public affairs unless compelled by the perilous state of the times. He shews the absurdity of their arguments by a beautiful simile, of which we will attempt a translation.

" † I am often exceedingly astonished that learned men should say in their lectures, that they cannot govern the vessel of the state on a tranquil sea, because they have never learnt, nor cared to learn; and yet that the same men should profess to direct the helm in the midst of the most terrible tempests. They are accustomed openly to assert, and even

* See Book I. ch. 2 and 3.

† See Book I. ch. 6 and 7.

to glory much in that assertion, that they have never learnt nor ever taught any thing on the means of establishing or preserving states; and they think that the knowledge of these things does not appertain to the learned or the wise, but ought to be confined to practical politicians. How then can they, with any consistency, promise their assistance to the republic when at last compelled by necessity? since they could not—a far easier task—rule the state when unoppressed by any danger. And admitting that a wise man of his own accord does not usually descend to the government of the state, but that if pressed by the circumstances of the times, he would not then refuse that duty; yet, admitting all this, it is still my opinion, that this science of public affairs ought on no account to be neglected by the wise man, because he should be prepared with every thing, the knowledge of which, for all he can tell, may at some time be absolutely essential.

* * * *

And if there be still any who are influenced by the authority of philosophers, let them deliberate for a short time, and listen to those who have obtained the greatest honour and glory among the most learned of mankind; and even if such have not been engaged in the actual administration of the state, yet, since they have investigated the subject, and written largely upon it, they ought, in my opinion, to be considered as having performed a sort of public office. As to those seven whom the Greeks call wise, I perceive that nearly all have been employed in public affairs. Nor is there any thing in which the virtues of humanity approach nearer to the attributes of Deity, than in the foundation of new states, or in the preservation of old."

To understand properly the spirit of these sentiments, which breathe the purest patriotism, it will be necessary for our readers to recollect that neither the Greeks nor the Romans paid their rulers for governing the state. With us there is some inducement to struggle for the office of First Lord of the Treasury, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, besides the mere love of serving our country; and if no advantage but care, trouble, and anxiety, resulted from the dignity, we should probably not see so many aspirants to the government.

We now come to the dialogue itself. But here it may be proper to give some more particular account of the object and the nature of the work. The subject is the government of a state; a subject which has occupied the thoughtful of all nations, and on which ponderous tomes have been written from remote antiquity even to the present day. Among the ancients great attention was paid to it, both in its theory and its practice; but the Greeks, more polished and philosophical than the Romans, had studied it with greater assiduity than their rivals in literature. When Athens had lost her influence as a state, she still maintained a species of ascendancy by her learning; and secured, by her philosophers and her orators, the respect which her arms could never have perpetuated.

To her groves and academies every Roman of rank resorted for his education, and Athens might in truth be called the university of the world. It was there that in earlier times Æschylus composed his tragedies, and Aristophanes displayed his raillery and his wit—there Plato had promulgated his philosophy in the gardens of the academy, and there Demosthenes had hurled his thunders against tyranny and oppression. We need not add that Cicero had been to Athens; he

frequently re-visited it, and his friend Atticus, who resided there, sent him every work of importance as soon as it was published. Among these were doubtless many treatises on government; but there were two that had been long in existence, and that merited all the admiration with which our author is known to have regarded them. It is superfluous for us to say that we refer to Plato's Republic and Aristotle's Politics. The former shadowed forth the beau ideal of a perfect republic, in which no wrong was committed, no crime perpetrated, and where the citizens were as virtuous as gods. He adorned his subject with the splendid imagery of a poet, and the fervent eloquence of an orator; yet his penetrating wisdom must have convinced him that he was describing a thing desirable rather than possible. More, in his Utopia, and Harrington in his Oceana, have each given their own opinions on government through the medium of an imaginary republic described after the manner of Plato. But the illustrious Stagyrite pursued a totally different plan in his immortal treatise called the *Politics*. For he gathered the various laws and customs of above two hundred states; and after a careful examination of all of them, established his conclusions on the basis of experience. Montesquieu, in his *L'Esprit des Loix*, incontestably one of the most erudite works of modern times, evidently imitated the plan of Aristotle.

But Cicero, in his work on the Republic, which forms the third in this glorious triumvirate, has not adopted the plan of either of the Grecian philosophers. His object was to prove that neither monarchy, aristocracy, nor democracy, unmingled with any other, but existing in a pure simple form, is excellent; but that a mixed form of government, composed of the three elements just mentioned, is by far the best, and the only one capable of enduring through successive ages. To support this theory, he instances the Roman government, as completely answering his description; and he exhibits the methods by which Rome obtained her mighty power; and how, from a few huts, scattered along the banks of the Tiber, she rose to be the mightiest of cities, and the metropolis of the conquered world.* "I think," says he, "I am fully persuaded, and I therefore deliberately affirm, that no state whatever can be compared, either in its internal constitution, or its external appearance, or in its strict and rigid discipline, with that which has been bequeathed to us by our fathers. I will explain its nature and superiority over all others; and after developing its principles, I will make it my model, and every thing which I say on the best form of government shall have a reference to it."

But some reader may pause to ask "what was Rome under a mixed form of government? I thought it had been an aristocracy, or a democracy." Cicero, however, tells us, that the consuls elected annually, answered to an elective monarchy, of which he† was a great advocate; the senate of course represented the aristocracy; and the people, as their name imports, were the democracy. He was not singular in his opinion in calling this division of power a mixed form of government. Polybius, whose accuracy of research and philosophical genius have always been admired, when writing on the same subject, says,‡ "The three kinds of government were all found in the commonwealth of Rome. And so even was the balance between them all, and so

* See Book I. ch. 46. † See Book II. ch. 12. ‡ See Polyb. Book VI.

regulated the administration that resulted from their union, that it was no easy thing, even for the Romans themselves, to determine with assurance, whether the entire state was to be esteemed an aristocracy, a democracy, or a monarchy." He reasons on the subject at large, and arrives at the same conclusion as Cicero. But we will not, at present, pursue the arguments of Tully any further, because he himself completely proves his propositions in the work now under our consideration, and it would be doing him injustice to use any other language than his own.

The interlocutors in the dialogue assemble, as we have previously stated, in the gardens of Scipio. After discussing several topics, which our present design does not call upon us to mention, they at last come to the subject of government. It may be necessary, however, to premise that Cicero, by the word Republic, *Respublica*, does not mean to convey the idea of a democracy, nor, in fact, of any particular kind of state polity, but employs it to signify almost the same notion as is conveyed by our English word commonwealth. Scipio, who is the principal actor in the colloquy, urged by the solicitations of his friends, commences his dissertation by defining the meaning of the word Republic or Commonwealth; for he says that, in the examination of every thing, especial care should be taken that suitable terms be used for the subject under consideration:

* "The commonwealth is the weal of the community. But the community is not every assemblage of men collected in any manner whatsoever, but only an assemblage associated together by an agreement for the observation of laws and for the sake of common advantages. The first cause of this assemblage is not weakness, so much as a certain natural desire of association. For man is not an isolated, wandering, solitary being, but is born with such a disposition, that when living alone with a superfluity of luxuries he sighs for the society of his fellow-mortals."

Here we are interrupted by one of those deplorable mutilations of the manuscript to which we have alluded, or we should doubtless have found the origin of human society described with all the eloquence for which the orator was so celebrated. Cicero then proceeds to state, in the part which is now remaining, that the community must at all events be under some government if its duration be desired.

† "The government must then be placed in the hands of a single person, or of a select number of individuals; or it must be given to the multitude and the whole body of the people. When the supreme power is vested in a single person we call him a king, and that form of government a kingdom. When it is committed to a select number of individuals, the state is then said to be governed by the dictates of an aristocracy; but it is called a democracy when the sovereignty rests in the people. But if men are still influenced by that bond which first united them in society for the sake of the commonwealth, neither of these three kinds (whichever it may be) can be said to be perfect—no—nor be even excellent, but each is tolerable, and has some reason for a superiority over the others. For a state appears to have some kind of established government, whether the supreme power be vested in a wise and impartial king, or in an aristocracy of illustrious citizens, or in the people itself."

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* See Book I. ch. 25. † Book I. ch. 26.

Our readers will perceive that the point which Cicero is endeavouring to establish, is that a state *can* and *may* exist under either of the simple forms of government; but that they are only tolerable, and that a mixed kind, one compounded of all three, is infinitely to be preferred to either of them, singly.

* " In monarchies the people are too much excluded from a share in the public laws and councils; in the domination of an aristocracy they can scarcely partake of liberty, being destitute of power, and prevented from giving their advice on public measures; and when every thing is conducted by themselves, however just and well regulated they may be, yet their equality becomes unjust, since it possesses no gradations of honour. And although the renowned Persian, Cyrus, was the justest and wisest of kings, yet the weal of the community (for that, according to my former definition, constitutes a commonwealth) does not appear to me to be the great object of solicitude when the state is governed by the caprice of a single man. And though our allies, the inhabitants of Massilia,† are governed with the strictest justice by an aristocracy of illustrious citizens, yet there is some appearance of servitude in that exclusion of the people from power. And though the Athenians, at certain periods in their history, performed every thing by the orders and decrees of the people, in consequence of the abolition of the Areopagus, yet the state lost its splendour by the want of distinct gradations in power.

" My present observations relate to those three kinds of government when unmingled and unintermixed, and each preserving its own peculiar qualities. Besides those effects which I have just enumerated, there are others which are the causes of certain ruin; since there is none of these commonwealths without a slippery road leading down to some neighbouring evil. For after contemplating that tolerable king, to use the most appropriate epithet, or that king worthy of love (if you are desirous that I should give him that appellation)—I mean Cyrus, I next perceive Phalaris,‡ an odious monster; to a resemblance of whose iniquities the domination of a single individual will rapidly descend by a facile and easy course. The aristocracy of illustrious citizens at Massilia borders upon that oligarchy of the tyrannical thirty, which was once established at Athens. And the very people of Athens, not to seek for other examples, having obtained the sovereign power, conducted every thing by democratical fury.

" I am therefore inclined to think that we ought to give our warmest approbation to a fourth kind of government, which is formed by the mixture and union of the three others which I have just mentioned."

The reader will have been able to form, from the above extracts, some idea of the clear, but at the same time profound, line of argumentation which runs through this admirable and long lost treatise. There are few compositions in existence which combine so many sources of interest. As a relic of ancient wisdom, it serves to complete a precious chain,

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* Book I. ch. 27, 28, 29.

† The modern Marseilles, in the South of France. It was one of the earliest Greek colonies; and was founded by the Phocæans. See Justin XLIII—3. Its government was a complete aristocracy. See Strabo, Book V.

‡ Phalaris was the tyrant of Agrigentum. He has obtained an infamous renown for his cruelty. Cicero has instanced him in juxta-position with Cyrus, who was considered the model of a virtuous king, to shew that kings reigning uncontrolled may be as just as Cyrus or as tyrannical as Phalaris.

most of the other links of which had been found, but which must have ever remained imperfect without this. It would have been a wonder to all ages, had the wisdom, the acute and logical intellects of antiquity, been found not to have conceived the idea of a mixed form of government; and the discovery that there was a theory afloat among them, of which it was supposed they had no notion, is an addition to our knowledge of intellectual history, and of the history of politics and philosophy, of the highest value and importance. With regard to the practical utility of this remarkable work, we have happily long proved the truth of its theoretical statements; and if the spirits of the great and wise of other times are acquainted with what is passing on the earth, Cicero must experience the same delight in contemplating the English constitution,—(notwithstanding the corruptions which the whole mind of the nation is now employed in clearing away)—as Newton in seeing his theories established from year to year in greater strength by the regularity of the planetary system, and the fulfilment of the laws of light and gravitation.

A deep and painful feeling of solicitude, however, must possess the mind of every Englishman; and the calmest and least excited, willingly yielding to the influence of Cicero's eloquence, will await with impatience the period, when this constitution shall no longer be in danger of degenerating into an oligarchy, and no longer retain the traces of manifest corruption. The remaining portion of the recovered work will be discussed in another paper.

W. S.

WINDLASS HALL.

WINDLASS HALL would be as pleasant a house as any in Kent, but for the singular way in which it pleased nature to model the *cranium* of its worthy proprietor, my excellent but eccentric old friend, Captain Wheeler, late of the Royal Engineers. His organ of constructiveness is perhaps the largest that any human skull ever exhibited: indeed, it is quite a phrenological "*lusus naturæ*," and more than one disciple of the Spurzheim philosophy on the Continent has visited England for the sole purpose of observing and studying it. In consequence of this prodigious development, (for such it truly is,) every part of the establishment at Windlass Hall would furnish ample materials for a course of lectures on the science of mechanics. In fact, I was for a considerable time undetermined whether I should offer the following account to the "Monthly Magazine," or reserve it for a memoir in the "Philosophical Transactions."

To begin with what are called, by a gross misnomer, the pleasure-grounds, it is only just to acknowledge that they are laid out with great taste; the park is a noble one, and no expense has been spared upon the gardens, shrubberies, and orchards. Unhappily, however, the engineer has been employed fully as much as the landscape gardener: every part of the demesne is so full of gins, snares, man-traps, and every possible contrivance for seizing and detaining your person, that, no matter how warily you pick your steps, it is next to a miracle if you do not every five minutes receive some sensible proof of the Captain's skill in practical mechanics. You cannot step into a parterre without imminent danger of falling into a pit; if you walk through a meadow, and stoop to gather a

primrose or a cowslip, you are almost sure to find a snake in the grass; if you are fatigued, and think to repose upon a rustic seat, it is ten to one but the seat is metamorphosed into a post, the moment you touch it, and you come rolling to the ground, "by the law of gravity," as your host will probably inform you—when you return with torn inexpressibles to the hall, very little in humour for his dynamical disquisitions. Fortunately the Captain is a benevolent, kind-hearted man, so that few of his devices are dangerous to life or limb; but it has frequently occurred, that a visitor, who has been missing at dinner, has been found at a late hour in the evening fast locked in the embraces of some extremely ingenious man-trap, two miles perhaps from the house. A calamity of this kind once happened to the parson, and it has been a joke at the Hall ever since,—"Doctor, will you take a walk in the shrubbery before dinner?" Upon this occasion the Captain shewed, by the haste he made to the liberation of his captive, that his science had not extinguished his humanity. He felt so strongly that it was no light thing for a churchman to lose his dinner, that he actually mounted Archimedes and rode to the rescue at full gallop. Candour, however, obliges me to add, that the piece of mechanism in question was not one of my old friend's "*chef-d'œuvres*," and his vanity was therefore not particularly interested in the trial of its efficacy. It was my ill-luck, about two years ago, to be taken in a snare, on the success of which I had heard him repeatedly say, "he was prepared to stake his reputation as an engineer." I lost my dinner, of course, and should have passed a sharp October night in the deer-park, but for a labourer, whom by incessant shouting I brought to my assistance, and dispatched to the Hall for the author of my disaster. When that worthy arrived, instead of the regrets and sympathies I expected, his eyes danced with joy, and he was actually in a fever of self-congratulation; nor could I prevail upon him to deliver me from "duress vile," until he had fully explained to the by-standers the mechanical principles by virtue of which—I had lost my dinner, and narrowly escaped being frozen to death.

It is hard to say, whether the guests at the Hall experience more annoyance from the success of the Captain's contrivances out of doors, or from their failure within. His machines and instruments are continually going out of order owing to their extreme complexity; and it frequently happens, that just as "mechanical advantage," so he terms it, has arrived at that point, where it is past the skill of science to carry it further, the machinery stands stock-still, and the momentous functions of the dairy, the laundry, and the kitchen, are suspended whole days together. No person is qualified to serve as cook at Windlass Hall, without possessing a tolerable knowledge of engineering. The Captain has more than once put the following advertisement into the "Times" newspaper:—

"Wanted, by a family residing in Kent, a person qualified to serve as Cook. "To the usual culinary abilities, he must unite a competent acquaintance with the "principles of mechanics."

The present "*chef de-cuisine*" is a Frenchman, and either was, or pretends to have been, educated at the Polytechnic school: and, indeed, all his science is not too much for his situation, for I verily believe there has not been, for the last ten years, a sirloin of beef roasted at the Hall, without the joint assistance of all the mechanic powers. Never shall I forget the good Captain's look of triumph on sitting down to dinner the

day he succeeded for the first time in introducing the "Gridiron-Pendulum" into his kitchen. His friend, Professor Pond, had shewn him that instrument in the Greenwich Observatory, and it immediately struck him it might be applied as advantageously to the dressing of a chop as to the transit of a star. "This is a banquet," he exclaimed, "worthy of Huygeus himself," helping me, as he spoke, to a mutton cutlet, which had been submitted to the action of the flames at least twenty minutes longer than the "*code gourmand*" warranted. To me this seemed rather feeble evidence of the use of physics in gastronomy: Philosophy, said I to myself, is as bad a hand at broiling a chop, as Alfred was at baking a cake. It was obvious, however, that the Captain was of a different way of thinking, for he could not be persuaded to touch any thing else at table but the mutton cutlets, which Count Rumford himself could not have distinguished from a heap of cinders, so efficiently had the Gridiron Pendulum acquitted itself in its new function.

The consequences, however, of so elaborate a cooking apparatus as, by a long series of "*improvements*," has been accumulated in the kitchen of Windlass Hall, are often much more serious than the mere overbroiling of a chop. The good old family jack, which in the days of the Captain's father was, as I have heard, almost an example of perpetual motion, now that it has received an accession of at least a hundred wheels, pulleys, cranks, levers, detached-escapements, and heaven knows what, is seldom in a rotatory condition more than three days in the week; the *rôtis* are therefore commonly deficient on the board of my gallant friend, who is however too intrepid to allow accidents of this nature, no matter how frequently they occur, to shake his confidence in his "Triple-Action Jack," as he scientifically terms a machine which it is no easy matter to prevail upon to act at all. When informed by his "*chef*" that any of the cranks or levers have got out of order, he calmly answers—"Well, Auguste, never mind it to-day; it is merely the effect of friction; I have a formula that will soon set it to rights; we shall try to make out our dinner without the sirloin." Sometimes his sister ventures to drop a hint about a hook and string as no bad contrivance at a pinch; but she is sure to get an angry reprimand for her pains. It is amusing—that is, it would be amusing, if it were any less serious interest than dinner that was in jeopardy—to observe the effect of a discussion of this nature upon the faces of the company at the Hall: how they fall at the ominous words, "jack out of order," "no roast beef;" how they rise and brighten at the happy idea of the "hook and string;" and how they fall lower than ever and grow dark as Erebus, when, with a look of lightning and voice of thunder, the Captain spurns the proposition, as an insult to himself and a blasphemy against mechanical science. This effect is particularly comic at times, when the inclemency of the weather or other circumstances render escape from the hall imprudent. The parson, however, defies all dangers; he is certain, whenever the jack is out of order, to have a child to christen, or some other pastoral duty to perform in a distant part of the parish.

Breakfast affords the Captain much less scope than dinner for the display of his talents; but still the chances against the success of the former meal are far from being inconsiderable. The self-replenishing tea-distiller may refuse to perform any one of its various functions, in which case a cup of tea is out of the question, the vulgar utensil for making that delicious

beverage having been long-since proscribed from the Hall; or the high-pressure coffee-percolator may happen to burst, in which event you are well off indeed, if the loss of your coffee is the utmost extent of your sufferings. When I was last at the Hall, a young lady was nearly scalded to death in consequence of that accident having occurred. The Captain was exceedingly distressed, and immediately dismissed the servant who, it appeared, by neglecting to dispose the safety-valve properly, had occasioned the explosion. "I never could make that fellow," he said, "understand the properties of elastic fluids." But coffee is not always a certainty, even when the steam-engine is in the best possible order. A pair of squirrels, kept solely for the purpose, grind all the coffee that is used in the establishment. In general these nimble little animals having no object of course but their own divertisement, keep the mill turning and the family well supplied; but should they chance on any occasion to be idle or indisposed, you are sure to feel the effects of it at breakfast, particularly if you are as partial to the Mocha berry as I am.

It is one of the peculiarities of my gallant friend, that he cannot bear to hear the most ordinary household utensil called by its vernacular name, if it is practicable to give it a scientific one. I believe few persons are more intimate with him than I am; yet I would not for fifty guineas undertake to call the "high-pressure coffee-percolator" a coffee-pot. One day that he took me with him to inspect the offices, he was accosted by his groom, who mentioned amongst other matters that the pump in the stable-yard was out of order. I was struck by the bitterness of manner with which he received this information; and ascribed it to the failure of an extraordinarily subtile piece of mechanism, which I was aware he had substituted for the common piston and sucker;—but I was mistaken: as soon as the groom was out of hearing, he burst out with—"Pump, pump—the fellow will never call it anything but pump; often as I have dinned it into his ears, I never can get him to say hydraulic engine; no, nothing will do but pump, pump, pump:"—then, after a pause of a few seconds, he added; "I do not want him to comprehend it: there is not such an engine for raising water in the three kingdoms: but he might call it by its proper name—no, no; nothing will serve him but pump." To illustrate the value of this unrivalled "engine for raising water," as the Captain was pleased to style it, it is enough to say that the water which supplied the house and offices was generally brought upon the heads of the servants from a well at least half-a-mile from the hall. Often, under the broiling suns of July and August, have I heard them make bitter complaints upon this subject; and many a longing eye have I seen them turn to the common pumps of the farmers in the neighbourhood, any one of which I suspect the unscientific dogs would gladly have taken in exchange for the "hydraulic engine" in the stable-yard, which after all had but one fault: it did not raise water.

It is but just, however, to state that some of the Captain's inventions are useful as well as ingenious. The most popular amongst his friends is his "Dressing Barometer." This instrument, which hangs in the breakfast-parlour, instead of being graduated in the usual way, is marked with the changes of apparel appropriate to every variation of season or weather; for instance, Russia duck, cloak, great-coat, dread-nought, &c.; then, on the female side, pelisse, boa, shawl, parasol, pattens, &c.; so that by a glance at the instrument, previous to setting out on a walk

or a ride, one is enabled to provide against every vicissitude of the weather, an advantage of no common value in such a mutable and capricious climate as ours. This is called at the Hall, making your toilette at the Captain's glass; and nothing is more usual than to hear it observed—"The glass is down to great-coat and umbrella," or "It is up to Russia duck." My poor old friend! I do not suppose Torricelli valued himself so much on the original invention of the barometer, as the Captain does upon this application of it.

Nor can I avoid mentioning with applause an apparatus which he calls his "Antiphlogistic Ladder," by means of which, should the Hall ever happen to take fire, he can descend from the windows of his bed-room to the ground—a height of some fifty or sixty feet—with as much ease as by the staircase; avoiding at the same time the annoyance (incidental on such occasions to the use of the common ladder) of being roasted by the flames as they burst out of the lower stories. Of this contrivance he is so vain-glorious, that I fear he is not so grateful as he ought to be to Divine Providence, for having never as yet vouchsafed him an opportunity for putting its utility to the test. It has had, however, every trial but the fiery one. The only time it was ever my fortune to witness its "modus operandi," was under circumstances the very reverse of those for which it was intended. It was upon a wet night in February; and the rain, it seems, having penetrated into the Captain's quarters, the thought suddenly rushed into his mind that the "Antiphlogistic Ladder" might be made as available as a means of escape from flood as from fire; accordingly down he came, trundling, in a thing that resembled a bucket, along the side of the house, actually saturated by the water which fell from the eaves and spouts in torrents, and shouting as he descended—"An extension of the principle; an extension of the principle!" My bed-room being immediately under his, the working of the ropes and pulleys, with the exclamations that accompanied every step of the operation, did not fail to awaken me; and having no doubt but that the Hall was at length on fire, I flung open the window, and calling to the Captain as he passed, asked him in Heaven's name what was the matter—where had the flames broken out? The only reply I could extract, was, "An extension of the principle; an extension of the principle!" This, however, was enough for one who knew his habits so well as I did; I saw at once that, rough as the night was, my good old friend was enjoying a ride on his hobby—so I pulled down the window, and returned to bed.

It is interesting to observe how the ruling propensity of the Captain's mind colours every part of his conduct, not only in his private, but in his public capacity. As a magistrate, he is continually exposing himself to the ridicule of the "quorum," by the occasions which he takes of exhibiting his mechanical turn, even in the administration of justice. In criminal cases he is always for the punishment of the tread-mill, which, he observes, is an elegant application of the principles of natural philosophy to jurisprudence. When a poacher is brought before him, he investigates rigorously the manner in which the fellow has killed or taken the game; and if he finds that he has employed any novel or ingenious device, he is never known to pronounce a severe sentence. A peasant who catches a hare in a trap of his own construction will, perhaps, be dismissed with a lecture on the misapplication of the noble talents God has given him; but let him be convicted of knocking the animal down with a stick, and he is

sure to undergo the heaviest penalty of the law. During the recent disturbances in his county, the indignation of the Captain against the machine-breakers knew no bounds; any other outrage was pardonable; there might be some excuse for burning corn-stacks, hay-ricks, and farm-houses; but the man who had the heart to demolish a thrashing-machine was a monster, who disgraced humanity. Illnatured persons said that the Captain showed more alacrity in detecting or punishing offenders of this class, than he evinced in cases where life and limb had been outraged. This I believe to be a foul calumny; for I know my gallant old friend to be a humane man; at the same time, I make no doubt that his passion for mechanism transported him occasionally into an unwarrantable degree of severity towards the deluded machine-breakers of Kent. It may be supposed that the farming implements of Windlass Hall were peculiarly the objects of attack, during the turbulent period I allude to; the contrary, however, was the case, and for the two following reasons:—first, the absolutely impervious state of the demense, which, to meet the emergency, was literally studded all over with gins, traps, and pitfalls, of the most treacherous and malignant kinds; there was a spring-gun in every bush, and a snake under every blade of grass; in fact, it was impossible, during the disturbances, to stir more than three yards from the Hall without the hazard of losing a leg or an arm. The second reason was, that though the machinery of the Captain's farm was far the most elaborate of any in the county, still it was only in theory that it worked well; it was too complex and delicate to have equal success in practice; the consequence of which was, that there was more manual labour employed on the lands of Windlass Hall, than on any other estate perhaps in all England; and it was observable, that the demand for labourers increased with every new "*improvement*" introduced.

The Captain is at present in France. His object is to be an eye-witness of the manner in which the "guillotine" *works* in that country; for it is one of his favourite projects to introduce that scientific mode of execution into England. He considers it downright barbarism to put an intellectual being, like man, out of the world, by so unphilosophical a process as the gallows; and it is natural he should be of this opinion, for we have seen that he thinks it derogatory to the dignity even of a sirloin of beef, to be suspended before the fire by a simple "hook and string."

In the postscript of his last letter, he tells me that he has invented a new cork leg, upon improved principles. I am sorry to hear it, for he will certainly not be as careful to avoid falls as hitherto. S.

ON THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

After fifty-six Protrocols the ratification of the Belgian treaty is definitively postponed, and dark clouds are again collecting around the political horizon of Europe. The moment is arrived, says the movement party, when France should subdue the North of Africa—re-unite Belgium—deliver Piedmont and Italy from the Austrian yoke, and raise the banner of the constitution in the Spanish Peninsula. The firm hand with which Cassimer Perrier has held the reins of government, has hitherto compressed this impetuous spirit of continental change; but will he be able to achieve what even the genius and power of Napoleon

was inadequate to? The combinations of diplomacy may avert for some time longer the general "bouleversement," but war is inevitable, and the power on whom its thunderbolts will burst with greatest fury, is Austria.

The French revolution had absorbed the Netherlands and Holland—crushed the empire of Germany, and out of the spoils of Poland it had constituted the duchy of Warsaw to watch the movements of Russia. At the close of the war, which had raged with little interruption for more than twenty years, the states of Europe could not be restored to the condition in which they had been before the commencement of the tremendous and protracted struggle. Many establishments in that long and dangerous interval being wholly overthrown, many boundaries of countries had been removed in the ravages of hostile aggression; the negociators, therefore, while they laboured to reconstruct the federative policy of the European continent as much as possible, on the "status ante bellum," were compelled to introduce various changes, that their arrangements might be accommodated to the existing state of Europe. While Prussia received large accessions of territory on the Rhine and from dismembered Saxony, Austria, for the loss of her portion of Poland ceded to Russia, and the Netherlands incorporated with Holland, found compensation in immense acquisitions in Italy, besides a large portion of the Bavarian kingdom, the Tyrol, &c.

The sacrifices of this country during this eventful period were tremendous. For twenty-five years she had continued with unwearied pertinacity a warfare not without honour; and though often defeated in the field, the glorious days of Aspern and Wagram fully re-established the reputation of her armies; and by her timely intervention in 1813, she gave the last death-blow to the power of Napoleon. At that period the extraordinary resources of his genius had repaired the disasters of the Russian campaign; he was still in possession of nearly the whole of the Prussian monarchy, and of the strong post of Dantzig; the allied armies, disorganized by the defeats of Grosbern and Bautzen, had nothing to oppose to his overwhelming masses; the star of the conqueror of Marengo again burst forth in all its brightness. At this critical moment, when the destinies of Europe were in the balance, Austria joined the coalition; and skilfully availing herself of her proximity to Saxony, where Napoleon had concentrated his forces, she was enabled to operate immediately in the rear of his front of operations upon the Elbe, and threw two hundred thousand men into the scale with an almost certainty of success. The empire of Italy, and her ancient influence in Germany, lost by fifteen years of reverses and disasters, were both re-conquered in two months. An equally favourable opportunity for a successful intervention had presented itself to this power in 1807. Bonaparte had crossed the Vistula, and pushed his advance under the walls of Kœnigsberg, having Austria in his rear and the whole Russian Empire in his front. Had the Austrian cabinet known how to profit by their geographical position, and caused an army of one hundred thousand men to debouch from Bohemia upon the Oder, the power of Napoleon would have been at an end, and in all probability his army would not have succeeded in cutting its way back to the Rhine: but she preferred waiting till she had raised her army to four hundred thousand men, and two years after she assumed the offensive, she was conquered; whilst, with one hundred thousand men at the period

we have mentioned, she might have decided the fate of Europe. By the diplomatic arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, Austria acquired a compact geographical "arrondisement" of kingdoms and provinces, with a considerable line of sea coasts, containing upwards of thirty millions of inhabitants—an empire which, if its interests were well understood and its resources fully developed, might prove a match for the most powerful on the continent. Yet, from the blind fatuity of its government, this country is daily impoverished; while, owing to a defective military system, her armies have been almost constantly beaten in the field, and captured like herds of cattle. To what causes are we to attribute the continued disasters of this power, whose army as a body is as much superior to the French, as the French soldier is individually superior to the Austrian? We shall answer this question in the words of the Archduke Charles—"Austria was worsted because the operations of her adversary were based upon a well combined system of fortresses, a careful survey of the whole theatre of war, and the direction to one '*but*' of the force employed, to which she had only to oppose the bravery and superior organization of her army, and some splendid, though insulated triumphs of her generals."

It has been the fashion to attribute the disasters of the Austrian armies to the Aulic Council, and it must be confessed, that a general, whose genius and arm is fettered by the plans of a military board at a distance from the theatre of operations, must contend to a disadvantage with an adversary more favourably circumstanced; but the evil, we suspect, lies much deeper; several essential conditions concur in the perfection of an army:—a good recruiting system—a good formation—a well organized system of national reserves—strict discipline, without being humiliating to the soldier—a well combined system of rewards and promotion—a scientific corps of artillery and engineers—and lastly, a staff capable of availing itself of all these elements, the organization of which corresponds with the instruction of its officers. In this last essential, the Austrian army is miserably deficient; it is a body without a soul. The Imperial generals were constantly *out-strategised:* when a new system of warfare had been introduced, they continued to manœuvre, "à la Daun;" and while the object of the French was to attain their end, "coute qui coute," the old-fashioned system of the Cordon betrayed the Austrian commanders into the dangerous practice of dividing and subdividing their forces. With a view of covering a line of frontiers, they found themselves unequal to maintain the few points it was important to preserve; and while they were uselessly garrisoning every village, were obliged, after a series of disasters, to abandon whole provinces to the enemy. It was by an obstinate adherence to this cautious system, in opposition to the "en avant tactique" of Napoleon, that we must look for the true cause of their defeats. In 1796, by acting upon the single line, he defeated in detail the corps of Bosera and Alvinzi. In 1805 he annihilated the army of Mack ere the Russians under Koutozoff, advancing through Moravia, could effect their junction. And again at Wagram, the Archduke Charles, by acting on two exterior lines against the single line of his adversary, failed, owing to the non-cooperation of the Archduke John. In fact, it is a deviation from the fundamental principles of the science of war, to act with detached corps that have no communication with each other, against an enemy whose forces are centralized

and whose communications are easy. Hohenlinden was another example, that should have taught them the danger of violating this principle.

The following is the effective state of the armies of the Austrian Empire on the Peace establishment :

	INFANTRY.		
30	Battalions, Grenadiers .	800 strong . .	24,000
64	Regiments, each 3 battalions	800 do. . .	153,600
17	do. Barmat Infantry 3 battalions	800 do. . .	40,800
8	Battalions, Jagers (rifles) .	800 do. . .	6,400
	Artillery and Engineers		224,800
5	Regiments		20,000
	CAVALRY.		
12	Regiments, Hussars . .	800 strong . 9,600	
8	do. Cuirassiers . .	800 do. . 6,400	
8	do. Dragoons . .	800 do. . 6,400	
4	do. Uhlans . . .	800 do. . 3,200	26,600
		Grand total .	270,400

100,000 of this force is at present stationed in Italy; 10,000 in Hungary and on the Turkish frontier; and the remainder in the German Provinces; the regiments in each province are under the command of a Commandant-General who makes a report to the Hhof Kreigrath.

To this body, in time of war, is added the Landwehr 120,000, who serve as regular soldiers, and the Hungarian insurrectionary army of 50,000. On the present peace establishment, the army, as we have shewn, amounts to 270,000 men, but on the slightest emergency, it could with ease be augmented to 650,000. These troops are raised by conscription from the Polish, Italian, and German provinces; the term of service is fourteen years. When discharged from the line, the soldier joins the Landwehr. Hungary, by her constitution, is exempted from this law. The Hungarian regiments are levied and filled up by recruits enlisted voluntarily and for life. In this service, the soldier is still subject to corporeal punishment and the guntlope.

The pay of an Austrian private is six kreutzers, about two-pence English, from which deductions are made for his daily ration of half a pound of meat, and for every thing else with which he is provided. The grenadiers, cavalry, and artillery, have from eight to ten kreutzers per diem.

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* The Austrian formation is in three ranks, the tallest men in front, and the best shots in the rear; the sizing, central and by divisions. The arrangement of the battalion is different from that of other services, in every division. One Captain and Captain-Lieutenant is in the first rank, and the remaining officers in the supernumerary rank. Another distinguishing feature is, that every zuge or division, is marked on its right and left by a file of officers, serjeants, and corporals, who remain constantly posted on the same flank; those of the rear rank stepping into the second to give room to those in the supernumerary, to replace them when the battalion breaks into column, in which case the zuge is lined by a complete file of officers and non-commissioned officers. Each company is composed of four zuge.—*Exercier Reglement fur die Kaeserlich Konegliche Infanterie.*

The monthly pay of the officers is as follows :

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Ensign . .	2	2	0	Lt. Colonel .	15	0	0	
2d Lieutenant .	2	8	0	Colonel . .	30	0	0	
1st Ditto . .	2	18	0					
2d Captain . .	3	12	0	Lt. General .	800	0	0	a-year
1st Ditto . .	7	8	0	General . .	1000	0	0	do.
Major . .	10	0	0	Marshal .	1600	0	0	do.

The officers of the staff, from the rank of major, upwards, have horse-rations, according to their rank.

To compensate in some degree for this reduced scale of pay, the lodgings of the Austrian officer are paid by the government at half price—his rations are delivered to him at the same rate—and the theatres are open to him for about a third of the usual price of admission, to which may be added fuel, and half a loaf of bread of very inferior quality. Notwithstanding these allowances, the condition of the subaltern, who has no resources of his own, in spite of the low price of all the necessaries of life, is most miserable; so slow is the promotion, that an Austrian officer may linger away a life without distinction. In this service the crack regiments of infantry rank much before the cavalry, and have more men of family and fortune among the officers.

The composition of the Austrian army is magnificent; the Hungarian grenadiers are remarkably fine men,—they display not the iron hardihood of frame of the Russian Imperial Guard, neither have they that smartness under arms which marks the Prussian, or the animated intelligence of look of the soldiers of France, but they are very warlike; a veteran look marked by the bivouac, stature tall, limbs large—as the spectator contemplates their iron formation, he wonders that these men could ever have been beaten. The cavalry of this power has always been distinguished; the Hungarian hussars rank first among the light cavalry of Europe, while the heavy cavalry is unrivalled for a matchless union of size, weight, and activity. When Murat, at the battle of Lusig, made a desperate effort at the head of the French cavalry to retrieve the fortune of the day, he was borne back by a "charge en muraile" of six regiments of Austrian cuirassiers; in fact, nothing can be superior to the organization and equitation of the Austrian cavalry.

With the exception of the Hungarian regiments, the uniforms of the army would sadly disappoint the military dandy; the "tenue" of the artillery in particular, is painfully unmartial—a drab-coloured coat with a red collar, white breeches, and boots "à la Suwarof," with a hat half "bourgeois," half military, surmounted by a green plume, is the very antithesis of a martial costume. But the science and instruction of this corps is on a par with that of the artillery of any power on the continent. The material of the Austrian equipages, compared with our own, is clumsy and heavy. There is one feature in the army which distinguishes it from all others, the bands; in some corps there are from eighty to ninety musicians.—A celebrated German professor, who was present at Dresden at the first representation of the "Olempia" of Spontini, on being asked what he thought of it, replied—"The march of an Austrian band is worth the whole opera." In fact, the effect of these bands is perfectly

electrifying. Moderate as is the rate of pay in this service, it is double that of the Russian soldier.

Divided into many kingdoms, separated by jealousy, manners, and inveterate and antiquated prejudices, this empire appears to contain within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The events of the three days of July, have vibrated even in this country, in spite of the vigilance of Metternich; the Hungarian, the Pole, the Bohemian, and the Tyrolian, brood over the recollection of their former freedom, and of their violated constitutions;—in short, the Austrian empire may be likened to a slumbering volcano; and the Emperor Francis, as he casts his eye over the map of his extensive dominions, may, like Louis XV. of France, exclaim—"Ceci durera autant que moi, mais je plains mon successeur."

LEGAL MONOPOLY.

OUR best thanks are due to the Common Law Commissioners for the wise and humane alterations they recommend in the report that has lately been laid before the legislature. The beneficial effects of their labours are already perceived, for their inquiries have infused into the very judges themselves an energy, as meritorious as it is rare. My Lord Tenterden has introduced into the House of Lords a bill for the purpose of assimilating the practice of the Common Law Courts; and the Lord Chancellor has laid the report of the Common Law Commissioners before the Peers, having favourably commented upon the legal improvements therein proposed. Though at a late hour, it is reviving, and novel in the annals of reformation, to find judges becoming the voluntary channels to facilitate the current of necessary improvement.

These steps are some of the many which ought to have been taken long ago, and their objects might have been accomplished by any member of the legislature at all acquainted with the numerous inconsistencies, which that innovator, Time, has left throughout the various books of practice clearly displayed to view. But however capable judges may be, by their knowledge and authority, to agitate questions of vital interest to the community, they have hitherto been most remiss in proposing alterations in laws, or their practice. It is with as much surprise as satisfaction, therefore, that we see the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Tenterden, putting their shoulders to the wheel. Within the last twelve months we have had two or three sets of new rules and orders from the bench of judges, and now the Chief Justice steps forward with his bill to assimilate the practice of the Courts.

These alterations afford but very slight benefits to the Public, though they will tend materially to simplify the practice of the laws to the Profession. So much indeed does this last object seem to be the chief aim of their lordships, that we have been driven to ask ourselves,—whether laws are made, and justice administered, for the benefit of lawyers, or the interests of the public? And taking for our premise, the indifference of the judges to abuses, their patronage, the unjust practices they countenance, the excessive emoluments received by their dependents—together with the outcry at every effort to cheapen law, raised by those classes of men who are the mere instruments to effect adjustments between parties,

or a restitution of rights,—we should conclude most logically, that the benefit of the community was quite a secondary consideration in the administration of justice. Nevertheless, a general shout has been made at the slight reduction of fees which the new rules have caused; and frequently have we heard it said, that no respectable man will in future find it worth while to follow the profession of an attorney. We sincerely hope that some may be deterred from entering a profession in which there are by far too many already; inasmuch as competition here, not only does not effect, with respect to charges, any moderating result, but is often pushed by the greedy to grasping and plunder. But we dispute the assertion. Our opinion is, that those only who become the worst members of the profession will be deterred,—those alone who look to thrive by corruption. To the honest man, all changes for the general good must be pleasurable, in a moral sense, and, we believe, advantageous in a pecuniary one: but if the practitioner who lives by honourable means be injured by alterations which promote the public interests, let honest industry be directed to some other and more profitable occupation;—*fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.* But we again differ with those who argue that an abatement in fees will injure the profession generally. A diminution in law expenses will increase the number of actions, and will materially tend, by removing the stigma which the black sheep of the law have won for the profession, to revive a beneficial confidence in the public estimation. We love justice, and resort to her if she be at hand. The first step towards the success of the members of the law, we conceive, is to establish their character for honour and honesty; and this is not to be won by the law's delay, or the insolence of office, but by administering justice as cheaply and speedily as practicable. But granting this would not be so, will you openly sanction general plunder for individual thrift? Let us hope that the clamours of the interested few, therefore, will fail to retard a just and necessary reform. The complaints of which we speak, unfortunately for the public, have not sprung from the smart of blows hitherto received, but at what they feared must follow—which reminds us of the bawlings of a child who is anticipating a whipping. The extortionists are not merely detected, but exposed—weighed, and their mounted scale has kicked the beam. Doubtless, they see and dread the impending sword of justice (it should be of retribution) suspended above them; they have raised an artful yell to excite compassion, and too well have they succeeded in at least retarding the stroke. But now let us attend to the words of the Lord Chancellor, who stated in the House of Lords, on the 6th of March last, that the Common Law Commissioners had recommended that some means should be adopted, by which plaintiffs might recover debts under sixty pounds by a *cheaper*, and of course more *speedy process*, than any which now exists. This measure, if carried into execution, would produce incalculable good. We would ask any one, excepting those blinded by folly and interest, if it be not monstrous, that in the great metropolis of a commercial country like this, to recover a sum of two or three pounds, fifty or sixty pounds costs may be, and mostly are, incurred; this is no imaginary case, but one of daily occurrence. We witnessed, with a melancholy irritation, during the last sittings of the Court of King's Bench, several actions brought to recover like trivial amounts. The valuable time of the Chief Justice of England is consumed in a paltry matter that could be equally well adjusted by a commission of

the Court of Conscience. By decreasing the costs on small debts, this evil would be entirely removed. Now, if the defendant in an action at law be a poor man, he necessarily goes to prison,—if the plaintiff be also too poor to pay his attorney the extravagant costs of sixty pounds for failing to recover the said debt of two or three, he may be cast into prison also. Without digressing here to animadvert on so absurd a system, as that which allows the useful members of a community, at the will of an individual, to be thus at once thrown into disgrace and misery, for an attempt to recover a just debt; we would merely ask, if this be not a law of remedy as ridiculous as it is wicked, which allows any man, not excepting law officers, for bills of costs, so to prey upon his confiding and industrious fellow citizen, or to reduce him to beggary, to paralyze his efforts, and cast him a burthen on the state.

Whether the resistance to a demand be righteous or malicious, it is too much that the consequences of a failure on either side should admit of a thirty-fold punishment, or the horrors and ruinous effects of several months' incarceration. It may be that it is the plaintiff who fails to prove his claim, and this happens frequently through the chicanery of the attorney, who purposely neglects to inquire about the proofs of the case till the chief expenses have been incurred, and omits to inform the ignorant creditor that he must establish his claim by the testimony of one or more witnesses. It might be, and often is, in the power of an honest debtor to raise the original demand, but that has become a mere nothing when legal proceedings have been commenced. Debtor or creditor may, by pledging or selling his goods, be able to raise a moderate sum for costs, say five or ten pounds; or they may wring from the humanity of their friends some further assistance: and these means are daily resorted to. But it too often happens, that after every effort of the unfortunate victim of exorbitant costs, he is still retained a prisoner; he cannot scrape together all, or perhaps half the enormous amount of sixty pounds, and he suffers one of the severest penalties the law can inflict, for attempting to recover the wages of his honest industry! Is not this law as impolitic as it is cruel? It has become proverbial, indeed, that you had better suffer wrong than go to law! Should this be so? Is it not revolting to all notions of right and common sense? Justice surely was not entrusted with a sword to inflict destruction upon all who approach her. She also holds the scales, and is blinded. Alas! how few of these abstract attributes should we award the goddess, were we to characterize her from our practical experience.

We may be reminded that there is a Marshalsea, or Palace Court, where actions for sums under fifty pounds may be brought, and for one-third of the cost incurred in actions commenced in the courts at Westminster Hall. We answer, that we are aware, though many of our readers may not be, of the *existence* of such a Court, and that the average bill of costs to a defendant is from about sixteen to twenty pounds; but even this sum is far too large, and, as we shall shew, scandalously unnecessary, and fraught with extortion. Attornies there are, and, we believe, respectable men too, who are found to practice in this Court, low, comparatively speaking, as the fees are, which fact affords a complete answer to those who say decreased fees would not adequately renumerate professional men for their trouble; and these practitioners, however incredible it may appear, positively pay large sums of money to be admitted to practice there. They also

love the business so much, that they monopolise it all; yet, all the business of this great metropolis that flows into this channel, is shared among six attornies and one or two agents, who pay very considerable salaries for being allowed to practice in the name of one of the six. The inconvenience to the public, as well as the hardship of being obliged to resort to one of these legal monopolists, could any plaintiff have recourse to the less of two evils, must be very obvious; what is more revolting, if possible, the barristers of this Court, to the number of but four, exclude all competition; because they pay on an average, we are informed, about four thousand pounds for the tenure of their situations—for the exclusive privilege of holding all briefs, and exacting fees upon every action brought into that Court; so that you cannot choose either counsel or attorney, but must put up with such as the monopoly can produce, be they never so inefficient. Two of these barristers, upon each side, must be feed before you can introduce one of your own choice. We dare not trust ourselves to comment upon these facts. That cheap law, and a summary means of recovering small debts are incalculable advantages to a trading people, no one can dispute; and the existence of this court is useful as an illustration of what may be done: even this slight consideration of its malpractices affords ample proof that such a thing as administering cheap justice is possible. For our parts,—we are at a loss to account for so glaring a species of traffic in the hard earnings of the indigent and the suffering. We have often uttered complaints loud and deep, but party interest has been hitherto overpowering. Before we conclude, we cannot help noticing the persevering demand of compensation made by these monopolists for the losses they may sustain by any change, the difficulty of satisfying which, perhaps, is one cause, among others, of the continuation of these evils. We say, if men are bold and callous enough to enter upon such a system of exaction, and hesitate not at plunder to live in luxury, let them adventure with the risks always attendant upon unjust dealings; but we should add, that it would be more prudent to sacrifice to the nest of hornets the honeycomb of the industrious, than be eternally harassed by their sting; dole them out some renumeration, if it must be so, but by no means let them continue to wrench from the poor, the injured, or the unfortunate, their whole substance, by such scandalous indirection. In fact the evil has grown so enormous, that it must, ultimately, remedy itself. We would propose that the fees upon actions instituted in the Courts of King's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas, be reduced to fair renumerative rates upon debts under sixty pounds, as recommended by the Common Law Commissioners; that such actions be tried by one of the puisne judges; and allow the Palace Court, and other like monopolies, to remain entirely disregarded. Could any monopolizer have the effrontary to ask renumeration for the beneficial effects produced to the public by regulations or legislatorial enactments, touching the chief courts only? The city has its Court of Requests for the recovery of debts amounting to five pounds, where many actions are determined in the course of a morning; why should not other parts of the metropolis possess a like advantage? If the costs in the Marshelsea Court, for the recovery of debts amounting to fifty pounds, be but twenty or under, with all the unweeded powers of the monopolists, in the absence too of all interference, may we not reasonably expect that one half, or even a less sum, would be a sufficient remuneration?—when bribes are unnecessary, court fees are not taken,

and the abominations of wicked patronage and the practice of selling places, are discontinued? There is no honest reason for not throwing open all Courts of Law to all parts of the profession. Justice is the inalienable indefeasible right of humanity; honour, reason, and the general good, call aloud for the abolition of the whole system, which encourages and legalizes plunder, and which has so long existed, to the disgrace of a civilized people.

Let their lordships, then, who now seem disposed to effect some change, direct their efforts towards purifying these corrupt sources; let them look to the facts here stated, and those within their own information, and assist in the cause of the world; let their lordships do this, and they will earn, not only our applause, the praises of the upright in the profession of which they are chief ornaments, but the lasting gratitude of mankind.

R. T.

THE GALLEY SLAVES.

THERE are few books more interesting than Vidocq's Memoirs. I own they possessed my imagination strongly for the time, and proved the impelling cause which drove me into those unvisited scenes of foreign life, the Criminal Court, that of the *Police Correctionelle,* and the prisons. Above all, my attention, if not interest, was drawn to those unhappy beings, the *forçats* or galley slaves, whose lot, though unseparated from their parent soil, is still far more to be commiserated than that of our expatriated convicts.

About a mile distant from one of the southern barriers of Paris, a palace was built during *our* Henry the Sixth's brief and precarious possession of French royalty, by the Bishop of Winchester. It was known by the name of Winchester, of which, however, the French kept continually clipping and changing the consonants, until the Anglo-Saxon Winchester dwindled into the French appellation of Bicêtre. The Bishop's old palace was treated as unceremoniously as his name, being burnt in some of the civil wars. But there is this advantage in a sumptuous edifice, that its very ruins suggest the thought and supply the means of rebuilding it. Bicêtre, accordingly, reared its head, and is now a straggling mass of building, containing a mad-house, a poor-house, an hospital, and a prison.

To see it is a matter of trifling difficulty, except on one particular day—that devoted to the rivetting of the *chaine.* A surgeon, however, belonging to the establishment, promised to procure me admission, and on receiving his summons, I started one forenoon for Bicêtre. Mortifying news awaited my arrival. The convicts had plotted a general insurrection and escape, which was to have taken place on the preceding night. It had been discovered in time, however, and such precautions taken, as completely prevented even the attempt. The chief of these precautions appeared in half a regiment of troops, that had bivouacked all night in the square adjoining the prison, and were still some lying, some loitering about. Strict orders had been issued, that no strangers should be admitted to witness the ceremony of rivetting; and the turnkeys and gaolers, in appearance not yet recovered from the alarm of the preceding evening,

refused to listen to either bribe, menace, or solicitation. It was confoundedly vexatious. Whilst expostulating with the turnkey, I caught a glimpse through a barred window of the interior court, athwart which the chains lay extended, whilst in one railed off even from this the convicts were crowded, marching round and round—precaution forbade their remaining still—and uttering from time to time such yells and imprecations as might deafen and appal a Mohawk. "I have caught a glimpse at least," thought I, as we were unceremoniously turned out.

My friend, the surgeon, bade us, however, not despair. When the man of influence arrived he hoped to prevail; and in the mean time he led us to view the other curiosities of Bicêtre. There was the well, the kitchen, the anatomical theatre. The courts were crowded with aged paupers, who each well knew that his carcase would undergo what laceration the scalpel of my friend and his comrades chose to inflict upon it. But the thought seemed not to affect them so much as it did us. Methought the business of dissecting dead subjects might have been carried on more remote from the living candidates; but I was wrong, for mystery and secrecy always beget fear.

The mad-house was another curiosity. It contains many whose brain the revolution of July, 1830, had turned. One man, a fine youth, had travelled on foot from a distant part of the kingdom, to shed his blood as a sacrifice to the memory of Napoleon. He gave his last franc to obtain admission within the pillar of the Place Vendôme, and when there opened the veins of both his arms, crying out, "I offer the blood of the brave to the manes of Napoleon." His rolling black eye was now contrasted with a face pale as death. He had lost so much blood that few hopes were entertained of his recovery.

But by far the most curious patient of the mad-house, was a young man who imagined himself to be a woman. He was handsome, but not feminine in appearance. He adored a little mirror, with which he was gratified. Rags of all colours were his delight; and he had made a precious collection. His coquetry was evident; and he answered pertinently all questions, never belying at the same time his fixed opinion, that he was endowed with a maiden's charms.

We looked over the book of reports, and found seven-eighths of the female patients to have become deranged from love; whilst, with the majority of the males, the hallucination proceeded from disappointments of ambition. Surprised, I could make out no case of a religious maniac; glad, I could discover none of a student.

We now returned to machinations for the purpose of entering the forbidden prison. Aprons were handed us, not unlike a barber's. They were surgeons' aprons, always worn by those of the establishment when on duty. Might not then the barbers' aprons be a tradition of the barber-surgeons? I refrained from asking the question in that company. The scheme was, that we should pass for *Carabins*—such is the nickname of French students in chirurgery—and in this quality demand admission. The Cerberus of the prison grinned at the deceit, but wearied and amused by our importunities, he actually opened the *quicket* and admitted us. There are two grated doors of this kind, one always locked whilst the other is opened. In an instant we were in Pandemonium.

The buildings, which surrounded and formed the courts, evidently the oldest and strongest of Bicêtre, harmonised in dinginess with the scene.—

At every barred window, and these were numerous, about a dozen ruffianly heads were thrust together, to regard the chains of their companions.—What a study of physiognomy! The murderer's scowl was there, by the side of the laughing countenance of the vagabond, whose shouts and jokes formed a kind of tenor to the muttered imprecations of the other. Here and there was protruded the fine, open, high-fronted head,—pale, striking, features, and dark looks, of some felon of intellect and natural superiority; whilst by his side, ignominy looked stupidly and maliciously on. A handsome little fellow at one of the grates, was dressing his hair unconciously with most agitated fingers, evidently affected by the scene. Our question of "What are you in for?" aroused him. "False signing a billet of twenty thousand francs," replied he, with a shrug and a smile. "And he, your neighbour?" asked we cautiously, concerning one of a fine, thoughtful, philosophic, and passionate countenance. "Ha! you may ask—he gave his mistress a potion, for the purpose of merely seducing her, and it turned out to be poison—a *carabin* like yourselves." But these made no part of the *chaine*.

The convicts destined for this operation were kept in movement round a post in an adjoining court, and were shouting, rarely in intelligible language, to their companions. Joy was the universal tone, and a sniviller ran imminent danger. One poor fellow I remarked holding down his head, when he was saluted with a kick from him who followed, and the objurgation, *Tu es forçat, toi, heim?*—"You a convict, and durst be sad." These men were all unmanacled. Methought a general rush on their part both practicable and formidable. One half must have perished, and the other half might have escaped.

They were now marched out from the inner court in batches of thirty at a time, drawn up in rank, stripped, and examined with such rigid scrutiny as I dare not precise. They were then marched and placed along one of the extended chains, and made to sit down, resting it in their laps. A square fetter was then fitted and placed around the neck of each. In this, before, some detached links from the chain were placed, whilst a huge smith proceeded to rivet each from behind. Fixing a kind of movable anvil behind the convict's back, the fetter that encircled his neck was brought with its joint upon it, and half a dozen blows of the sledge riveted the captive inextrically to the main chain and to his twenty-nine comrades. The smith must be adroit at his task, and the convict steady in his position; for, as the fetter is tight round the neck, the hammer, in its blow, must pass within a quarter of an inch of his skull, and a wince on his part might prove fatal. This, indeed, is the trying moment, when the stoutest cheek is blanched. The sturdiest frame, shaken by the blows of the sledge, then betrays emotion, and tears of penitence are at that moment almost always seen to fall. On sitting down, each had in general an air of bravado, produced in a great measure by the regards of the seemingly more hardened ruffians from the windows. Under the riveting there was no smile; whilst after it, apathy was affected or resumed, each endeavouring to make his iron collar as supportable and comfortable as possible, by enveloping it in a handkerchief, and guaranteeing the neck from its chill or galling.

When the *chaine* was completed, its wearers were made to stand up. They formed themselves in couples, the chain running betwixt two ranks, and they walked round the yard to take their first lesson in their galling

exercise. They are thus fettered together till they reach Brest or Toulon. The choice is left to them of walking or being carried in carts, more provender being given to those who make the journey on foot.

The only part of their habiliments, which seemed left to themselves to provide, was a covering for the head, the red or green cap being given them only upon entering the *bagne*. For their journey, some of the fellows had provided themselves with strange head-gear, mostly made of straw; one had a three-cocked hat; others, one of all kinds of *outré* shapes. A prime vagabond had woven for himself a complete and magnificent tiara, precisely like the Roman Pontiff's in form, and surmounted by a cross. This was the *Pope*, the Pope of the *Chaine*, and I never heard a shout so appalling, as that with which his appearance was welcomed by the prisoners from the windows of the building. They danced, they yelled, tore and tumbled over each other in the most exuberant delight, thrusting their crowded heads and distorted features almost through the gratings. I have gleaned from it quite an idea of a scene of merriment and exultation *below*.

The said Pope was a very extraordinary fellow: a slight fair form, pointed features, and eyes that were penetrating, despite their common shade of grey. He was called *Champenois*, his real name unknown, not more than three-and-twenty, and the Lieutenant of the *Chaine* said, one of the most talented and extraordinary characters that *he* had ever met with. He had been the prime mover of the intended insurrection, but without a proof against him, except his universal authority, unusual in so young a thief. His physiognomy was one, which it required not a second look in order to remember for ever.

Another figure struck me, not so much as singular in itself, as in contrast with those around. It struck me as that of an English cabin-boy, a pale, freckled, ill-conditioned lad. On following the calling over of the register in roll, I found my conjecture too true. He was an unfortunate young sailor, a native of England, guilty of some misdemeanour, and by name Aikin. He understood not a word of French, but protested with a shake of his head against his being English; patriotism had in him outlived honesty and self-respect. I spoke to him in English: he wept, but would not reply, puckering up his poor lips in all the agony of his desolate condition. I was glad to remark the humanity with which he had been chained to a prisoner, pensive and downcast like himself.

There were some cases certainly hard; one or two for resisting the *gen-d'armerie* in a riot at Rouen. To transport a rioter, unless under aggravated circumstances, is grievous enough; but after the revolution of July, that hallowed riot, to make a galley-slave of a *brave* for resisting the police, must have been at least surprising to him. The tribunal no doubt felt the necessity of severity; and we acknowledged it all in deploring the degradation of these poor devils for an act, which in so many thousand others was, at the moment, extolled to the skies as the acmé of heroism. But justice hath her lottery-wheel as well as fortune.

As the last *chaine* was completing, an ecclesiastic went round to collect money of the visitors. But as there were few, so were the offerings. The convicts at the same time produced the fruits of their ingenuity in straw work-boxes, needle-cases, carved ivory and wood. The guardians, to do them justice, seemed humane. The lieutenant of the *chaine* himself could not have been the ruffian, such as Vidocq represents the

Argousin to be. He had an honest countenance. And yet it was disagreeable to see the military uniform on such a man—it was truly degrading to the soldier's profession.

The *bagne* at Toulon, the destination of the members of the *chaine*, was respectably peopled when I visited it some years ago. It contained amongst others, Sarrazin, a famous general, who had deserted to us from Buonaparte, and whose works on the Spanish and other campaigns, are still read with interest. The general had caught the inexcusable habit of marrying a wife in each town wherein he was quartered, and was sent to the gallies for *trigintagamy*. They boasted a bishop too amongst the convicts at Toulon, a merry little fellow, that bore his fate gaily, and who still contrived to exercise a kind of spiritual supremacy over his unfortunate comrades.

The ingenuity and hardihood of these men is surprising. Despite the vigilance, the ramparts, the fetters, and the logs, they escape hourly and daily;—at what risk is manifest from the regulations, by which three cannon shots always announce the disappearance of a convict, serving to warn the peasants, and call them to earn the handsome reward given to whoever arrests one of the branded fugitives. They are easily recognized by the halt in one limb; as they are wont to drag after them that which has been accustomed to the bullet.

The only pursuits that seem to pervade the *bagne*, are those of *eating* and *dying:* with the exception of escape, all others are denied. And those who have given up the latter hope, confine their thoughts either to bettering their meagre fare of beans, or to getting rid of existence in the most advantageous way. It is remarkable and degrading to observe the utmost human ingenuity and industry employed, in order to procure a dish of potatoes fried in grease once in the week. Yet such is the luxury of a *forçat,* and he must labour for it harder than even an Hibernian peasant, or a poet of the same line.

The more philosophic, who scorn the luxury of potatoes, and with it the life that affords no other, meditate how best to get rid of existence; and this they effect almost ever in one way; viz., by killing their most obnoxious keeper, and thus earning the guillotine.

It is a frequent scene in the *bagne*, that of an execution. It occurs every week or fortnight. All the convicts are obliged to attend, for the purpose of striking them with terror, and working contrition and good behaviour in them. Alas! it is a huge mistake. For these days are of all others days of *fête* to them. Their countenances are marked by universal joy, and they shout congratulations, not condolences, to their comrade about to perish. Death to them is indeed an escape. Its ceremony is to them a marriage feast: and decapitation, what a *black job* was to Lord Portsmouth,—the only variety and excitement that could give a spur to their heavy and painful existence.

Speak as we may against the pains of death, this is worse, not only physically but morally; for it degrades humanity far lower than is conceiveable. The French have an idea that they can imitate the American mode of punishment by solitary confinement. This again will be still worse than the galleys; since religious consolation can alone redeem or ameliorate man in this state of durance; and as this makes no part of the French system, I cannot help thinking the *guillotine* more merciful, than either their *bagne* or their solitary cells. C.

PERICLES—A TALE OF GREECE.*

The scene of our tale is a place known to all by name, and endeared to most by numberless pleasing associations—Athens! Sublime sound!—all-expressive name! Personification of all that is great and glorious! Embodiment of all perfections! Here Theseus reigned, here Homer sung, here Phidias and Apelles painted, here thundered the first of orators, and here the groves of Academus resounded with the instructions of Plato; and here were fought the greatest battles that ever engaged the warrior's sword, or the historian's pen.

The date of our story is referred to that period in the history of Greece which has been termed *par excellence* the age of Pericles; when Greece in general was enjoying the highest prosperity, and the star of Athens was at its culminating point; when Greece was the greatest country in the civilised world, and Athens the greatest city in Greece. The Persian power had been reduced by the efforts of the valorous and patriotic Cimon to a state, if not of subjection, at least of fear; the rival Sparta had sustained no inconsiderable shock from the same dreaded sword; the Athenians had carried their arms successfully against the cities of the continent and the islands of the sea; and, by putting into execution the splendid schemes of Themistocles, had acquired a maritime power superior to that of any other nation, and Athens now ruled the ascendant of the Hellenic world.

Pericles had since his supremacy made considerable innovations on the exclusive parts of Solon's constitution, and, by diminishing the power of the Areopagus, formerly esteemed a most venerable and divine institution—an institution too sacred for its members to meet under a common roof—too sacred for its deliberations to be conducted under any other covert but the wide canopy of heaven—by diminishing the power of this court, he had introduced the lowest order of people to an equal share of power with the nobles; and had thus brought in a more confirmed and radical democracy than had ever existed before, and verified the apparently paradoxical assertion of Aristotle, that "democracy and tyranny are closely allied"—for the people had now the chief power in the state and acted without the least controul or restraint; though the old families of the nobility still looked on these newly constituted legislators as lawless invaders, and usurpers of their rightful province.

This brief outline of the state of things in Greece, and of the political relations in which the two dominant nations of the Peloponnesus stood to each other, it seemed necessary to prefix to our narrative, that no reference or allusion might be misunderstood for want of such illustration.

It was one of those evenings in the month of Hecatombacon, (answering to the latter part of our June and the beginning of July,) when the sun, as if conscious of having fulfilled his diurnal office, and yet reluctant to leave the sphere of earth, declines behind the distant hills; when everything is still, through all nature—it was on such an evening as this, that two young Greeks were rowing down the silver-streaming Cephisus, with that air of luxuriant carelessness and negligence, which usually attaches

* Translated from the original Greek; a MS. copy of which (the only one extant) has recently been sent to us by a member of the distinguished Italian Society, the Arcadians. It appears to have been written by a native of Athens, some time after the date of the events it records.—Ed.

to those whom pleasure alone has induced to ply the oar—now vigorously urging the skiff over the waters—now fondly disporting with their gentle ripples—now resting in calmy ease to listen, so to speak, to the pervading stillness,—and now expressing the feelings inspired by the scene, and sentimentalising alternately. But Polidorus, for such was the name of the elder, perceiving that a storm was gathering, though he imagined that their excursion was not likely to be interrupted for some time, recommended returning towards the Piræus, a proposal to which the other readily agreed. Before, however, they had advanced far, the signs of the tempest became gradually more terrific. Large thick raindrops began to fall, each seeming but the presage of a greater; the wind, which had been calm during the whole day, began to rise, though yet it seemed but "the murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;"* the stream itself, which generally resembled a river of crystal, began to assume a darker hue, as if in sympathy with the black and blackening clouds, which now enveloped the whole hemisphere. Induced, or rather compelled, by these appearances, they resolved to take the first opportunity of going ashore; and it was not long ere they were able to gain the bank in spite of the opposing gale.—The place which they chose for landing, was within a mile of the Areopagus, a scene of course of universal attraction. They had proceeded only a little distance from the bank, when they were unexpectedly accosted by an Athenian, who, from his being advanced in years and appearing exhausted no less by cares than by age, excited in them no common interest. He asked them whether they were on their way to the hill of Mars:

"No," replied Euphilus, "we had no intention of attending the Council to-night, but if you have any desire to visit it, we will not object to accompany you."

The old Athenian felt himself highly flattered by the attention of the two youths, and gladly accepted their ready offer. They had not proceeded many steps, however, before Polidorus inquired what cause of so great interest was to be tried to-night before the Upper Council, that such crowds were flocking to the place. The old man, both indignant and surprised at the ignorance of his new companion, replied in a vehement tone of voice, almost regaining the vigour of youth: "What! an inhabitant of Athens, an inhabitant of Greece, an inhabitant of the world, and not know the cause which is to be tried this night before the sacred judicature of the Areopagus, the most momentous to the rights of the citizens and to the honour of the state?"

"Sire," replied Polidorus, in a tone of conciliation, "we have been for the last three years absent from Athens, and travelling in different parts of Asia and Libya, and returned only a few days since, so that you cannot be surprised at our want of acquaintance with the minutiæ of the Athenian courts."

"Well, indeed," said the man of years, "may I excuse your ignorance of a point which, had you been in Athens, could not have been unknown to you. But as you are anxious to know the cause of so great a confluence of people to-day from all parts, I will inform you. About three years since, it was currently reported in Athens, that Cleon, a man who had rendered vast services to the state, had been murdered. An inquiry

* "Το ψιθυριζον του ανεμου προοιμιον;" the idea is so precisely identical with that of the Author of the "Corsair," that we could not forbear translating it, by the quotation.

into the matter was immediately instituted, which confirmed, beyond a doubt, the general suspicion, and it was the verdict of Hippocrates upon an examination of the body, that he had been poisoned, though every attempt at discovering the perpetrator of the murder proved entirely fruitless. No accuser was found; and none appeared sufficiently suspicious to justify a state prosecution. But a few days since, a youth, actuated less by patriotism, than by a low ambition of applause, brought a formal accusation against my son before the Upper Council;—an accusation, indeed, totally groundless, though alas! too commonly accredited; and he is now enduring the rigours of imprisonment till the cause be decided."

"The name," interrupted Euphilus, "of the person, with whose company we are now honoured, is unknown to us."

"The name," replied the veteran, "which I have the honour to bear, is Glauco, and that of my son is Anticles; and this night is the fate of our house to be decided."

"And what is expected," said Polidorus, "to be the issue of the trial?"

"The issue," replied Glauco in a voice of despondency, "none can foretel: corruption has been introduced even within the sacred pale of the senate, and even their decisions upon cases of life and death are generally the result of popular prejudice or personal pique. So changed are the times."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the Areopagus appearing at a little distance, the immense crowds of people congregated around the spot, and the gloomy and threatening aspect of the clouds, which seemed to spread a sable mantle over the moonless prospect, turned the conversation to other topics. By the time they arrived at the senate ground,* the storm had acquired additional fury, and the heavy showers of rain, together with the flashings of lightning and the peals of thunder, seemed but the demonstrations of the indignation of the gods at the present trial, and a terrific warning to the Areopagites to vote according to the dictates of truth, and not to the impulse of passion or of prejudice. The court was sitting in full-assembled conclave, transacting some preliminary business which had been brought before them. But it was not long ere the coming on of the case of Anticles was preceded by the administering of oaths to the parties in the cause. The accuser swore that he was related to the deceased person,† and that the prisoner was the author of his death, and confirmed his oath with the most direful imprecations, calling for destruction upon himself and his whole house and family, if his oath were false. And a sudden tremour overcame Glauco, when he heard the accuser of his son preface his accusation with such horrible signs of confidence, and Polidorus perceived him shake with an involuntary shudder, and seize convulsively the rope, which encircled the court and kept back the throng, as he uttered the last words of the the imprecation, ολοιμεν. The accused swore with equal confidence, and as direful imprecations, that he was innocent of the crime alleged against him. The accuser and the accused were then placed opposite each other on two silver stools, the first on the *Stool of Injury*,‡ the other upon the *Stool of Innocence*;‖ whence, after the preliminary formulæ, Anticles was to address

* There was no senate-house; the court met in the open air.

† None but relations were allowed to prosecute for the murder of the deceased.

‡ This was called ὑβρις. ‖ The stool on which the prisoner stood was called αναιτια.

to the prosecutor (Eugenes) his defence from the charge which he had before preferred against him. Eugenes had on a former occasion stated his grounds for prosecuting Anticles, and advanced all the arguments which he could urge in his support.

The time was now come, when the fate of the son of Glauco was to be decided. The arguments of Eugenes had been powerful, and almost convincing, though the judges had still a latent presentiment of the discovery of the innocence of Anticles. The look of deep solicitude and suspense which marked every feature of the veteran parent, was attentively observed by Polidorus, who watched every movement he unconsciously made with a scrutinizing eye, that seemed to look through that which others did but look upon. Silence, like a heavy cloud, gathered over the multitude. Interest and anxious expectation sat on every countenance; and the whole assembly, judges and spectators, seemed to wait longingly for the first words of the accused, as being either the knell of death to the favourite of Athens, or a "sweet bodement" of future prosperity. The feeling was evidently reciprocal. For when Anticles began to speak, he seemed to utter his words with diffidence, which might arise, however, either from apprehension of defeat, or from awe inspired at the presence of so august and venerable a synod. The speech which he made in his defence, it would be impossible to give in his own words; the substance, however, we will endeavour to preserve. Anticles was now in the greenest prime of youth; he was tall, elegant, of manly gait, and a countenance full of intellect and benevolence. Standing erect, in a posture at once of dignity and resolution, on the silver stool allotted to him, the Stool of Innocence, he began his oration in a manner which in less democratic times would not have been permitted, and used throughout all the aids of Mercury and of Peitho, to support and enforce the truth of his assertions.

"Ye judges, I implore you by the gods and goddesses, both supernal and infernal, by the olive-bearing Athene, tutelar deity of this city, by the purple-vested Ares, from whom this august assembly derives its name, by Themis, goddess of equity, I implore you to adhere to truth; by the immortal Solon, the founder of this court, and by the universal justice of your decisions; by my own innocence, by your safety, in one word, by the life of myself, of all before me, and of the whole state, I implore you to give an impartial hearing to my statements. Of the crime with which I have been charged, I am perfectly innocent. I neither am, nor know, nor even suspect, the author of the murder; and whether it is an ungrounded, but sincere belief, or a malicious device for bringing himself into notice, that has prompted Eugenes to this accusation, I pretend not to determine. I wish not to conceal that at the time of Cleon's death I was acquainted with many circumstances relative to him and his family, and of the extent of my information you shall yourselves have the means of judging.*

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* Here, we suppose, followed an account of his acquaintance with Cleon, and of the peculiar points which he concluded had given rise to the unfounded allegations of Eugenes. But there are unfortunately some pages of the manuscript lost in this place. What follows seems to be the peroration of his speech.

"Of the character of my accuser I will not speak. His intentions may be of the most virtuous nature, but he is mistaken. And if, (may the gods avert it!) you pass the sentence of death against me, it will not be long ere the anger of the gods will overwhelm you with direful revenge, for aggravating the offence of the murderer by the execution of an innocent man! No; nor will it be long ere you discover the real author of the crime, for in the words of the poet—

"No groundless charge doth e'er old age attain."*

And truth, like the river Alpheus †, though it be concealed for a time in darkest obscurity, will, in spite of every obstacle, finally force its way to the light!"

Truly, and almost prophetically, did Anticles say that it would not long remain doubtful, who was the murderer of Cleon; for just as the voice of the court, influenced, but not overwhelmed, by this oration, was on the point of passing sentence against him, Glauco was astonished to see Polidorus advance into the midst of the assembly, and place himself on an eminence for the purpose of addressing them. The surprise excited in the judges, as well as the father of the accused, was soon increased by hearing him openly avow himself the author of the murder. He solemnly, after an invocation to the gods, declared that on that very day, three years ago, he had caused the poisoned chalice to be administered to Cleon. It was well for them, he said, that the plot was not discovered before it could be carried into execution, for if it had, they would not now be sitting as judges in the Areopagus; it was well for him, that it was not discovered immediately after, for if it had, he should have lost his life; and it was well for all, that it was discovered now, for if it had not, they would have been guilty of shedding innocent blood. The eloquence with which he exposed the conspiracies of Cleon, deep-laid and long-delayed, their danger and his own patriotic design, arraying all with the pomp and circumstance of truth, produced an amazing effect on the judges; but their original opinion was not changed, till, as if by the express interposition of the gods, the sable clouds disappeared and the sky soon presented an unblotted azure, and the moon, shining full in the face of the speaker, disclosed to the assembly the *Son of Pericles* in the person of this singular intruder. Pericles now possessed an ascendancy over the popular feeling, which it was impossible to withstand and dangerous to thwart; and the Areopagites, aware of the change of the times, fearful of incurring his resentment, yielded to interest what, perhaps, they would have denied to argument. The tide of feeling was simultaneously turned, and a vote of the court was immediately passed, acquitting Anticles, and indemnifying the son of Pericles, and even complimenting him highly on his patriotism and valour. A monument was decreed to be erected to him in the public place as one of the benefactors of his country.

An occurrence so strange became of course the topic of universal conversation, and laid the foundation of an acquaintance between Anticles and the statesman's son. The effect produced upon the two heroes of the night by the unexpected circumstances under which they had both been placed, was too overwhelming to allow of an interview then; but on the

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* Sophocl. Fragm. apud Stobaeum.

† The river Alpheus, rising in Arcadia, was said to flow out of the Peloponnesus under the sea, and to reappear in Sicily, confluent with the waters of Arethusa.

following day Anticles did not fail to visit the mansion of Pericles, for the purpose of thanking Polidorus for the inestimable kindness he had done him, and congratulating him on the reputation which he had deservedly gained for patriotism and virtue. Upon being introduced into the stately hall of Pericles, he found not only his son, who had rendered himself so conspicuous on the preceding night, but also, to his great surprise,* Callirrhoë, his daughter. Anticles was, as we have said before, of an imposing appearance, manly and handsome. Callirrhoë was in the full bloom of youth; her figure was elegant, her gait graceful, her features were formed in the loveliest mould; locks, which might emulate the raven's sable hue, fell gracefully on her fair neck; and eyes, which wanted no prospect to feast them, so exquisitely beautiful were they themselves, shone darkling forth—all harmonised in symmetry truly and only Grecian; such a form, in short, as may well be supposed to have inspired the pencil of a Phidias or the chisel of a Lysippus to the execution of works, which have been and will ever continue to be the standards of art and models of imitation.

Their eyes no sooner met than they flashed affection, and love fired their breasts. To discover his attachment to the daughter of Pericles, would have been dangerous to Anticles; and for Callirrhoë to acknowledge that the attachment was reciprocal, would have been fatal. For the family of Anticles, though one of the most ancient in Athens, was yet plebeian; and Pericles, although he had elevated the people so nearly to a level with the aristocracy, was not so insensible to the pride of nobility as to suffer his daughter to be wedded to a plebeian, and was more than once heard to say: "Sooner shall the gods take the place of men, and men usurp the throne of the gods; sooner shall rivers flow upwards, and the scaly tribe crawl in dominion over the land, than the daughter of Pericles be espoused to a plebeian of Athens." These sentiments of Pericles, so universally known, seemed at first an insuperable obstacle to the wishes of the lovers. For so absolute was the authority of parents in Greece, and so unqualified the obedience of children, that for a daughter to marry without the approbation of her father, and, indeed, most of her relations, would have been deemed a crime of most flagitious impiety. But to attempt to resist the impetuosity of love, would be like attempting to divert the course of the ocean, or to quench with a libation of wine the flames which played around the turrets of Troy, and reduced it to ashes. For if mountains intervene too lofty to be scaled by ordinary means, Love will furnish wings to o'erfly their bounds.

Many an anxious thought struggled in the heart of Callirrhoë, and many a strife between duty and love agitated her bosom; but at length love proved in her, as it has done in all who have truly loved, the most powerful of human passions; and she determined, rather than desert her lover, to disobey her father, to leave Athens, to become a voluntary exile from her country, and to take refuge with Anticles in some lonely island of the Ægean. A revolt, however, in the isle of Samos, now called for the immediate presence of Pericles to complete the reduction of the inhabitants, which had been but partially effected by Polemarchus. This seemed to afford a favourable opportunity for the execution of their project; and they were in consequence elevated to great expectations, and

* In Greece, the women's apartments were separate from those of the men.

still greater hopes—hopes, which would in all probability have been realized, had not Anticles been unexpectedly catalogued (such is the phrase in the Greek), or levied, among the other Athenian youth, to aid in the defence of Platæa, then besieged by the Thebans. This at first appeared the deathblow to all their fondest hopes; for by declining to serve, or escaping from his post, Anticles would have incurred that indelible stigma, which ever after attached to those who evaded the Athenian service—a service, though they had to maintain themselves, which it was considered honourable to perform, and disgraceful to escape. No alternative was left—he was obliged to leave, though Callirrhoë must be forsaken. The only hope that remained was, that the besieging Thebans might be so speedily defeated, as to enable him to return before Pericles could arrive; but of this no reasonable expectation could be entertained, as the Boætians were no less remarkable for their warlike force, than for their singular stupidity.*

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On their arrival at Athens, Anticles unfortunately found, upon immediate inquiry, that Pericles was returned; but undaunted by the decisive declarations which he had frequently been heard to make, and inspirited by his own warlike achievements on their return from Platæa, he resolved to prosecute his suit, despite of the aristocratical pride of the father of his love. The reception which he met with from the noble statesman was what he had expected, dignified, haughty, and contemptuous; though from his manner he could not but suspect that he had had some intimation of his intentions, and immediately addressed him on that supposition.

"What!" said Pericles, in a burst of indignation, "the daughter of Pericles be wedded to a plebeian soldier! Get thee gone, insulting youth!"

"You are probably not aware," replied the undaunted Anticles, "of the deeds of valour which I have recently done?"

Pericles looked inquiringly, and Anticles proceeded, giving an account of his brave exploits on their return from Platæa, which had saved the army from destruction, and Athens from disgrace. And the eloquence and vigour with which he related it, appeared to produce considerable impression on Pericles.

"Your valour," replied the statesman, "is the only quality you possess to redeem the objections of your birth; and

"'Valour with me than friendship more avails.'"†

This was an acknowledgment, which Anticles could not but consider as something more than poetry, and therefore began to converse in a bolder strain. Pericles was charmed with the eloquence and beauty both of language and of sentiment with which he spoke; and though he had so lately regarded him as an insolent and ignorant common soldier, vainly attempting to intrude himself into a family of the nobility, he now considered him as a specimen, not only of valorous patriotism, but of elegant and martial eloquence; and though he was still too resolute to revoke his denial, the impression Anticles had produced on him by his conversation was too strong to be easily effaced. And the fame which the adventurous plebeian soon acquired among every class of people in Athens was so

* Here we regret to say is another *lacuna* (valdé deflenda) in the MS., in which it is probable the exploits of the Athenian army, and of Anticles in particular, were detailed. The beginning of the next sentence is mutilated, but the meaning is clear.

† Sophoc. Aj. 1357.

great, as even to overcome his resolute determinations, and to induce him to yield his willing consent to the marriage of his daughter Callirrhoë to the illustrious and patriotic Anticles.

The celebration of the nuptials was deferred considerably beyond the usual season of the year,* by the pressing business which devolved on Pericles as one of the generals appointed to conduct the Peloponnesian war, which was then beginning to ferment. A day however was at length fixed at a banquet given at the house of Pericles to the whole family. But scarcely had they determined on the day, when the arrival of the far-famed Hippocrates was announced. So illustrious an individual was of course honoured with a seat at the right hand of the statesman; he immediately began to speak of a subject, which he said "had only this day come under his notice, and which was one of vital importance to the state." Every eye was fixed on the Physician, and every ear attentive to hear the news he had to communicate, when he uttered the word "Λιμος (Plague!), a plague has invaded Athens, and if it be not stayed either by the immediate interposition of the gods, or by the exertions of the citizens, Athens will ere many weeks become a city of desolate and desolating abodes, the seat of ruin and the sepulchre of the dead." The consternation which the terrible announcement caused in the assembly, where Bacchus was swaying undisputed rule, and joviality and joy reigned in every countenance, it is impossible to describe. It would defy the pencil of Apelles himself to depict the horror and forlornness, which everywhere took the place of conviviality and delight. By the next day the pestilence had spread to an incredible extent; nine hundred were reported to have died already, and even the physicians themselves could administer no relief. The symptoms of the disease it would be unnecessary to repeat here, being so well known to every Grecian, that it would only be raking up the ashes of the dead to recall the different stages of that tempest, which proved fatal to their fathers, and spread ruin and devastation through their sad domains.

It was not many days ere it spread into the Upper City, where the house of Pericles was situate, and where it was attended with more fatality than before. The day on which the marriage ceremony was to be performed at last arrived; and though no one else thought any business sufficiently urgent to induce him to leave his home, Anticles could not be prevented even by the devastations of the pestilence from proceeding to the Upper City. But he had not arrived far before he heard a report that it had at last reached the house of Pericles, and that Hippocrates was there in constant attendance. On arriving himself at the mansion, he found that the whole family, with the exception of Pericles himself, had been attacked by the strange disease, on which all were speculating, but of which none was able to discover the cause.

The scene of lamentation and distress in every part of the city was unequalled in the annals of Athenian history. All, all was ruin and death, disease and despair. The whole city was filled with hillocks of the dead, and every house became a vault.

Some however survived the desolation—a few among the sturdiest of the shepherds, the hardiest of the soldiers, and the most skilful of the physicians—among whom was Anticles. But when Anticles heard of the death of Callirrhoë among the other children of Pericles announced, he burst out

† The Greeks generally married in some of the winter months—January being a common month, was called marrying-time, Γαμηγιων. See Eustath in Iliad, Σ.

into an exclamation, half despair, half anger, "O Gods! O Gods! O Gods! Callirrhoë my bride, my bride, Callirrhoë, Callirrhoë." These and such like were the mad and incoherent ejaculations of the undone Anticles—he could not believe that she was dead, and yet he knew that she was not alive. The body of the deceased Callirrhoë presented the most pitiful and ghastly sight that can be imagined, the melancholy ruins of a most stately and beautiful edifice. Not a limb but told loudly of the havoc that had been there, not a feature but showed the cruel though momentary ravages of the disease. Anticles still however called her his bride, and interred her in her bridal robe.

Thus closes the tale of Greece, which we have undertaken to translate from the Greek into the vernacular tongue for the instruction and entertainment of our readers. We call it a tale, though it seems rather to have been intended for the groundwork of a long and elaborate romance than for a separate and complete tale; but we preferred giving it in the form in which we received it, to imitating the practice of Mr. M'Pherson, the editor of Ossian, by making such additions and elongations of our own as to render it difficult to separate the incrustation from the ore. A. A.

THE FAIRY MORGANA'S WEDDING.

By fair Palermo's bay
Before the close of day,
I saw a band of cheerful peasants throng;
And sounds of dancing feet
Mingled with music sweet,
While thus they joined in gay and joyous song.

"Come to the golden shore,
And labour ye no more,
Whom daily toil hath held in iron sway:
The eve should set you free,
And earth, and sky, and sea,
Shine out to hail our Fairy's bridal day.

"Awake the glad guitar,
And let the song afar
Float softly o'er the purple waves away,
That so our lady dear,
The melodies may hear,
That give her greeting on her bridal day.

"See how the pageant grows,
'Till all the ocean glows!
How poor the pomps of earth compared with these!
Nor monarch's proudest dome
May match the pillar'd home,
Reared for our Empress of the southern seas!

"There many a taper spire
Points, as a dart of fire,
Upwards to heaven amid its long arcades;
And gilded galleys wait,
Before its jewelled gate,
And fountains glitter in its garden shades.

"Come to the golden shore,
The hours of toil are o'er;
Come to the mazy dance and cheerful lay;
The eve should set you free,
And earth, and sky, and sea,
Shine out to hail Morgana's bridal day.

"By fair Palermo's bay *
That music died away;
And when the echoes of the song grew still,
I saw that splendid show
More faint and fleeting grow,
Parting like morning vapour round a hill.

"And soon the deep blue sky
Unbroken slept on high,
And thousand gems upon its bosom shone;
While as the vision broke,
A voice within me spoke,
As in a solemn and prophetic tone.

"Sawest thou that pageant bright
Dissolve before thy sight?
Even so, the pleasant hopes of youth must fade;
Some by the winds of care
Dispersed in empty air,
Some by the touch of wary time decayed.

"And thou hast golden dreams!
Ah! little fancy deems,
How all the glorious images she weaves,
So cherished in their birth,
Shall shrink and fall to earth,
A shapeless mass of withered autumn leaves.

"The friends, upon whose truth
The eager heart of youth
In boundless trust for life's best comfort clings,
Shall drop away and die,
And leave thee lone, to sigh
And mourn that lazy time has lost his wings.

"And thou shalt pray in vain
For death to break thy chain
And from thy gloomy prison set thee free;
And pine in vain regret,
Unable to forget
Bright hours departed, thou no more wilt see.

"Then answer made my heart,
Foreboding voice! depart!
Nor bid my soul in youth's bright prime despond:
What though advancing years,
May trace their flight in tears,
I know that these *shall* pass, and heaven is light beyond!"

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* On the Bay of Palermo, at certain periods, are seen strange mimicrys of palaces, fountains, trees, and living creatures, which gradually disappear from the surface of the water as the sun travels higher in the heavens. They are supposed to be the creations of the fairy Morgana. It is scarcely necessary to state that it is an optical delusion caused by the action of the sun on the atmosphere.

THE LITTLE GREAT, AND THE GREAT LITTLE.

EXTRAORDINARY is the mind of man! He sails in mid-air; he compasseth the globe; he blunts the lightning; he writeth *Hamlet*, *Paradise Lost*, the *Principia*, and he chaineth a flea by the leg. He maketh the strong elephant to bend his joints, and he subdueth a flea, if not to "hew wood," at least to draw water. These, the later triumphs of the human essence, are now on exhibition somewhere in that long ark for modern monsters, Regent-street! Yes, the "Industrious Fleas" at once delight and shame fashionable idlers, sending them to their beds to ruminate on the sagacity of the living world about them.

We love a monster as much as ever did *Trinculo*; hence, we have been bitten; that is, we have made acquaintance with the "Industrious Fleas." Let us shortly enumerate their separate capabilities. One flea, a fine muscular fellow, worthy, did fairies die, to be mourning-coach horse at the funeral of Queen Titania, (how long since the fairies had a coronation!) draws a very splendid carriage, constructed from the pith of elder. He curvets, and bounds, and shews his blood, (he must have been fed in some royal stable—he hath surely fattened on kings) with the proudest royal coach-horse on—as they say at public dinners—"the proudest day of its life." Having seen his legs, we shall think more seriously of the kick of a flea ever after. Then, to talk of a "flea bite," as a proverb for a wife—a mere nothing; let those who speak thus vainly contemplate the terrible probocis of the aforesaid chariot flea, and then think of the formidable weapon, plunged through one's tender skin, and sucking up by quarts (we saw, we looked through a microscope) our heart's best blood! To go to bed appears no wonder, but to be able to rise again, after what we have beheld, seems to us a daily miracle! To proceed. Another of "the industrious" takes the air with a chain and a weight to his leg, the wonder consisting in its resignation to its destiny. A third flea, also manacled, draws water. A fourth flea has a more awful duty– to bear Napoleon Buonaparte, late of France, but now of St. Helena;—there he is, the victor of a hundred fights, majestically seated on flea back. An enthusiastic Frenchman may, if he have good eyes, see in the minature Emperor, the sallow thoughtful face, the "brassy eye" (*vide* Haydon's account) of the original despot—could the figure take snuff the illusion would be perfect. Two other fleas, soldiers, fight a desperate combat, affording in their proper persons a triumphant refutation to the celebrated dogma of the philosopher, that "fleas are not lobsters." We understood from the *Cicerone*, that their deadly enmity was excited towards each other by a mutual tickling. We were also informed, that one of the fleas ("epicurean animal!") had the honour to sup off the hand of the Princess Augusta. This fact was shamefully hushed up by the magas of the *Court Circular*, else how would it have astonished the world to have read, that "last night her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta gave a supper to the fleas!" Certain it is, the document contains at times news of less interest.* This condescension on the part of her Highness, though it speaks much for her affability, has been the cause of grievous heartburnings and bickerings

* Her Majesty the Queen, and Prince George of Cumberland, *stood the whole of the sermon!!—Court Circular*, April 8, 1832.

among the society. It is extraordinary the airs that every flea gives himself about "his blood." However, it is to be hoped that a herald will be appointed to settle the claims of each disputant, and to favour the whole with a genealogical tree. Who knows whether one of these flea's ancestors did not bite Sancho Panza, or the Dulcinea del Toboso, or the *Carters*, who were "bitten like a tench?" Speaking on our own responsibility, we are afraid that each of these little creatures, after all its vanity about pure blood, has been somewhat capricious in its appetite; a fault, by the by, which often puzzles the heralds in their labours, for certain other little animals are very angry, when they speak of blood, too.

We quitted the exhibition, and walking at a melancholy pace, with our long lean visage bent towards the earth, we were accosted by a man—an odd-looking person, with a box at his back—who begged we would stop and see his show. We were in a sight-seeing humour, and at once consented. The box was placed on a tressel, our eye was at the glass, and our ears open, when the man commenced his description:—

"The first view presents you with a grand state coach of the great Mogul; it is drawn by a thousand curious animals; they are, as you will perceive, very finely dressed in rich harness, tall feathers, and flying ribands; they come and tie themselves to the coach, and feel it an honour to be bridled; they snort, and caper, and kick mud into the eyes of the bye-standers.

"The next view shows you one of these animals with a long chain and a heavy log. This chain was fixed upon his leg when he was born; and though he has sometimes tried to file away the links, he has had his knuckles so smartly rapped, and been called so many names,—been so preached to, that the chain and log were for his own good, and that it would ruin him to take them from him,—that 'tis likely he will, for the public benefit, be made to wear them to the end of his days.

"The animal in the next view, that is chained and draws water, is one of the Great Mogul's million of slaves. Although he draws bucket after bucketful for the Mogul's house and his household, for his horses and his dogs, and his kitchen, and his flower-garden, he is often perishing himself for one half mouthful; his lips are blistered, and his tongue black, with the water drawn by his own hands, running about him.

"The fourth animal is mounted on a fiery dragon, that, belching flames, kindles forests, fires towns, dries rivers, blasts harvests, and swallows men, women, and sucking babes. Look to the left, and the dragon is turned to a something no bigger than a mouse, and with its stinted rations of butter and cheese.

"In the fifth and last view you see ten thousand of these animals ferociously killing, biting, tearing another ten thousand, whom they never saw till a few minutes ago, and with whom they have no quarrel. But they kill one another because they are tickled to do so. That is, certain animals go about with tickling wands, called "glory," "deathless renown," "laurel," and other titillating syllables, poking in the ribs of the poor benighted creatures."

I took my eye from the glass—"My good man, what have you shewn me?"

"Fleas, Sir."

"Fleas!—nonsense; the fleas are shewn above."

"Yes, Sir; but mine are the fleas with two legs; though, *if* I must be honest, I can't say I see any difference between the fleas in my show-box and the fleas above." J.

THE RIGHTS OF DRAMATISTS.

Were we asked what profession promised, with the greatest shew of succes, to form a practical philosopher—we should, on the instant, make reply, "the calling of an English dramatist." There is, in his case, such a fine adaptation of the means to the end, that we cannot conceive how, especially if he be very successful, the dramatist can avoid becoming a first-form scholar in the academy of the stoics. The daily lessons set for him to con are decked with that "consummate flower" of wisdom, patience; they preach to him meekness under indigence, continual labour with scanty and uncertain reward; quiescence under open spoliation; satisfaction to see others garner the harvest he has sown; with at least the glorious certainty of that noble indigence lauded by philosophers and practiced by the saints—poverty, stark-naked poverty, with grey hairs; an old age exulting in its forlornness! If, after these goodly lessons, whipt into him with daily birch, be become no philosopher, then is all stoicism the fraud of knaves, and even patience but a word of two syllables.* But we are convinced of the efficacy of the system. English dramatists *are* stoics, and not in a speculative sense, but in the hard, practical meaning of the term; time has hallowed their claim to the proud distinction; it is consecrated to them by the base coats of their prime, and the tatlers of their old age; not only endured without complaint, but enjoyed as "their charter."

English dramatists *are* philosophers. They have been subjected to the whims and caprice of those whose professional lives depended on the men they have slighted—and have they complained? No! They have had their dearest property plucked from them—they have had their golden thoughts minted only to be dropped into the purses of other people, Have they murmured at the violence? No! They have died, "like rats in holes and corners." They have left their children to the tender guardianship of overseers and churchwardens—and has indignation stirred the thin blood of the fraternity? No!—*Ergo*—English dramatists *are* philosophers.

Our attention has been newly turned to this pacific sect, by a pamphlet* recently published. We have sufficiently descanted on the monopoly of the drama; as public journalists, with a true love for the letters of our country; as politicians, calling for the equal security of property to all men; it behoves us, especially at the present juncture, to speak of the rights, we should say the wrongs, of dramatic literature.

The pamphlet before us (from which we borrow several facts) is valuable, as presenting a careful digest of the French laws applicable to dramatic literary property. On the 13th of January, 1791, a law was passed in France, which enacted that the works of living authors could not be represented *on any stage* in the kingdom, without the written consent of the author. A transgression of this law to be punished by confiscation of the entire receipts of the house for the benefit of the writer. In the same year, it was also decreed that the dramatist's share of the profits should not be liable to seizure for the debts contracted by managers.†

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* *On Theatrical Emancipation, and the Rights of Dramatic Authors.* By Thomas James Thackeray, Esq.—C. Chapple.

† "Who would believe, (says a French writer,) that in matters of literary property, England, whose laws are daily offered to us as models, is at this day as barbarous as we were in France sixty years ago. It is there held as a matter of course, that the piece of an author, when printed, can be played by all the managers of theatres in the three kingdoms, without

The author's right and property continues in his works during his life, and in posthumous works during the lives of those who have become donors of them: after them it reverts to the heirs. The children of authors have an exclusive right of printing the works of their deceased parents for twenty years; but the other heirs for only ten years. These rights belong to the surviving husband or wife during life, provided the marriage settlement permits it. The unpublished works of authors and composers are not liable to be seized by creditors; this law has been illustrated by several verdicts. So anxious has the French legislature shewn itself for the prosperity of the drama, that any manager accepting a piece, and failing to produce it within a given time, is liable, as has been proved by several suits instituted by authors, to pay the writer the sum previously agreed upon. Dramas are represented in their turn of acceptation. If, however, a piece possess local interest, or there be any other inducement to anticipate the legitimate period of its production, by a *tour de faveur*; as however, the number of these *tours* is limited, an author has his remedy if his piece be postponed after the usual *tours* have made way for its representation. These points sufficiently prove the solicitude of the French government for the prosperity of a species of writing which combines in itself the highest attributes of literature. In England, on the contrary, the drama is a neglected weed; a thing of the highways, to be trodden under foot, or plucked up by the roots.

The French law carefully provides against the chicanery of managers, who would defraud the dramatist by changing the name of his work, or altering the *dramatis personæ*. Certain agencies are established (by the authors themselves) in the departments, who represent the dramatists, and who, under the appellation of dramatic correspondents, exercise all the rights the authors themselves possess, recovering all claims that may be due. The scale of remuneration (which depends on the number of acts), varies at different theatres.* In addition, however, to payment for the drama, there is the privilege of tickets and personal free admission: the admission to remain for life on the production of two pieces in five, four, or three acts; three of two acts, and so on. If an author or composer be entitled to a second free admission, he may be allowed to dispose of it annually: after his death, his widow, or next heir, enjoys the second

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any remuneration; and, in one of the numbers of the London Magazine, the author of several dramatic works laments his unfortunate position, not wishing to have his last piece performed by the theatre which had shewn itself unjust towards him in a former instance, and not daring to print it, because it would be another means of placing it at the disposal of the theatre."

* The following is the scale of remuneration at the *Theatre Royal de l'Opera Comique*:

For a work in five, four, or three acts:—8½ per cent. on the gross receipts, each night of performance. *

"For a work in two acts— 6½ per cent. on the gross receipts.

"For a work in one act—6 per cent. on the gross receipts.

The author of such works as will form the entire representation of the evening, shall be entitled to a further remuneration, fixed at 6 per cent on the gross receipts.

The gross receipts are understood to be formed of the following:

"1. Of the receipts at the doors.

"2. For boxes taken by the month or year, or those taken per night.

"3. For subscriptions of every denomination.

The profits allotted to authors in the proportions above will belong equally to the author and the composer, that is to say, one-half to each.

* At the *Theatre de Vaudeville* and *Gymnastic Theatre des Nouveautés*, and the *Theatre du Palais Royal*, the scale is *twelve* per cent. in the gross receipts.

free admission, but has no power to dispose of it. It is under such just and enlightened legislation that the drama of France continues to flourish; and whilst it amply rewards its professors, supplies nearly every other country with materials for the stage. It is under such government that Monsieur Scribe is enabled, by the exercise of his surprising genius—surprising in its vivacity and fecundity—to realize from three to four thousand pounds yearly. What, on the contrary, would have been his fate, had he written for the English stage? Why, he would have made the fortunes of three or four "starry" actors, and have lived in poverty. Mr. Thackeray (of whom we now take our leave, thanking him for a pamphlet that must have cost him some pains, and may be made most available by English writers in the coming discussion) subjoins the basis of a petition,* on the adoption of the principles of which depend, in our opinion, the future destinies of the English stage.

We now ask, what has been the result of the unprotected condition of the drama?—why, the present degradation of our theatres. It has before been put—but the question should be insisted upon again and again—who will write for the stage, when to labour is to be despoiled? who will select that walk of literature fenced with thorns, and infested with *creeping things*, when there are open "primrose paths" to fortune and advancement? If literary men may be likened, (and we trust they may, even in these days of orthodox meekness and self-denial,) without profanation, to the various labourers in the church, we should call the dramatist the poor drudge of a curate in the establishment of letters: the poet, the novelist, the historian, nay, the writer of a *confectioner's oracle,* is secure in the fruits of his see, his deanery, his rectorship, his fat living—but the dramatist, dependent on caprice, is not insured even his "forty pounds a-year;" he is every now and then stopped on the highways, and the little he may have in his purse, rifled by theives who "rob on the safe side of an act of parliament." For it would not be more monstrous were a bill to be passed, exempting robbers from punishment who should attack curates, and hanging the knaves who should rob the higher dignities of the church; than in the present state of the law, which guards poems, novels, histories, cookery books,—and only leaves unregarded, plays.

The want of protection for dramatic literature, whilst it has almost banished orignial writers from the stage, has introduced a swarm of translators and adaptors, who, so viciously has worked the system, have gorged the actor to the starvation of the writer. The question is not, can a man write a play? but, does he know French? Then, does he know some leviathan actor, who will introduce the translation to the theatre, the whole weight and gist of the drama depending upon and dignifying

* 1st.—That no dramatic composition of an author represented on any theatre in England, shall be represented on any other theatre within the United Kingdom without the formal consent of the author, under penalty of confiscation to his benefit, of the entire produce of the representation.

2nd.—That an obligation be imposed on managers, after having approved and accepted a piece, to bring it forward in its turn, or within a limited period, or to pay the author the sum agreed upon as the price of his labours, &c.

3rd.—That the direct heirs of the author shall succeed to the property of his dramatic works, and enjoy the rights and advantages derived therefrom.

4th.—That the share of the profits of the author shall in no case be liable to seizure for the debts contracted by the proprietors and managers of the theatre.

the gentleman who so introduces it; and who, from being constantly made the solitary feature of a piece, is blown up at the expence of his brother actors, into false importance, and straightway demands the most extravagant terms. It is from such causes that we have imported melo-drames played by actors of thirty, forty, fifty pounds per week salaries. Translation has produced this evil, and a want of protection of dramatic copyright has produced translation, by keeping from the stage writers of original thought.

This system has absolutely degraded the calling of a dramatist; he is looked upon as a mere literary tailor, who, with patterns in hand, (*i. e.* last imported French pieces from Soho-square), takes measure of his man, and, if he fit him, receives his miserable pay. At one time, English dramatists looked abroad into the world for their materials,—they took a comprehensive view of human nature for their immortal works, and trusted to the actor, who is only an actor in proportion as he is worthy of that trust, to mould himself to the embodyment of the poet. Then, a drama was a high creation, for it was the result of the study of human nature in its various and complex workings:—then, a drama was a picture of the human heart—a mirror of man. What is a modern drama, in its general acceptation? What are the motives that induce its composition, what the materials that form its worth? Why, the adaptor sees no other human nature save that within the circuit of a green-room; he fits his work to an actor's peculiarity; he adapts and pares down the world to the actor, instead of making the actor dilate himself to the world. If such were not the case, should we constantly read in the papers such notices as the following:—"We understand that Mr. ——— has a forthcoming drama, in which, we hear, he has taken exact measure of ——!" Taken measure! Only think of *Macbeth*, or *Falstaff*, or *Sir Giles Overreach*, or *Bobadil*, being written "to measure!" Yet it is to this grovelling custom that we owe the degradation of the present stage. It is this system that has sacrificed the dramatic genius of the country to the interested vanity of a few mannerists, in themselves no more comparable to the genuine actors who have preceded them, than are the ephemera by which they live comparable to the highest triumphs of the olden days, when to write a drama was to know the soul of man.

We repeat it; according to the present system, the author is made the drudge, the poor dependent of the actor. We may well illustrate the relative situations of actor and writer, by a scene from Sheridan's *Duenna*. There are the red-faced minions of the cloister, the knaves with "three inches on their ribs," dividing wealth amongst one another, pouring libations down their throats, and roaring "this bottle's the sun of our table:" there they are in their pampered unnatural greatness, each "a star," at forty or fifty pounds per week, accounts at their bankers and carriages at the door; there they are, filled "even to bursting;"—and there is the *lay brother*, the poor dramatist, in shrunk starvation, hardly daring to call his soul his own, whispering his words, and, lowly bending, scratching up, almost by stealth, the crumbs that fall from the feeders' table. Can this be called a forced description of actors, engaged at from thirty to fifty pounds per week; and the author, who for perhaps six months' labour, after much pain and trouble, attendance and solicitation, and with great good luck to boot, gains, it may be, one hundred pounds;

or, what has proved more likely, holds the manager his hopeless debtor to that amount !*

The present unjust state of the law annihilates the civil rights of the author to his own ; he is forgotten by the legislature, and can hardly expect to be remembered by those to whose immediate interest he devotes his labours. One instance, from fifty, of his forgetfulness, this utter unconcern of those claims which, if the stage be anything, should be pre-eminent, we will briefly relate. A dramatist presented a piece to an establishment : the production was read, approved, and nothing remained but to settle terms and the time of representation. The manager began to enumerate the various expenses.—" There must be two or three new scenes—three or four new dresses—the expense of licensing." It appeared that nothing else was to be provided for, when, by some extraordinary providence, the claims of the originator of the drama flashed on the mind of the manager, who added—" Yes, and then there's the author's *fee !*" The author's fee ! Now we hold this little anecdote is illustrative of the whole system of present management. The scenery is of course the grand consideration—then came, *æquis passibus*, the claims of the tailor and decorator, the salaries for stars, the expense of copying parts, licensing, &c. &c.,—and lastly, if thought of at all, the " fee" (delicate word) for the author, for the man who puts all the other parts in motion. A " fee," *i. e.* something for paper, pens, and ink.†

Our hopes of an " equitable adjustment" of the rights of dramatists are excited by a consideration of the spirit of the times, now happily awakened to the remedying abuses, not only political, but personal. To obtain relief, however, it is necessary to display the extent and bearing of an evil, to force its consideration on the public mind, and, if other higher incentives were wanting, to shame the legislature into tardy justice. We gather new hope from the following announcement in our excellent contemporary, the *Athenæum*, of the 7th ult. :—

" It is, we hear, the intention of several literary men of eminence, to bring forward a measure to secure genius the fruits which it produces, and make the regions of the mind as much the property of the holder, as land is the property of the person who purchases it. As the law now stands, an author has a right in his works *for twenty-eight years:* if he dies within that period, the right cannot be revived or renewed for his descendants or heirs; and all the fruits of his talents and industry go to the enrichment of the world at large. It is not so with the proceeds of any other kind of labour: the man of business secures his gains in gold or in land, and bequeaths his all to whom he pleases; while the man of genius, who embarks the capital of his intellect in either verse or prose, has only a short-lived lease of what is as much his own as land or houses can be. Had the widow and children of Burns, for instance, inherited the property of his undying poems, they would have been rich to-day, and been preserved from the misery to which some of them have been subjected."

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* Mr. Wood, who played *Masaniello*, received thirty pounds per week. What has Mr. Kenney, who *produced* the drama, pocketed?—*Nil.*

† It would seem that managers, tutored by the system, estimated the value of a drama according to the scale of the old lady of whom we have heard the following anecdote. Her son had produced a drama, and having received for his labour the sum of five pounds, was loud in his contempt of the amount. At this the dame, in true Israelitish spirit, inquired—" Why, how much did the paper cost?"—" Paper—why, perhaps a shilling." " Well, and how much the pens and ink ?"—Oh,—pens and ink,—why, perhaps sixpence." " Well, I declare !" replied the matron, with managerial calculation,—" here's a young man makes *four pounds eighteen and sixpence* CLEAR PROFIT, and yet it isn't enough!"

A man who writes a poem, a history, a novel, in fact, anything *but a play*, enjoys his right to the proceeds of his labour for twenty-eight years. On the contrary, the dramatist enjoys no such right for twenty-eight hours. The work of his brain is instantly torn from his possession; he produces, and he is pillaged. *The Hunchback*—a play made up of the rarest qualities of literary genius, a production which has shed a golden light on the cold and comfortless gloom of the modern theatre,—a mental achievement, that places its author in "the forehead of the times," that will embalm his memory with the highest dramatic genius of England, mighty and various as she is in that genius,—*the Hunchback*, which has acted as a dream, a talisman, on the intellect of this vast metropolis, *the Hunchback* is no more protected by the British legislature than is the meanest fern on the most public common. At the time we write, *the Hunchback* is unpublished. No matter: it may be come at (a little garbled, perhaps) by provincial managers, who may wish to obtain the property of Mr. Knowles without his sanction, by due application to the agency office at the corner of Bow-street. There the manuscripts, even by this time, (we write four days after the production of the play,) are doubtless ready for sale; or, it may be, already on their way by the mail to their various points of destination.* *The Hunchback*, whilst yet unpublished, is represented at country establishments; at Bath, for instance. On this Mr. Knowles may remonstrate, when he shall receive an impertinent answer from the manager of the above theatre, (for we have seen such documents,) stating that the present law, or rather *no* law, of dramatic copywright, was a very proper one:—

"Only complained of by pettifoggers and adapters, who wished to be secured in their stolen goods."

At the heels of this may tread an empty compliment on the production of—

"An original play; originality being to a lover of his art, like manna dropt in the wilderness!"—

the writer, however, shewing his desire to feed on "originality" as he would on "manna," that is, without paying a doit for his ordinary: he would receive both as the gifts of Providence. Another letter from Dublin may run as follows:—

"Sir,—Before I received your letter, a copy of your drama was forwarded to me from London, for which I have paid two pounds!"†

Thus has the author of *the Hunchback* no remedy. If Mr. Knowles would be assured the profits of his genius, he should invent a new cork-screw, not write an exquisite play. We may see the protecting "patent" on a tooth-brush; but where shall we look for it in a drama? Tragedies, like rabbits, may be bagged without a license.

The present legal condition of the drama is a more fruitful cause of injustice on the one hand, and risk and chicanery on the other, than in any other branch of commerce. Subterfuge and falsehood are resorted to

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* On one occasion the "agent" applied to the dramatist himself, offering him a *guinea* for a copy of his piece: this liberal overture being refused, the reply was—"Oh! no matter, I can get it; but I thought I'd *give you the chance.*"

† We must, however, in justice state, that the Dublin letter may contain (for we ground our supposition on the tenor of an original communication) a wish "that literary property should be respected," with a hope "that a law might be passed to that effect." Dublin *has* consideration for the despoiled: Bath has no bowels.

where open wrong may fail. If a new drama be produced and remain unpublished, and then managers of the metropolitan theatres fail in their attempt to obtain the property of their rival, they immediately produce a counterfeit, a paltry forgery. *The Evil Eye* (an original drama), was last season played by the English Opera Company. The author, Mr. Peake, was applied to by the proprietor of the Surrey, for permission to represent his drama, it being unpublished. The application was refused, when the Surrey proprietor caused something to be vamped up, and called it *The Evil Eye*, having taken the principal points from the original piece, and amalgamated them with jargon, foreign to the subject matter. A like contempt of right has recently been displayed by the people of Sadler's Wells, and followed by those of the Surrey. Before the publication of *The Rent Day*, one of the Well's actors visited Drury Lane Theatre, and having taken notes of the characters and chief situations of the piece, produced his counterfeit at the minor theatres, and subsequently had the audacity to print it. It is high time that such private wrong, and public fraud were put an end to.

In the Session of 1831, a bill was introduced into the Commons by the Hon. George Lamb, to protect the rights of dramatists. The measure was not prosecuted to a successful issue, in consequence of the sudden dissolution of Parliament. However, the question, we understand, is again to be agitated; and we call not only on the literary members of the House, to give their earnest support to the bill, but we demand the interference of the legislature to protect property—to place the barrier of the law between piracy and private right; we demand this in the name of justice, and for the cause of the highest and the brightest portion of English literature—the English drama.

Let such a measure be formed, and the theatre will again be the chosen arena for the exercise of the intellect of the country. As the law now stands, the profession of a dramatist, is, of all literary pursuits, the most thorny and unprofitable. He may work a miracle of human wit to delight present and coming generations, and be himself the prey of that profession which his labours tend to exalt: he may, by some fortunate stroke, build a house of gold for the actor, and be himself the Lazarus at its gates.

D. J.

SONNET.

TO MY SISTER WITH A SPRAY OF WHITE FLOWERS.

Not that thou needest plume, or gem, or flower,
To make thee comely in a brother's eye—
For these be gauds, whose charms with usage die,
Poor rainbow fashions of a passing hour.—
Sweet Sister, did I choose mine offering now,
But that thou mayest not go abroad undecked
While one is near to comfort and protect,
And grace with simple gift thy modest brow:
Methinks the hand that wrought these snowy bells,
Did for thyself express their bloom contrive,
For thou art pure as they,—nor do the cells
Of thy warm heart one bitter fancy hive;—
Remember him who gave, when thou dost wear
These types of thy dear self in thy brown glossy hair.

THE REIGNING VICE.

We should very much like to see an Act of Parliament made to suppress the diffusion of quotations. There is an immense bundle of the wretched mangled victims that we have a very great wish to consign to perdition, without further ceremony. And we would, were it in our power, inflict an unpayable penalty upon, or indulge with an unbearable burthen, the enormous and immeasurable ass who should, after fair warning, venture a bray upon any thing approximating to the lines we are about to enumerate, with hundreds of others in daily course of infliction, but to which we dare not trust ourselves more particularly to refer.

We make it an undeviating rule—conceiving, as we do, that our life depends upon the strictness with which we adhere to it—whenever we attend a general meeting or a public dinner, to keep as near to the door as possible, that we may incontinently escape at half a minute's notice. For ten to one, before the cloth has been drawn a quarter of an hour, some afflicting animal will prick up his ears, and elevating himself upon the table, either propose a health, return thanks, or "beg to explain." Of course, the raggamuffin is at a nonplus in less than twenty unintelligible words, and then we know well enough where he will take refuge. "Yes," quoth he, "as an immortal bard says,"—"our great poet has it," or, "Shakspeare tells us." We need not say, that immediately we hear "immortal bard,"—"great poet," or Shakspeare referred to, we fly,—or converting the nearest tangible material into a destructive missile, launch it with superhuman force at the head of the complacent coxcomb, and thenceforth you may behold him, "as our poet has it,"—

——— "fallen from his high estate,
And weltering" ———

amongst the decanters, to the insuppressible delight of the beholders, who usually return us a vote of thanks, and propose us as chairman for the next meeting.

And let no one accuse us of partiality or injustice. We are equally prompt in denouncing the nuisance, and in checking the recurrence of it among our own particular acquaintance. For instance,—once dining with a friend, and taking our wine after dinner, the conversation turned upon the distinction between rhetoric and oratory. Our friend, who is a sensible man, and not often guilty of inhumanity at his own table, distrusting his own remaining power, felt that he was sinking, and would fain have preserved himself by seizing upon the straw of a quotation. "You know, my dear fellow," remarked he, "what Tully says." We knew too well,—we have heard it a thousand times before from the same lips. "You know what Tully says;"—this was enough for us. We had kept our eyes steadfastly fixed upon the speaker during his harangue; and the instant we heard the Roman orator cited, gave a fillip with our finger to a nutshell, with such admirable dexterity, that we lodged the husky envelope in the very epiglottis of the incipient bore. Chuckling at the success of our expedient, we made good our retreat, and despatched a servant to the aid of his master, who was by this time well nigh giving up the ghost in the dining-room.

What do you think of the ruthless rascal (he is usually a fourth-rate actor, or a linendraper's apprentice) who, in expressing his acknowledgements for the honour done him by drinking his health, concludes with,—

——— "poor am I even in thanks,
But I do thank ye?"

What opinion do you form of the savory-palated scoundrel, who takes advantage of his being the host, to spoil your dinner, by vociferating,

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both?"

How do you like, coming in at the termination of a comprehensive compliment, to be informed, that though "last" you are "not least?" It is remarkably pleasant to receive a reproof from a man, conveyed, as he says, "more in sorrow than in anger;" and delightful to be assured, that he will

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

If an odious overseer happen to depart this parish, or an inveterate curmudgeon, whose rigidly compressed fist no thumb-screw could open, chance to pay Satan a friendly visit, it "needs no ghost to come from the grave" to tell us, since there is always a posthumous babbler to take that office upon himself, that the detested defunct had

——— "a hand
Open as day to melting charity;"

and if an ill-fated cockney, on a Sunday's voyage to Richmond, betake himself to the bottom of the river, let us receive with becoming resignation the intelligence, that

"There is a tide in the affairs of man."

We are quite certain that our readers never saw the quotation from that rare and curious poem by one Goldsmith,—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

And we are equally confident, that at Roman Catholic meetings, no speaker ever averred that Ireland was

——— "great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,"

or that Mr. O'Connell was ever heard to exclaim,

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

Murder instantly, (we say it in cold blood,) decapitate forthwith, the slave who presumes to torture your feelings thus; first, he who, taking his leave of yourself and a common friend, utters with an insane grin,

"When shall we three meet again?"

or he who sighs forth—

"Farewell! a word that has been and must be."

Or,—

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever," &c.

Or,—

"Farewell, a long farewell," &c.;

or, in a word, any valedictory and venomous trash of the like nature.

Kick, or otherwise maltreat, the infatuated fool who pesters you with incessant lines, sentiments, passages, and entire poems of Byron and Moore. This has become intolerable, and must in justice or in mercy be

put an end to. We know the class of offenders well. They are commonly young people, without shirt collar, and with precocious boldness, which they call high foreheads; youthful devotees, with a tendency to consumption and other sentimental infirmities. But let them beware; for we and others are become frantic, and must no longer be goaded into madness by such torturing devices. And if any young lady resident in the country, or elsewhere, desire hereafter to let loose her album upon us, we implore her, on our knees, to desist from her rash attempt, and, in common mercy, to set her father's bull-dog at us. Quadrupeds may be resisted, but we cannot away with those two-footed pests that come swarming in the phalanx of heroic measure.

We must express our unfeigned regret, that this distressing custom should prevail to so frightful an extent in an assembly from which we would fain have hoped better things. But nothing is more common in the assembly to which we allude, than for an honourable member to get upon his legs, and, after a most miserable perversion of his vernacular tongue, wind up with a mingle-mangle of some Latin or Greek passage, when, for any conceivable application the said quotation possesses, or for any additional information it conveys, the orator might just as wisely have recited "Propria quæ maribus," or chaunted "Te Deum," or performed a head-over-heel movement upon the table of the House.

Again, granting the occasional aptness of his simile or his conceit, what possible augmentation of meaning is derivable from the effort? Instead of saying in so many words, "Why what a most unconscious and unconscionable kettle are you, to be abusing the pot after this fashion," our classical senator must needs have it,

"Quis tulerit Gracchus, de reditione quærentes?"

—in the place of "It is there that the shoe pinches," we are favoured with "Hinc illæ lachrymæ;" and because he cannot say at once, "Who the deuce could have supposed the opposition would have been in such a rage?" he prefers to close his period with

"Tantæ ne animis celestibus iræ?"

What odds will the reader take—a hundred to one? that in the said discussion upon emigration or the corn laws, we are not tormented with the unbearable and everlasting

"Princes and kings may flourish or may fade,
A breath may make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride.
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

If we should chance to be in the gallery upon that occasion, we will not swear that we may not be ordered to the bar for a breach of privilege.

To conclude, as we believe the vice to be incurable, and learn that its professors are not yet amenable to the laws, we propose that they be banished

"To some far region of acrostic land,"

to indulge their propensity at pleasure; and we have not the least objection to an arrangement, whereby Lady Morgan might be constituted presiding queen, or perpetual chairwoman of the company.

RAMBLES IN GERMANY.

A tout cœur bien né la patri es tchére.

It is not in their martial character alone, it is not merely as the conquerors of imperial Rome, as the founders of modern European institutions, that the early Germans excite our interest. Their simple institutions, which so captivated the imagination of the historian Tacitus, by their contrast with the vices and corruptions of his own country, are the true sources of all those systems of polity that have since prevailed. From these are equally derived the feudal system of the middle ages, and the free constitution of England; her parliament and her trial by Jury. Again, to the pure chastity of their manners, and their chivalric devotion to the female sex, may be justly ascribed much of that rank now held by women in the scale of society, and of its superiority even in the lowest state over the boasted civilization of the ancients. How that spirit of high-flown gallantry and delicate respect for the softer sex should have sprung up amid the rude barbarians of the North, while it was totally unknown to the more polite and refined Greeks and Romans—that gallantry which, with its many fantastic and some dangerous maxims, has produced others of the highest benefit to society, is one of those mysteries in the varying history of the human race that eludes the grasp of philosophic research. I stood musing thus, beside the tomb that marks the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell, on the far-famed field of Lutzen—of Lutzen, the grave of thousands, sacrificed at the shrine of religious fanaticism. How burning is Schiller's description of this murderous conflict! Both sides fought with a deadly animosity unknown in modern warfare. The traveller stands with the historian on the battle field—hears the solemn hymn of the Swedes on the eve of the action; sees the gallant Gustavus fall mortally wounded amid the Croatian horse; witnesses the fierce onslaught of the Swedish cavalry to recover his body; and, lastly, beholds Wallenstein riding amid the deadly shower, as if he bore a charmed life. Darkness put an end to the combat, and the trumpets from either camp sounded the notes of victory. Here on this same field, did the star of Napoleon for the last time burst forth with that vivid brightness that marked its dawn on the field of Marengo. It was leaning on the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus that Napoleon marked the retreat of the allied columns.

There is something gloomy and stately in the gothic aspect of Leipsig, that leads back the mind to the days of more picturesque manners. But this city possesses another claim to our interest, it is the great printing press of Germany, the mart of thought.

In the public garden near the Plassenburgh gate, there is a cenotaph erected to the memory of the ill-fated but gallant Poniatowski—when we behold the Elster (as it has been a thousand times before observed,) the mind wonders that an insignificant rivulet which an English hunter would clear at a leap, should have proved the grave of the gallant Pole; but so it did—here sunk steed, rider, and hundreds of the flying French. The Marquis of Londonderry, in his narrative, mentions, that the Prince was so loaded with gold that he sunk almost immediately. If this were true, the romantic halo that enshrouds the manner of his death will lose much of its interest. There is a very curious anecdote current in Germany, relative to this Prince. A few years previous to his death, he was on a visit

to a relation of his in Moravia, and while sauntering in the park of the château with a parcel of ladies, they were suddenly accosted by a gypsy, who offered to predict the fate of every one present. Poniatowski held out his hand to the sybil, who took it, and examining it with a scutinizing glance, she said in a hollow tone of voice, "Prince, an Elster will be thy death." Now Elster in German means a magpie. The prediction therefore elicited a burst of merriment from the whole party, who little dreamt at the time how truly this gypsy prophecy would be one day realised.

The country between Leipsig and Dresden possesses but little interest; but Dresden is a most interesting city. There are no splendid edifices; but the ensemble of the Saxon capital, with its noble bridge, is so beautiful, and the situation so calm, so still, that I left it with regret. But the Curzeit was far advanced, and I was anxious to visit Töplitz during the bathing season. Dresden is the Athens of Germany, and its inhabitants have long been celebrated for their polished manners and refined and classical taste. Our road towards the Bohemian frontier lay through the theatre of the great military operations of 1813. We passed the celebrated defile of Holendorf, where three thousand Prussians gallantly held Vandamme's whole corps d'armée in check, till the Allied forces formed in the rear. When all was lost, the French cavalry rushed like a torrent down the deep descent, and made a gallant attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day,—but all in vain,—the hour of defeat had sounded, and—here sunk the star of Napoleon; for Maria Culum prepared the disasters of Leipsig, the grave of his fortune. The road descends into the valley, surrounded on three sides by precipitous mountains. Our postilion had been in the action; he pointed to the eminence defended by the Russian guards. Here the conflict raged the fiercest, and here fought the young guards of Napoleon, confident of success, till the arrival of the Austrians decided the affair, and lost to France an army of 40,000 men!

If any place in Germany can make us forget Baden, it is Töplitz; the environs are romantic and beautiful, studded with castles and manors of the Bohemian nobility; the town is extremely elegant, the houses well built, and commodious. The palace of the Prince Clary, the proprietor of the baths, is an imposing edifice, and the grounds are laid out with considerable taste; in short, every thing at Töplitz is on a scale far superior to that of any other German watering place. The place was crowded at the period of our arrival. The "caste" of the company was aristocratic "on n'y peut plus." Dinner was served daily at five o'clock, in a magficent saloon, to which sat down between two to three hundred guests. The coup d'œil was magnificent, varied, and full of pleasing contrasts. In juxtaposition with a Russian diplomatist sat a fiery Pole, fiercely scowling at his hated oppressor; suddenly his fierce expression gives place to one of softness, as he listens to the silvery voice of one of his countrywomen. At another part of the table may be observed a party of martial-looking Hungarians, toasting their constitution in defiance of Metternich and his spies, or the well-padded breasts of a coterie of Prussian officers—perhaps discussing the relative merits of Jomini and their favourite Bulow, or illustrating with their knives and forks some evolution of tactics. The Prussians are the military pedants of Germany; their very phraseology is tactical, while their demeanour is vain, conceited, and arrogant to a degree, forming a peculiar contrast with the quiet gravity of manner, and gentlemanly deportment of the Austrian officers. The military of these two nations cordially hate

each other, and their rivalry is often the source of serious brawls. Nothing can convey a stronger idea of the intensity of this feeling than the question of a Prussian Colonel to the Mareschal Suchet, on the field of Jena, as a column of Prussian prisoners defiled before him :—"Did we fight to-day as well as the Austrians at Austerlitz?" To have been surpassed in military prowess by the detested Austrians, would have mortified more the vanity of this "Sabreur" than the loss of his country's independence.

Both the wines and the viands were of the most costly descriptions; the various tongues of the company—the gorgeous uniforms of the chasseurs of the Russian noblesse—the rich deep melody of the Bohemian band; but above all the blaze of female loveliness that graced the hall, presented an ensemble of high-bred fascination and attraction which we would look for in vain at any of the watering places in our own island. After dinner the company lounged in the park, or drove to some of the beautiful villages in the environs. A ball or a concert, (the ladies *en demie toilette*) with the more exciting pleasures of *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, were the amusements of the evening. There were several Polish ladies at the baths, of surprising loveliness. The Polish woman of rank combines all the feminine softness and delicacy of mind of the high-bred English female, with that fascinating polish of exterior and amiable vivacity that so distinguishes the dames of France; in fact, their personal charms are "*au negreau*" with the gallantry of their countrymen. Alas! poor Poland! Many of those gallant spirits who, in the summer of 1829, by their elaborate cultivation of mind and manner, shed such charms over the society of Töplitz, have perished in the late glorious struggle, while others are dragging their exiled steps towards the dreary wilds of Siberia. To use the language of the ruthless autocrat, "Poland has ceased to exist;" but the memory of her sublime efforts to recover her wonted independence, will descend in the brightest hues to future generations, when the name of the barbarian ruler shall only be acknowledged in the page of history as their destroyer!

While lounging in the park on the third evening of our arrival at the baths, my attention was arrested by a coterie of ladies and gentlemen in the adjoining walk. Their calm dignity of deportment, and their distinguished air, announced them as belonging to the highest walks of society.

On one of the party my eye rested with a kind of fascination; the ensemble of his exterior was strikingly graceful, a high broad forehead, a Grecian nose, clear blue eyes that bespoke frankness and sincerity; a beautiful mouth, round which played a heavenly smile; a slender figure, graceful in all its movements, and eminently calculated to impress the spectator favourably; such was the man that arrested my gaze; a man universally execrated from Archangel to the Mediterranean, from the Bosphorus to the Channel, Freedom's most determined foe, the arch-diplomatist, I had almost said, the arch-enemy, of Europe—the Austrian Prince Metternich!

"Qui cuncta ferit dum cuncta timet."

THE INCONVENIENCES OF AN INDEPENDENCE.

I COMMENCE my auto-biography by stating that I am a younger son, though of sufficient age to be set down for a bachelor. My father, a country gentleman, knowing the miseries that attend "younger sons" without an adequate provision or a lucrative profession, left each of his six youngest, annuities of two-hundred a year, charged on the paternal estate, which the eldest now inherits. Two of my brothers are married—the heir, of course, being one; who has issue two boys, as if *one* were not sufficient to extinguish, beyond all chance of rekindling, the expiring snuff of hope to possess the family estate, that flickered in my bosom, only to shew the drear darkness of despair that reigned there.

My father was the only child of an only child, consequently I have no old bachelor-uncle whose whims I could study, and whose estate I might thereby inherit; nor do I own any of those relations called maiden aunts, with snug jointures accumulating at interest, whose parsimony I might bless (when I did not share her denials) as the earnest of amassed wealth that I might one day call my own.

I support myself in the absence of all these inlets of fortune, by the reflection that I possess none of those inexplicably-intricate relationships called cousins, whose number may be calculated by geometrical progression from a married uncle or aunt, and who increase in time as a grain of wheat in the ground. I have no cousin. Yes! this is one of the few consolations that mitigates the miseries of two hundred a year.

But I am digressing. My father was a member for the county, and farmed a part of his estate sufficient to occupy his time and that of one or other of his sons un-professioned. Although an oppositionist in his principles, as appeared by his votes in the House, for he was no speaker, he spurned the idea of bringing up his sons to anything but a profession. He was careful to give us the needful advantage of a University education, and to afford us the means of acquiring the personal accomplishments which are so essential in the eyes of the world. He was likewise most earnest in his exhortations that we should all acquire, what he called, "the spirit and manners of a gentleman born and bred"—to two hundred a year, I added, mentally: for I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that he had prepared us for our future destiny by announcing his determination, and thus preventing us from indulging either in desponding anticipations or high expectations.

At his death, I inherited, in common with my brothers, a thousand pounds in cash, and the aforesaid annuity of two hundred a year. After a decent time had elapsed we all quitted the family mansion in various directions to enjoy the goods of fortune. I came immediately to London, and after tasting the round of its pleasures set off for the continent, where I travelled for several months, and, according to the usual custom that exemplifies the vulgar proverb of "putting the cart before the horse," I returned to make the tour of my own country. I had by this time diminished, or rather consumed almost the whole of my ready cash, and therefore deemed it prudent to look out for a home, which I resolved to seek for in the great metropolis. To make "a home" for myself was no easy matter, so I took up my abode at an hotel while I should be making up my mind upon this important point. Ideas of matrimony filled my brain for awhile, but I was in that "bachelor's home," a London hotel, and they quickly dispersed at the thought of two hundred a year.

The sporting season was now approaching, and the streets of London emptying of the fashionable and fortunate inhabitants. I migrated, as in etiquette bound, and was announced in the departures from ——'s Hotel, "on a sporting tour," which meant, that having no "box" or estate of my own, and being unshackled by any pressing invitation, I was going to make the circuit of my country friends, with only my gun and portmanteau, and trust to their hospitality for dogs and a dormitory. But before Christmas had well arrived, I grew weary of and disgusted at being a continual guest, though I had been received with a cordial welcome wherever I had visited, and once more came up to London, to vegetate in its smoky atmosphere and stony (or rather brick) boundaries. I had now need to economize; and accordingly took furnished lodgings, and with a year's income in advance, commenced "single gentleman."

This was the beginning of my misery. I was surrounded by (millions I was about to say) thousands of my fellow-creatures, and yet a sailor on a desolate island was not more solitary than I. While every body at this festive season of the year seemed to partake more or less of the general hospitality, I felt an outcast, and would fain have joined my landlady's family party, that assembled in the best parlour, lent them for that purpose by a fellow-lodger. I became a regular, staid, and retired man —a melancholic bachelor. My mode of life was this: I rose about twelve at noon, generally with a head-ache, always with a languor, after passing a restless and almost sleepless night. I lounged over my solitary and tasteless meal for an hour; then, if it were fine, I walked out to see the same shops, and the same "new" prints and songs, and read the title-pages of the same books, always "just published," and returned home, wearied, but not wanting rest, to my dinner; took a glass of wine and a nap afterwards, and with coffee and a novel closed my joyless day.

It formed a part of my occupation as an idler, to visit every "sight" and new wonder in the town. I knew every object, as per catalogue, in every panorama, attended the auctions, and saw every exhibition that was placarded on the walls of the metropolis, or puffed in the columns of the newspaper. I felt quite tired at seeing daily the boards announcing the opening of the "new exhibition," for months after I had seen it; and equally amazed at the perseverance of the proprietors, and the prolonged curiosity of the public. I always made one of the crowd to witness the opening of the new view in the Diorama, and of course regularly saw each view *twice*, the proprietors of that scenic exhibition changing their views, as my respected grand-parent did the glasses of her spectacles, by one at a time. Still I made shift to enjoy, or, more properly speaking, endure, a town life for more than a year. I had a few books, and could sketch, and once attempted a course of study; but my object being only to kill time, I found it too hard work, so I had recourse to the circulating library, which proved for a long time an unfailing fund of amusement. I plied its contents, however, so assiduously during a long winter, that I at length exhausted all its stores, with which I desired to be, or had not before been acquainted; and the scanty supply of new books that were readable soon made me again a bankrupt in regard to amusement. I cannot forbear stating a trifling distinction that I attained, it being the first of any sort since those ordinary ones at college, and that was—my name being almost invariably the first on the librarian's book for the new novel.

Spring returned, and summer came on, and the town grew thinner, and

the country must be delightful; but I could not enjoy it. The Parliament dissolved, and thus ceased one great source of my amusement, or occupation rather, for I might be seen, as regular as a committee-man, passing down Parliament-street; by the porters I was taken for a member, and by the gallery door-keeper, I suppose, for a reporter, as he always recognized me, and I passed on without having occasion to exhibit my order for admittance. It was my constant practice to read the various reports of the evening's debate in the different newspapers, and I became a critical judge of the merits of the reporters. Once a thought came across my mind to take notes of the proceedings myself; but thinking the difficulty of acquiring short-hand would not be recompensed by the little additional stimulus it occasioned, and stifling with a blush the thought of deriving emolument from the employment, I banished the consideration; but was not afterwards so constant in my attendance on the debates in Parliament. With the close of the session, and the departure of the Court and principal families from town, and the return of dust and the dog days, came my half-banished tyrant Ennui; and I remained in London with half-pay officers, government clerks, and the whole fraternity of poor gentlemen, to contemplate the horror of my fate.

It was at this period that I began an attack upon my native and ingrafted pride. I had lived up to my income, and yet had only escaped wearing a questionable coat, and a doubtful hat, although I had appeared as a gentleman. True I had taken to dark-coloured gloves, always wore boots of a morning and black for dress; contracted *per annum* with my hair-dresser and laundress; confined myself to *one* glass of sherry; affected plainness of dress, and became neat; and at five and twenty I looked, moved, and dressed like a bachelor of five and thirty. In all this I never descended below the real gentleman, either in my appearance or deportment.

I never became what is technically called a "respectable man"—meaning any given individual who does not dress actually shabbily, or owe his tradesman a bill. No; I escaped that abomination of merchandize, and though I paid my tradesmen regularly, never discovered any indications of my being considered less than a gentleman.

Hitherto the reader of this narrative has set me down for a proud, idle, discontented man, who, from the mere circumstance of his having enough to live upon, was miserable at not having more; and although that is in one sense a just estimate of my condition, yet, when viewed in the light in which I saw it, he will be more liberal if not sympathizing in his judgment; and when I relate the almost daily practical miseries I experienced, and recount the privations I underwent, I think he will be induced to feel with me that my little income was rather an aggravation than a palliation of them, inasmuch as it prevented me from seeking means to rid myself of them. I can give but a faint sketch of the mortifications and annoyances to which I was exposed; one of the chief of which was my total inability from want of sufficient means, to extend my circle of acquaintance, which I found was already sufficiently numerous. Indeed my continual struggles to avoid affronting my friends and escape the imputation of meanness, were at the time torturing. No debtor ever shunned a creditor, or thief dreaded an officer, more than I the meeting of an acquaintance. I had recourse to affectation, and began to be absent, and to appear a misanthrope. In short, I banished myself from the society of all but

a few family friends, who knew my circumstances, and on whom I could rely for not bruiting them out of a regard to their own consequence. Within this small (certainly not select) circle of acquaintance I confined my visits, and being a bachelor without an establishment, had no need to offer an excuse for not inviting a return of my visits, were not their acquaintance with my circumstances a sufficient one.

Even among these, however, I had my mortifications, which I could not patiently have submitted to, (though undesigned) but for the alternative of losing the limited advantages and monotonous variety afforded by their company. I was always considered "one of the family," but with this decisive understanding, that I never was to become a member by relationship. The girls were never suffered to remain in the room alone with me, and I was never by any chance allowed to escort them otherwise unaccompanied to any public place; but with this I did not quarrel, as it saved me many incursions on my income of two hundred a-year. I was not matrimonially inclined, for I looked upwards in considering an alliance, as well as in forming my acquaintanceships. I had too much sense and prudence to marry a girl that I could love, but who possessed no property; and too much pride to owe my establishment to a wife; besides I was not in much danger of committing matrimony had I been that way inclined, for I was not surrounded by those anxious, happy mothers, with each a string of fine-grown girls; for an inquiry as to my property and expectations, met with the chilling quietus of "extensive collateral relationships, and two hundred a-year."

I kept up my fashionable reputation, however, by being occasionally seen in the drive in a stanhope or a carriage, with a friend or party; but even this needful indulgence I sparingly allowed myself, for had I made it my constant habit, it would have compelled me to frequent the coffee-rooms of the loungers, and to have joined their wine-parties, in default of which I was voted a "close one," and thought an odd quiz, and my known reputation as a perfect gentleman alone prevented me from being cut in consequence. Having in some degree overcome the inconvenience of a narrow and limited income, which at first constituted my besetting annoyance, I began to feel that hopeless monotony which before had been in some measure kept aloof by my perpetual struggles to bring down the resources of my amusement to those of my income. The care of living within that was now banished by my almost parsimonious habits in private, and my judicious forbearance and management in company, which many denials and many failures at length taught me to arrange with a ready adroitness that blinded even my friends. This habitual caution and foresight in little matters began to mark my physiognomy with the deep contracting lines of petty cares, and my mind was in some degree affected by the operation of narrow circumstances. Yet I was without absolute care, without fear, and consequently without hope as to the future; and thus I was without happiness, and possessed only negative comfort. This state was intolerable. I therefore set about considering how I might employ my time, since I could not spend it. I felt its weight relieved by sleep, only to wake to the burthen in the morning; and an honourable employment, an occupation compatible with my station, even without emolument, would have been welcome. To office I looked with an envious and despairing glance. I had no ministerial influence to command, and I scorned to solicit (had that been of use) a post under government. I wanted the talent requisite to enliven or inform the public mind through

the medium of the press. Every avenue to distinction was crowded with qualified or dauntless candidates. I wanted stimulus to jostle such a multitude; I had neither genius nor poverty to urge me on, though I might have filled a situation with propriety and respectability. Had I possessed only the bare means of subsistence, that had been a sufficient inducement to have sought the attainment of more extended means; but being possessed of a competency, I remained an idle and unhappy man! A most potent reason for such condition, ironically exclaims the man of common sense: and *now* I can myself agree with him.

About this time I was introduced to a club by a persevering friend, who would not be deterred from cultivating an intimacy with me by my tacit refusal of his acquaintance, and was duly elected a member. This was an economical, as well as an agreeable indulgence, and for a time the novelty as well as the convenience of the thing, attracted me constantly to the splendidly furnished apartments. At length even this varied, gay, and elegant scene, with its attending comforts and rare union of economy and luxury, ceased to charm. I seriously resolved to change my mode of life, but to act was not so easy as to resolve. As a first step, I took an actual survey of my situation in the world, and I found it was in the purgatory of life, equally remote from the paradise of hope, and the pandemonium of despair. I must then attain one or other of these, since my own region was so miserable. The giddy eminence of the court was above my reach. I mingled not in the whirl of fashionable movements, and was unassociated with the dull respectability of mercantile privacy. It was the polished leisure of diplomatic eminence that I coveted. This was a point gained. I had at length discovered what I wished for and if I could not hope, I might at least season my unpalatable misery with despair! I must either lower my pride or increase my income; by doing one I might accomplish both, and attain a happy occupation and a wealthy leisure: but no! I was possessed of an independence of two hundred a-year; a gentleman I was born and bred, and a gentleman I must die.

I was now visited by desperate suggestions; I was tempted to rush into debt and dissipation, and thence into the Thames and eternity; when all on a sudden my ideal miseries were banished in an instant and every real advantage of my independence flashed upon my brain, by the information I received of the cessation of my annuity!—It appeared that a claimant to the family estate had arisen, and in his exertions to discover his own, had found a flaw in our title to it, which he exposed to the heir at law, and the whole property went from our family.

This intelligence had the effect of an electric shock upon a benumbed and torpid sensation. I recovered from the momentary prostration to an activity of mind that I had never before experienced. I felt that I must instantly exert myself. My pride was banished, my latent desire roused, and I brought up all my energy and judgment to assist me. I flew to one or two of my most intimate friends; I would not allow them to condole with me on my loss of fortune or alarm me with the dismal prospect of the future; but set them immediately to work to assist me in my pursuit of my wishes. I "put my shoulder to the wheel," and as I had never before had occasion to ask, so I had scarcely need to hint at the value of the services of my immediate friends. To be brief—I attained the summit of my ambition—a post under government.

I have once more two hundred a year, and am perfectly happy—for I earn it. S.

A CONVERSATION WITH THE DOUBLE-SIGHTED YOUTH OF THE EGYPTIAN-HALL.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

My dear Sir,

I have been laid up during the last two months with rheumatic fever, to which I have been subject ever since my unfortunate attempt, in company with Captain Parry, to discover the North Pole. I have often related to you the miseries of that expedition, and I only refer to my illness as an apology for my long silence. I enclose you a transcript, I believe almost verbatim, of a conversation between myself and the Double-sighted Youth of the Egyptian-hall, which took place at my rooms in the last week. Little Gordon is a clever lad, and after the proofs of second-sight manifested in the following pages, I think no person will question the genuineness of his extraordinary powers. You will be particularly surprised at the peculiar knowledge he appears to possess both of our present and future literature. Not the least valuable part of his communications is that in which he describes with such lucid minuteness the works upon which some of our most popular writers are at the present time engaged. Much of our conversation was held over a bowl of whiskey toddy (you would be astonished to see how Gordon enjoys the real Glenlivet), and the Temple clock was striking two, p. m., as his feet echoed along the court on his way home. He told me, as we parted, that he should be ill the next day, but I do not instance this as an evidence of his double-sight, since a slight indisposition would be the natural consequence of six large breakers of strong toddy.

Believe me to be, in haste, yours very sincerely,

Mark O'Gorman Morgan.

Pump-Court, Temple, April 16, 1832.

(It will not be unnecessary to sketch the scene of our conversation.—Imagine us seated opposite to each other at a small round table, well provided with cigars, whiskey, &c. Time, 8, p. m.; a *Monthly*, an *Examiner*, and an uncut *Quarterly* lie by the bottle).

O'Gorman Morgan.—So you pass for a Highlander. Pray what plaid may that be?

Double Sighted Youth —The Gordon.

O'G. M.—I could have wagered a trifle you was a Lowlander; but that matters not. How long is it since you first discovered that you possessed this strange faculty of Double Sight.

D. S. Y.—I remember the day perfectly; it is now nearly two years agone; I had been quarrelling with the village school-master, (for I have been at no time very partial to governments of any description,) and in a moment of anger I determined to give him no more of my company on that day. I soon put my plan in execution and set out upon a wandering excursion with only a few halfpence in my pocket. But in the pastoral country, where I was, money is of little service. If you have ever been in the Highlands, Sir, you must have remarked the romantic situations in which the school-houses (if you can give them the name) are generally built. Moss-side (the name by which Michael Glenfillan's cottage was known) has been already described by that magnificent patron and friend of mine, Professor Wilson, in his *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*. Well, Sir, I wandered on and on, it was July, until weary and half sorrowful, and threw myself down upon the grass: the sun was gradually setting, and the rich golden shadows floated all about. Oh! how beautiful it is to lie down thus among the warm

herbage and watch the little brown moorland birds glimmering, ever and anon, like a speck of sun-light among the heather. I had within my ken twenty, at least, of those picturesque dwellings which are so abundantly scattered through the vallies and fields of dear Scotland; at one time shining afar off upon the bare and desolate hill-side, and at another, lifting up their bright gleesom faces from the dark bosom of the mountain Glen; the gentle whimpling of a far-away brooklet made a soft slumberous music. I lay thus, nearly an hour, in that delightful condition, between sleeping and waking, when all at once a change seemed to come over me, and I trembled as under the influence of a supernatural vision; I cannot describe my sensations with any precision, but I seemed to be suddenly transported into one of the back streets of Edinbrugh, to which place my mother had recently gone to see a sick relation. In an instant I was by the bedside of my mother, who was dying of the fever which had been some time raging in the city. I cannot go on, Sir, said Gordon, weeping bitterly; but at that very hour, as we learnt afterwards, my blessed mother breathed her last. This was the first manifestation of the Second Sight; and since that day, I have been in the constant possession of the gift.

The double sighted youth appeared to be lost in meditation for a few minutes, but he soon recovered himself, and he began to talk of the theatres.

O'G. M.—Have you seen Francis the First?

D. S. Y.—Yes.

O'G. M.—And the Hunchback?

D. S. Y.—Yes.

O'G. M.—And which do you think the best?

D. S. Y.—Think the best? Why the Hunchback, to be sure. My Second Sight supplies me with a knowledge of the drama generally, and I can safely say, that a play more harmoniously compacted, or one in which all the gentle and beautiful graces of the heart most amiably flourish, has not been seen for many a long day; not even in Kean's most palmy days was a more crowded audience assembled within the walls of a theatre than on last Thursday. Tier above tier, nothing but outstretched and anxiously expectant faces: and oh, Sir, such faces! Mahomet would have purchased them at any price for his Paradise.

O'G. M.—Fie! fie! Gordon.

D. S. Y.—Nay, Sir, but let me go on, for the remembrance is delightful. We had been sitting for some minutes; the party behind me had nearly finished their arrangement of their apparel, the lady had placed her bonnet upon her knees, the gentleman had located his hat between his inturned feet, the juveniles (it was a family party from Newgate-street) had each secured an orange from the hands of their careful mother, when the bell rang and the curtain slowly rose; all was silent! the fat lady, from Newgate, who was in the very act of enticing a banbury cake from a black reticule, held it suspended for an instant between the finger and thumb, and let it fall back into the unknown region of halfpence and gingerbread. Those listening thousands were a solitude.

O'G. M.—Gordon, I am afraid you have taken that thought from one of the Oxford prize poems; I remember to have seen it somewhere.

D. S. Y.—May be, may be. It reminded me of the long summer hours I had been dreaming upon the hill-side, looking up into the blue light, while not a single sound spoke of animated nature around; but the solitude was so intense, that I could hear the faint sighing of the heather as the wind passed over it; you never read that before, I surmise, Sir. Well, as I was saying, up went the curtain, and from that moment until it left my eyes did not wander from the stage. I love poetry, and some of the detached thoughts and images in the *Hunchback* are exceedingly beautiful, but they arise naturally out of the action of the play, and are not inserted by way of atoning for the want of scenic interest: they come gleaming up like flowers upon a troubled sea, telling of a lovely and verdant land not far distant; and this appears to me one of the distinguishing features of the author of *Virginius;* the passions of his heroes and heroines have a decorum in them. Can any thing be more vividly true than his Julia; and Fanny played it admirably: she seemed to have taken a cast of the very features of the poet's Julia. Her early innocence and incipient vanity, then her reckless and blinded extr ava

gance and dissipation, and last of all her mental agony and final reconciliation with Clifford: if every trait of passion and feeling had been modelled from the life, the resemblance could not have been more entire: and then her voice is so silver-sweet, ay, sweeter than the dews of Hermon. By heaven, I could almost bring myself to marry Fanny.

O'G. M.—But, Gordon, you forget her nose—Is it not a little uppish?

D. S. Y.—I never noticed that look in her eyes, and you forget it all.

O'G. M.—You said that you do not like Francis the First.

D. S. Y.—Some passages in it border very closely on coarseness of expression; and I take that to be a fault of no small magnitude in a woman. Lady Dacre advised a revision of these objectional lines, but the friendly caution does not seem to have been attended to.

O'G. M.—It may be on this account that Lady Dacre has withdrawn her new Tragedy, in which Fanny was to have appeared on her benefit night.

D. S. Y.—*Isaure*, you mean—But have you seen Miss Taylor lately?

O'G. M—I saw her the other night in the *Hunchback*, and thought her (what I do not always think her) quite charming. How I envied that lubberly cousin of her's, who had not sense enough to understand that she was making love to him. I agree with her in considering Ovid a fool. Who will ever think of reading his Art of Love again, after the instructions so enthusiastically given by Miss Taylor. I wonder if the man who played the 'Cousin' would surrender his part—I would willingly play it gratis. You are welcome to Fanny, Gordon, but give me the Taylor.

D. S. Y.—Do you admire her singing?

O'G. M.—I hate singing of all kinds. I know nothing more incomprehensible than the cant phrase of an *ear for Music*.

D. S. Y.—Does its peculiarity consist in its length?

O'G. M.—I think your conjecture has much plausibility. Three of the greatest men who have adorned any age or nation, Pope, Swift, and Johnson, had no sympathy whatever with sweet sounds.

D. S. Y.—And you make the fourth.

O'G. M.—What will be the fate of the thousand and one female writers who contribute so large a portion of our imaginative literature.

D. S. Y.—Some of them will live. Felicia Hemans, L. E. Landon, Mary Howitt, and a few more, will not die.

O'G. M.—I love L. E. L.—I mean her works. There is so much purity, and truth, and freshness in her thoughts—Who ever wrote so many pages about love with such exquisite delicacy. L. E. L. does not seem to be infected by the poisonous air of this busy and hateful world. She dwells, like Immalie, in an enchanted island, round whose flowery borders the waves of life roll in harmless fury; and when she comes out of her solitude, she bears with her the bloom and the music of her habitation. I am led to speak thus enthusiastically, because I believe my opinion of her character to be correctly formed; and I am acquainted with some passages in her history which bind the feelings to her. Her "Romance and Reality" is a delightful composition—full of beautiful lights and shadows. I am quite surprised at finding her so deeply read in the human passions. She is what Lavater would call a powerful Pathognomist. She should try a Tragedy.

D. S. Y.—She is contemplating one.

O'G. M.—How I envy your insight into the future, Gordon!

D. S. Y.—Mrs. Hemans has long had a volume of Poems ready for the press, but in these Political and Anti-poetical days a Bookseller finds a slow sale for verses even of the highest order. I believe Blackwood will publish it.

O'G. M.—Some of Felicia's Songs are among the first in the language. She has more imagination than fancy. Her words are not mere coloured images, having no recommendation but their showiness; they are symbols of a pure and intellectual beauty. Her lyre has the full triumphant tone of a Grecian Cittern; and its first note, like the chaunt of the Citharædus in a drama of Sophocles, prepares the auditor for the splendid company of picturesque thoughts and harmonies which are to follow. Her "Songs of the Affections" ought to be immortal as the feelings they commemorate.

D. S. Y.—Mrs. Hemans had some intention lately of visiting London.

O'G. M.—I trust that she has not altogether relinquished her project. I long to meet her, for I hear that she is very eloquent. What a contrast to Mary Howitt! I have a great respect for that lady's talents, but why does she not pay more attention to the structure of her versification. Reading her poetry is like walking on loose flag-stones: you are in danger of being tripped up every minute. The homeliness of the subjects generally selected is an apology. Dr. Johnson has observed, in his life of Butler, that to one who conveys common thoughts in careless versification,—but I will not stay to quote Johnson; the meaning and diction will be worthy each other, and criticism may safely doom them to perish together. I am actuated by a feeling of good will in making these remarks. It cannot too frequently be remembered that diction and harmony are to poetry, what colouring and drawing are to painting. A noble thought, ill expressed, is like a grand conception negligently and ineffectively designed.

D. S. Y.—Mary Anne Browne came to see me at the Egyptian Hall the other day.

O'G. M.—She is one of the most incorrigible poetic sinners of the day. Her verses are like similies strung unto a rosary. It is to be lamented that every young genius who may be blessed with the happy talent of arguing in rhyme, should rush into metre without any preparatory initiation into the mysteries by which it is regulated. No small advantage would be gained by the power of distinguishing a metaphor from a simile, and an apostrophe from an allegory. Some men who were accounted, in their day, to be endowed with a considerable share of talent, did not disdain to devote their pens to the elucidation of this subject. Bishop Lowth, of whom Antiquarian Readers have often heard, may be adduced as an example. I say Antiquarian Readers, because, in the present day, no person gifted with a lively fancy ever humbles himself so far as to peruse the works of his ancestors. It is no small labour now for a popular author to read his own productions—I mean in point of numbers. Milton has a passage which may be properly applied to Mary Anne Brown and that School.

D. S. Y.—How do you distinguish it?

O'G. M.—We call it the *So-So*-School, in allusion to the multitude of similies employed by the writers of it. It is the idle fancy of some poor brains, says Melton, to run out perpetually into a course of similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses, and making it like so many things that it is like nothing at all. Why do'nt Robert Montgomery marry Mary Anne?

D. S. Y.—Because he is engaged to Miss Crumpe.

O'G. M.—The state of our female literature is deserving of patient and dispassionate investigation. The old adage, that the Romans governed the world, but the women governed the Romans, remains in full force and admits of almost universal application. The reign of chivalry introduced the domination of women into this country. But, above all, the influence of women is discoverable in the prevailing taste and fashion of the day, whether it be in literature or in art, in the modelling of a figure, or the composition of a novel. If women (as De Stael observes) have not produced works decidedly superior, they have at least been the instruments of inspiration to those who have: but I think the power of woman very dangerous if not restricted. Louis the 14th revoked the Edict of Nantz at the instigation of Madame Maintenon. Neither is unbounded liberty always accompanied by the proper propriety of life. The females of the tribe of the Hagaurchs, inhabiting the eastern parts of the Paropamisan mountains, are remarkable for the ascendancy they possess over the minds of their husbands. They manage the house, and divide the property and honours, and are never beaten. Unfortunately, their virtue appears to decrease in exact proportion to the enlargement of their freedom. The husband never presumes to enter the chamber of his wife when he sees a pair of slippers at the door. It is a token not to be mistaken, and too frequently repeated, I should suppose, to permit of his forgetting its intimation.

D. S. Y.—The custom of placing the slippers at the bed-room door might be introduced with advantage into our own country. Nothing can be more painfully annoying to the Prince Schwarzenbergs of the day than the sudden and unceremonious irruption of an angry husband. It is a breach of the polite forbearance necessary to the well being of society, and ought to be amended.

O'G. M.—What do you think of getting up a petition for some legislative enactment? Lord Ellenborough would present it. By the bye, what is your opinion of the present state and future prospects of this country?

D. S. Y.—You will have the cholera again in the summer.

O'G. M.—Sir Astley Cooper says, *wait till June!*

D. S. Y.—I told him so, and you will see my prediction will be fulfilled.

O'G. M.—And pray, Gordon, can you see any prediction of a returning prosperity in the literary world, for you are doubtless aware that for these twelve months and more, there has been a deadly blight upon the efforts of all those who live by their intellect?

D. S. Y.—I see nothing but starvation. The profession of literature has always been precarious and miserable. You remember what Coleridge said on this subject. Can any thing be more dreadful and more heart-rending than the situation of a man of talent, without friends or money in London? Don't talk to me of genius finding its way; it's all cant. Place the greatest geographer that ever lived in an African desert without food or companions, and tell him to find his way to Timbuctoo; will he ever arrive there? And is the most illimitable wilderness more desolate to the solitary traveller than London to the poor destitute student. Who ever hears of his talents, or who would take the trouble to find him out if he did? Come with me to the Tower-hamlet; you see that old dilapidated house by the water-side, which seems about to tumble every minute. Pick your way up that rotten stair-case that "winds in murkiness," and tell me if it can lead to the dwelling of a genius; open the door gently and look in; did you ever behold such misery? Hush! do you see that the bed clothes are moving? We have disturbed the inmates. Lay thy head upon thy pillow once more, O thou forsaken one, and take thy rest! Yet a little while this mortal garb of beggary shall fall from off thee, and a hand perchance of thy mother or sister, now happy in the heaven of heavens, will wipe away all tears from thine eyes!

O'G. M.—Why, Gordon, don't cry, man.

D. S. Y.—I cannot help it, Sir. My heart is heavy with the afflictions which I behold in store for the children of intellect! The shadows of their griefs are gathering around me! Oh, how much will the publishers and authors of that book, *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, have to answer for,—how much blood —the blood of life—will be on their hands. For every honest and glad-hearted country-boy, who shall be seduced by the perusal of the history of Robert Bloomfield to neglect his labours and devote himself to poetry; for every sober and industrious mechanic who shall be led by that book to throw up his employment, and surrender his mind to the study of machinery, and the construction of engines;—for the miseries of these, and such as these, shall a tremendous compensation be exacted! When has the devotion to science or learning, or poetry, except in a few instances, been other than one perpetual agony. Look into the history of past time, and contradict me if you can. What did a life spent in earnest, untiring, enthusiastic application to the diffusion of classical knowledge, obtain for the celebrated Stephani, (Henry and Robert), and their no less illustrious successor, Charles. The two first dragged out a miserable existence in penury and torture, and the last expired in the hospital. Corneille wanted nourishment in his last illness, and Fontaine was not much happier; and if Racine, Moliere, and Quainault were more prosperous, it was only because they were under the more immediate patronage of the Court. The life of every man is dashed more or less by sorrow and misfortune, but a literary man has no enjoyment, of the tenure of which he can feel confident for the briefest period. The happiness he partakes is the sunshine of a prison. Other men may have melancholy seasons, but the literary devotee is always in sorrow. His life is one continual uninterrupted passion of the soul.

O'G. M.—Here, Gordon, take the bottle and replenish the tumbler, for your spirits seem to require some restorative. It appears Double-Sight has its inconveniences as well as single.

[The Double-Sighted Youth applies his handkerchief to his eyes, and addresses himself with much earnestness to the preparation of the toddy. This grateful occupation being satisfactorily concluded, he continued in renewed spirits.]

D. S. Y.—I suppose, as you appear to be literary in your tastes, you are connected

with the periodical press. That seems to be now the most influential organ of the public mind. I have little leisure for reading, but I look now and then into the *Monthly*, which has recently got a transfusion of the true English blood in it. By the bye, you have some intention of communicating this conversation to the editor.

O'G. M.—Merciful heavens, Gordon! Why, you make me start, man! I begin to think that it is not altogether pleasant to be near one who reads the thoughts as fast as they are generated. I believe, however, there is some truth in your suspicion. I trust that you will not object.

D. S. Y.—I should like to contribute an article upon the Political Prospects of Great Britain.

O'G. M.—A double-sighted article, do you mean?

D. S. Y.—A prophetic paper, if you will. The destiny of this country is spread out before my eyes like an ample chart. Lord Harrowby and his friends, you see, have given in at last. The Duke of Wellington called them to time, but they did not answer. They might have yielded long ago, with a much better grace. Lord Harrowby resembles a chess player, who keeps his hand suspended full five minutes over his king, who is checqued, and has literally only one square to move to.

O'G. M.—What is your opinion of the Rev. Edward Irving and his gift of tongues and prophecy?

D. S. Y.—The article in the last number of the *Morning Watch* upon prophecy was written by me. I have been telling Irving some of the questions which will be put to him, by the Elders, at his approaching trial; this you know will be a great advantage. He relies very much upon one or two extraordinary converts he has recently made, particular a demoralized Pagan, called Maginu, who is not a contrite penitent.

O'G. M.—You were at the palace the other evening, Gordon. How did you like his Majesty?

D. S. Y.—I thought him a nice old gentleman, but he appeared to be very shabbily dressed; this I suppose arose from the reduced state of Royal finances: nothing but the greatest distress could have induced the king to consent to the abolition of the pensions bestowed by George the 4th upon the associates of the Royal Society of Literature. The sum total amounted only to £1000. per annum.

O'G. M.—But his Majesty graciously extended his benefice to another quarter. He gave several gold plates and purses to be ran for at the races; you know this was very advantageous to the jockeys and the inn-keepers.

D. S. Y.—I thought Lord Brougham was a friend to literature.

O'G. M.—Why, he's the President of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Can you afford me any insight into the changes which will take place in this year?

D. S. Y.—That would, indeed, be a tedious occupation. I will, however, give you a few hints. *Fraser's Magazine* is to be incorporated with the *Morning Watch*, and to be under the guidance of Spencer Percival, Edward Irving, and P. Maginn. The Quarterly and Westminster Reviews are to change editors, Bowring takes the Quarterly, and Lockhart the Westminster.

O'G. M.—These are changes, indeed, which render almost any thing possible. After this we may expect to see the *Keepsake* brilliant, and the *Souvenir* not scurrilous. Talking of the Keepsake, what will become of all the annuals?

D. S. Y.—With the exception of one or two, they will be discontinued.

O'G. M.—Right glad am I to hear you say so. A few years ago they were desirable, so far as they adapted themselves (or rather were adapted) to the humblest capacity, and young ladies, by a diligent perusal of them, were in process of time considerably improved in the difficult science of spelling. But Murray's Family Library and the Penny Magazine have superseded the necessity. I hate an 'Annual' with its everlasting insipidity, reminding you of that sort of woman whom Byron describes as being made out of a rainbow. Reading the Keepsake, for instance, is like wandering along the Cordillera of Catorce, which Mr. Ward speaks of in his "Mexico" in 1827. In both, the unhappy Pilgrim has nothing but a few mule-prints to vary the monotonous colouring of the surface.

D. S. Y.—Your application of the mule-prints is excellent.

O'G. M.—I have been frequently surprised that persons so distinguished as the

Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Nugent, &c. should demean themselves by literary occupations. Dean Swift has touched very sensibly upon this subject, in the *Introduction to Polite Conversation*. I cannot find, he remarks, what use there can be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates. Who can dissent from the philosophy of this aphorism? Some persons have been foolish enough to suppose that genius, pure lofty, genuine genius has a claim to stand upon an equality with titles and estates: but can any thing be more ridiculous? Only think of comparing John Milton to the Duke of Newcastle, and Felicia Hemans to the Right Honorable the Countess Dowager of Something. The Paradise Lost is very well as a poem, and may occasionally serve to warm the piety of a few imaginative Christians; but, in the name of all the muses, can it accomplish in a thousand years a tythe of what fifty thousand per annum will do in a week? I will only ask one question,—Can it send twelve members to parliament? No! Then what is the use of it? Felicia Hemans, again: Her *Songs of the Affections* are very charming, but would they marry her to a Duke? Certainly not; then what right have Mrs. Hemans and her friends to say, that genius is a nobler endowment than fortune?

D. S. Y.—Shall I give you a few passages from Lord Porchester's forth-coming Epic, *The Romans in Britain?*

O'G. M.—Not now I entertain a poor opinion of our noble poets: their heads seem to be in the condition of Lady Answerall's pin cushion, they want stuffing.

D. S. Y.—Perhaps it is with a view of remedying this defect, that Mr. Murray is about to publish a Series of Treatises upon the Elementary Branches of Education, addressed particularly to the young nobility. Who do you think is to be Editor?

O'G. M.—The Earl of Eldon?

D. S. Y.—The Marquess of Londonderry; and the contributors, as you may conclude, are of the highest order. The two first Treatises upon *Frugality* and *Domestic Affection*, by Lords Lyndhurst and Ellenborough.

O'G. M.—They will, indeed, write like persons of authority.

D. S. Y.—And that, upon the various modes of escaping from a conflagration, and the peculiar qualities of the fire-proof dresses, recently invented by Signor Valentine of Florence, will be contributed by Sir Charles Wetherell.

At this moment the Temple clock struck two, and the Double Sighted Youth leaping up at once made a gigantic spring towards the door, and before I could open my mouth he was half way down stairs, and in a moment I heard the ringing of his footsteps along the court. I have, however, seen Gordon since, and he has kindly promised to pay me another visit, and at the same time to enlighten me respecting the mysterious appearances which are now gathering along the political horizon.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Magisterial Magog. — "Yesterday Mr. James Brennan, the artist, was brought from the New Prison, Clerkenwell, for examination, before Mr. Laing, the sitting magistrate, on the charge of having knowingly uttered a forged paper writing, purporting to be Bill of a Exchange for £20 to Messrs. Venables and Co., Linen-drapers, Lamb's Conduit-street, Brunswick-square.

So far, so good; and Mr. Harmer having proved to demonstration that the bill was a forgery, the case for the present closed, and here comes the rub.—

"Mr. Humphreys, for the defence, informed the Magistrate that a number of persons were in attendance who could positively and distinctly prove an alibi, and he trusted that the magistrate would not send a party for trial, until the witnesses on behalf of the prisoner had been heard.—Mr. Laing replied, *that he had made up his mind to send the prisoner for trial, therefore witnesses, as to alibi, would prove of no avail if he heard them.*"

We have put the last two lines in italics, for we know not how to indicate them sufficiently to the reader in any other manner. We confess that indignation prevailed over every feeling during our perusal of them. Truly, Mr. Laing, although an illustrious, you are certainly, to say the least, a very eccentric gentleman! There are, indeed, a few things upon which a man's mind may be supposed to be made up so decidedly, as to admit of no shadow of change. The lying perversity of the German Prince, the paternal indifference of Lord Plunket, or the unmixed piety of Bishop Philpott, are facts at once so clear and self-evident, as to neutralize any effort, however ingenious, to invalidate their truth. If a reader of Blackwood were to urge an enthusiastic partizan of the *Monthly* to the perusal of "Kit North's" last rhapsody about poets, the admirer of the Monthly would, of course, scant Kit North's paper, or any other, since his mind was already made up to send Blackwood, and indeed all others, to Coventry. There might be justice in that, but that a man should be sent to prison, perhaps to his utter ruin and destruction, upon the charge of a crime which respectable witnesses were ready to prove it was impossible he could commit, appears so monstrous a perversion of all right and justice, that it involves an entire change in our social system. We cannot believe that such an act would be warranted by law, but is rather one of the many examples of caprice and mystification of these petty Daniels. If, however, the legislature, in its abundant affection, should have enacted laws to authorise such an arbitrary announcement, or should even have given these lords of the watch-house and treadmill, the power of interpreting such law in any way that may best suit their puissant magisterial will and convenience, then we say a new order of things will be necessary. Instead of directing our mistrust and vigilance against the open and professed enemies of purses, person, and character, let rather our utmost caution be employed to save ourselves from our protectors (!) Let us no longer fear the wolf, but the husbandman, for the bite of the one is less to be dreaded than the crook of the other.

May Day in Chili.—The commencement of this month, so dear to our earliest recollections, the very name of which is associated with an European's ideas of spring, and rural happiness, is celebrated in Chili and the southern parts of Spanish America, in a far different manner than our

own joyous country festival of England. It is the sad and solemn "Commemoration of the Cross," that then assembles the devout *payzános* in their respective village *plazas*; and May, the November of the southern climates, supplies them with appropriate emblems in the sere and yellow leaves of autumn vegetation, and the few withering flowers that still linger and droop on the verge of the forests. Instead of the tall slender May-pole, flaunting with garlands and early flowers, and decorated with ribbons of every hue, as a signal for the evening dance, the venerable village cross, thickly covered with a profusion of myrtle, *escóva*, and various other dark-coloured evergreens, is surrounded during the day by aged devotees, clad in the sombre habits of the religious orders which they profess, kneeling in the dust, and reciting repeated rosaries; and, at night, is lighted up with small lamps, casting a dim, melancholy light, barely sufficient to distinguish the forms of the *penitentes*, veiled, naked to the waist, and armed with scourges, lashing themselves in frantic penance, as a fancied atonement for sins of too deep a dye, doubtless, to receive absolution from the church on any other terms.

On this night, the numerous crosses to be found on the road-side in that country, erected by superstitious piety near spots that have been stained by murder, are illuminated with a few tapers. A prominent object, from the Alaméda of the Tajamàr, in Santiago, is a large cross of this description, erected on the summit of a neighbouring conical hill, the Cerro de San Cristoval. There an unfortunate Chilèna lady was murdered by her former lover the Marquez de ————, in a paroxysm of unfounded jealousy, into which he had been purposely betrayed by a disappointed rival. He still lives, and walks that very Alaméda; from whence he cannot but distinctly see the illuminated cross, on each returning first of May.

On the Llano de Portáles, too, the plain beyond the promenade of the Obelisk, a stake, on which are fixed the skull and hands of a plebeian murderer, is conspicuously pointed out by a lantern. Collections are also made, from door to door, and in every place of public resort, for the purpose of purchasing candles, to range along the wall at the usual place of execution, and on the *banquillos*, or fixed seats, in which criminals sentenced to be shot, are secured. Nothing, in short, but the gloomiest recollections appear to prevail, on this day, throughout a nation so remarkable, at all other times, for hilarity and mirth.

A Companion for Lord Byron.—The author of Don Juan was celebrated, we believe, for the variety and beauty of his lady companions. We have a glorious list in our memory! There was the gentle hazel-eyed and raven-haired girl of Ravenna, and the fond Venetian, of whom, he told Moore, he should "never tire," and the Countess, the lovely Guiccioli, and a hundred others. A new candidate for his lordship's acquaintance is announced in the *Metropolitan* for April. It is a dainty morceau, and deserves extraction. It runneth as follows:

"MINOR POETICAL PIECES,

BY MRS. PARKYNS,

Of Ruddington,

In 8vo. Uniform with Lord Byron's Early Poems."

Mrs. Parkyns of Ruddington! Is there not something very sweet and honey-breathing in the word Ruddington?

But where is Ruddington? We flatter ourselves that we profess some slight knowledge of Geography. We have studied Pinnock's Catechism, can point out upon the map some of the principal cities of Europe—but we never heard of Ruddington. The Larnders are likewise entirely ignorant of it; but fancy it is situated somewhere about twenty miles east of Timbuctoo. We intend paying a visit in the coming summer to Newstead, and we would gladly link Ruddington to it, and so send them both to immortality. Oh, how we long for the appearance of these *Minor Poetical Pieces!* to be printed uniform with Childe Harold's Early Poems!—Oh! Mrs. Parkyns! where *is* Ruddington?

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA ON HIS KNEES.—The barbarian women of Canton are not the only sources of annoyance to his Majesty of the Celestial Empire. We observe in a letter, recently received from Pekin, an account of his worshipping and sacrificing to Hwang-Ti, the Yellow Emperor.* The ceremony consisted in drinking the Cup of Bliss, kneeling thrice, and putting his forehead to the ground nine times. The mighty and ever to be feared Taou-Kwang (the name of the reigning emperor) appears to have relished these genufluctions very moderately, for he has reprimanded the conductor of the ceremonial for giving the words—*kneel, knock—kneel, knock—kneel, knock*—too slowly. We omit the original, thinking that our readers will be satisfied with a translation. He complains, also, that the person who read the prayer had a weak voice, and commands that another be found, who is blessed with a sonorous utterance, and perfectly versed, moreover, in the detail of the ceremony. Most sincerely do we sympathise with the Shadow of the Universe in his afflictions. We trust, however, that no future ambassador will demur about the nine bowings of the head, seeing that Taou-Kwang does not hesitate to show a similar respect to the Yellow Emperor.

CHOLERA TURNED TO ACCOUNT.—We have seldom been more amused, if, indeed, we ought to confess deriving amusement from so serious a subject, than at the gasconading proclamation of the French King on the subject of cholera. It intimates that this disease is merely a scourge to base and vulgar souls, that the refinement and known cleanliness of the Parisians will effectually secure them from its ravages. The national vanity, however, is doomed to a most severe mortification; the injury they have sustained is trifling in comparison. It appears that upwards of twelve thousand men gain their living by grubbing amongst the filth for bones and offal of various sorts, and have almost created another revolution, because the operators, under the sanatory laws, by removing the sources of their prosperity, have abridged their pleasant labours. Their great men are dying; but what of that? their milliners have taken up the subject, and are about to indemnify them for the loss. The Parisian belles, who will be spared to disport themselves at the approaching promenade aux Longchamps, will favour a particular or shade of blue to be called "Blue Cholerique," and the "grande rage" for the season will be an improvisation of the celebrated Victorine, the *Chapeau à la cholorine.*

ANOTHER LION.—London is becoming quite destitute of Lions: Prince Pückler Muskau is gone back to 'Julia;' and our excellent friend, the

* Hwang-Ti was the divine founder of agriculture.

Ettrick Shepherd, to his beloved 'Mary.' The Cholera has been long enough with us to be placed upon a friendly footing. The disease, as it has been called *par excellence*, is evidently an ardent ameliorator of the condition of the poor—a sort of Indian Howard, whose efforts, since his arrival in this country, have been unremittingly devoted to the improving the condition of the poor by passing them as speedily as possible to a more charitable country.

To supply this deficiency in our menagerie, we are indebted to George Bennet, the surgeon, who has introduced another Lion in the shape of an interesting Repuan child. It is almost unnecessary to observe that Clara (the name of the girl) is the first of her race who has ever visited our shores. A portrait of the lady illustrates Mr. Bennet's memoir, and we must candidly say, that a mouth more adapted to the reception and mastication of human flesh we have never beheld; for we blush, to say, Clara is a true stickler for the ancient monarchical right of her ancestors—cannibalism! The interesting Clara entertains, says Mr. Bennet, when brought into society, the spirit of her native independence. We know not in what sense these words can be taken, but we would in all diffidence suggest to Mr. Bennet the propriety of continually supplying the young lady with a reasonable quantity of food. It may be expedient to avoid all those Public Fasts, called *conversazzioni*. Clara certainly conducted herself with propriety and moderation at a *soirée* at the Royal Institution. Nevertheless, we would impress upon all who may chance to be in the vicinity of Clara, the necessity of being cautious; for old prejudices and habits are more frequently deadened for a time, than entirely eradicated.

The Second Reading.—Earl Grey has at last proved, triumphantly we presume it must be called, the correctness of his calculations, though at the cost of more intense and mischievous anxiety to the country, than any minister, probably, ever before chose to incur the odium of, upon his single responsibility, or without stronger and more statesmanlike reasons than any that are discoverable in Lord Grey's anti-creation code of error. He has carried the Second Reading of the Bill by an illustrious majority of Nine. He has escaped destruction, as if by the strength of what was considered in the Minister's younger days a magical number; but the people have lost all faith in magic, and would rather have an unlucky number of a higher amount—one that might be more likely to carry their measure unmutilated through the Committee. Up to this point Lord Grey has unquestionably triumphed. He refused to comply with the unanimous call of the country for a new creation of Peers; he perseveringly resisted the demand for a bridge over the stream, though he admitted the current to be strong, and the passage perilous; he determined upon leaping it, and has miraculously escaped without loss of life: he can just enjoy the reflection that he was not drowned in the attempt. But is he yet out of danger, on the shelving bank which he has gained, surrounded as he is by fords, shallows, quicksands, rocks, reefs, breakers-a-head, and other unnameable inconveniences and impediments? Will he yet make good his passage, without resorting, after all, to the measure of expediency which, with such devoted affection for the dignity of his order, and such impenetrable deafness to the demands of those whose stake is in his hands, he still confidently and consistently declines?

Admitting that the experiment may be a successful one, and that the Bishop of London and my Lord Harrowby will act up to the letter of their declarations, still it is rather difficult to induce the people at large, who know the temper and tenderness of the House of Lords as well as Lord Grey himself, to place their faith in its practicability; and, therefore, it would be wiser in his Lordship to make assurance doubly sure, and allay the irritated and impatient feeling of the country, than to stand upon a point of honour with a House that has been "swamped" often enough for its own purposes, without murmuring, or feeling its dignity in the smallest degree diminished by an increase of its numbers. One thing, at least, is certain, that when we look dispassionately, and without any leaven of anger or prejudice, upon some of the recent exhibitions that have occurred there, it would be much more difficult to lessen its respectability as a body, than to add to it. A vein of youthful and more modern sentiment and feeling infused into the House, by even a small creation of liberal Peers, judiciously selected, might raise the hereditary branch of the legislature a step higher in public opinion than it now stands; but a second rejection of the Bill, or what, in fact, would be still more degrading to the Lords, a mutilation of its principles, would hardly sink it a step lower. Toryism, like treason, has done its worst—"nothing, nothing can touch us further."

This, however, may, with justice be said of the Lords—that they debated the matter with infinitely more rhetorical ability than the Commons; though it must at the same time be owned, they were far from being destitute of their Sugdens and Sibthorpes, their Gordons and their Goulburns. In the four nights' debate, there were, perhaps, four very able, and one or two admirable speeches; containing, as might have been expected, nothing very novel in the way of argument, but much that was pointed in the way of personal attack, and energetic peroration. It was scarcely to be supposed that any thing absolutely new could be said on either side; but the old objections were reiterated with imperturbable seriousness of style, and the old refutations were urged in reply, with as much praiseworthy fervour as if they were really worth answering. Lord Grey took the lead, particularly in his closing speech, on the enlightened side. The Right Reverend Dr. Philpotts (if we apply such terms to a man who is seldom right, and never reverend) led the way on the blind side; and the Earl of Harrowby was the champion of the one-eyed squadron, better known by the designation of the Waverers. But the question, who took the lead in talent, however important it may be to the speakers, has at this moment no interest for the public mind. The people have no eyes or ears but for events: the age of words is gone by.

The hour is at hand, when the grand question, as far as regards the present bill, must be brought to a decision. That it will pass through the furnace of the committee unscathed, we do not indulge a hope; that the rate of qualification will be regarded as sacred, that the metropolitan clause will be held inviolable, by the Falmouths and the Mansfields, the Carnarvons and the Ellenboroughs, the Londonderrys and the Wellingtons, we cannot for an instant prevail upon ourselves to believe. Still we do not say to the people, or to their unreformed representatives, reject the bill rather than receive it in an abridged and mutilated form. Our motto is, take what they will give; be it what it may, it will place us on a vantage ground, where we can demand what we now sue for. Were the Bill to

pass entire, it would be absurd to regard it as final. To pare it down, therefore, is only to delay a little longer what must ultimately be conceded. This is all that is within the power of the Lords to achieve. They may, thanks to Earl Grey's anti-creative delicacy, move as slowly as they please—but move they must; and every step that they take, is a step gained in the onward progression of the people.

THE CAUSE OF THE DRAMA.—Out of debating evil cometh dramatic good. In spite of the absorbing nature of the political discussions of the day, and the general stagnation of commerce and literature which has been the result of the long splitting-of-hairs in the House of Commons, the Drama is lifting up its head in sunshine, and promises a new era as golden as an Elizabethan day. The production of Mr. Knowles's play affords us one assurance of this; and the generous enthusiasm with which the question of a "free-trade" in the drama has been supported by the public, and advocated by several illustrious partizans of the people, gives equal assurance that the monopolies will ere long be broken down, and that a great proportion of the literary talent of England will, at last, devote itself in one shape or other to dramatic composition. We feel confident that such an exercise of much of the living genius of the age will be co-eval with the removal of the restrictions upon dramatic performances.

Mr. E. L. Bulwer was among the very first to attach his sanctioning name to a cause, which had nothing but its own truth to dignify it, but which his example and advocacy have greatly tended to made popular. He has given notice of a motion, on the 31st instant, for extending the free and full performance of the legitimate drama to all theatres—in other words, for the dissemination of Shakespearian knowledge (which combines the advantages of being both "useful" and "entertaining"), and for the abolition of nonsense in the suburbs of this intelligent metropolis. Mr. Bulwer has a right to claim the support of every member of parliament connected with the liberal interest; the rational amusements of the people are almost as important as the exercise of their political rights—but the spirit of this question is not limited simply to a free-trade in their amusements, but embraces the loftier principle of directing a finer taste and a more enlarged intelligence into channels which monopoly has hitherto kept dry. That Mr. Bulwer—should his motion fail the first time, from any devotion to the doctrine of vested rights, or delicacy to patentees—will persevere again and again, we have no doubt. The motion for a Repeal of the Taxes upon Knowledge, of which notice was given by him some time ago, has been repeatedly and unavoidably deferred; but we hope that ere the lapse of another month, both questions will have been brought forward, and that Mr. Bulwer will have entitled himself to the praise of having achieved nobly what he has so spiritedly undertaken.

THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

EXETER CHANGE has vanished: Pidcock and Polito have long ceased to hold their court in that ancient edifice which in former days was wont to strike the eye of the youthful Christmas visitor, as he approached with jocund heart and light step. Chuny has departed this life; Nero the elder sleeps with his ancestors; the ruddy beef-eater no longer reminds the passer by that it is feeding time—no longer presents his bill of fare at the small gothic door, which led to the palace of the lions; and on the spot where all their departed greatness was once centred, there has sprung up a line of five-storied houses, telling too plainly the dismal story of their predecessors' ruin. The tigers, too, have seen their vicissitudes: driven from their ancient dwelling, they found a temporary refuge in the Regal stables, at Charing Cross; but again compelled to seek another asylum, their fate depended on a breath.

Their magnanimous possessor could not make up his mind to skeletonize them, and the shins of beef, which they daily demanded, were not atoned for by the pleasure of witnessing the avidity with which they devoured them. The Zoological Society refused to purchase them: the Opposition protested against their being let loose on society; to freight them back to Bengal and Africa was perdition, and the destinies of "Nero and his room" were again suspended on a thread. In this dilemma the county of Surrey put forth its claims to the possession of a place of delightful recreation, combined with instruction in its most pleasing form. The enterprise was undertaken: the lake was sounded, and its bays and inlets explored; the hermitage was swept of the bones of its former occupiers; the grounds surveyed, and the modern Browne, Phillips,—the author of "Sylvia Florifera,"—was called in to plan, and to execute his plans. Under his skilful arrangement, the new gardens speedily assumed a tasteful aspect. The "capabilities" were improved and rendered available, and the dislodged menagerie at length took up a position of great advantage. The garden is now in a condition to vie with its aristocratic (though by no means contemptible) rival at the western side of London. The visitor on his entrance is greeted by an expanse of waters (covered with pelicans, swans, and others of the aquatics) which is seen gently undulating beyond a lawn of some extent. He promenades down a gravel walk bordered with rare shrubs and flowers, until he arrives at a small glazed alcove, wherein is placed various species of lories, maccaws, cockatoos, parroquets, minas, averdavats, (as Joseph Surface calls them,) and other small birds. Some of them are admirable, not only for their beauty of plumage, but likewise for their powers of imitating the human voice. One, indeed, surpassed any thing we had before heard, a mino, from China, using in the most gruff and seamanlike voice, various nautical phrases, besides calling himself Pretty Mino, and various other adulatory epithets.

On passing from the snakes and birds, the next object which strikes the eye is a large circular glazed building, which at first one supposes to be an immense green-house; on entering, however, the roaring, howling, chattering, laughing, squeaking, and growling, of the hungry animals speedily dissipate the illusion. The hour at which we entered was a few minutes before four o'clock, at which time they are fed; the food, as soon as seen, produces an excitement which in the animals is such as to render the

place a Babel, "where none but savage monsters roar." The opportunity was propitious for observing the peculiarities of each of the various predatory species. Crouching with his head between his paws, the noble African Lion watched with an eye of intense expression the keeper's progress round the dens: his sole intimation of impatience being a short guttural bark. Next to him similarly posed was the lioness in a separate den, for their excitement over their food is too great to render it safe for them to remain in the same habitation, although at other times they are friendly and even loving. The tiger is the next great feature of the place, and the savageness which always lurks about his eye was now fully developed; repeated springs at the iron bars which confined him, and repeated roars shewed pretty clearly his eagerness for food; his neighbours the leopards, (of which there are two species, African and Eastern,) bounding lightly around their confined spaces, uttered no sounds, but only shewed their teeth—formidable enough to be sure, yet not so much, as to dissipate the prepossession with which their meek looks and graceful conformations inspire their visitors. There is also a remarkably fine Persian lion, the character of whose countenance differs greatly from that of his neighbour the African. The difference in the temperature of the countries whence they are respectively brought, will sufficiently account for their physiognomical characteristics. The arid and burning sands of the African desert are indicated in the stern, though not ill-natured aspect of him of the black, shaggy, erect mane; whilst the softer expression of eye, and white curling mane of the Persian, are to be referred to the luxurious climate and the shaded woods of the banks of the Euphrates. There is a remarkable difference also to be observed in the manner of devouring their food, between the lion and the tigers, panthers and leopards. The first seizes his bone boldly, and confronts his keeper with an angry majesty which nothing short of an attempt to recover the gift will disturb, and even that is met no farther than with an impatient lifting of his paw, and the change of color in his eye from green to coal-red. The tiger and the rest seize their portions with a scream of delight, and turning their backs on the glare of day, cease not to growl, and tug at the flesh and muscle until not a vestige is left on the bone, which they leisurely strip of the peritoneum, by licking it with their rough tongues.

There are other objects of almost equal interest within this well-contrived habitation, which deserve notice; but let us pass out at one of the doors, and proceed to a building which is seen through the windows, the entrance of which is surmounted by a pair of magnificent horns, originally the appurtenances of an Indian bull. This building contains, amongst other interesting specimens of natural history, a pair of gnus of great beauty; to please us, and to shew them to advantage, they were let out into the paddock which adjoins their place of confinement; and the graceful antics by which they testified their pleasure, were of themselves a sufficient reward for our walk. The droll appearance of their heads, which are covered with long bristles, extending to the dewlap and to the shoulder; the breadth of their nostrils, and the massive and formidable horns with which they are armed, give these curious brutes the look of a pair of devils. They are formed with great power, and also great capability for speed, the depth of the shoulder, and extent of muscle, being very remarkable. Their legs are as fine as those of any thoroughbred, and their action on a trot surpasses that of any horse we ever saw. Most of our

readers must have seen the trot of a horse when at liberty in his pasture, which differs greatly in freedom from his action in harness, or when saddled. The trot of these gnus was somewhat similar, but there was a degree of deliberate ease about it which resembles nothing we ever witnessed before, and which made them seem as if they were moving on air. Near them is an elk, who, having lost his horns, presents a most grotesque figure. A young camel amused us with his gambols, and an ingenious youth who accompanied us was rewarded by the lama, in return for sundry pokes with a stick and tugs at his ear, with a mouthful of chewed grass and saliva, which the animal shot with the force of an air-gun into his eyes, nostrils and mouth; a fact which we record for the benefit of visitors with similar mischievous propensities. The remaining objects of inspection must receive their due share of attention at some future opportunity, which we shall not fail to take. The monkeys shewed to great advantage; exhibiting their gambols in all the delight of a tropical climate. The botanical arrangements of the gardens are under the care of Mr. Phillips, who has already done so much for them. The circular glazed building, containing the lions and other beasts, was planned and executed by him; he has also planted the avenues to the various buildings with specimens of every forest-tree which is to be met with in England; and it is in contemplation to form a botanical garden on a small scale. There is a list of donors and benefactors to the gardens, amongst the names inscribed in which we were glad to see those of many scientific and noble persons.

We are sure that this description of the Surrey Gardens and their inhabitants will not, particularly at this holiday season, be unacceptable. But at all events it is proper that the spirit with which Mr. Cross (a monarch in menagerie matters) has taken up the idea suggested by the Zoological Society, and established a sort of quadruped association for the diffusion of useful and entertaining knowledge in Surrey, should be known to the public. His gardens promise to excel the parent gardens in other things than beauty of foliage and extent of space; and his sheet of water will at least be unrivalled. When we look at what he has done in a very short space of time, it must be admitted that he has far outstripped the exertions of the Society, backed as they have been by the wealth and science of the country. But Mr. Cross has committed a mistake—he should not have subjected his visitors to the penalty of procuring a ticket of admission. The shilling should have been all sufficient. It is very characteristic that the aristocracy, whose gardens are supported by the public, should stand upon so silly a distinction; but Mr. Cross should have scorned exclusiveness.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Tour in Germany, Holland and England, in the Years 1826, 1827, and 1828. By a German Prince. Vols. III. and IV.

This book seems to have made what is technically called a *hit*. The English were tickled at the idea of a foreign *highness* writing about their dinners and dancings. Some were alarmed, some indignant, and some delighted; and all, whether friends or enemies, exaggerated unconsciously the wit and wickedness, cleverness and comicality of Prince Puckler Muskaw.

The Prince—if Prince he be—appears to us to unite a singular activity of mind to very moderate abilities. He in general describes what he sees with fidelity, but often reasons badly; and as his reasonings arise at the instant of the impression—when he discovers in the process of writing any error in the ratiocination—he chooses rather to alter the description than his opinion. Rather a ludicrous instance of the effect of imagination, on a man of this character, is given in his stage criticism on Macbeth. The Prince, it appears, abhors the pasteboard figure made use of on the German stage in the representation of Banquo's ghost; and the following is the description, which he gives to his countrymen, of the way the affair is managed at Drury-Lane:—

"Here the entrance of the ghost is so cleverly concealed, by the bustle of the guests taking their seats at several tables, that it is not till the King prepares to sit down that the dreadful form, seated in his place, is suddenly visible to him and the audience. The bloody wounds upon his pale countenance, (of course, it is the actor himself who played Banquo,) without rendering it ludicrous by nearly severing the head from the body; and when he looks up fixedly at the King from the festive tables, surrounded by the busy tumult of the guests, then nods to him, and slowly sinks into the earth, the illusion was perfect as the effect is fearful and thrilling."—vol. iv. p. 247.

A few more such passages would make one suspect the book to be a romance. In England the Ghost is not so ill-bred as to come in before the guests are quietly seated; and the guests, on their part, knew too well the rules of good society to interrupt the colloquy of the King and the Ghost by tumult of any kind. They listen with respectful attention to what is going on, and appear to be much gratified by the appearance of the new visiter. As for the Ghost himself, so far from slinking down into the earth, as if ashamed of his calling, he tramps in and out (in the person of Mr. Cooper) as emphatically as any live man of eleven stone in London. If Prince *Buckler Macaw* (according to the reading of a lady of our acquaintance) had remarked, that the appearance of this substantial ghost is as impertinent as would be that of a Birmingham dagger, let down by a string, and played like a baited hook before a salmon in the dagger-scene, we should have thanked him for the suggestion. It is indeed surprising that the means of the air-drawn dagger, which never failed in its effect even on the dullest conceptions, should not have taught our managers a lesson. Shakespeare, perhaps, would not have been justified, in his age, in the innovation; but we are convinced we *wished* that the apparition of Banquo should only be visible to the "mind's eye"—his ghosts *talk* that are meant to be seen.

His highness complains grievously, in some places, of English want of hospitality. This charge happily is unfounded, or we should have lost many true and piquant descriptions of our national manners from the Prince's pen. In fact, he appears to have been feasted to actual repletion; and, at one time, said candidly, that a foreigner who consents to see all the gradations of social life can hardly hold out a London reason, "More than forty invitations are now lying on my table—C'est la mer à boire!" What provokes him most, however, it seems, is the melancholy fact that the English in Germany will not be prevailed upon sometimes to accept of feasts in return; and he tells, on this subject, a good story of one of our little viscounts refusing the invitation of a prince!

"I know that in one of the largest towns in Germany, a prince of the house of K——, distinguished for his frank, chivalrous courtesy, and amiable character, invited an English viscount, who had but just arrived, and had not yet been presented to him, to a hunting-

party; to which his lordship replied, *that he could not accept the invitation, as the prince was perfectly unknown to him.*"—vol. iii. page 117.

This is still better than Madame de Stael's declining to breakfast, one day, with George IV., *because she was previously engaged!*

The picture of fashionable variety which our author sums up, is exceedingly good and not at all overcharged. The English nobility, he observes, cannot establish their supremacy on the score of noble blood and high extraction; because, in many cases, nothing remains of an ancient family but the name: nor would wealth, nor political power, answer the purpose; for both are accessible to the meanest and dirtiest trader in the country. To support their pretensions, therefore, and avoid the world's dread laugh, "an entirely new power was placed on the throne, as supreme and absolute sovereign—fashion.

"The spirit of *caste*, which, emanating from this source, descends through all stages of society in greater or less force, has received here a power, consistency, and full development, wholly unexampled in any other country.*** Every class of society, as well as every field, in England, is separated from every other by a hedge of thorns.*** Of course, every reflecting person sees at a glance that a society so constituted must necessarily become eminently *provincial (small townish)* in its several coteries; and this strikingly distinguishes it from the large and cosmopolitan society at Paris." ***

"A London exclusive of the present day is in truth nothing more than a bad, flat, dull impression of a *roué* of the Regency, and a courtier of Louis XV.: both have in common, selfishness, levity, boundless vanity, and an utter want of heart; both think they can set themselves above every thing by means of contempt, derision and insolence; both creep in the dust before one idol alone; the Frenchman of the last age, before his king, the Englishman of this before any acknowledged ruler in the Empire of Britain.***

"The highest triumph of the English 'dandy' is, to appear in the most wooden manners, as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation; nay, to contrive even his civilities so, that they are as near as may be to affronts: this, indeed, is the style of deportment which confers upon him the greatest celebrity.*** That his conversation consists only of the most trivial local jests and scandal; that with men, he can talk only of gambling or of sporting; that, except a few fashionable phrases which the shallowest head can the easiest contain, he is deplorably ignorant; that his awkward 'tournure' goes not beyond the 'nonchalance' of a plough boy, who stretches himself at his length on the ale-house settle; and that his grace is very much like that of a bear which has been taught to dance; all this does not rob his crown of a single jewel."

The whole of this part of the work, however, is made ridiculous by a note, added, we trust, by the printer's devil, declaring that the above portrait has ceased to be a likeness, since the accession of the present frank, noble, &c. king, and simple, aimable, &c. &c. queen! The author forgot that but a short time before, he pronounced, as an eulogium, that the present King had no more influence over fashions than his grandfather George III., who was one of the most unfashionable men in his dominions.

A still stronger influence, we trust, will speedily be exerted to put down a spectacle which degrades us in the eyes of foreigners, and causes us to be laughed at as monkeys and puppies all over the world. As the *people* rise in power, the little creatures of fashion must fall; and the time is not far distant when details, like those now before us, will be read with as much laughter as we bestow upon our great grandmother's hair dresser, or any other ancestral monstrosity.

THE SONG OF ALBION; LINES ON THE FALL OF WARSAW; AND OTHER POEMS. By HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

This is a well-timed and well-intended production; and it exhibits at least the enthusiasm which is so essential a component part of poetry. It has been favourably received, we believe, by the critics in general, and we are far from wishing to impugn their judgment. The author feels well, and strongly—and is besides, we have heard, in circumstances which render a speedy sale of the work desirable.

Our good wishes are at his service; and the following quotation from one of the shorter poems in the volume, will serve him we hope with our readers.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

"Sing joy—sing joy! as in canvass flight
We skim the mountain seas,
Blithe o'er the clouds as the birds of light
When they chaunt their morning glees.

The waves spring away from the breeze's lash,
Like shades of the summer sky,
And wantonly frolic and gaily plash
In their sportive extacy.

On the snow-white steeds of the deep we ride,
That so lightly, lightly prance;
That sweep along with a conscious pride,
And in glittering ranks advance.

To the sound of music speed we on,
To the ocean's mighty band;
To the breeze's time keep unison,
As though to a master's hand."
* * * pp. 158—9.

ANNALS AND ANTIQUITIES OF RAJAST'HAN, OR THE CENTRAL AND WESTERN RAJPOOT STATES OF INDIA. BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES TOD, LATE POLITICAL AGENT TO THE WESTERN RAJPOOT STATES. VOL. II.

THIS great and important work is at length completed, and we have to congratulate the English public on perusing, in their own language, a complete History of the Hindoo States. Colonel Tod was in many respects eminently well qualified for the task which he has now fulfilled; but his long residence among the people, and the high official situation he held, superadded advantages such as rarely meet in the character of a historian.

To this character, however, he cares little to aspire. He is only anxious to describe, justly and minutely, the interesting races to whom his work refers—to dissipate the ignorance and prejudices of Europeans—and to exhibit distinctly the true policy of the "Masters of India." With this rule in view, he does not sit down to write a "History", but to communicate information. Like Herodotus, he presses history, and tradition, and hear-say, and general knowledge, and travelling experience, and adventures, into the service; and out of the whole he has succeeded in producing a work, although bulky, and indeed somewhat alarming to look at, which unites (owing to the peculiarities of the people and his mode of treating the subject) all the truth of history with all the charms of romance.

The Plates, twenty-three in number, besides being larger, are fully equal in interest and execution to the finest of the "Annual" illustrations; and to persons who indulge their taste in this way, will take off at least two guineas from the price of the volume. Altogether, in appearance, typography, and general "getting up," this is one of the handsomest specimens we have seen of the race of literary Anaks.

Unfortunately, however, it is now too late in the month to examine its voluminous pages with the minuteness which would enable us to speak in more than general terms. On another occasion we may do the work more justice.

THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT BRITISH PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS. BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. VOL. V. FAMILY LIBRARY. No. 27.

THIS volume is ere now in every body's hands, and it deserves to be so. Mr. Cunningham appears to have set about his task *con amore;* and, as might have been expected from a man of his talent under such circumstances, has produced a work at once valuable and delightful. Extracts from so small, so cheap, and so popular a work would be impertinent; and all, therefore, that it is necessary to say of the present volume is, that it is quite as good as its predecessors.

THE RENT DAY; A DOMESTIC DRAMA. BY DOUGLAS JERROLD

THE success which attended the representation of this drama, at Drury Lane theatre, has induced some of the minors' managers to bring out dramatic pieces bearing a similar name, and, in all respects but talents, of a similar nature to the original. This is no less unjust to the author, than injurious to themselves. But the mischief does not stop here. Those literary corsairs, who carry on a disgraceful traffic by publishing pirated editions at a low price, of any work which attracts general attention, have been enabled to evade the law of copyright, and to defraud the author, in some measure, of the profits which ought in all cases to be the reward of his successful labours.

Of Mr. Jerrold, as a dramatist, we have next to speak. He has produced several pieces, all marked with the characters of genius, yet bearing about them evidences of a youthful writer, of hasty composition, and of a knowledge of human nature which appeared to have been drawn from books rather than mankind. But the generality of them breathe a generous enthusiasm; and, in spite of the repulsive characters he appears to be partial to, in many instances he has raised them above the selfish degradation of their natures, and clothed them with a spirit of lofty humanity. We allude to his partiality for the delineation of misers and villains. There is scarce a drama of the author's which does not exhibit some attempt at a character of this description. A miser is the most despicable of wretches—for him mankind has no sympathy, and he has no sympathy for mankind. Under the influence of this debasing thirst, his heart becomes as hardened as the gold he hoards. Over him pity has no power, humanity no influence. We would rather behold characters from whom we may learn the lovelier truths of human nature, than turn with a disgusted eye from the deformities of a diseased person. We would rather see more Rachel Heywoods, and fewer Doggrasses. Beings like Rachel, whom we can worship in the silent sanctuary of our own hearts, are the best teachers of moral excellence.

The merits of the Rent Day none will deny; but we cannot bestow upon it that praise which its popularity seems to demand. It appears to us, in several passages, if we may use the expression, unnaturally natural. Attempting to keep up with nature, the author has gone beyond it. Martin Heywood must have been more or less than man, to doubt the explanations and withstand the intreaties of his innocent wife.—*Act II., Scene* 4. The third scene in the first act is by far the most beautiful in the drama; where Rachel meets her husband, and he tells her the result of his application to his friend. In all this there is truth and beauty, much poetical feeling, and a striking reality, which impresses the reader with a full knowledge of its excellence. But we have read some of Mr. Jerrold's earlier productions, of which we have a higher opinion; and we also feel assured, that he can produce a drama far superior to the *Rent Day*, if he allows himself that application and observation, without which no dramatist can expect any permanent success.

THE MIND, AND OTHER POEMS. BY CHARLES SWAIN, AUTHOR OF "METRICAL ESSAYS."—SECOND EDITION. LONDON: 1832. SIMPKIN.

The first edition of this work was called "Beauties of the Mind," a poetical sketch. We cannot say that we like either titles. In these evil days we require to be tempted to poetry, as children are seduced into school;—and for ourselves we know that when we read at three feet distance—the "MIND," a poem, we coasted round the table which contained the ominous burthen, as carefully as if it had been a lee shore in a gale of wind. Being now able, however, owing to our adventurous experience, to act as pilot, we shall take the reader in tow, and lay him presently alongside of the object of his fear and curiosity.

The "Mind" then, although of that class of poems which is called the *perceptive*, has enough of narrative interest and illustrations, drawn from, or referring to, the human affections, to attract, and indeed to captivate. The cumbrous but beautiful stanza of Spencer is managed with considerable felicity, and, although upon the whole an unequal production, the point presents here and there—and not very thinly interwoven—passages which would do no harm to most of our living poets. The purpose of the work is to describe the general dominion of Mind, and more

particularly its influence on the arts and sciences, and on the moral and religious character of man.

The shorter poems should have been more carefully selected; and are, upon the whole, rather unfavourable to the author's claim to originality. The "Village Queen," however, is truly and touchingly beautiful; the "Last Letter" is in the best manner of Haynes Bailey; and, "Days Gone By" remind us of the wayward and versatile muse of Alaric Watts. The "Lyre" appears to be an express imitation of Mrs. Hemans, but that finely gifted woman has rarely produced a more delightful morceau.

IV.

'Ere yet the shadowy woods
Waved their green banners to the breath of morn;
Ere yet the solitudes
Echoed the voice of thunders—I was born!

V.

My voice was known and heard,
When paradise grew glorious with the light
Of Angels!—and the word
Spake midst the stars of first created night!

VI.

My view was *felt* when first
The gathering murmur of the deluge woke!
When, like creation's burst,
Proud forests fell—and giant mountains broke!

VII.

Mine was the breath that drew
The patriot forth, to guard his native shore;
When lovers wildly flew—
And cities tumbled to the cannon's roar!

VIII.

Upon my wings the prayer
Of countless millions sought the Saviour's throne:
My power is everywhere—
In every heart—in every language known!

IX.

Still ask'st thou *what* am I?—
Go, ask the Bard, whose visions I inspire,
And, oh!—*he* will reply,
The lyre—the lyre—the soul exalting lyre.

page 85—7.

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Cold winds between the N. E. and E. S. E., with drought, and some slight frosts have prevailed since our last, but, most fortunately, with little injury to vegetation; on the contrary, with beneficial effects, more especially in the facility obtained for culture. The fruits also have been generally benefitted by this cause, so destructive in early seasons—the present has kept them backward, and, granting seasonable weather in due time, the fruit harvest may yet be great. The present state of vegetation, at least in South Britain, is most remarkable, as an example of the risks and casualties of farming. But a little month, and the tables are completely turned upon us! In our last, we were crying up the vast quantity of sheep cattle food on hand, with the expectation of an early and abundant grass season. Farmers were selling or giving away their turnips, and speculating on the best mode of ridding themselves of their estimated superabundant stock of fodder. What a reverse—the long continuance of the easterly winds and consequent drought, have chilled the grasses to the very root, and retarded their growth to such a degree, as to ascertain a late, instead of an early season. Scarcely a spring bite yet for the sheep and lambs, whereas in mid-winter, there was a full bite of grass for an ox, and all kinds of cattle food, hay, turnips, or rather turnip tops, mangel wurzel, &c. in high request, and at a considerable advanced price. The late slight showers have had some good effect, but much more rain is indispensable to any considerable degree of benefit. This *ought* to be a lesson to farmers in general, perhaps the last people to render their courage suspected by taking timely warning. Swedish turnips, of such substantial quality, and such immense benefit in the pinching time of latter spring, are no where grown in sufficient quantity, and seldom drawn and stored, which they ought to be, as at that crisis an invaluable resource; should they not even be wanted as a general late spring food, stalled cattle and horses would consume any residue. Where these are not cultivated, a part of the common turnips should be drawn and stored. Such was the practice of the ablest cultivators of fifty and sixty years past, with whom I fear, in these enlightened times, we have few who can compete, in the essential points of husbandry.

As to the state of the country, we will begin with the further and northern end—with Scotland, which, by some unaccountable decisions of fortune, has, during many years, held up her head far higher in agricultural prosperity, than her great and apparently more highly qualified southern neighbourhood. The tenantry of Scotland, during a long series of years, have prospered under rents, the magnitude of which have astonished us southern farmers. She has been free from the horrible and savage calamity of midnight incendiarism, and her labouring classes have preserved a state of contentment and submission to the necessities of the times, unfortunately unknown, indeed impracticable to ours. She has been more independent of the Continent for a supply of bread corn; and, in general, farming with her has been more remunerative than with us. *Per Contra*, and as her share of the misfortune of the times, she has had to regret the considerable damage done to her wheat crop, during the last three or four years of unfavourable seasons, by

the wheat *fly*, which we have before acknowledged ourselves unable to understand, since we have ever found the mischief to be completed by the insect in its *pediculous* state, ceasing with the *malaria*, or atmospheric *blight:* and her complaints are now loud against the same exorbitant rents as formerly being insisted on, in their most fertile lands, the Lowdens, Mid-Lothian particularly, notwithstanding certain unfavourable circumstances have of late years rendered it impossible for the farmers of those districts to afford such. The apprehended consequences are, the necessity of throwing up those fine farms and *timely* emigration. In Scotland, cultivation in general, was never before known so forward as in the present season, never perhaps so well performed. The Scots, however, according to the eager temper of the times in all things, have exceeded us in an over culture of potatoes, to that degree indeed, that they no longer afford a profit on the culture, 552 lbs. of the best quality being sold for 7*s*. In London, 13 lbs. of the best potatoes may be bought for 6*d*., the lowest price we have ever before known. Our northern border seems to partake, in a considerable degree, of the advantages of Scotland.

Having stated the great change which has occurred in respect to the grass lands, turnips, and fodders, nothing of novelty remains as to the state of the lands, or of live stock. All culture is in a forward and prosperous state; early seeding has been the favourite plan of the present year, and most rationally. The little rain lately fallen, has pushed above ground, plants which, from the drought, had been hidden beneath nearly six weeks. The turnip and potatoe lands are in all forwardness. Live stock, both store and fat, abundant in all fairs and markets, with a tolerably brisk demand in some parts; but, on the whole, rather reduced in price. Even sheep, not of prime quality, difficult of sale. Horses, as usual, an over-stock of the inferior kinds, of the superior a scarcity, at a high price, with the additional and late information that, the breed of horses is supposed to have degenerated in this country. We have, during some years, rather inclined to that opinion. The easterly winds, and vicissitudes of temperature, which still linger, have had a much more unfavourable effect on the animal creation, than on the vegetable. The sickness and mortality among the horses of all descriptions, has been great; and the partial losses of ewes and lambs are attributable to a similar cause, which, as usual, has produced hydrophobia in the canine race, to a considerable extent, particularly in Wales, and the adjoining districts. For wool, there is scarcely any demand. Feeding off the rank wheats with sheep, has been nearly universal, and where done sufficiently early, any probable risk is more surely avoided. The lambing season, on the whole, successful, with a fair proportion of *doubles*. Our landed gentlemen are, very discreetly, by degrees, giving up the rigours of preserving game, of which Sir Henry Hankey, of Suffolk, is a meritorious and patriotic instance. The distant counties seem to have enjoyed the benefit of rains, beyond our experience in this. Weeds still a favourite culture; we hear from various quarters, of docks, thistles, and couch, equalling the wheats in height and luxuriance! If fine crops like these wont pay rent and taxes, what will? Neither sheep nor cattle feeding, by consequence, turnips also, have repaid the grazier, chiefly from the high price given for the store stock.

Incendiarism is now fortunately on the decline; yet, in several quarters westward, great complaints are made of the dissolute and dissatisfied conduct of the labourers, notwithstanding wages have advanced to the utmost that can be afforded, with other advantages for their benefit. We are happy to find from correspondents in Lincolnshire and Essex, particularly from Suffolk, our opinion approved as to the necessity of a permanent plan of *emigration*, the facilities of it to be furnished by the parishes and the state jointly.

Misprints in our last—for best, read *least* for pliable, read *friable*.

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Middlesex, April 22rd.

JUNE, 1832.

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TO OUR READERS.

From the political excitement of the times, and the important and accumulating subjects that have every month grown out of it, we find ourselves unable, at the conclusion of the present volume, to do justice to the claims of art and of literature, so amply as we had anticipated. We are compelled to pass over the fine collection of Old Masters at Exeter Hall, the Enamel Paintings on Glass, nay, the Exhibition itself. On the other hand, we have been obliged to omit various Reviews of interest, and among them an analysis of Mrs. Trollope's Absurdities on America.

In spite of these defects, we trust the readers will not think that we have wholly failed in the promise we made him in January. The past has had many disadvantages to struggle with, but we have a right to look with hope, or rather with confidence, to the future. The next volume shall stand in much less need of apology than this; and so we look eagerly forward for a pleasure that shall grow out of the reader's.

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

*** The Title-page and Index to the present Volume will appear in the ensuing Number.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XIII.] JUNE, 1832. [No. 78.

POLITICAL EDUCATION.

"The most active or busy man, that hath been or can be, hath, no question, many vacant times of leisure: and then the question is but how those spaces and times of leisure shall be filled or spent; whether in pleasures or in studies."

Advancement of Learning, lib. 1.

CITIZENSHIP, like every other relation of life, has its peculiar duties, rights, and privileges, with which it imports the citizen to be thoroughly acquainted, because the knowledge he possesses of their nature, extent, and importance, must ever be the measure of his usefulness and respectability, as a member of the commonwealth. To communicate this knowledge is the object of a particular kind of instruction or discipline, which has with propriety been called a political education. The proposition, then, that every man should receive this kind of education, is the same as that every citizen should be taught what functions he has to discharge, what rights to exert and defend, what engagements he is placed under to his country, and what interests he is bound to watch over and protect. This is the political information we would impart to every man in England. Those who object to its unlimited diffusion must take their choice of one of the three following absurdities: they must maintain that there are classes of the people who ought not to be considered in the light of citizens; or they must say that citizenship has no peculiar rights and duties, the correct apprehension of which may be facilitated by education; or they must go yet a step further in folly, and contend, that duties are not likely to be the better performed for being the better understood; nor rights to be the more discreetly exercised for having their limits ascertained with the greater precision; nor privileges to be the more regarded for having their value the more clearly pointed out and illustrated. One of these three positions the objectors are compellable to take up; for if it be true that every man in the community is a citizen, and if citizenship has its proper obligations and rights, and if those who are instructed in their rights and obligations are likely to exercise the former and fulfil the latter more discreetly, firmly, intelligently, and patriotically, than those who are acquainted with them but imperfectly, or not at all, then is the argument for the political education of all classes of the people as complete as any argument can be.

We do not hesitate to say, that we would have every man in the country a politician. To be a politician, does not consist, as some shallow persons

seem to suppose, in neglecting one's trade or family to attend to the affairs of the state;—that is, to play Quidnunc in the farce, and to be an idler and busy-body, not a politician. It does not consist in making the club, or the coffee-room, or the ale-house, ring with our attacks on this measure, or our eulogies on that; nor in neglecting the Bible for the Examiner; nor in talking of nothing but protocols and plenipotentiaries, and questions affecting the fate of empires; nor in seizing every one we meet by the button, and detaining him in captivity until we have made him privy to all our crude or fanciful opinions on the subject of the American constitution or the East India charter;—this were an excellent claim to the title of bore,—none whatever to that of politician. By a politician, we mean a very different sort of character; we mean a man who possesses as correct information as he can get respecting the laws he is bound to obey, and the constitution by which he lives and moves and has his social or political being; a man who is aware that, as a citizen, he has certain rights to exercise (for instance, the rights of voting and petitioning,) and certain obligations to fulfil (for instance, the obligation to obey the laws,) and who takes pains to acquaint himself with their nature, their value, and their extent, in order to use his power rationally and discharge his duty faithfully. The politician, in our acceptation of the term, is one who, whether he speaks on the question of free trade, or church reform, or any other question of vital moment, if he does not discover depth, or display erudition, at least avoids absurdity, and shews that his understanding has not been unexercised upon subjects in which the whole community, and perhaps the whole human race, is interested: he thinks it better to have some little insight into these matters than to be utterly in the dark; and he therefore dedicates some portion of the day (rescued from frivolous occupations or vicious pleasures) to the acquiring of some information, however elementary, upon topics which, if they do not concern him as a citizen, most probably affect him as a man. When political questions are under discussion, he feels an honourable intellectual pride in evincing a knowledge of things that are level to his capacity; while, at the same time, his mind is too well principled, he has too much good sense, and too much honesty, to deliver peremptory opinions without the previous enquiries necessary to the formation of a correct judgment—to lend himself to propagate error, and consequently (to some extent or other) prejudice the general welfare, speeding on in his ignorance, like hundreds about him, retailing the stupidities of others, or originating nonsense of their own.

We are too apt to forget or undervalue the importance, or what Lord Bacon calls "the edge and weight of words;" we are too apt to forget that falsehood may be propagated as well as truth, and that the gift of speech may be made the instrument of circulating the drivellings of a Londonderry as well as the solid reasoning of a Plunket. We do not sufficiently reflect that every uttered sentiment, whether it fall from the tongue of philosopher or fool, goes to the mass of public opinion, which, if it be composed of ignorance more than knowledge, descends with fatal gravitation upon society, crushing public prosperity under the weight of popular infatuation. Political ignorance is national calamity. A country has as many domestic enemies as there are minds in the community unenlightened upon their social interests and duties: and this is the more particularly true when there is a free constitution and an unenslaved press; for then there is a public opinion; and what is public opinion but the sum of the

opinions of all the people? Not a sentence is uttered but a unit is added to that sum: are we well informed, we add truth; are we misinformed or uninformed, we add falsehood or folly; then the nation casts up the account: if the truth exceed the falsehood and the folly, it is well;—if the excess is on the other side, a balance is struck against the general weal; some foolish war is embarked in; some mischievous tax laid on; some patriotic effort defeated; some monopoly confirmed; some great principle of constitution or commerce forced to wait half a century more, until the tide of intelligence is high enough to carry it over the perilous reefs of prejudice and error.

As to the opinion so often expressed, that politics is something with which the people in general have nothing to do, and that to turn their attention to it is to divert it from the pursuits of industry and those occupations on which their livelihood depends, we have the authority of Grattan for holding it very lightly. "I disagree," says that eminent statesman, "with the vulgar and courtly notion that political discussion idles a nation;" and he gives the following admirable and deep reason for thus differing from the ordinary way of thinking upon this subject: "politics," he observes, "are the trade of the few, because they are a mystery to the many." Lord Bolingbroke, in the essay on parties, has a fine passage to the same effect: "the preservation of our free government in its purity and vigour is the interest and duty of every man; there is no one who cannot contribute to the advancement of this great point; the old may inform the young, and the young may animate the old." But what need to multiply authorities on a point so clear as to be level (to borrow an illustration once used by my Lord Brougham) even to the faculties of a Goulburn? Until we have been shewn a man who has no political tie or political interest, we shall never be persuaded there is any one who has no need of political education.

With gross, but not very surprising, inconsistency, the self-same party, which uniformly arrays itself against every plan for diffusing that kind of useful knowledge we contend for amongst all classes of the people, is ever the foremost and fiercest in inveighing against them for every breach, how slight soever, of their duty as citizens. They will not suffer us to explain to the labouring classes upon what principles governments are established, upon what grounds property should be respected, and how just, and reasonable, and advantageous a thing it is to yield obedience to the laws and constituted authorities of the country; yet they are ever branding them with disaffection, and accusing them of schemes of spoliation; nay more,—let the slightest excess be committed, let the people swerve in the least degree from those rules of citizen-like conduct which they will not permit us to inculcate on their minds by books, by newspapers, by lectures, or by any method whatever, and straightway they invoke justice to unsheath her sword, and call upon parliament to give it a keener edge by new and more severe enactments. The people must be loyal and obedient, and of all things they must be religiously regardful of the rights of property; but to teach them these good lessons, no other proposal will be listened to but special commissions and county gaols, and no schoolmaster be suffered to go abroad amongst them but the executioner. As to education, it is the established creed of noble lords and right reverend prelates, that to instruct a man in his duty is the surest way to make him violate it,—so widely does the philosophy of the here-

ditary chamber differ from that of Bacon, who in his Advancement of Learning has the following passage. "For that other conceit, that education should undermine the reverence of laws and government, it is assuredly a mere calumny without shadow of truth. For to say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood, it is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide than a seeing man can by a light. And it is without all controversy that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, maniable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, refractory, and mutinous. And the evidence of history does clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times, have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes."

Assuredly, if the cause is investigated of lawless and insubordinate habits amongst those orders of society, which, in the contemptuous cant of aristocracy, are called the lower—if those bursts of popular fury, which are occasionally fatal to order, property, and life—of incendiarism in England and whiteboyism in Ireland—of the murder of policemen and tithe-proctors in Kilkenny, and the Wetherell riots and conflagrations in Bristol,—it will be found, that the root of the disease is ignorance, and the remedy for it education. "They be the clouds of error," says the great apostle of intellect we have just quoted, "which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations." Contrast the situations of an unenlightened populace and an educated people. Does physical hardship fall on the former, they have no rational resource; passion has full sway over their actions; in many cases they mistake the quarter from which their distress arises; in most cases they mistake the quarter from which relief must proceed; they are consequently hurried into intemperate courses, which aggravate their sufferings, disgust their friends, and give triumph and advantage to their enemies. Now let knowledge be disseminated, and mark the change. The man becomes superior to the animal; the mob is exalted into a people; they ponder their circumstances, discover the cause of their adversities, and comport themselves under them like reasonable men; the visitations of divine wisdom they never confound with the inflictions of human crime or folly: afflicted by heaven they submit with resignation; afflicted by man they resist without intemperance; they are calm, united, and resolved; they place their affiance in the principles of liberty; they wield no weapons but their constitutional rights and franchises; they reform without neeedless innovation; they revolutionize—if reform is impossible—without blood. Such are the fruits of popular instruction; it enables a nation to endure calamity with fortitude, and resist oppression with power.

Were we to consider the effects of political ignorance in detail, we should find that nearly all of the great distempers of society are deducible from this single source. How large a proportion, for example, of the poverty and distress abounding in all countries may be traced to ignorance of that great science, which discovers the fountains and teaches the most beneficial distribution of the wealth of nations. Whence is it, that, while nature

> "Pours her bounties forth
> With such a full and unwithdrawing hand;"

that while the whole animal, vegetable, and mineral creation are at man's disposal, designed for his use, subjected to his dominion, and more than equal to all his wants, as well artificial as real,—whence is it, we ask, that,

amidst such a profusion of physical resources, there exists, whereever we turn our eyes, so large an amount of physical suffering? It is because human ignorance frustrates the intention of divine bounty; sometimes locking up altogether the springs of wealth; sometimes diverting the stream from public into private channels, and to make one Dives reducing thousands to the estate of Lazarus. It is because commerce is shackled with restrictions and regulations; industry hampered with taxes and monopolies; popular enterprise checked by legislative incapacity: it is because there are aristocratic institutions, (the produce of times when mental darkness covered the face of Europe), occasioning a deplorable waste, and the most iniquitous division of the public stock, and aristocratic establishments profitable to none but military coxcombs and idle churchmen: it is because there are boyish jealousies and barbarous antipathies, where unity of feeling ought to flow from unity of interest: the man of acres scowls at the man of money; the manufacturer and the husbandman alternately defame and worry each other; and the larger compartments of society exhibit the same frenzy; empires, like classes, wasting each other with wars, or consuming each other's strength less ferociously, but not less effectually, by statutes; the new world excluding the produce of the old, and the kingdoms of the old the produce of each other, regardless that there is a commonwealth of nations as well as of individuals—that all the families of the earth are of one fraternity—their interests bound up indissolubly together—mutually dependent on each other for the only prosperity that is durable, and the only glory that is genuine. In fine, the science of political economy is a sealed volume: its golden principles are indeed the study of a few philosophic closets; but they have not yet been melted down into the mass of general intelligence, to the quantity of which the wisdom of those who hold the reigns of government will ever be proportioned. The ignorance of the many who obey, may justly be regarded as the cause of the ignorance of the few who rule. Senators ought to be statesmen, there is no doubt; but it is idle to expect it until nations become enlightened. Knowledge must ascend from the people. The mists that are gathered round the summits of society will be the last to disperse.

It is not, unquestionably, to be denied, that mischievous measures originate not seldom with ill-intentioned rather than weak men, and are the suggestions more of base self-interest, than of deficient intellect or foresight. Consider, however, to what it is that such measures are indebted for success; is it not to the non-resistance of the multitude, who either want the proper degree of information to enable them to discern their hurtful tendency, or are too little acquainted with their strength, to deter their rulers from adopting them? We do not mean to do corruption any disparagement; we know how much the guilt of crowns and coronets has added to the sad sum of human evils; but we know also that villany, in a hundred instances, would be impotent, if it had not ignorance at its back, the dupe of its cunning, and the accomplice of its crimes.

The enemies of popular education, albeit they style themselves the conservative party, are the most dangerous agitators of society. They tell us they shudder at the consequences of instructing the people only partially and superficially; and they jump forthwith to the conclusion that it is the safer way not to instruct them all. It never occurs to them that if a little knowledge be dangerous, less knowledge must be still more so; and that the danger must go on increasing ever as knowledge dimi-

nishes, until we arrive at total ignorance, which must, by the force of their own premises, be the most perilous state of all;—so suicidal is the conservative mode of reasoning. For our part, and pretending to no supernatural share of logical skill, we should say, that the remedy for the danger of *little* is *more;* and if that *more* be still but *little,* in comparison with the mass of information yet to be attained, and consequently still liable to the objection of danger, we must only go on, and continually increasing light, "here a little, and there a little," continually approximate to that perfect state of security which only exists in the full day-light of intelligence.

The true conservative principles are those of the friends of education. They look abroad, and they see that the people are possessed—by what means it is immaterial—of a considerable share of political power; and they remark further that this power is growing greater and greater every day, every struggle between the democratic and the oligarchic principle, terminating in favour of the former. Now political power without political knowledge—"vis consilii expers"—is a just object of alarm: they have, therefore, to make their election between two lines of policy, either to reduce the people to their primitive state of civil insignificance, or to raise their understandings up to the level of their new position in the country. To the former course there are two objections;—*first,* its criminality were it practicable, *secondly,* its impracticability were it innocent: the most incorrigible tory in the empire does not dream of checking the growth, much less of abridging the present amount, of popular influence. The advocates of education, therefore, in adopting the latter course, not only act upon a high and sound principle, but actually take the only line of conduct which is open to them to pursue. The only means to strip the political power of the people of its terrors, is to teach them to use it well; in other words, to give them that kind of education which becomes citizens. Thus instructed, they will be no object of apprehension to the enlightened and the honest; the true friends of order and the public good will rejoice in their influence, far from looking at it with alarm; popular power advancing "pari passu" with popular intelligence, is formidable to none but those who would prosper by crooked ways, and build their private fortunes on the ruin of the public interest. It is formidable to the boroughmonger, the source of whose greatness is parliamentary corruption; to the churchman, whose cellar and kitchen absorb the tenth of the produce of the land; to the sinecurist, who lives by the sweat of the poor man's brow; to all the high-born beggars on the pension list; to the men who are great at Newmarket, and glorious at Crockford's; to the bulk of the peerage, and to the whole ravenous brood of aristocracy, honourable and right honourable,—the Lord Henrys, the Lord Fredericks, and the Lord Johns, who, in the church, the army, the public offices, and the colonies, do the plebeian people the infinite honour to accept their laborious earnings, as a poor return for the benefit and satisfaction of being governed by men, who, if they have no brains in their heads, have coronets upon them; if they have no independent spirit in their breasts, have Norman blood in their veins; if they are not useful in their employments, are illustrious in the Herald's College. To all such it is natural that the progress of education should be odious and terrible. They hate it, as owls and bats the coming of the sun, or wolves and tigers the clearing of the forest: like the enemies of the Christian faith, "they love darkness more than light, because their deeds are evil."

THE POET'S PRISON.

I WALKED abroad upon the laughing earth,
I heard its choristers, I breathed its air,
I saw the golden morning giving birth
To countless shapes of beauty new and rare;
Across the sky a thousand bright clouds swept,
The voices in their sparkling channels leapt,
And I was glad, nor thought of bondage or of care.

I came where stood a castle by the brink
Of a slow river, and its turrets grey
The streaming exhalations seemed to drink
Of that dull leaden stream,—unmarked decay
Had crumbled tower and keep, whose walls accursed
No velvet moss, nor waving ivy nursed,
Nor ruin-loving flower, of blossom sweet and gay.

The neighbouring peasants told me they could show
Where in a dungeon under ground, had pined
A captive Bard, by some vindictive foe
In that grim prison even till death confined:
I entered in,—and O, the bitter shame
For fellow man,—the weight of grief, which came
To dim for after days, the sunshine of the mind!

I looked upon the mouldering walls; the hand
Which might have swept the golden lyre, a prize
For sweetest minstrelsy in some glad land,
Where free-born melodies to heaven arise,
Had traced (its only toil for weary years)
A mournful chronicle of fruitless tears
And meteor gleams of hope, and agonising sighs.

Yet here and there, as though the spirit of song
Had shown her glory in her votary's cell,
A strain had broken forth, whose current strong
No tyrant could constrain, no dungeon quell:
There was a hymn to freedom!—from their graves
I might have waked to combat coward slaves,
How could a captive sing of liberty so well?

Anon the chain had fallen round the lyre,
Stilling those lofty tones to broken lays
Of cold despair, and passionate desire,
And wasting memories of brighter days:
Dreams of the free fresh air,—fond words in token
Of love, by distance, and by bonds unbroken,
Carved where the light streamed in with few uncertain rays.

And there were relics too—I wept to find
Trampled in dust, a braid of golden hair;
Surely a charm in every tress had twined
To soothe the captive in his lone despair;
And on his pallet was a withered flower,
Was that love's gift?—or in relenting hour
Had the stern warden brought that treasured blossom there?

And then I thought of days in anguish worn,
When the sick spirit bowed beneath its weight,
And gibbering spectres, half of madness born,
Started from darkness round this couch by night.
Of those tumultuous hopes, as oft in vain,
The daring prisoner strove to break his chain,—
Ah me!—as often crushed by tyrannous despite.

But then a proud thought wakened, of the hour
When Death's kind angel, from his feverish bed
Bade him arise, and scorn the despot's power,
And broke his bonds, and weaved around his head
The laurel crown, while Heaven's own music near
Rung in rich strains of promise on his ear,
And the scorned captive passed to join the mighty dead!

That despot sleeps accursed,—that captive's song
On earth, while earth remains, shall still live on;
And he, who holds the scales of right and wrong,
Hath richly recompensed his gifted son,
With freedom in the land of heavenly rest,
Glad meetings with the purified and blest,
And never ending peace, by patient suffering won!— C.

HINTS TO PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

We were much amused the other day with a passage in GERARD DE LAIRESSE's *Art of Painting*, a volume written about the middle of the last century. It was pointed out to us by a friend whose devotion to art is only equalled by his thirst for the humorous. We particularly thank him for calling our attention to the subject at this exhibition-period of the year, when portraits are among the popular topics.

The instructions laid down for the young painter by Gerard de Lairesse, are expressed with so much simplicity, that, to the meanest capacity, they must be intelligible. Surely, those Painters who have lived since, (the most famous we mean,) must owe their immortality principally to the cut-and-dry rules contained in this most honest book; and hundreds of poor artists whose efforts have perished with their names, must have failed, either through inability to purchase it or ignorance of its existence. How Raffaelle or Rosa, Rubens or Rembrandt, managed without it, is marvellous indeed! We recommend Mr. Phillips, whose lectures at the academy have been abused for a lack of variety, to study its contents, with an eye to the more solid edification of the present race of students—and if he has not read it, which we can scarce imagine, we herewith produce a specimen of its contents. The reader of Sir Joshua Reynolds' discourses will be shrewdly suspicious as to the secret source of that admirable flow of language, and those tasteful principles of art, by which they are distinguished, when he shall have perused the following :—

RULES FOR PORTRAITURE.

BOOK VII.

Emblem. Touching the handling Portraits.

"Nature, with her many breasts, is in a sitting posture, near her stands a child lifting her garment off her shoulders. On the other side stands Truth, holding a

mirror before her, wherein she views herself down to the middle, and is seemingly surprised at it. On the frame of this glass, are seen a gilt pallet and pencils. Truth has a book and a palm branch in her hand." * * *

Of the application of requisites with respect to the different conditions of persons.

" It will not be foreign to our main design to put the artist in mind of the application and right use of such materials as may enrich a portrait and make it look the more noble ——— —. Since it is certain that the vices as well as virtues have two powerful qualities, and, though contrary to each other, yet both tend to good purpose; nay, a wicked person may be a virtuous example, be rescued from evil, &c. To come then the better to this excellent point, let us by *noble by-works* make known their virtues, manners, and particular inclinations, and exhibit them with their persons, in a conspicuous manner. Wherefore I shall lay down some examples.—As for a cruel prince, or tyrant, either in his court, apartment, or other place, even in his revels, &c. each requires its proper embellishment: the apartment may be adorned with paintings of all sort of punishments and cruelties, drawn from the blackest parts of history. If it be NERO, let all or some of the cruelties of his bloody reign be painted, &c.; his drinking equipage may be ornamented with noxious animals, as serpents, adders, &c.; his chair with tygers, lions, and dragons, &c.; his throne may be supported by *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Neptune*, and *Pluto*; the floor curiously inlaid with a celestial sphere of Lapis Lazuli, &c. If the scene lies in his dining-room the household gods may be seen thrown down in all corners. In fine, every thing that can denote a wicked man or monster, art must exhibit. The same character should also appear in the actions, looks, and dresses of his retinue or guards; for we usually say, "*Like master like man.*

" But not to dwell too long with Princes, we shall speak of other characters, and show what suits them.

" With a Burgomaster suits the statue of Justice; and in paintings or *hangings* some emblems of it, representing the rewards of the good, and punishment of the bad, &c.

" With a Senator agrees the statue of Policy, and in painting or *hangings*, some representations of the laws; *besides prudence and care for the state.*

" With a Secretary, the statue of Harpocrates, also the emblem of *Fidelity*, or *a goose with a stone in its bill.*

" With a Director of the East India Company, the figure of a statue of it, to wit, an heroine with a scollop of mother of pearl on her head, in the nature of an helmet, and thereon a coral branch; a breast ornament of scales, pearls and corals about her neck; buskins on her legs, with two dolphins conjoined head to head, adorned with sea-shells, two large shells on her shoulders, a trident in her hand, and her clothing a long mantle; a landscape behind her of an Indian prospect, with palm and cocoa trees, some figures of blacks, and elephants' teeth.

" This figure also suits an Admiral, or Commander at sea, when a sea fight is introduced instead of a landscape.

" With a *Divine* (qu. Bishop?) agrees the statue of *Truth*, represented in a *christian-like manner*, or else this same emblem in one of his hands, and his other on his breast; besides *hangings*, *low reliefs*, and paintings, and a representation of the Old and New Testament, and in the *offscape a temple.*

" With a *Sea Insurer* suits *Arion on a dolphin;* and in a picture a sea haven with a ship making towards it; on the shore the figure of *Fortune*, and over the cargo *Castor* and *Pollux.*

" With a *Steersman* suits the figure of Precaution; besides a compass; and in a picture, the four cardinal points.

" With a virtuous young man the figure of Virtue; and on a wall Horace's emblem of the young man in the stadium or course, or else the young Hercules standing between Virtue and Vice. Some things are also proper to women, to betoken their virtue and qualities.

" With a young and sober virgin suits the figure of Neatness; an embroidering frame and its furniture; besides emblems relating to it! among which that of Business shunning Idleness, Pride, and Gluttony have a principal place."

We could go on extracting to the end of the hundredth page, without stumbling upon any thing less curious than the instructions we have

already quoted. They are enough no doubt, in the reader's opinion as well as in our own, to prove the value of Gerard de Lairesse's lessons, and to suggest an idea of the numberless advantages that would accrue to the world, if our young portrait-painters would but take them seriously to heart. But in case this idea should not strike every body, we will linger a little on the subject, and point out two or three instances of the effect that might be produced by the adoption of Gerard's hints.

Ex. gr. What a misfortune is it for art, and what a loss to society, that Mr. Wilkie never read "Lairesse's Art of Painting." If he had but have seen even these "Hints" before he painted the portrait of the King in the present Exhibition, the world would certainly have enjoyed the benefit of a most instructive and edifying delineation of character. Instead of a mere common-place portrait, we should have seen it adorned with the most fit and anomalous accompaniments. His Majesty would been represented standing between Wellington and Grey, looking as if he were thinking of "how happy could I be with either." A troop of Horse Guards would appear on one side, and a deputation from Birmingham vainly struggling to approach with a petition, on the other. A porter would be holding the half-open door, and saying, "not at home" to the Duke of Sussex; and a little back staircase in the distance would be crowded with company of both sexes, English as well as foreign, watching the turn of the royal eye, and trembling to the tips of their feathers and mustachios, when it fell with a reluctant recognition on the "Peoples' Premier." Two thrones would appear in opposition to each other; a popular one, entwined with vine-leaves and roses, and one on the old principle, encircled with thorns, and propped up with bayonets.

In the Duke of Wellington's portrait would be introduced a bronze Achilles upon brazen crutches, that are nevertheless bending beneath the increasing tendency to fall, which the attitude of the figure denotes. A suit of regimentals, much the worse for wear, and a strait-waistcoat evidently designed for immediate use, are lying in the foreground. The picture must be exceedingly dark, as the windows of the room are boarded up. His Grace might be seated on a file of gazettes, reading the "Standard"—darkness being no impediment to his occupation. The article might be a "Lament for the One-hundred-and-fiftieth Assassination of the late lamented Constitution."

Lord Carnarvon might be painted in the act of presenting a petition for emancipation from the degrading privileges of a peer. A document, called the "Carnarvon Abolition Bill," would be lying near him. In the distance might be a mock-auction—a coronet being put up to to sale, but producing no bidders, on account of its inutility.

A very considerable sheet of canvas would be required, for a complete development of all the characteristics of such a sitter as Lord Lyndhurst. "Bills" of all descriptions, private as well as public, and "amendments" invariably devised to work mischief, might be scattered about him. Judicial wigs and political masks should be mingled with them. Independence and honour are seen far off in the path which he might have taken, while that which he travels is terminated by enthralment, degradation, and remorse.

A "lamp-iron" might appropriately form the principle feature in Lord Wynford's portrait, his Lordship being exhibited in a fit of meditation on the possibility of his being "hanged" upon it (see his speech). The instructions of Gerard de Lairesse would be equally valuable in composing

the accessaries to the portraits of Londonderry and Ellenborough, of Wetherell and Peel—and of all who wear the "human face divine" only as a mask to their satyr-like inhumanities.

We should like to see the "Right Reverend Bench" painted upon the principles herein laid down; and the "Gallery of the Lords" might also furnish *matériel* for a "Gallery of female portraits," that in grotesque and ungraceful qualities would present a most startling contrast to their likenesses, by Lawrence. If delineated as they really are, we should see a revolting deformity mingling with the beauty that had enchained us; and they would themselves perceive, that if they once overstep a certain boundary, they may share the fate of Cinderella, when, at a particular stroke of the clock, she saw her pride and radiance fade away into raggedness.

SONG,

By James Sheridan Knowles.

A fair lady looks out from her lattice—but why
Do tears bedim that lady's eye?
Below stands the knight who her favour wears,
But he mounts not the turret to dry her tears;
He springs on his charger—"Farewell!"—he is gone,
And the lady is left in her turret alone.
"Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before
It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door."

There was never an eye than that lady's more bright,—
Why speeds then away her favour'd knight?
The couch which her white fingers broider'd so fair,
Were a far softer seat than the saddle of war!
What's more tempting than love? In the patriot's sight
The battle of freedom he hastens to fight!
"Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before
"It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door."

The fair lady looks out from her lattice, but now
Her eye is as bright as her fair shining brow!
And is sorrow so fleeting?—Love's tears—dry they fast?
The stronger is love, is't the less sure to last?
Whose arm sees her knight round her waist?—'Tis his own!
By the battle she wept for, her lover is won!
Ply the distaff, my maids, ply the distaff no more!
Would you spin when already he stands at the door?

CLASSIC MOTTOS FOR THE TORIES FREELY TRANSLATED.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?"

Take the Great Duke; his civil talents weigh,
His public virtue righteously survey;
A goose's brains express his mental tether;
His morals do not weigh a goose's feather.
His cup of public infamy is full;
He stands confessed as profligate as dull.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

"Vultus index animi."

To all the wisdom in his brain
You have an index in his looks:
He need not speak to make it plain
He is the cream of Royal Dukes.

LORD ELDON.

"Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

The mob may hoot;—a fico for the mob!
I've got the public money in my fob.

LORD LYNDHURST.

"Omnis Aristippum decuit color."

All parties and all colours suit with ease
Our Aristippus of the Common Pleas.
Orange he wore, when orange was the wear;
And green, when green was ministerial gear;
To-day he rides upon the Tory storm,
Rails at the Whigs and execrates Reform;
To-morrow dawns—the seals are in his view—
(What will not lust of place make Tories do?)
He gorges down the Bill, his recent dread,
With all its sins and schedules on its head:
What though it plunge the realm in revolution,
And overthrow both King and Constitution;
What though the Bill were England's final doom?—
He'd pass a worse one—for the place of Brougham.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

" Otium cum dignitate."

Of *otium* soon he'll have his fill,
From national concerns so weighty;
But faith! 'twere hard to frame a Bill
Would give John Wilson *dignitate.*

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

" Igneus est olli vigor."

No dusky path his genius takes to fame;
The blaze of towns on fire surrounds his name.
Torch of his country, flambeau of the Tories,
Bristol bears smoking witness to his glories:
His was no vulgar plan of conservation;
He burned a city to preserve a nation.

MR. A. BARING.

" Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus."

Britain has seen her last and darkest day;
My own *dear* Callington's in schedule A:
Nipped *like a violet* in her beauteous bloom;*
Avert, just heaven! my harmless borough's doom!

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

" Conditur omne
Stellarum vulgus, fugiunt sine nomine signa."

Vane rises—lo! each lesser fire
Hides its diminished head;
The ministerial lights expire,
The star of Grey is fled.

The cheek of Brougham and Vaux turns pale,
He feels his splendour wane;
Plunket himself is known to quail,
Before the might of Vane.

HENRY HUNT, Esq., M. P., Blacking-maker to the Bench of Bishops.

" Hic niger est;—hunc tu Romane caveto!"

Friends of Reform! disdain his treacherous aid:
His character is blacker than his trade.

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* Who can forget Mr. Baring's happy metaphor for a rotten borough?

MR. HORACE TWISS.

" Nulli major fuit usus edendi
Tempestate meâ."

Others than thou may better rule the state;
Others in legal lore may be completer;
Thy field of glory is the dinner-plate;
Enough for thee to be our ablest eater!

Dine on, dine on! for thy portentous maw
A groaning country buys no more the ration:
Long as the Temple feeds that mighty craw,
Ne'er may it miss its daily recreation.

SIR HENRY HARDINGE AND SIR GEORGE MURRAY.

" De gente hircosâ centurionum."
" Arcades ambo."

A brace of bullies, charged with lead and powder,
Like their own pistols, only five times louder;
Good in the battle-field to stop a ball,
Good in the House—none better—at a brawl.
Trust me, dragoons, it is a different labour,
To wield an argument and wield a sabre:
Debating does not signify a duel;
The logic of our days is not so cruel;
Go! strut, parade! the barracks want you badly,
And army tailors miss your counsel sadly.

LORD LOWTHER.

" Videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ."

In pleasing dreams I often stray
Through my old " Woods and Forests" dear:
Sweet airs of office round me play,
And silver streams delight my ear.

But ah! no more through these sweet haunts,
Except in dreams, shall Tory rove;
In vain for place my bosom pants;—
The Whigs, the Whigs possess the grove.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY GOULBURN.

" Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,"

The days of place to us, alack! are o'er;
True statesmen now are recompensed no more;
Time was when o'er th' Exchequer I presided,
Deep Herries praised, and booby Brougham derided;
Not vainly then my philosophic glance
Pervaded all the science of finance;
For I did more than read the " Wealth of Nations,"
I put by some for me and my relations.

SCENES IN CUNNEMARA.

This remote and unfrequented, but singularly picturesque and interesting district of the west of Ireland, takes its name from the striking manner in which its coast is indented by the Atlantic, the word Cunnemara signifying in Irish, "*the bays of the sea.*" When better known than it is at present, it cannot fail to obtain a high place—we would almost venture to say the highest—amongst the natural attractions of the island. Its mountains are loftier and bolder, and its lakes far more extensive, numerous, and beautiful than those of Wicklow, which have been so much celebrated; its shores are more magnificent than those of Antrim; and if it yields in beauty to Killarney, owing to the deficiency of wood, it challenges in a much higher degree the admiration of those who consider the principal charm of scenery to consist in its wildness and majesty. The eye that is not to be pleased without meadows and groves, must seek elsewhere for gratification; here there is little upon the hills but the purple heather, and in the valleys but the fern and bog-violet; the forests that once clothed the domains of the Blakes and Martins, have disappeared, and left scarce a memorial of their former existence, save a huge trunk of pine occasionally discovered in the bogs, or a solitary and stunted oak or yew, which, having no fellow within twenty miles, is known to the natives by the name of "*the tree,*" and serves as the limit of an estate or the boundary of a parish. But if any where there is a country where the absence of wood can be overlooked, it is this region. The picturesque amply apologizes for the bleak and barren; the character of the scenery may be described to be a waste magnificence, wanting beauty and mildness only to be more romantically distinguished by a stern and rugged grandeur.

There is one inducement, however, which can no longer be offered to attract tourists to this part of Ireland. There remains now little difficulty and no danger to give the excursion the air of adventure. Within the last ten years, new roads have been executed, and good bridges have taken the place of perilous fords. The hand of Nimmo is visible in places that were previously inaccessible except to the feet of the red-deer; and the fruits of his engineering labours are obvious in the better tillage of the soil, and improved habits of the population. There is nowhere a more peaceable race than inhabits between Loch Corrib and the ocean. Terry-Altism has broken out in Mayo, without infecting them in its passage from Clare. Nowhere is the person of the traveller more safe from harm; and nowhere will he experience more frequent instances of civility and good nature. The Galway mountaineer is distinguished for his politeness and obliging temper even amongst the peasantry of Ireland; nobody is without the pale of his kind offices except the man who is rash enough to undertake the service of a "*latitat,*" or any similar mission from the king's superior courts; for him—but we shall resume this sad subject when we come to mention the customs of the town of Cliefden.

Cunnemara, in the vulgar and larger acceptation of the word, comprehends almost the whole maritime and mountain regions of the county Galway. It properly, however, includes only the barony of Ballynahinch, and commences a few miles to the north of the town of Oughterard, near a small lake called Loch Bofin. The numerous islands off the coast form part of it; and it is divided amongst three proprietors, Martin of Ballynahinch, D'Arcy of Cliefden, and Blake of Reuvyle.

> "Place me where Dick Martin rules
> The woodless wilds of Cunnemara,"

is nevertheless poetically accurate, the possessions of that celebrated character extending over far the greater part of the district. There is one immense tract which he facetiously calls his *demesne;* a dilapidated edifice at Oughterard representing the gate-house, and twenty Irish miles of road the avenue, to the castle. It need hardly be stated that such a demesne has no inclosures but the Atlantic and the mountains. The island of Carrigaroon off Seyne Head serves as a deer-park; and that of Carrigavolty in the bay of Roundstone is used as a kitchen garden.

From Galway to Oughterard, a space of fifteen miles, the route is dull. Considerably to the right stretches Loch Corrib, at this extremity an unattractive sheet

of water, strewed with barren islands, and skirted with flat desolate shores, with nothing to seize the eye, save here and there a ruined castle, or the bleak unfinished residence of a Lynch or a Bodkin. The face of the country round about, divided and subdivided into numberless minute patches by dry stone fences, presents a dreary aspect; when it is wild, it has none of the bold features that make wildness picturesque; when it is cultivated, such miserable cultivation would willingly be exchanged for the most complete sterility. In short, nothing can be less interesting than this stage of the journey; we saw nothing worth notice except a natural bridge formed by the working of a mountain stream through a solid ledge of rock,—and a surveyor measuring a new line of road with an apparatus, strikingly illustrative of the state of the arts and sciences in Connaught—to wit, a hay-rope! Of these two curiosities, the *natural* one is common in the county Galway. Except that it is on a very reduced scale, it resembles exactly the phenomenon of the "*perte du Rhone*," between Geneva and Lyons. The moment we entered Cunnemara, properly so called, the scenery grew interesting. The path lay along a continued chain of lakes; and our gradual approximation to the highlands made the features of the landscape more prominent and agreeable every step we advanced. The mountains of Joyce-country (as the barony of Ross is popularly called), and the singular chain of Beanabola, or "The Twelve Pins," exhibited to the right, and in front, their magnificently irregular outline, and were rendered additionally striking by the contrast of their dark blue colour with the light tint of the sky. Some of the lakes just mentioned have much beauty. One in particular drew our admiration, being distinguished by the rare ornament of an island clothed with a fine oak copse. A little beyond this we stopped to dine at a kind of inn, well known in the country by the name of Flinn's, or the Half-Way-House, This solitary place afforded better cheer than its situation or aspect promised; the small sheep which we thought picturesque objects upon the hills, we now found to be excellent mutton upon the table; and here for the first time we tasted the "*potsheen*," which, next to the manufacture of a celebrated species of worsted stocking, is the chief branch of industry in Cunnemara. I had nearly omitted to mention that travelling from the town of Galway into the Highlands, is called, in the native phraseology, "*going back*." The meaning of course is, going into the *back* or remote parts of the country; but it puzzled us extremely at first, and led to some humorous mistakes. "Your honours are going back?" said a fellow with whom we had entered into discourse a little before we came to Flinn's. "No," was the reply; for we naturally considered we were going forward. "Oh then, by my showl, ye's have lost your way," rejoined the mountaineer, who concluded it was the town of Galway we had in view.

As we had walked from Oughterard, a distance of ten miles, it was with no reluctance that we now mounted ponies. We had sixteen miles to travel to reach that place, and, as three miles an hour was the swiftest rate at which it was practicable to ride upon so rugged a road, this was looked upon as a long journey. However, if it was long, it made amends by its splendour. Every thing like tameness began rapidly to disappear; it was soon not the distant prospects only that were picturesque, but the scenery, with which we were almost in contact. The mountains approached nearer, and rose abruptly out of the lakes; the passes seemed to open; and the eye caught romantic glimpses of other mountains beyond and wild glens between; while at the same time the shifting elevations and directions of the road, which had been previously tolerably straight and level, had the usual effect in diversifying the views. Loch Garromin is lovely as well as wild. To the right, and considerably below the level of the road, it lay, on a serene September evening, at perfect repose, reflecting vividly a fine impending hill, to which the heath gave a pink hue exquisitely soft and beautiful. Between the road and the edge of the lake is the demesne and house of Dean Mahon, a dignitary of the establishment, the former finely planted, though not by the hand of nature; the latter (as far as the trees that embosom it enabled us to judge) a small plain edifice tastefully suited to the situation it occupies. A second lake, much inferior to the first in size, adds considerably to the attractions of this place, which is sweet as well as romantic, the only spot perhaps in Cunnemara of which that description can be given. If at Garromin we felt surprise at the little that has been said in praise of scenery of so high an order,

how greatly was that feeling increased on reaching Ballanahinch! The mansion of the Martins, an irregular unhandsome building, stands within fifty yards of as noble a situation as a great proprietor could select or desire for his residence. The vicinity of the houses of Irish gentlemen to enviable sites has frequently been remarked, but never was the blunder more conspicuous than in this instance. The brow of an eminence, a little in front of Ballynahinch Castle, intercepts it from the view of a spacious and splendid lake, over which one of the twelve peaks of the Beanabola chain towers to the majestic altitude of 1900 feet. The base of this mountain (which is called Lettery, and is one of the highest in Cunnemara) is covered with a flourishing copse of oak, ash, and birch, which, being well preserved, promises in due time to equal the forests of former days. The lake has several islets, some wooded, and some bare. On one of the latter, the still upright walls of an old castle (probably the abode in violent times of some martial proprietor of these domains) have a remarkably fine effect. The scenery, on the whole, is admirably calculated to furnish the localities of a romantic tale or poem; but Irish lakes and mountains have no Scott to celebrate them; they remain neglected like the people that grow up, pine, and perish on their shores and amongst their recesses.

The Ballynahinch lake communicates by a deep and rapid stream with that of Derryclare, and this in like manner with the magnificent Loch Inagh; the three together forming a grand chain, which extends on one side far into the bosom of the mountains, and on the other, by means of a fine river, unites itself with the Atlantic. Upon this river, about two miles below the castle, is a weir, and the best salmon fishery in Ireland. A good angler, in fine weather, may kill a dozen salmon with ease in the course of a day. Mr. Thomas Martin, the present resident at the Castle, gives permission in the most handsome manner to every fair sportsman who asks it; nor does his liberality stop there; his house is open in the most hospitable manner to every gentleman who visits the country; and it is impossible to be his guest for a single day without admiring the noble spirit and amiable feeling with which he discharges all the duties of a landlord, a magistrate, and a gentleman. In the absence of his father, who has long been resident abroad, Thomas Martin is virtual proprietor of this immense estate, and though not always politically sympathising with them, his justice, moderation, and kindness, make him regarded more as a father than as a feudal superior by the men of Cunnemara.

Cliefden, where we did not arrive until a very late hour, is a town of modern origin, situated on the ridge of an eminence, at the head of a winding estuary, into which a riotous mountain torrent rushes, after having a few moments before thrown itself over a precipice in a broad and bold cascade. The feeling of the men of Cunnemara towards the servers of *latitats*, or processes of the like nature, has been alluded to already: at Cliefden this feeling is, according to established usage, displayed in the following lively manner. Across the torrent just mentioned, about half a mile from the town, there is a narrow stone bridge, under which the stream is particularly deep and rapid. To this bridge, which might properly enough upon such occasions be called "the bridge of sighs," the process-server is quietly conducted; and being placed upon the parapet, he is offered the alternative of chewing and swallowing the warrant, or being precipitated headlong into the abyss beneath. This practice being invariably adhered to in cases of legal intrusion, it may readily be supposed that they do not occur frequently. Cliefden is in fact as impregnable a fortress as the Isle of Man. The individual who undertakes to serve a *latitat* on the estate of Mr. D'Arcy should swim like a wild goose, or be endowed with more than the "*dura ilia messorum.*" He is sure either to find a watery grave, or to be taught the meaning of a "digest" of the law. But to return to the scenery, the shores of the bay of Cliefden are precipitous and barren. Upon the northern side, a short way from the town, is the residence of the proprietor, built in a castellated style, and though far from imposing at a near view, producing an agreeable and picturesque effect from the bay or the opposite cliffs. The grounds are handsomely planted, and there, for the first time in Cunnemara, we heard the notes of the robin and blackbird. A rough and breezy walk of a few miles along the adjacent heights afforded a vast and splendid prospect of the ocean, and the most complete view of the Beanabola chain that is to be had from any part of the country. The twelve peaks, or "pins," as they are usually called, are sometimes not easy to be distin-

guished, one standing occasionally in front of another; seen from this, however, they are, as it were, drawn up in line; and being all conical, or nearly so, their appearance is at once unique and grand.

Cliefden was our head quarters. On the second day after our arrival we rode to Cleggan bay, a spacious inlet, with a bold promontory over its northern shore surmounted by a square tower. The course we took, after passing Streamstown, was to follow a wild and scarcely distinguishable track, called, by an audacious figure of speech, *a road*, and descending to the beach; from thence we proceeded along the edge of of a stupendous range of cliffs by a path which no other animal but the Cunnemara pony could tread in safety. It was a glorious day, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the ocean except its sublimity. It was blue as the sky and just sufficiently agitated to give the shore, as far as the eye could trace its windings, an edging of spray which glittered in the sun like a fringe of silver. Even the barren islands off the coast looked lovely, and reminded us of those in Comus,

> "Which like to rich and various gems inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep."

A few words about the ponies may not be amiss before we go any further. They are a very useful and curious variety of the horse species. No mule in the Sierra Morena has a surer foot on steep stony ground. It is in going up and down precipices, or in the rocky bed of a mountain torrent they excel; on smooth level roads they seem actually to be at fault, and require the continual action of the spur to keep them in motion. They prefer hard ground to soft, and will leave an elastic turf for a path hewn out of the living rock, and strewed with blocks of granite. Their maintenance costs the natives almost nothing. When unemployed they wander like goats among the hills, and seldom or never receive the ordinary treatment of horses, either in shoeing, stabling, or feeding. At Corriblodge we ordered one of them a feed of oats, but he did not know what it meant, and positively declined tasting it. In winter, when the peasants have little use for them, it is usual, we were informed, to thatch them with straw, and in this extraordinary housing, they are turned loose, to shift for themselves through all the vicissitudes of the season.

One of our party being afflicted one morning with a violent headache, we had an opportunity of observing the state of the medical profession in Cunnemara. A dose of medicine being advisable, recourse was had to "the doctor" of ———. It was no easy matter to get into his shop, the door being blockaded by a huge pig; at length it was effected; there was no one there but an urchin without breeches, sitting on the floor. "Is Doctor F——— at home?"—"eh!"—the question was repeated again—"eh!"—"Zounds, man! is Doctor F——— at home?" "Oh, may-be its my father you want; he's in Galway this three days." "Is there any one else here?" "Yes." "Who?" "My mother?" "Where is she?" "She's in Roundstone," (a place five miles distant). "Well, who sells the medicines?" "Oh, any one that likes." "Why, might I take them?" "You may if you like." It seemed, however, more prudent to repair to the dispensary, where a rival physician was established. An old man was perceived engaged in feeding an immense drove of geese and turkeys. "Is the doctor at home?" "I'm he, Sir." "I want a little castor oil." "Oh, by dad, I hav'nt a drop; bad luck to the fellows in Galway, it's three months since I wrote to them for it, and they never sent it yet, devil's cure to them!" Such are the sons of Esculapius in Cunnemara.

We had a glorious day for the excursion to the Killeries, two creeks (for the benefit of those who are not intimate with Irish geography) very unequal in extent, at the northern extremity of the county Galway. The greater separates Galway from Mayo, and is also the boundary of Cunnemara upon that side. At the upper end of the inlet is a place called Leenane, where we were led to expect a wild, but hearty and plentiful entertainment at the house of John Joyce, a renowned character in the country, commonly called, from his gigantic size and personal prowess, Shawn More or Great John. A hundred stories were told us of the various attractions of this place, or, as the narrators expressed it, "the *capers* of Leenane." The word "*caper*" stands in Cunnemara for any thing extremely curious or worth visiting. A boatman of Mr Martin, expatiating upon the curiosity of some caves that are to be seen at Cong in the county of Mayo, said—"Your honours wont lave

the country without seeing the Capers of Cong." Amongst the "*capers*" of Shawn More's establishment, we were promised the goodly sight of that worthy personage and his wife—a lady of proportionate dimensions—taking their daily plunge into the waters of the creek, a ceremony which they always perform hand in hand, at the first break of dawn. But let us arrive at Leenane before we say more about it. Our first object was Renvyle point, where Mr Blake, the reputed author of "Letters from the Irish Highlands," has a seat. We did not, however, approach nearer to that place than the little village of Tullybawn, the heights over which command a superb marine view, bounded on the north by the majestic mountain of Mulrea, in the county Mayo. The shore presents an uninterrupted range of the wildest crags hanging over a white sandy beach; in front, with a sparkling surf breaking upon their picturesquely barren sides, are the isles of Innis-Turk and Innis-Clare; and extending in the back ground many a mile, appear those of Achill, part of the district of Erris, which suffered so intensely during the recent scarcity. Innis-Clare, or Clare island, (*innis* signifying *island* in the Gaelic) is famed in Irish story as the stronghold of that romantic chieftainess whose visit to the court of Elizabeth is on historical record. It was probably to this ocean-fastness she conveyed the young heir of the Earl of Howth, whom, on her return from England, she made captive, to revenge the inhospitality of his father. There still stands upon the island a ruined tower, which the fisherman boldly states was the castle of Granawaile.

The charm of the lesser Killery is much heightened by the manner in which you approach it. It burst suddenly into view upon the sudden turn of a path which descends a close rocky ravine; and is certainly as romantically beautiful a creek as any into which the sea ever retreated. Save where the ocean enters, it is invested with cliffs and mountains, which, chequered with the finest variety of tints, start up abruptly from the brink of the clear still water, or just leave space for the narrow road to sweep round the shore. The heights to the north rise perhaps not less than 1200 feet above the level of the bay; and to reach Leenane, we had to cross them by a frightfully steep path, overhung, both ascending and descending, with tremendous precipices. This is called the pass of Salruc. The descent brought the greater Killery into view; but to give any idea of its grandeur, I should describe as well as Petrie draws. Owing to huge masses of rock that were piled around us, it developed itself very slowly; but this only added to the effect, which became every moment more imposing, until at length the eye got free from all obstructions, and embraced the prospect in all its vastness and splendour. We stood about a hundred yards above the creek; and (the apparent junction of the mountains on each side of its mouth excluding the view of the ocean) it presented the appearance of a magnificent lake, about two miles broad, and seven or eight in length. Over it, to the north, towered Mulrea, in barren grandeur, its broad purple side dipping into the waves, and its irregular summit crested with exposed rock. All was still and solitary; the scream of the curlew was the only sound heard; the name of "harbour," by which this arm of the sea is commonly distinguished, conveys an idea the very reverse of the reality; a single white sail was the only object that gave sign of life over the whole surface of the inlet. And the shores were as idle as the waters. Not a tree, and scarce a human dwelling, was in sight. But, as far as scenery was concerned, this was no subject of regret: the glorious expanse, that spread bright, calm, and blue, beneath us, gave it as much softness as was perhaps compatible with its sublimity. We even quarrelled with a minute patch of cultivation on the side of the opposite mountain—the work of some needy husbandman, who preferred potatoes to the picturesque.

The road follows the shore, and commands the scenery of the creek, the remainder of the way to Leenane, a space of about ten miles. Once, indeed, where we climbed and traversed a lofty table-land, the water was for a while out of view; but it was only one scene of magnificence shifted to give placed to another: the Mam, Turk, and Beanabola Mountains presenting themselves distinct and prominent in a splendid semicircle, their bold peaks and deep passes occasioning that wild irregularity of outline which is amongst the chief fascinations of a highland prospect. On regaining the creek, the mountains on the opposite, or Mayo

side, had undergone a change, and a romantic valley was disclosed, where a Mr. St. George has a beautiful seat called Delphi. A few miles more brought us to our destination; and the scenery of the Killerys did not more surpass our expectations than Shawn More's abode fell short of them. The day was far declined, and the wildness and loneliness of the situation, on the edge of the inlet, encircled with steep naked hills, appeared certainly to the best advantage; but the renowned proprietor was absent at a distant fair, and his lady did not hazard the rebuke of Martha by her pains to entertain us. The herrings and potatoes, to be sure, were unexceptionable, but the mutton chops were from the least esculent parts of the mountain sheep, and when we asked for *potheen* she gave us *parliament*. To crown all, the table was spread critically under a loft where the fowls had already composed themselves to rest, and the descent through the rafters of a great turkey-cock, whose slumbers were scared by the unusual din beneath, proved nearly fatal to an excellent map of Galway. This was the "capers of Leenane" with a vengeance. Had we stopped there to sleep, we should have witnessed the capers of another branch of animated nature; for, on inspecting the beds, they were more like entomological museums than places of repose. A single glance of them determined us, late as it then was, to make for Corrib Lodge, an inn seven miles distant.

We traversed the barony of Ross, better known by the name of the Joyce-country, which it takes from the circumstance of its having been anciently possessed by the family or sept of the Joyces, one of the twelve tribes of Galway, enumerated in the familiar rhyme

> Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, Deane, D'Arcy, Lynch,
> Joyce, Kirwan, Martin, Morris, Skerret, French.

The Joyces were formerly distinguished as the Anaks of the kingdom of Connaught; and there are still to be met with in the district which retains their name, and is indeed to a great degree peopled by their descendants, frequent instances of extraordinary stature. John Joyce, of Leenane, is said to be seven feet high. The race is said to have sprung from the marriage of a Welch chieftain with Onorah O'Brien, a princess of Thomond; and their settlement in these high-lands is traced back as far as the reign of Edward the First. The most illustrious name in their annals is that of Margaret-na-Drehide, or Margaret "of the bridges," so called from her memorable exertions to advance that species of public work, in a country where the number of impetuous streams that rush from the mountains, renders it one of peculiar utility and importance. The legend says that heaven signified its approbation of her humane labours in a signal manner. One day, as she sat inspecting her workmen, an eagle from the neighbouring cliffs hovered a while over her head; then, stooping suddenly, dropped into her bosom a gold ring set with a precious gem, the nature of which no lapidary could ever discover. This brilliant, which outshone the diamond, is said to have been long preserved in her house; and some say was seen so late as the year 1661. Her bridges, it is probable, did not endure so long; at least it is certain that Mr. Nimmo, when he commenced his operations in this country, found few traces of Margaret-na-Drehide.

Corrib Lodge is situated at the entrance of the Beal-na-brack river into Loch Corrib; and was built by the engineer just alluded to, for a residence, while he was engaged in this part of the country. A handsome stone bridge and a new line of road, both of his construction, face the door, and give the place an unusual air of civilization. The lodge is at present an inn, and affords excellent, though not extensive, accommodation. The day after our arrival we hired a boat; and two tall, half-naked Joyces, as guiltless of Saxon as we of Gaelic, rowed us seven or eight miles down the lake. The scenery for about that space is extremely picturesque. A little rocky islet, covered almost entirely with the ivy-mantled ruins of an ancient fortress, called Anaguirke Castle, has a romantic effect. This structure is of quadrangular form, and its massive walls, the masonry of a rude and remote age, are still sufficiently perfect to make it a remarkably striking object at more than a mile's distance. The low dark holes that served its warlike occupants for bed-rooms are in complete preservation; but who those occupants were no legend

remains to afford even the means of conjecture. The islands scattered over the vast sheet of Loch Corrib, are said to equal the days of the year in number: our attention was directed, however, to but very few; for they do not occur frequently, until the lake expands to its greatest breadth; and that being also the point where the scenery loses its bold character, we pursued our voyage no further, but contented ourselves with putting to shore and taking a general survey of the whole expanse, with all its shores and islands, from the summit of the range of hills on the western side. The view is truly magnificent, embracing the mountains of Mayo, and those of Joyce-country, through which we had travelled the preceding night from Leenane. About a mile from the old castle there is a little wooded promontory, not far from which a fatal accident occurred, some months back, to a Mr. Browne and two companions. A sudden squall—no unusual event on these highland lakes—overset their boat, which was unluckily furnished with a sail; and, being unable to swim to shore, they perished within sight of the rest of their party, who had landed for the purpose of kindling a fire and preparing dinner with the trout they had killed. Loch Corrib, I should mention, is celebrated for an excellent species of that fish, called the Gillaroe trout, remarkable for having a gizzard like that of a fowl, which is frequently dressed alone and esteemed a delicacy. The Gillaroe, however, is not the exclusive property of Loch Corrib; several of the Cunnemara lakes possess it; we found it the following day in Loch Inagh.

We dined on our return to the lodge, and started immediately after for "Flinn's," or the "Half-way-house," where we had fixed to take up our quarters for the night. When we arrived there, however, we found the beds engaged by an engineering party, and learned with dismay that we had no alternative but to go on to Garromin (a place already mentioned) and throw ourselves on the hospitality, not of the Dean, but of Red John M'Donough, commonly called Shawn Ru, the tenant of a miserable hut not a hundred yards from the Dean's gate. Dark were our forebodings of the entertainment that awaited us, and they were realized. The supper consisted of half-boiled potatoes, with the addition of certain eels roasted until they were actually transubstantiated into the nature of the embers that carbonated, not cooked them. The beds, like those at Shawn More's, conjured up to our imaginations the whole insect-kingdom. We plunged into them, like Curtius into the chasm, with the certainty of being swallowed up alive staring us in the face—but in mercy to the reader I draw the curtain. I may mention, however, what was going on outside. It was a general combination against Morpheus. All the M'Donoughs were snoring obstreporously; there was such a concert of crickets as chimney-corner never rung with before; and (as if more Macbeths were wanting to "murder sleep") a trio of abominable kittens were at play the live-long night with a number of the Morning Register, which we had brought with us from Dublin for the politicians of Cunnemara—all this not a hundred yards from the residence of the Dean! The voluptuous image of that dignitary rolling in a bed of down after a luxurious supper, haunted our dreams, and the next morning, at breakfast, there was a unanimous feeling against the church establishment.

The last excursion of which my limits allow me to give any particulars was from Garromin to the series of lakes already mentioned, viz., those of Ballynahinch, Derryclare, and Inagh. Next to the scenery of the Killeries, (if it is not unfair to institute the comparison), that of these lakes is unquestionably the grandest in Cunnemara. They rise considerably one above another; the level of Loch Inagh being higher than that of Derryclare, and the level of the latter, in like manner, above that of Ballynahinch. The consequence is, that the two little streams, which connect them together, rush down through their narrow rocky channels with great impetuosity. That which unites the two upper lakes, has so rapid a fall that its navigation is never attempted. We walked across the bog from M'Donough's cabin to the lower end of Loch Inagh, and there got into a boat which, by the kindness of Mr. Thomas Martin, had been transported upon men's shoulders from Ballynahinch to meet us. The upper part of Derryclare lake, of which we had necessarily a near view, struck us as being very beautiful; particularly the little wood, with the thatched cottage, half-hidden in the trees, which is mentioned in the "Letters from the Irish Highlands." The boatmen, who, fortunately for us,

had their tongues tinctured with a little English, stated that this picturesque retreat, accompanied with three thousand acres of mountain, had lately been let for the not very exorbitant rent of twenty pounds a year. Loch Inagh is full of fish; in the course of a few hours two of the party, who were sportsmen, killed several dozen white trout and two or three fine salmon.

There are no pike in this, or in any of the Cunnemara Lakes, and the trout accordingly multiply freely. The only check to population, to use the Malthusian phrase, are the eagles which abound in the impending cliffs, and occasionally subsist upon the inhabitants of the water. They dart their beaks into them the instant they appear above the surface; and, if the fish is not too heavy, fly with it to their inaccessible eyries; sometimes, however, it happens that an eagle seizes a salmon which is not to be managed so easily: in such a case (we were informed by the boatmen, who declared they had often witnessed it) his plan is to set up one of his wings for a sail, and in this manner float with his prey to shore. We saw several of these noble birds, but had not the luck to see them display their talents in this odd way; the story, therefore, rests entirely upon the authority of the original narrators, who, however, told it gravely, as an incontestible fact in the natural history of Loch Inagh. We had a great deal of pleasant intercourse with the boatmen, who were entertaining as well as intelligent fellows; they gave us (amongst other things) a full account of the habits of the salmon, which, related in their way, was any thing but a dry lecture on icthyology. I cannot detail the whole conversation upon this point, but I remember we laughed heartily at hearing that the salmon fry went down to the sea as soon as they could "*gather a faction*," a mode of speaking so natural to an Irish peasant, and so humorous in its application. But I despair of giving an idea of the scenery. To the left, as we went up the lake from the Derryclare end, was a magnificent chain of mountains, abrupt and stony. The white clouds were impaled upon their sharp summits, and several torrents rushed headlong down their precipitous and naked sides. On the opposite side the hills sloped gradually from the water-edge, and being clothed with heath had a softer character. The surface of the loch was adorned with some rocky islets, which were nevertheless covered with a dense and flourishing underwood, just beginning to take the deep brown of autumn. Where any of these little insulated woods intervened between the boat and the wild craggy range of mountains to the left, it was impossible to imagine any thing in lake or highland scenery more romantically beautiful. But the picturesque did not silence the calls of appetite; we pushed to shore upon one of the prettiest islands, kindled a fire, roasted some of the trout, and, with the aid of the mountain dew, made a meal that Gods might have envied, enlivened by the discourse of the boatmen, who exhausted their magazine of facts, and then drew largely on their fancies, to make the time pass agreeably, an object in which (it is due to their wit as well as their good nature to say) they fully succeeded. I wish I could add a little about the lake of Derryclare, which was the next lake we visited; but the hard laws which editors impose on contributors do not allow me to say more, than that it is equal to Loch Inagh in attractions for sportsmen, and little, if at all, inferior in point of scenery. In conclusion let me say of an excursion to Cunnemara, that it will amply repay any one who takes it. If his object be game, the mountains and lakes abound with it; if the roving of his eye be rather that of the poet than the sportsman, he will meet with equal gratification. In general, too, the dinners are good, and the beds comfortable; carbonated eels and the entomological museum are extreme cases.

ANECDOTES OF GERMAN COURTS.

The various tongued denizens of earth who had crowded Frankfort during the great fair were fast returning to their distant homes, the well filled *table d'hôte* at the Römischer Kaiser was now reduced to a few members of the *corps diplomatique*. "See that my passport is *en regle* for Vienna," said I to the Kellner, "for Frankfort has now become intolerably dull."

As the traveller journies towards Saxony, the face of the country undergoes a marked change; the vine clad heights of the Mein gave place to the dark ridges of the Thuringian forest, between which and the foot of the Ezegibirge, extend the dominions of a crowd of petty princes, who, by their family influence or political services, have saved their insignificant independencies from the mediatising ban of the German confederation.

My travelling companion was an old Dutch colonel, the Baron Van S——. He had made thirty campaigns, and the wild uncertainty of a camp life had given to him that happy constitutional indifference which philosophy in vain aspires to. A vein of military pedantry ran through his conversation, but this was enlivened by such shrewd and profound observations on men and things, such a fund of anecdote, as taught me that the Baron had moved no inattentive observer on the great theatre of events on which he had played his part. "In whose dominions are we at present;" said I to the post-master at Lebenstein, for in the course of our morning's ride, we had passed through half-a-dozen states. "In those of his Serene Highness of Saxe Meinengen," was the reply. I confess I felt a little curious to visit the state that was likely to have the honour of one day giving a Queen to England. We therefore proceeded straight to the capital, and little time it took us to get there.

The town of Saxe Meinengen is situated on the right bank of the Warre, beautifully embosomed in hills, it is rather handsomely built, and is poetically called the *City* of the Harp. The population of the whole state is about 40,000 souls, its revenue 30,000*l.*, and as a member of the German Confederation it has *one fifth of a vote*. I gathered this important statistical knowledge from the Court Almanack. What a ridiculous "*spectacle politique*" do these little petty German states present, with their standing armies and all the *attirail* of a court. Here is the duchy of Saxe Meinengen—its whole population is inferior to that of a moderately sized English town, and its entire revenue considerably less than the pin money of our Queen. Such is the fact; an English town, considered unworthy of being represented in parliament, has double the population, and centuple the wealth and intelligence of the duchy of Saxe Meinengen, that has given to us a Queen who has shewn so much elevated contempt for our Manchesters and Birminghams. An English hunter would gallop round its territory in an hour; an English nobleman must be a skilful financier to subsist on its paltry revenue without running in debt.

"You are right," said the Baron, "but it was still worse in the time of the old German confederation. In fact the state we are now in is a mighty empire compared to the Lilliputian dominions of many of these princes, whose military contingent to the confederation was fixed at *half a*

man each! The whole extent of their territory might have been ranged by an eighteen pounder. On the formation of the confederation of the Rhine, eighty *de ces Messieurs* were mediatised at one *coup de plume*, an arrangement which was confirmed by the congress of Vienna in 1815, who I believe would fain have extended to a few more this mediatising principle; an act that would have gained for that assembly the eternal gratitude of the subjects of these petty sovereigns, who are borne to the earth by the weight of taxes to support their beggarly pride and ridiculous pretensions. "To give you an idea,"—continued the Baron, "shortly after Holland was overrun by the French, I was in garrison at Breda." Now at the words "*J'etais en garnison,*" I filled out a bumper of Rhudesheimer, for I expected the relation of a whole campaign at least, and I foresaw it would be far past midnight ere we got into winter quarters; but for once I was mistaken.

"Tired of the monotony of a garrison life, I resolved to make an excursion into some of the little states of the right bank of the Rhine; they were crowded at the time with French emigrants, and I need not tell you there was no lack of amusement. I directed my steps to the nearest of these, the dominions of the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim Steinfurth, and took up my quarters at the Hotel de la Cour,—immediately opposite the parade. This was fortunate, for it afforded me an opportunity of reviewing the standing army of the state, which consisted of *six hussars and twenty grenadiers.*

"On the second day of my arrival I waited upon the Grand Chamberlain, in order to make *le premier pas* towards an introduction at court. Letters of nobility proving three descents at least, were indispensable to procure the honour of an *entreé.* "I am a Baron born;" said I in reply to the chamberlain, "but the *revolution a changé tout cela.*" I had, however, brought with me some old musty parchments, though not without the apprehensions of compromising myself with my own government by figuring away under my old title. These I handed to him. Never shall I forget the satisfaction he displayed; he capered about the room, singing the old romance

"Aux bons temps de la chevalerie,"

and darted off to lay them before his Highness in person.

"On the following Sunday I was invited to the grand *couvert du prince.* On being ushered into the banquetting hall, I was rather surprised to observe that all the lacqueys wore enormous mustaches. It was," said the Baron, "a decoration *de lacquai* which I had never before seen, and I accordingly testified my astonishment to the Prince de B——i, who sat next to me. "If you look more attentively at them," said the Prince, smiling at my observation, "you will perceive *que ces droles la* are the grenadiers of the guard, who on these occasions throw off the uniform of the soldiers to assume the livery of the footman. To be serious, this little state plays the part of an Italian buffoon, and affords food for merriment from morning to night. To begin with the Prince himself. He is one of the most worthy men of his estate, dominions, I should say, but a perfect imbecile on the subject of his nobility, which he pretends has descended to him in a direct line from Charlemagne. The court genealogist goes farther, and pretends that without difficulty it might be proved that the blood of Arminius

"———tout pur ainsi que sa noblesse,
Est descendu jusqu 'a lui de Lucrece en Lucrece."

"With respect to the Princess," continued the Prince, "she goes many lengths beyond her lord. She fancies herself another Marie Theresé, in fact the tone of the court is aristocratic on *n'y pent plus.* Two parties at present divide the state, an Austrian and a Prussian, who hate each other as much as the Guelphs and the Ghebellines of the middle ages. The court inclines to the Austrian faction, for you must know that the Prussian government has seized a village which lay conveniently on their boundary line, which produced a revenue to the Prince of about 80*l.* annually. The consequence of this serious defalcation in the revenue has been an appeal to the German diet, which however is too prudent to shew its impotency by ordering Prussia to make the *amende honorable.*

"Observe," said the Prince, "that man bedizened like an English General. On gala days he officiates as commander-in-chief; on others, '*il fait les fonctions,*'—of architect to the court, director of bridges and highways, and intendant of police. The other on his right is the Minister of Foreign Affairs in his own opinion—a second Alberoni. His sagacity has already led him to discover that you are charged with an important diplomatic mission from a foreign power. You may amuse yourself at his expense. And now mark more particularly that old cavalier in earnest conversation with the Countess Von S——g, it is the Baron Von H——g; he has gambled away an immense fortune, and now lives by his wits; he generally contrives to lay under contributions every stranger who arrives at court. You he has already booked for a *vingtaine de Louis,* at least. Beware of him, for he is an able tactician, with the effrontery of Beelzebub himself, as the following anecdote will shew. He was playing a few days ago at Boston with the Countess Von S., and my cousin the Chevalier B. The Baron lost three thalers and the Chevalier one, who threw down half a Frederick d'or to discharge his debt. This the Baron immediately pocketed, saying to the Countess, this makes my debt to you, Madam, seven tholens; three that I lost, and four that I now borrow of you; so that the Countess, independently of her winnings, lost four thalers, for he has never paid her, and never will!" In truth," said my friend the Baron, "I observed the old fellow hovering on my flanks during the whole of the evening; but he was forestalled by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, drawing me aside, dilated profoundly on the then political state of Europe. War he deemed inevitable, and he took an opportunity of adroitly alluding to the subject of the village, on which would pend the policy of the state. Indeed, Sir, said he, we are on the eve of great events. And so we were, much nearer than his Excellency had any idea of; for while he was so eloquently discoursing on the state of Europe, four of the "Hussars of the Guard" were committing some outrage on the adjoining Prussian territory.

"Now, it happened that the commandant of the district was Blucher, at that time a colonel. And," added the Baron, with military frankness, "he was a '*matin*' not to be trifled with. He accordingly ordered a corporal and four file to invade the territory of the Prince, and seize the delinquents. He might have sent, it is true, a larger force, but then the difficulty of subsisting them! The corporal set out, and executing a march *à-la Seidlitz,* he surprised the hussars in their cantonments, and carried them prisoners to Blucher's head-quarters. The sensation produced by the invasion on the court and the minds of the people, was astonishing. The Prince carried his hand to his sword, but the rage of

the Princess and the ladies of her train was sublime; it was the wrath of Juno!

Flectere si nec non superos Acheronta movebo.

The only *café* in the little capital was crowded with politicians. A general war was deemed inevitable; an alliance with Austria, and above all, a subsidy from England was the obvious policy of the state. Every horse in the Prince's stables was impressed into the service of the *estafette*. At the expiration of a week, murmurs of discontent began to be heard; an alarming deficiency in the revenue, caused by the enormous consumption of stationary in the department of foreign affairs, was foretold, and a few fierce spirits pronounced the word republic! What would have been the result heaven only knows, had not his Prussian Majesty made due reparation to the wounded honour of his Highness of Bentheim Steinfurth an event which was celebrated at court by a grand *fête*.

"My *congé* was expired, and I returned to Breda. A few years afterwards I met this ex-sovereign Prince in Paris, where he was living upon a pension from the French government, his principality having been converted into a parochial *arrondissement* of the newly formed kingdom of Westphalia."

I was highly amused with these anecdotes, which were rendered more piquant by the Baron's *art de raconter*, a talent he possessed to a degree that would have pleased the fastidious taste of Louis Quatorze himself.

It is these political territorial divisions that are the curse of Germany. Among her children we see much to admire,—a depth of thought—a love of science—a martial independence of character that elevates the personal dignity of man; but we nowhere find the virtues of the citizen—their love of fatherland is not a political aspiration, and in fact how should it be so—a German but seldom dies the subject of the prince under whose dominion he first drew breath; he may have been born a Prussian, lived an Austrian, and died a Bavarian. Or it may have been his worse fate to have been the subject of some petty independent prince, to support whose beggarly pride, and aristocratic, nay autocratic pretensions, his industry, his energies, his manly pride, have been borne to the earth.

But a change is fast coming over this state of things, the vibrations of the political substratum have already foretold the coming earthquake; one, if we are not mistaken, that will not stay its fury until it has swept from the face of the land the race of pigmy despots, who have so long disgraced it with their tyranny and oppression.

THE SONG OF THE TRANSFORMED.

A tradition was current, amongst the natives of Hispaniola, when discovered by Columbus, that the light of the sun was fatal to the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, turning them into trees and stones; and that a man, sent out to fish, by a chief named Vagoniona, and changed into a melodious singing bird, came at night annually about the time he had suffered this transformation, and bewailed his misfortune in a mournful song, which is the cause why that bird, mistaken by Columbus for the nightingale, sings always at night.—Vide *Irving's Life of Columbus.*

A SONG!—a dreary song,
Each night, and all night long
Is mine—the hapless Toomahee!—to sing;
Far, in some leafy nest
To swell my plumed breast
In plainings wild, and droop my listless wing!

'Tis mine,—with shame to speak,—
Of wing, and breast, and beak,
MAN, once that was: now, but a lonely Bird;
To shun day's mortal light,
And vex the hush of night,
With solemn wailings, as my soul is stirr'd!

A holy,—luscious calm
Is round me, and the balm
Of cool, low-breathing winds,—with sighings sweet
From pale, delicious flowers,
Which wake but at these hours,
Faint forest-voices, soft and sad, to greet.

Yon golden fires above,
Rays, of divinest love,
Shed on the quiet earth, and waters clear;
To them, with piercing wail,
I pour my piteous tale,
But ah! they will not heed, or cannot hear.

The spirits of these woods,
The guardians of the floods,
The genii of the radiant, racy flowers,
Know well, the long drawn tone,
By hopelessness alone
Urg'd, and sigh'd forth, in tenderest midnight hours.

My languid wings have sought
Those, who in anguish'd thought
Live to me ever: dear ones, ne'er forgot
Through years, in which no voice
Of man, hath bid rejoice
My loving breast,—I've sought, and found them not.

I've sung:—but where are they,
Who've echoed not, my lay?
Transform'd perchance, to tree, or rock, or bird?
Silent in death? ah! why,
May not the Chang'd One die?
Why must his wail eternally be heard?

B. M. L.

MEDICINE AS A SCIENCE, AND AS A TRADE.

THE study of medicine, combining, as it does, the most abstract subjects of philosophic research, with the most difficult application of practical skill, may be considered as conducing more to the happiness of man than any other profession. No subject requires a closer application, with a more general knowledge. The physician conversant alike in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, whose abstruse combinations demand the minutest inquiry and closest investigations, must also be well acquainted with the machinery of the human frame, in all its internal and external complication; even the mind, with its endless variety of affections, must form an important part in the attainment of professional knowledge. Thus chemistry, anatomy, pathology, and electricity, each of which may be considered as the study of a life, have an important claim upon his attention. In the well-educated physician we find a happy combination of these several sciences, attaching a responsibility to character, in proportion to the degree of acquirement, and the success or zeal of their application. Hence that anxiety which generally occupies the mind of a physician, frequently involving his own reputation and the life of the patient. Few require more firmness of mind, together with a deep-rooted attachment for his profession, to bear up against the conflicting events to which he is often exposed, and to this, without affectation, may be added, his anxiety to promote the welfare and happiness of his fellow man. The consciousness of having left nothing undone which great professional application and extensive reading could have effected, is, in his unsuccessful efforts, his great consolation, whilst, in many cases, his knowledge of the fatal tendency of particular diseases, saves the unfortunate patient from many painful but unavailing efforts. Thus no character has stronger claims upon our respect and admiration, than that of the well-educated physician, nor are there any efforts at promoting human happiness to which society is more indebted, than the skilful adaptation of his knowledge to the end he proposes—health. The cultivation of medicine as a science becomes a national object with every country; where the prolongation of life is desirable, and where the wealth of a nation depends upon her population, that science, which maintains the health of the operative classes, can no longer be viewed as a personal benefit, but rather as a general advantage. There never was a time when the scientific physician had stronger claims upon the gratitude of man, than at this moment, when the world is overrun with charlatans and quacks, who, ignorant both of the properties of medicines, and their operation in disease, practice with impunity a profession for which they have no pretensions but ignorance and impudence.

Let us take a review of the rise and fall of the several medical doctrines, in the different countries where medicine approached the nature of a science. Since the days of Hippocrates, almost every nation has had its systems of medical treatment, which, like the people they professed to cure, have had each its period of growth, maturity, and decay, whose durability was proportioned to the influence of its founder. The unbounded sway which the doctrines of Hippocrates have had, and still possess over the medical mind, require no comment here; deprived as he was of the aid of pathology, he advanced the science as far as could be reasonably expected. In Galen we have a strong proof how little the

brightest genius can effect in medicine, when unassisted by observation; his voluminous comments on Hippocrates are the only things to recommend him to our notice.

The advancement of medicine, as a science, was for a long time checked by the night of barbarism which, under the name of the middle ages, overhung Europe. Exiled to Arabia, it there remained stationary, the comments of Galen serving as oracles to the Arabians. If the improved system of the present day incline us to undervalue the discoveries of the ancients, a comparative view of the relative conditions of both ages will assign to each their proper place. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the star of science burst forth from the mists of barbarism under which it lay obscured so long, and physicians, released from the absurd prejudices of former ages, were enabled to examine on the dead the morbid effects of disease. This period was to medicine as the dawn of a new world. Animated with a laudable zeal, physicians boldly ventured forth into that fertile field, which lay before them with the accumulated treasures of ages, but hidden beneath the rubbish of ignorance, and the world have long since shared the benefits of their labours.

Nearer our own time, the immortal Morgagni, availing himself of the discoveries of other ages, collected observations of a new kind, and established pathological anatomy; and the chaos of facts, scattered and interlaced as they were, assumed under the hands of philosophy a certain order. System succeeded system, each bearing the stamp of the epoch which gave it birth. Science in general, but medicine in particular, assumed in the eighteenth century a new life. The physiology of the day acquired additional interest, and under the guidance of Bichat a new anatomy was established. Nosology, too, was under the hands of Pinel, who endeavoured to introduce into medicine the analytic and experimental method adopted in the other sciences, freed from the errors with which it was overlaid. The diagnosis of disease also received additional light from the labours of Corvisart, who followed in the tracks of Dehaen and Stoll.

If any thing were wanted to prove the uncertainty of medicine as a science, we need but look back on the various systems which have from time to time prevailed, we have the stricture and laxum of Thernison, the humoralism of Galen, the traces of which may be found in Hippocrates, the Charlatanism and superstition of the middle ages, the chemical theories of Sylvius, the archeism of Nanhelmont, the anima of Stoll, the mechanical and mathematical explications of Boerhaave, Hoffman, &c.; the vitalism of Montpellier, the solidism of Cullen, the system of Brown, resting on the excess or default of excitability, each of which have "fretted their hour," and passed away, to be revived, perhaps, by succeeding ages. Amongst the doctrines of the present day, that of Broussais stands conspicuous at least on the continent; and, without going the whole length of its founder, we must confess, that there are many points in it of the deepest interest to the scientific physician; its localisation of disease, though perhaps too much insisted on by Broussais, still throws considerable light on the simplification of treatment. Its influence on the medical mind of this country is not likely to be great; for the superstructure of medical knowledge here, based on the doctrines of our own schools, clings, often with the faith of a fanatic, to doctrines which have little else than the rust of ages to recommend them. If it be asked what

these doctrines are, few, I believe, can give a satisfactory reply. In Great Britain we might compare the nosology of system (if we may use such an expression) with the nosology of disease: every school and every professor have their theories, to which they refer every disease. The universities seem to teach medicines without fixed principles, vacillating between the spasm of Cullen, the humoralism of Galen, and the direct and indirect debility of Brown. The discoveries of the last two thousand years have, doubtless, contributed much to the knowledge of man's physical organisation, and perhaps to the modification of certain diseases; but, comparing the mortality of the earliest ages with that of the present, we shall, with very few exceptions, have little cause to boast our superior treatment. The Greek and Arabian physicians, though deprived of the aid of anatomy, chemistry, and, to a certain extent, of physiology, have, notwithstanding, left the best descriptions of some eruptive and contagious diseases. Long subsequent to the days of Hippocrates, the Arabians taught medicine in many of the hospitals, founded by the Mahommedans, though we do not find any account of a regular clinique either with them or the Greeks.

Upon the revival of letters in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, medicine again began to assume a degree of interest. Its professors were chiefly engaged in explaining the Arabian commentators of Galen; at length they found that from the book of nature only could medicine be studied, with the hope of ever arriving at the dignity of a science. They turned to nature, and their investigations were successful. Clinical medicine was then established, first by Francis de la Boie, at Leyden, next by Boerhaave, who taught it in the same hospital; shortly after it spread to Vienna and Edinburgh, in which latter place it flourished with great celebrity. In 1753, Van Sweitin established an hospital at Vienna which was successively occupied by Dehaen, Stoll, and Hildenbrand, for clinical instruction. In 1794, the first valuable clinic was established at Paris, though Desbois and Corvisart gave clinical lectures to their pupils. France has now assumed a rank in her clinique, immeasurably above every other country in Europe. Here are to be met men of every caste and nation, walking her splendid hospitals and crowding her valuable lecture rooms. France, prodigal of every thing that can improve the moral or physical condition of man, considers all her institutions as the joint stock property of mankind in general; well might she say "Humani nihil a me alienum puto." Here, then, are clinical lectures, not only on medicine and surgery in general, but upon all the different branches of each, and one in particular, on old age, which is not to be met in any other city in Europe.

Let us now turn to the state of medical clinics amongst ourselves, and we must exclaim with Sterne, "They manage these things better in France." The only clinic in this country that merits any notice is the Edinburgh; there the lectures are replete with great practical experience and erudition, but differ from the French clinique in this particular, in not being given immediately after the visit, when the different phases of the disease are fresh on the minds of the students. The clinical lectures are given here only two days of the week: this is to be lamented, because here only (Edinbugh) every branch connected with the study of medicine may be learned with great advantage. Medicine, as a science, is fast improving in the other schools of Great Britain, with the exception of

London, where it is below par. It is painful to reflect on the state of medicine in the great city; abounding in wealth, talent, and industry, and with every facility for its cultivation, there is scarcely a man in it known beyond the limits of his professional rides as a scientific physician. The paramount importance of wealth in this Babylon absorbs every other consideration, and degrades a noble science into a servile trade—a science once deservedly held in the highest estimation, and which could boast of men eminent, not only in the practice and profession of physic, but celebrated as men of letters, the companions of monarchs, and instructors of princes. With Moliere we may say, "Mais nous avons changé tout cela;" a change indeed, with a vengeance, whose tracks are marked by the desolation it has left. Public opinion, or rather prejudice, having already stamped the profession of physic with the impress of its contempt, and viewing that system as one of charlatanism, its professors and teachers no longer cultivate it with that spirit of inquiry which marked the study of medicine with the Greeks and Arabians. This indifference to talent and scientific acquirements has called into existence a class of practitioners whose education, limited to suit the vulgar prejudice of the day, runs no danger of correcting errors which have called them from a state of indigence and obscurity to affluence and notoriety. Not that there are not occasionally to be met with, in this class, men of eminence and erudition, who, educated for a more elevated walk in the profession, and finding the tide of prejudice on the one side, and the *res angusta* pressing hard on the other, have been obliged to compromise the dignity of the profession and their own respectability, and merge the man of science into the man of drugs, with whom information beyond a certain extent is considered useless, and unsuited to the calibre of his patients' minds. Looking at the bills of mortality in the different eras of medical science, many would be tempted to suppose that no improvement has been made in the treatment of disease. To deny that improvements have been made in medicine, is to deny the evidence of our senses. To account for the little variation in the mortality of different ages, notwithstanding the great improvements of modern philosophers, however painful to dwell on, is a subject which demands our attention. Of what use to the mass of mankind are the great discoveries which are daily and hourly being introduced into medicine, unless well understood by those who possess the utmost prescriptive right of experimenting in *corpore vili?* There are and will be in all countries a class upon which these experiments may be made, whose remunerating price is generally too small to command talent of a better order. From this class the bills of mortality are generally swelled, whether by inherent disease, bad and unwholesome diet, or fruitless and ignorant efforts at cure, is a question which we shall leave to the statistic physician to decide; merely observing that there are few cases, even under the hands of the most enlightened physicians, where the desire to be doing something does not frequently do too much.

WOMEN ARE THE DEVIL!

IN the fall of the year 1822 I was at St. Salvador, at that time closely invested by the patriot army. The city, strongly fortified by nature and art, and defended by a numerous garrison composed of veteran Peninsular regiments, that had marched from the Tagus to the Adour, laughed to scorn any attempt of the raw and undisciplined levies of Brazil on the outside to carry it by assault. But so effectually did the insurgents cut off all supplies from the interior, that the garrison was reduced to the greatest straights, while famine and its concomitant disease made fearful havoc among the inhabitants. Under these circumstances I held a council of war with myself, the result of which was the resolution to march out of the garrison without delay.

"*Toujours perdrix*," has been pronounced by a high authority to be an intolerable hardship, but "*toujours bacalhao*" and hard biscuit, upon which I had fared for upwards of ten months, without exaggeration, would have palled on the appetite of his most voracious majesty the late king of the Sandwich Islands himself. I lost no time, therefore, in engaging my passage on board an English vessel on the eve of sailing for the Rio de Janeiro.

This was my first reason for leaving, and a most prudent one it was. My second was curiosity—a desire to behold the working of the revolutionary system in the south, and to watch the growth of the new institutions just budding into political life—this was philosophical. Thirdly, I was ambitious of figuring on the theatre of events myself, even though in the only way in which a foreign adventurer in such cases generally does figure, viz., "*comme de la chaire au canon*;"—this last was downright madness.

On the morning of my departure, as we pulled off to the ship that was to carry me to my destination, my eyes rested on the flag of Portugal, that with lordly pride was giving its ample folds to the morning breeze. As I gazed on that banner which had so often waved on the field of victory; under whose dominion the magnificent city I was leaving had sprung from the bosom of the wilderness, and European civilization taken root in the soil, I could not help sympathising with its fallen fortunes; and a feeling of deep melancholy came over me, when I reflected on the "instability of all human greatness," and on the possibility of a similar reverse clouding at some future day the lofty destinies of my own country. But on getting on board the ship this gloomy train of thought was soon dispelled—dispelled by a vision of loveliness, that, were I to live for centuries, would be to the last green in the memory. This was a young Monte Videan lady. Tall, slender, and graceful as the palmettos of her native clime, cast in the most faultless mould of Andalusian symmetry, with lustrous eyes, dark as Erebus,—a classical paleness of complexion,—the upper lip slightly pencilled by a tinge of down,—a profusion of luxuriant raven locks confined by a single comb of costly workmanship, from which hung the jealous mantilla in graceful folds over her polished shoulders,—such was the lovely creature to whom the captain introduced me, and who, on learning that I was to be her *compagnon de voyage*, exclaimed, in the sweetest tone in the world, "*Me allegro muchossimo*;"

and which my vanity obliges me to translate thus, "I am highly delighted."

In the course of half an hour La Senhora Dolorcitta—for that was her name—and myself were as well acquainted as if we had known each other from childhood. When I recollected that I should enjoy the society of this fair creature for eighteen or twenty days, imagination revelled in the thought, and forthwith raised an aërial structure of hope—a structure not destined to last long; for I had not once calculated on the number of days that sea-sickness might possibly abstract her from my society. Scarcely had the ship passed the bar of the harbour, than this frightful possibility flashed across my mind with dismaying certainty. Her clear pale complexion suddenly assumed the yellow greenish hue of the lime; but even then she was beautiful. "*Santa madre de Jesus yo me muero, cavallero,*" she exclaimed, as I applied some restoratives to her nostrils, and carried her to the side of the vessel. "*Ah! dios mio,*" she exclaimed, "*pareceme que esta me saliendo el alma por la boca,*" and from what followed this dolorous exclamation, I really began to imagine it possible "for the soul to escape through the mouth." In a state of the most helpless insensibility we carried her to her cabin; to which, to my great chagrin and disappointment, she was confined for fourteen days, during which time, as the only person on board acquainted with the Spanish language, I was obliged to officiate as nurse.

All the usual remedies on such occasions were offered to the fair Monte Videan, but steadily refused, to the consternation of the captain, who pronounced such a diet to be fatal; and I must own I had my own misgivings on the subject. She would take nothing but hard boiled eggs and port wine, alleging that the vacuum produced in the system by continual sea-sickness required to be filled up by something solid and nourishing in its nature. I should like to have the opinion of the Westminster Medical Society on this subject: the result certainly proved the captain to be in the wrong, and the Senhoritta in the right; for the fifteenth day of the passage saw the vessel becalmed beneath the headland of Cape Frio, and the fair Senoritta perfectly recovered. Sheltered from the burning rays of a tropical sun by the wide-spreading awning on the poop of the vessel, and looking beautiful as Cleopatra when she sailed down the Cydnus to meet her Roman lover—beautiful exceedingly she looked, reclining on an Indian mat, her slender form half concealed by the graceful mantilla; at her feet lay her guitar ornamented with green and yellow ribbons, the colours of the new empire; while her two black slaves, with their crimson turbans and picturesque costume, formed a beautiful background to the picture.

I know not how it is, but with a Spanish woman the current of our thoughts invariably runs on love. The Senhoritta's ideas were *exaltès* She dwelt on the inconstancy of men, and the vengeance that should follow unrequited love. "Her husband," she said, "if ever she were plagued with one, would be free to possess half a dozen mistresses if he liked it; but," she added, while her dark eye flashed fire, and her beautiful countenance was lighted up with a Medean expression of rage, "if he exposed me to the ridicule of the public, I would kill him!" and so I verily believe she would, for her spirit was of the real Castilian breed. "But I shall never marry, *amigo.*" "And why not, Senhoritta?" "*Casarme carallero,*" she resumed in a tone of reproach, while her lip indignantly

curled; and, seizing her guitar, she sung with great animation the following stanza.

"No, no, quiero, no quiero casarme,
Que es mejor, es mejor ser solteiro
E sempre placentero
Del mundo, del mundo gozar."

I shall not translate this stanza, lest I expose the morality of the fair Dolorcitta to misconstruction. Overcome with the exertion of singing, one of her black slaves was now despatched to her cabin for her fan.

Now how she had come on deck without it, was a mystery I could not solve, for as soon might you expect to see a Beata without her beads, as a Spanish coquette without her fan. Its power is universal. In the Alameda it is a semaphore, with which she will telegraph her lover at its most distant extremity. In the church it may be compared to a battery masquée, from behind which she pours the artillery of her eyes with fatal effect; while in the drawing-room it is the sceptre of despotic sway. But to resume our narrative: the fan was no where to be found. What could have become of it? The captain answered the question by saying that it had fallen overboard. I was never remarkable for the fertility of my invention; yet on this occasion, and only on this occasion (and most dearly did I pay for it, as will be presently seen), it received a powerful impulse. I flew down to the cabin to open my portfolio, to extract from its folds my passport—a large folio sheet of paper. To convert this into a fan, with the arms of his Most Faithful Majesty of Portugal skilfully and tastefully brought out in relief on the centre, was the work of a moment. Dolorcetta was delighted. "*Viva dios, que U.S es galan! que U.S es habil,*" she rapturously exclaimed, seizing the fan, and fanning herself as none but a Spanish woman can do. In the midst of all this moralizing, this singing, this fanning, the moon rose from the bosom of the ocean in all the bright effulgence of a tropical clime, bathing in a flood of light its glassy surface.

"There is a dangerous softness in that hour;
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self control.
The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose."

And Dolorcitta felt the softness of the hour—her animated converse was hushed—she drew a deep sigh, and suddenly—Heaven knows how it came to pass—her beautiful head rested on my shoulder! How long it rested there I do not recollect; but the southern cross had long passed the meridian, and was fast sinking in the west, and still found us lingering on the poop. We were alone, quite alone, for her attendants were fast wrapt in the arms of the drowsy god.

Now I will stake my existence, a heavy stake too! that some of my readers would feign know what really passed on this interesting occasion. I am not fond of gratifying people's idle curiosity, but I shall for once depart from my reserve, and tell them, lest their thoughts should wander, that nothing did pass that should have passed—for a breeze suddenly came over the surface of the wave, the officer of the watch took it into his head to set the top gallant studding sail, and, in giving the order, he

awoke the two black slaves, frightened the Senhoritta, and obliged me to change my front. The breeze increased, and the calm, which I devoutly wished might last for months, was succeeded by a fair wind that swept our ship along at the rate of nine knots an hour; and by noon of the following day, saw her safely anchored in the magnificent harbour of the Rio de Janeiro.

Dolores and myself gazed enraptured on this masterpiece of nature. How happy we shall be here, what delightful rides we shall have!—we both exclaimed; but

"Medio de fonte leporis surgit aliquid amari,"

and a cursed *amari* there did arise, in the shape of an officer, whose duty it was to examine our passports. Dolorcitta's was found *en regle*, and so ought mine to have been; but, after a most diligent search, it was nowhere to be found. In the confusion of the preceding night it must have been blown overboard, and so I told the officer. This worthy, putting on his cocked hat with an official air, treated the matter "*au serieuse.*" Coming from a place held by the royalists, and without a passport, looked, he said, suspicious; and he should be under the necessity of conveying me to the citadel on the Ilha das Cobras, until his excellency the Minister of Police should decide on the affair.

Here was a pretty scrape. Dolores affected to be *au desespoir*, but still I thought I detected a malicious smile playing round her pretty mouth—the thought was dispelled as soon as conceived by the eloquence of her regrets, and the tenderness of her manner. "*Adios querido que estoy enfeliz,*" pressing me to come to her immediately on my liberation. I jumped into the officer's boat, was rowed to the citadel, and handed over to the commandant of the fortress, an old colonel of artillery, in personal appearance the very prototype of the hero of La Mancha. This old moustache was a complete character; first of all he was a *Sebastianista*, and so firmly did he believe, as I was afterwards told, that Don Sebastian would shortly reappear to claim his kingdom and crown, that he had a short time before given 500 dollars to receive 10,000 on the day of his re-appearance. By his countrymen he was looked upon as a "*Varron eruditissimus,*" a very Talleyrand in politics—and vain enough the old fellow was of his accomplishments, for conceiving the opportunity a favourable one of shewing off before a foreigner, he regaled me with an oration of portentous length, every word of which was taken from Jeremy Bentham, a high authority among the South American liberals. The peroration of his speech was absolutely sublime. "The human mind had received an impulse, the spirit of the age would not retrogade, the eyes of the world were fixed on Brazil, which was majestically advancing to the goal of human perfectibility!" At this burst of eloquence, the pen dropped from the hands of the orderly serjeant, who was writing under his dictation at the moment I entered; and the sentinel that was pacing up and down the apartments, fairly halted—though the spirit of the oration was as perfectly unintelligible to them both, as Don Quixote's celebrated dissertation on the Golden Age, to the goatherds of the Sierra Morena.

Having, as he conceived, impressed me with a high opinion of his eloquence, he deigned to make a few observations on the circumstance that had consigned me to his care. "Young gentleman," said he, twisting his moustache with an air of great complacency, "when I was at your age, I was remarkable for my gallantry, and great was my success with the fair sex,

but I now prefer more solid pleasures, (and so I soon found to my cost,) for, believe me, women are the very devil: and now, if you please, the sergeant shall conduct you to your apartment." And the sergeant I followed, little dreaming of the nature of my apartment. We traversed the quadrangle of the fortress, and stopped before a low door beneath a casemated battery, on opening which my ears were assailed by the clangour of chains and a volley of the most horrid imprecations. So noxious was the stench, that a momentary faintness came over me. "In the name of all that's just," said I to the sergeant, "this surely cannot be the apartment the commandant alluded to." "*Senor*," replied the soldier, "*nav hor remedio*, this is the *carcel*, and there is no other," and he spoke the truth, for in this empire, that, according to the boast of the old commandant was advancing towards perfectibility, I doubt if the name of our Philanthropic Howard was ever heard. The accused and the condemned, the murderer and the political offender, the innocent and the guilty, were all confined in the same loathsome dungeon. "Are you certain, comrade," said I, drawing out my purse and holding it up as a last appeal, "that there is no other apartment?" The soldier fixed his eye on the purse with an intensity of gaze, as if it possessed the faculty fabulously ascribed by his countrymen to an instrument in possession of the English mining agents, for discovering, by its optical power, the auriferous ore in the bowels of the earth. "Another apartment there is," he replied, "cavallero, but it will cost you dear." "Cost what it may," I eagerly rejoined, "let me have it;" for had I possessed the diamond district of Serra Frio, I would freely have given it to have escaped incarceration in a place to which the black hole of Calcutta was a paradise. The sergeant retired to speak to the commandant, and shortly returned, telling me, that for fifty dollars a day I might be accommodated with an apartment overlooking the bay. I closed with the bargain, was put in possession of my new quarters, and left to my own reflections. These were not the most agreeable; the shadow of a smile that I thought I detected playing on the lip of Dolorcitta, now assumed in my mind the semblance of reality, and produced a complete revolution in my feelings towards her.

On the following morning the consul procured my liberation, and I exchanged my expensive quarters in the citadel for a French posada in the city. After making an excellent dinner, to which I had long been a stranger, as I swung in my hammock in the verandah of the posada, gazing on the glorious scenery of the bay, my thoughts insensibly reverted to Dolorcitta. I was smoking too, and a segar leads to reflection; though I never smoke now, the Guards have made it so vulgar. The angry feelings of the preceding day vanished from my mind like mists before the sun. The bell of a neighbouring church tolled the Ave Maria, it was the hour of love; I felt its melting influence. Springing from the hammock and putting on my coat, "I will go this instant," said I to myself, "and call on her." Now should the reader think that I am tediously minute in mentioning that I put on my coat, he will be egregiously in the wrong, as readers often are. In the first place, it marks the climate. In the second, it illustrates a feature of national manners. "*Tout est relatif*," says a distinguished French author, "*les choses sont importantes selon le pays*;" and so they are. The dignity of a pacha is measured by the number of horse tails that are borne floating on the breeze before him. In China, a peacock's feather and a cup of bear's milk from the Emperor's table is

the highest mark of the imperial favour; while his neighbour, the King of Ava, looks upon the title of King of the White Elephant as the "beau-ideal of human grandeur." Now what the horse tail is in Turkey, the peacock's feather in China, and the elephant in Ava, the coat is in Brazil—it marks the caste. It is a passport of gentility, and previous to the revolution, the "*homen de casaca*," or the coated man, conveyed to the mind of the unsophisticated Brazilian as high a notion of human importance, as a K. C. B. does to an English ploughman.

So I put on my coat, as I said before, and as I passed through the streets, numerous and flattering were the encomiums bestowed on its swallow tail and pigeon breast; for the possession of a well made English coat was coveted even by the immortal Pedro himself, as he was at that time styled by his subjects.

After traversing the whole of the city, I at last, after considerable difficulty, discovered the residence of my *compagnon du voyage*, beautifully situated near the convent of St. Thereza. I flew up stairs, and clapped my hands (there are no knockers in Brazil, and I wish there were none in England), which produced a "*Quein es*," in the well known accents of Dolores. "*Gente de paz*." "*Entra u. s. con Dios*," and in I went, but, to my surprise, I found sitting with Dolorcetta, and in closer juxta-position than I liked, a young officer of cacadores. Still my reception was at first most flattering, nay, even tender. "Where have you been loitering, *Ingrato?* Why came you not yesterday?" For the best of all reasons, Dolores," was my reply. "I was only this day at noon enlarged from the citadel," and I related my adventure. "*Mot par mot*," *viva Dios*; what an amusing adventure! what a capital story to tell my *commadres!* What I would have given to have seen you at the door of the *carcel*; it is really an excellent joke, and I shall die with laughing;" and here the malicious creature sunk back on her seat, and indulged in an extacy of merriment at my expence. This was too bad, and in the rage of the moment I looked at her companion to observe if I could detect a smile on his countenance, that might have afforded me an excuse for cutting his throat; but though I strained my eye-balls from their sockets, I could not discover even the semblance of a smile. Seizing my hat, therefore, and clearing the stair case at a bound, while the Senhoritta exclaimed, "Do not go, *Senor Cavallero dela triste figura*," or in other words "Sir Knight of the woeful countenance," I passed the threshold of her door, and as I vowed never more to "darken it with my shadow," I heartily agreed at the same time with the old commandant, "*Que el diablo son les mugeres.*" "Women are the very devil!"

NOTES ON AMERICA, NO. I.

Charleston, S. Carolina.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number and variety of works on American manners, politics, and statistics, with which the British public has lately been treated, in the shape of sketches, travels, and dissertations, still the subject appears to have lost none of its interest; but, on the contrary, each new publication is read and quoted with greater avidity than its predecessor.

The reception which even Mrs. Trollope's work has experienced amongst us, is a proof of the untired interest which Englishmen feel in all that concerns their Transatlantic brethren. There is nothing in this scandal-loving-lady's book very novel or profound. It is in fact no more than a caricature, of the ill-educated Americans. A clever "yankee" would find no great difficulty in producing an equally ludicrous effect, by an exaggerated display of the vulgarity of the corresponding classes in England. The Broughtons in "Evelina," the Grimshaws in "Sketches of Character," and the heroes of Mr. Theodore Hook's Tales, are just as fair representations of the respectable middle classes in England, as the worthies who figure in Mrs. Trollope's pages, are of the merchants, farmers, and lawyers of the United States. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* A residence of several years in America has afforded me ample opportunity of scrutinising the manners and character, public and domestic, of all classes, from the President at Washington to his slave at Tenessee.

My design, however, in these sketches, is not to review the works of others, but to relate such occurrences, and describe such scenes and peculiarities of character, as fell under my personal observation, and would be most likely to convey to the reader a correct idea of the actual state of society in various parts of the United States: and it must be recollected that some account of what may be called the foreign, or emigrant population, will necessarily hold as conspicuous a place in any description of the inhabitants of a country, which has, for so many years, been the asylum of the discontented, unfortunate, and enterprising exiles from every other part of the globe. For the shelter which modern Rome has ever afforded to deposed monarchs, their oppressed subjects have found in the United States. The affrighted fugitive from Scio, the fiery Neapolitan noble, the haughty Spanish and Portuguese constitutionalist, and the heartbroken exile of Erin, all meet there,—to mourn over blighted prospects, and meditate on fresh enterprizes. There too may be seen the desperate slave trader, privateer, and pirate from Cuba and the Spanish main, the keen Jew from Poland, and the keener Scotchman from the Clyde, the dashing comedian and impudent journalist from London,—Turks, West Indians, Chinese, Negroes, and Hindoos, fill up the more prominent parts of the varied picture, in which the native Americans seem only to occupy the back ground.

This mixture and jostling together of men of all classes and nations is particularly observable in Charleston, the principal city, though not the capital of South Carolina.

Some years have elapsed since I first visited Charleston, but I recollect

the day I landed there, as if it were but yesterday. The yellow fever was raging, and as we sailed up the bay, and neared the wharf, the appearance of every thing was black and desolate—no hearty greeting, so welcome after a voyage—no boats full of anxious expectants of northern news and northern friends (for we had sailed from New York)—all was silent and dismal. The shore was lined by mourners, "clad in the dark livery of woe," and dreading the enquiries to which such sorrowful replies must needs be given. We appeared like a cargo of condemned wretches, sent, like the Roman criminals, to perish in the Pontine marshes. Even the negroes forgot to chuckle with their usual recklessness of life or death, as they advised "Massa to take him care ob de yelly feber." I walked from the wharf across the fine street called the Bay, along Broad Street, into King Street, that is to say through the principal part of the city, and did not encounter a living creature, man or beast. Scarcely a store was open, and the dwelling houses appeared to be nearly all tenantless. The master of the inn to which I had been directed, informed me, that two of his children had fallen victims to the pestilence the week previous; and another person mentioned, with an expression of countenance that denoted something between dogged indifference and sullen resignation, that his father also had died that morning. I found afterwards that my informant was a kind-hearted and estimable man, but the familiar sight of suffering and death had stifled his better feelings, and rendered him for the time impious and morose. I was advised to secure a nurse in time, as the chance of escape for a foreigner, not acclimatured, was small indeed. All this was terrible enough, and I heartily wished that my better genius had kept me out of this city of the plague. Unfortunately, too, I had read Boccaccio, De Foe, and Wilson. My imagination, therefore, was abundantly stored with food for unpleasing meditation. The fact was, that we had been misinformed as to the sanitary state of the country, having been assured, that a black frost had already purified the polluted atmosphere, which was not the case till some days subsequent to our arrival. *Then*, however, an immediate change took place in all around. The houses in Sullivan's Island (which is a long beach of white sand, devoid of vegetation, and lying on the side of the harbour opposite to the city) were soon deserted. Hundreds of long boats, laden with furniture and negroes, were seen lazily crossing the bay. The streets were speedily crowded by a busy population of all colours, whose present gaiety was evidently augmented by the depression of spirits, under which all had so recently laboured.

A stranger, entering Charleston for the first time by moonlight, would be struck by the romantic solitude of its appearance. The negroes are all locked up by ten o'clock, and the city guard of soldiers traverse the streets with noiseless vigilance. The fine old church of St. Michael, the exchange, and post office, at the foot of Broad Street, and the patrician residences which overlook the beautiful bay, give to Charleston the semblance of some old, half deserted, Italian city, while its sparkling southern atmosphere is not unworthy of comparison with the clearest and mildest sky, which lends a principal charm to the land of love, and painting, and poetry.

Charleston does not appear to have reaped much advantage from the revolution. There is scarcely a building of any size or importance which was not erected under the old dominion. It was a favourite residence of

the British governors of South Carolina, and prospered under their sway. Since then its glory has in great measure departed. The indigo and tobacco trades have been ruined. There is still a large decayed building in King-street, called the tobacco warehouse, which proves the extent to which that branch of commerce was formerly carried. At present cotton and rice are the staple articles of trade, which is principally in the hands of merchants from the north, who pass the winter or business season only in Charleston, and return in the summer to expend the fruits of their industry 700 or 800 miles from the place where they were acquired. An Englishman would probably consider two or three such journeys in the course of the year, a matter of some moment, but an American measures distances with a different scale, and to him, a journey by land or water from New York or Boston to Savannah or Charleston, is a mere bagatelle. Thus Charleston gains but little from the commerce which is carried on within its walls. The late prohibitory, or what were meant to be prohibitory, duties on British goods, press heavily upon it, by causing a reduction in the prices of cotton and rice, and an advance on the articles for which those products must be exchanged. If the last tariff be persisted in, and submitted to, it is evident that the southern states will be sacrificed to the northern. But symptoms of a sturdy resistance have lately manifested themselves, and it is to be hoped that a system, ruinous to many, and eventually profitable to none, will soon be abandoned.

There was formerly a considerable trade in slaves carried on from Charleston, most however by foreigners. But since this horrid traffic has been legally prohibited, I am not aware of any attempt having been made to continue it. It was a common saying in Charleston, that "the curse of God stuck to all slave-traders and their children," who never prospered finally. There seemed to be one, and I was told only one, exception to this rule, in the person of a very benevolent gentleman, the son of a slave trader. But during my residence in South Carolina, this exception ceased to exist; for the person alluded to failed in business, and "the curse" at last fell upon him.

The slaves in Charleston are, outwardly, the same happy and reckless set of beings as elsewhere. They are, for the most part, very kindly treated. Indeed, during a residence of two years among them, I never saw one maltreated or whipped. I am aware, of course, that this is far from proving that cruelty is never practised, but it shows at least that it is not common. However, as it may naturally be expected, these unfortunate beings, knowing that they have no property in themselves, show but little respect for the property of others; plots and insurrections are frequent, and during the winters of 1825 and 1827, we were continually alarmed by their attempts to set fire to the city. Some of these, unfortunately, succeeded too well, and a large amount of property was destroyed, especially in King-street, which is long, narrow, and combustible. Half of the militia force of the city, in which all able bodied whites are enrolled without distinction of rank or nation, is always on fire duty, or liable to be called out for the protection of the inhabitants and their property against the negroes, in case of a fire; I was up between twenty and thirty nights during the winter on this business. The blacks were compelled to draw the engines and extinguish the fire they had kindled, while many a fierce denunciation of punishment and revenge fell from the lips of their incensed masters. The fire in King-street above

alluded to, was the most tremendous one I have ever seen. The houses and stores were swept off on both sides of the way for nearly half a mile. Many of the shops contained kegs of gunpowder, which every now and then exploded fearfully. I cannot give an adequate idea of the excitement and alarm occasioned by this conflagration. Every one was aware that the negroes were constantly plotting our destruction, and that fire was the auxiliary which they chiefly relied upon to effect it. To add to our confusion, fires broke out in various other parts of the city, though, fortunately, they were soon extinguished.

At one time during the night, when the conflagration was at its height, and roof after roof fell in with a tremendous crash, I was engaged in conversation with an old gentleman, who, like myself, was for a time off duty. He was quietly speculating on the chances of the street being rebuilt, which, he said, the declining state of trade in Charleston would not justify. Upon turning round to examine his features more closely, I recognised the principal owner of the burning property, and the richest Jew in Charleston. I complimented him upon his composed demeanour, "O," said he, "I have lived long enough in this world, to take matters coolly even in such a fiery night as this is." He was a Pole, and had resided in Charleston some forty years. When he first arrived, he was quite destitute, and borrowed half a dollar from a fellow countryman and passenger, whom he lived to see reduced to great poverty, and whom, in gratitude for this old obligation, he constantly and effectually befriended in his time of need. I mention this as one among many instances of the benevolence of the individual, who is well and honourably known in Charleston. As I have before remarked, I was much struck by his calmness, and have always considered him a real philosopher. When the mansion of Joseph Buonaparte at Bordentown was burnt to the ground, great praise was bestowed upon its distinguished proprietor, for the quiet temper and *sang froid* he displayed during the operation. But there was this difference between the case of my old friend and that of king Joseph—the palace was insured!

About this time a circumstance occurred, which will serve to illustrate in some degree the relative station of the two castes in the southern states. It was found impossible to collect evidence sufficient to convict a negro of incendiarism, though it prevailed so alarmingly. But it was thought necessary to lay hold of some one, guilty or not, as it might happen, and punish him *in terrorem*. For this purpose a mulatto fellow was sentenced to be hanged, upon very doubtful evidence. Two householders and a magistrate constituted the court. It was, I verily believe, the intention of these parties to have procured a commutation of punishment, previously to the day of execution, but no respite arrived from the governor. At the appointed time, half the negroes in Charleston went to see the sport, for such they appeared to consider the hanging of this poor devil, if we might judge from the merriment in which they indulged on the occasion. The streets resounded with the laughter of the sable crowd. My own servant, a negro of course, requested my leave of absence to accompany them, because, he said, that "Copenhagen and he had been fellow apprentices in the same cooper's shop, and that he should therefore like very much to see him hanged." The plea was irresistible, and he went with the rest. It appeared, however, that the sheriff and his deputies refused to officiate as hangman, alleging as their excuse the notorious innocence of the poor

fellow. This did not prevent their offering a reward to any one who would act as their substitute, but no one could be found. After waiting till twelve o'clock, Copenhagen was taken from the gallows, where he had been grinning and talking all the time, and, followed to the wharf by thousands of his delighted fellow bondsmen, was put on board a sloop and sent to New Orleans.

'There are two synagogues in Charleston, and some very wealthy and respectable Jews. The feast of the passover is celebrated by them with great splendour and heartiness, and the appearance of the young females of the persuasion, as they move about with their long white veils, is elegant and romantic. The young Jewesses of South Carolina are certainly the handsomest women I ever saw. The older ones, I am sorry to say, are peculiarly the reverse. The fondness for jewellery and ornaments, which distinguishes the Hebrew nation all the world over, is very conspicuous in Charleston. While the exterior of their dwellings is frequently dirty and neglected, I scarcely ever saw the inside of one, which was not furnished with a strikingly inconsistent degree of show and expence. A Jewish gentleman commonly carries rings and seals enough about him to furnish half a dozen London "swells" for the season. The Americans, in general, shew the greatest fondness for external ornament, of any civilized nation, and the English, perhaps, the least; but even in the United States, the Jews are remarkable for this *penchant*.

The fugitives from St. Domingo may be mentioned as forming one class among the many which make up the motley and varied population of this singular place. There cannot now be many of these unfortunate Frenchmen remaining, though at one time they abounded in Charleston. They were in general very poor, and had been very rich. A little knot of them were in the habit of meeting in a room behind a barber's shop, very early every morning, to drink French coffee, and talk over old times. They afterwards adjourned to the market, and were generally there as soon as the gates opened, to select their frugal fare for the day. Among these old gentlemen, there was one who particularly attracted my attention. He was formerly possessed of great wealth in the West Indies, and in anticipation of the negro insurrection, had remitted large sums to his countrymen in the United States, and fortunately also made one small deposit with an American merchant. Notwithstanding his foresight, he was surprised at last, and escaped with difficulty. On his arrival in the United States, he found that the funds which he had remitted to his own countrymen, owing to their insolvency and rascality, were not forthcoming; and his property was reduced to about 4000*l*, the amount in the hands of the honest yankee. Upon the interest of this sum, however, he might at least have lived in comfort. But he never could be induced to invest it in stock of any kind, and persisted in spending his capital till it was nearly exhausted, when he fortunately died. He kept no bank account, but had made up his mind to destroy himself upon the first refusal of his cheque. I ought to add, that in consideration of the value of his deposit, for upwards of twenty years, the bank directors had given orders always to pay the very moderate drafts, which the old man might have occasion to make, so that no necessity should occur for his putting his suicide purpose into execution. This, however, was no idle boast on his part, as the accidental dishonour of his cheque one day proved. The pistols were taken out of the case, and loaded for destruction, when a

breathless clerk arrived to apologize for the mistake, and prolong the old Frenchman's existence. I believe that Mr R———— was quite singular among his countrymen in his indifference to life, and determination to quit it prematurely, under any circumstances. For the most part, the national gaiety of spirit prevailed among these kind hearted exiles, in whose company I have passed many amusing hours.

One of the most striking and amusing scenes in the world may be witnessed upon a Charleston race course. I remember being present at the running of a famous match between two horses from Virginia, and one belonging to South Carolina. The two first heats were gained, one each, by the Virginian horses, and the two last by the favourite of South Carolina, whose name I recollect was Bertram. The interest always attendant upon a good horse race, was increased to intensity by the feeling of state rivalry prevalent all over the union, and which is called forth in all its strength on such occasions. Many a dirk was grasped, and fierce threat uttered. At last the South Carolina horse came up victorious, and the scenes which followed recalled to my mind Gibbon's account of the Blue and Green factions of Constantinople, when the triumph of a political party depended upon the speed of a horse. Ever since, the horse races in England have appeared to me to be very tame affairs indeed. I was in New York at the time of the match between Henry and Eclipse, between the north and south, which is well remembered by many as evidencing the existence of a spirit of rivalry by no means favourable to the future permanence of the federal union. But to dilate upon the topic suggested by the last remark is not my intention—at least not at present. It is of too serious a nature to be discussed in the cursory and rambling style in which these sketches have been thrown together.

I am inclined to think that some of the best society in the United States is to be met with in Charleston. Most of the neighbouring gentry or planters have travelled in Europe, and many have been partially educated abroad. They are well informed, hospitable and polite. In other parts of the union, it seems to be a matter of conscience to introduce subjects of conversation, which must necessarily be disagreeable to the Englishmen present. The battle on Lake Erie, and the affair at New Orleans, frequently form the subjects of discourse. But there is a high degree of polish, as well as spirit, in the courteous demeanour of a South Carolinian gentleman. I fear that this must partly be attributed to the practice of duelling which is common among them. When an insulting expression can only be used at the risk of a man's life, he soon learns to be sparing of them.

Kean performed twelve nights in Charleston during the winter, I think, of 1825 and 1826. The theatre is small but elegant, and the price of admission to the pit is the same as to the boxes. By this arrangement, those who can best appreciate good acting, have an opportunity of seeing it from the best quarter of the house.

I have witnessed Kean's performance in London, and the English country towns, and in various parts of the United States, but in my humble judgment, there was more real feeling of the beauties of the author, and just discrimination in estimating the actor, displayed in Charleston, than at any other theatre where I have had an opportunity of seeing Shakespeare performed. This was peculiarly to be remarked at the representation of Hamlet and Macbeth. I very much doubt whether

so many well educated men were ever collected into small a compass, as were to be met with in the Charleston theatre during the term of Kean's engagement; and I am informed, that that great actor himself was struck by the judgment, good taste, and thorough knowledge of Shakespeare which the audience displayed. I have mentioned these particulars, because I wish to do justice to the refinement and acquirements of a remarkable intelligent body of men, and because I consider a correct discriminating admiration of good plays and good acting, as better evidence of those qualities which I have attributed to the society of Charleston, than any vague and general encomiums and assertions.

ON THE NATURAL DEPRECIATION OF ENGLISH NOBILITY.

"Non sum qualis eram."

WHEN the nobleman fed his retainers in his hall, and was the rallying point for mutual protection against the tyrant of the neighbourhood, it was worth the while of rude and helpless society to foster his wealth and power. The power of the super-eminent chieftain or king, first, and next the laws, in some degree diminished the importance of the nobleman to general society. Neither of these were, however, enough materially to impair the sense of his grandeur and power, handed down from times, when sustenance and liberty depended on him. Thus the importance of the nobleman had, along with other sentiments and impressions of romantic history and tradition, rooted itself in the imagination and affections of the multitude: and thus, in spite of the gradual dispersion of wealth, and the progressive efficiency of legal and conventional, over arbitrary and individual power, the impressions of preceding ages maintained the nobleman's reputation for importance, when he had ceased to possess any other real power than that with which society voluntarily invested him: when the thriving merchant or tradesman was in fact of more consequence than he, in proportion as the former did more towards increasing the wealth of his country, and spreading that wealth into various channels of industrious and independent support.

Great is the power of imagination, and prone are most of the sons of men to imagine vain things! Were it not for the few wise, and discerning, and benevolent spirits of successive ages, who know truth and teach it, there is no ground to believe that information, attainable only by the understanding, would ever prevail so generally as to influence the mass of a nation. Had not books, and newspapers, and speeches, communicated to ordinary men the views of wiser men than themselves, amongst other such fictions as divine right, witchcraft, &c., we should at this day, as a nation, be firm believers in an exclusively inherent virtue of nobility to wield the power and direct the energies of our country.

We have, thank heaven, at last generally attained the conviction, that nobility has no intrinsic value, no inherent rights; and that whatever importance may attach to it in the present day, that importance is very different from the consequence of nobles in past ages; when, with all their failings, they constituted the only class possessed of energy and intelligence enough to manage the national affairs.

It does not appear though, that our nobles have kept pace with our-

selves in improved views of the nature and uses of nobility. They, almost all, reformers as well as anti-reformers, seem to labour under erroneous impressions of their importance. Without wishing to disparage the *comparative* liberality of those among them who have ranged themselves on the side of reform, we assert it to be impossible for an observing man not to perceive, that the truth respecting nobility which pervades the untitled intelligent classes has hardly yet dawned upon our titled brethren. All the evidence deducible from what lords continue to say and do, from their looks and general deportment, tends to impress us with the belief, that hardly one of them could yet from conviction adopt for his motto, *Non sum qualis eram.*

This darkness of the lordly mind has already proved mischievous to all classes of the community. We will try and show how it is that *the English people cannot think so much of lords as they used to do,* and that therefore *it is unreasonable to expect them any longer to allow lords the power they have been used to possess.*

It is long since the higher classes have reached the extreme point of real refinement. Whilst they were ascending to this, the community at large was *really* inferior to them, and had, therefore, good reason to acquiesce in their pretensions to superiority.

Since nothing human is at a stand still, but all things either advance to better or fall back to worse, our nobles, since they reached the summit of real refinement, have been naturally deteriorating into false refinement and luxury. We plebeians, in the mean time, have been availing ourselves of the means within our reach to ascend the moral and intellectual heights, which our betters had surmounted before us. Modern Europe, especially France and England, seems to have reached the crisis of general intelligence, when *the old homage paid to rank can no longer with sincerity be rendered.* This is, to a certain extent, the fault of neither party, and must have ensued, even had the nobles, in falsification of all experience, not receded from the eminence they once occupied. The people in comparatively free states must gradually assimilate their intrinsic qualities to those of their nobility, and cannot in the nature of things retain a full admiration for that nobility, as soon as they find its attainments within their own reach. "I had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as myself." Had our nobility never abused their power, the people could not have been fairly expected to allow it to them as soon as they found themselves able to wield it.

Our nobles, however, have not proved themselves exempt from the common weakness of humanity, but have, at all periods of our history, gladly seized upon whatever the extravagant homage of ignorance has allowed them to grasp. Depravation of moral and political dignity has of course been the consequence of this selfishness; and now that the community, intelligent enough to discern the ends of government, and the fitness of means to attain them, cannot uphold nobles in misrepresenting those ends, and misapplying those means, these nobles are too blind to recognize the improvement of the community, or too selfish to confess it.

We cannot now a days, even if we were disposed to force ourselves, think so much of lords as we used to do; for we have more intelligence of things than we had; and in proportion as men become better acquainted with things, they naturally think less about persons.

No objection can then lie against the Reform Bill, on the score of its lowering the dignity of nobles. The natural course of civilization has already sunk the dignity of nobles far below the point of depreciation reached by the provisions of the Bill. The dignity of the House of Lords cannot by human means be saved from still further depreciation, as popular intelligence and attainments advance; and all this, not because the people grudge the superiority which nobles claim, for they have always been too prone to admit it, but because lordly dignity, having no existence in the nature of things, depends entirely on the opinion of society. The Reform Bill does not propose to strip, nor can it strip, nobles of the natural influence of wealth in conjunction with, or indeed without, virtue or talents; but it aims at disabusing nobles of the notion, that they possess any importance beyond what the rest of the community is in a condition to recognize. The Reform Bill only aims, in fact, at making the names peer, and nobleman, and lord, more appropriate in their signification than they are at present; more correct exponents of the political value of the persons whom they represent. Had not the country been deeply impressed with a sense of the *natural depreciation of nobility*, the Reform Bill would have seemed as monstrous to the country as it now does to the Lords; and thus the reception the Bill has met with from the country is an irrefragable proof that it was wanted; that Lord Grey had good reason to believe in the depreciated public estimation of his order; good reason to believe that its pretensions to power and control were no longer acquiesced in by the nation; good reason to believe that if these pretensions were longer maintained, they must generate animosity too fierce to be appeased by less than the entire humiliation of the pretenders.

We repel, as a scandalous libel upon ourselves and brother radicals, the imputation of tory lords and their minions, that our clamour for reform is prompted by a desire to subvert the order of society. We know the sentiments of the lower classes, better than do these slanderers. We bless ourselves that our lot has not been cast amongst those showy and absorbing vanities, which engross the nobleman, and shut him out from acquaintance as well as sympathy with the mass of his fellow countrymen. We, from our own knowledge of the people, can vouch for the fact, that, of the multitude of radical reformers, the ruffians who desire to rob the wealthy or degrade the honoured, merely because they are wealthy and honoured, are in numbers too contemptible to have the power of deranging the grades and institutions of society. We assert, that the almost universal sentiment of radical reform is a sentiment, not merely of just, but of generous, aye generous consideration, for the real rights and justifiable feelings of the upper classes. We affirm, it can be only hatred or ignorance of the people of England, which would deny the fact, that they are not merely willing, but anxious, while they vindicate themselves from oppression and misery, to award to their oppressors even more profit and honour than they have any right to expect from a community, intelligent and able to act without their assistance, as the English people have long since become. Knowing this to be truth, we likewise know, that if an impression to the disparagement of our nobles pervades the mass of our countrymen, *it is impossible to attribute this impression to the influence of faction in the innate turbulence of the people.* We know, therefore, that this impression has been

stamped by truth, and that it cannot be effaced, but by the ample concessions of these nobles; and that such a measure as the Reform Bill is the only mode by which such concessions can be made.

The admiring clown who stares over the hedge at the lord's equipage; the small gentleman who is proud of his lordship's acquaintance; all men, in short, in proportion as the range of their intellectual vision is extended, and their thoughts are occupied on subjects of higher interest, must, whether they will or no, think with less reverence of lords than they used to think. There is absolutely no principle in existence, upon which to work, even if it were worth while to save nobility from this depreciation. No help, for instance, can be hoped for by lords from an increased activity of the religious principle keeping pace with the advance of intelligence. This alliance must inevitably be precluded then; since for one sentence to be twisted by a courtly priest into a precept of religious respect for great men, there are twenty in Scripture plainly disallowing their pretensions, and calculated to detach us from admiring them. The enlarged intelligence of the community, when applied to the subject of religion, cannot fail to observe this. *Formal Reform then can do the great man no harm.* Time in its silent revolutions has already done him the mischief he complains of. It has not, indeed, made him in the abstract less than he was; but it has made other men greater. Reform in Parliament will be to him, if his spirit be not too proud to submit to the plain intention of Providence, instead of a curse, a great blessing. It will force him out of his inordinate self-conceit, and bring home to him the conviction of a common humanity. It will arouse his energies to a more lawful exercise of the great privileges and advantages still left him. Thus as he becomes conscious of a real dignity, he will be the less careful of slight observances, which still will be the more frequently and cheerfully rendered, the less he seems to require them. Finally, he will have nought to fear from the community; for as he will have ceased to injure it, there will no longer exist among the people a wish to retaliate upon him.

SONNET TO NOON.

'Tis Noon—the sun seems listening in the skies,
The thick air hangs all motionless and warm—
There's scarce a sound, but drowsy melodies
From the wild honey-birds in busy swarm,
Or the far tinkle of that music-note,
The sheep-bell, and perhaps a restless stream!
All other pulse of life is now forgot—
Nature is in her mid-day sleep and dream!
What a sweet somnolence steals o'er the mind
In the retirement of a country glen,
Where all our thoughts like gentle rivers wind
In heedless turnings, o'er and o'er again!
We fix on nothing, but on all we gaze
Wrapt, lost, bewilder'd, in deep Nature's maze! W.

UNREPORTED CASES.—NO. I.

The Human Cuckoo.

ABOUT a year after Hosea Parfett,—once a flourishing farmer, and the last of a renowned race of wrestlers and cudgel-players, had, on account of his confirmed lameness, produced by a terrific in-lock from a Wiltshire giant, who had dared the whole village to a bout, in which Hosea, at the expense of a dislocated hip, threw him three complete pancakes—but more especially in consideration of his recent ruin by mildew, fly, murrain, and other disasters, been elected parish mole-catcher, Rachael, his seventh child, was born. Her eyes, when she first opened them to weep, were, as Brodie Bagster, the village song-maker, says, like little violets, filled with dew, peeping out of a spring snow. The same worthy, in a doggrel composition, which fits indifferently to the tune of Ally Croker, recording the story of her early life, observes that her hair was "silky soft and silvery bright" as the down of a nestling dove; her first tooth, a pearl plucked by a mermaid from some coral nook, in which its maker, the hermit-oyster—so he called the fish—had hid it; and her cheek a mark which the fairies had set up to pelt all day with rose-buds. Brodie said half a hundred other flowery things of Rachael, which it would have broken his heart to know had been better said, before he was born, of half a thousand others. Notwithstanding the hyperbolic compliments of her rustic laureate,—which, unsupported, would perhaps have rendered the fact doubtful,—Rachael, from the testimony of all who saw her in the early part of her babyhood, appears to have been eminently beautiful. She was, it is said, a living similitude of some fine old picture of a wingless angel, in the antique library at Scroby Hall, which her mother had had frequent occasion to visit, while pregnant, for the purpose of receiving from Sir Ralph, who was churchwarden, the pittance per dozen allowed by the parish for the moles caught by Hosea, whose pride would not permit him to appear in person as a claimant of the parochial fees to which his industry, absurdly misdirected as it was, by custom and promise entitled him.

Rachael was scarcely able to run alone when some mysterious malady wrought an appalling change in her appearance, and she became again a nursling—hideous from her extreme haggardness. It was said, and steadfastly believed in the village, that Hosea Parfett's child had been stolen by the fairies, and that the creature which nestled in its place was an accursed changeling. Rachael's mother began to loathe the baby on which she had before most passionately doted; and after pining for a few weeks, as Brodie Bagster sings, turned from the sun like a drooping flower, and died. Shortly after this event, the good women of the village, at a council held, one winter's eve, round the blacksmith's forge, resolved on compelling the fairies to return Rachael, and relieve Hosea Parfett of the changeling. The little creature was accordingly placed on a shovel, and exposed, the same night, at the back door of Hosea's house, to the cold gleam of the setting moon. The attendant ceremonies were conducted with such powerful precision, that, if Brodie may be believed, the fairies thought proper to refund; and, three months after, a young farmer's wife, who, having lost her first-born, had volunteered to become wet-nurse to the recent visitor in fairy-land, brought young Rachael back to the mole-catcher's cottage, even more beautiful than when she was born.

Hosea's time was fully occupied; and he had already, not so much from love as necessity, it is remarked in the ballad, married a second wife, in the hope of obtaining a second mother for his seven children. He soon had an eighth, which seeming ugly by the side of Rachael, its playmate, the latter, at an earlier age than even the bad circumstances of her father could warrant, was thrust into distant employment. Old Sir Ralph's bailiff undertook to give her food and lodging, with twopence per month as wages, to drive the birds from his master's crops; but Rachael soon lost her place, being endowed, as Brodie says, with so sweet a quality of voice, that she attracted the creatures she was hired to scare away. So it fared with her in all her subsequent youthful services, some natural perfection rendering her unfit for those occupations in which a child less pre-eminently gifted, but with equal zeal and industry, would doubtless have excelled. At length—so says Brodie in his ballad—she was actually turned out of the choir, in which she had only sung for a few Sabbaths, because, as Reuben Orton, the leader, observed, with a confident appeal to his co-adjutor, the parish clerk, no less than three young tenors, and a middle-aged bass, lost time and marred all melody, by gazing into her innocent blue eyes with such heterodox enthralment as though there had been no other heaven.

Yet, though admired by all, Rachael became an object of affection to none. The boldest of the young rustics looked up at her as she glode silently along, just, says Brodie, as they might at the moon, conscious of her beauty, but feeling no emotion of love; and, though she was known to be gentle as a lamb, rarely presuming to offer her a passing salutation. Except among the old and heart-broken, to whom she came as a ministering angel, Rachael had no companions, no, not even among such as were just emerging from their babyhood; for, on the lips of these their mother's milk was scarcely dry, before they heard the story of Hosea Parfett's changeling, and, as one who had been in fairy-land, and whose form and features seemed to retain some of its "lovely leaven"—we quote from Brodie—they deemed her awful, and quivered when she kissed them; so that, says our respected authority, in a note to his ballad,—adopting a bold figure, Rachael's beauty shrouded her from joy.

She was still a girl when her father died, after a lingering illness brought on, after a lapse of twenty years, by the fatal in-lock of the Wiltshire giant. His wife, with her child, removed to a distant village, where she had many relatives; and of Rachael's six brothers three had long been in the grave, one had gone to sea, and the other two were bearing muskets in the east, so that young Rachael found herself a lone being among her village neighbours. Brodie says she took to peeling willows, and making various fancy articles in wicker-work; but those about her either did not appreciate her taste, or felt no inclination to traffic with her; she was therefore compelled to carry the produce of her labours to a neighbouring town, where she stood like a statue in one corner of the market-place, asking no price, but silently receiving what those who passed thought fit to give her for her wares. None met her going forth, none beheld her return; she was rarely seen except on the Sabbath, when she modestly stole up one of the side aisles of the church, and took her place among the paupers on a stone-bench beneath the pulpit. Her decent neatness of attire on these occasions, and the care that was evidently, yet invisibly, bestowed on the little patch of rose-trees in front of her cottage, led the

villagers to keep more aloof from her than ever; for no one could divine how, except it were by witchcraft, she obtained her means, it being allowed, even by the most slanderous gossips, that her reputation as a maiden was above impeachment. Gradually the old and heart-broken began to shrink from her charitable hand, and the paupers now made a large space at one end of the stone bench under the pulpit when she approached. Day by day Rachael was becoming more desolate.

At length the eldest son of old Sir Ralph, of Scroby Hall, while proceeding with his groom, at an early hour, to join a distant hunt, found Rachael sitting—the image of mute despair—among the fern on a small but lonely common, across which ran a foot path to the neighbouring market town. Some pieces of broken wicker-work, and one of her shoes, were lying near her. A small gold brooch, to which was attached a morsel of a shirt frill, appeared in the palm of her usually pure, but now begrimed hand; which, as the young squire and his groom approached to raise her, she suddenly clenched, and thrusting it into her bosom, sobbed hysterically, "Do not take it from me—you know not what it cost!"

With a humanity of which she seemed sensible, the young squire, assisted by his man, carried her by a back path to her cottage. The groom, with feelings less delicate than those of his master, was urgent for information, but he could elicit nothing from her except that she had been waylaid and ill-used by somebody; but by whom, she either would not reveal, or, as it appeared from her manner, she did not know. He then suggested a minute inspection of the brooch; which, however, she held so sullenly in her bosom, that his master at length told him, not to distress her further on the subject.

The patch of rose-trees in front of Rachael's cottage soon became a little wilderness; and the paupers occupied the stone bench beneath the pulpit at their ease—fearless of her coming; for Rachael's Sabbath visits to the house of God had evidently terminated. Months passed on, and at length a cow-boy, coming from a neighbouring revel, heard an infant's wail in Rachael's cottage. Some days after a little boy was found exposed, beneath the lofty porch of Scroby Hall, in a cradle of exquisite wicker-work, and protected with motherly care from the inclemency of the season. The child was however dead. The neatness of its baby blanketing, the beauty of its willow coffin, and the cow-boy's story, instantly brought a strong suspicion on Rachael. Reuben Orton, who was now constable, wished, he said, to confront her with the little corpse: but she entreated to be spared that pang, for it was needless. The child she would own at once was hers. She had gazed on him all night, and frolicked with him all day: work she could not, and want, bitter want, had come on her. Though few had longer, or perhaps brighter tresses, the Scotch pedlar, she said, had refused to purchase them, because he had been told she was uncannie. The child had driven her to despair by crying for that nourishment, which she had lost the power to give it. A wicked thought stole into her mind, and while frantic, she had accomplished it. "On my way back," she continued, "I knelt on the stepping-stone, and drank from the brook. Before I had risen from my knees, I grew calm enough to pray for my child. My very heart seemed to open—I felt a gush in my bosom and flew back. The mile betwixt us seemed to be a thousand. The shadow of his cradle was still on the steps—I hurried on—clutched him up to my breast—and for a moment felt the full joy of being a mother! He fell

like a lump of lead from my arms, for his lips had come to my burning cheek, cold—cold as a stone! He had perished!"

At the next assizes for the county, when most of the foregoing facts came out in observation and evidence, Rachael Parfett's name stood first in the calendar; but with a humanity usual in cases where a conviction for the most terrible crimes is expected, her trial, instead of being taken on the opening day, was postponed until the Friday, so that if she were found guilty, the intervention of the Sabbath, a *dies non*, might so far cheat the law, as to add one day to the little sum of life—forty-eight hours—allotted to the criminal after sentence. Notwithstanding all the ingenuity of the two leading counsel on the circuit, who had received briefs and unusually large fees on her behalf, from some unknown hand, the jury, without retiring, had, after a brief consultation, faced about in their box, evidently about to pronounce her guilty,—the dapper, slim associate of his relative, the judge, had already nibbed the pen intended to record her doom, and, in a tone of pertness, asked that awful question at which so many hearts have quailed, "Gentlemen, are you agreed in your verdict?" when a loud shriek interrupted the business of the Court. It did not come from Rachael—she had scarcely heard it; for her senses were dead to the world, and her soul, as the writer before quoted says, was apparently half way to Heaven. The sound, at the moment of its utterance had so completely filled the court-house, that many an auditor, in different situations, turned round to some pallid female by his side, and thought the shriek was hers.

After a brief but agonizing pause, a noble-looking woman, gorgeously clad, on whose brow, according to our rustic poet, the very dew of death seemed freezing, rose from her seat by the Judge's side, and, though her lips quivered between the utterance of every word, in a firm clear voice, tendered evidence on Rachael's behalf. While a carriage rolled by the court-house, shattering, as it did, at a moment of such intense interest, even the nerves of those who were not more than ordinarily sensitive, the venerable judge rose and offered to support the agitated witness. She briefly declined his courtesy; but he still stood gazing at her, with an emotion in which every spectator partook. It was the wife of old Sir Ralph's eldest son, who had now succeeded to his father's titles and estates. "Make way," said she, in a tone of authority, and taking what Brodie calls a radiant cherub from her attendant's arms, "this," she added, after having crossed the dock and placed the child on Rachael's bosom, "this, my Lord, is hers:—we must not see her murdered!"

Rachael held forth her hands half unconsciously, to receive the babe, which, as Brodie says, lay playing with her dishevelled locks, the image of young Joy in the arms of Sorrow, while the lady told her tale. Her own child, she said, had suddenly expired in convulsions, and while she was still weeping over its little corpse, the great bell of Scroby Hall seemed voluntarily to toll its knell. It was long past midnight, and her attendant, proof against all supernatural ideas, had boldly opened the entrance door. A baby, in its cradle, was on the threshold. Knowing her husband's deep anxiety to have an heir, she had been prevailed on to substitute the corpse of her own for Rachael's living child. Shame had hitherto prevented her from confessing the fraud; but now that an innocent fellow-creature's life was at stake, she could not hesitate to avow the error into which she had been betrayed. "The blooming boy," she added, with an energy that seemed to be mingled with some indignation and more sorrow, "whom I have

this day brought into Court, is not mine, but Rachael Parfett's; and, from a brooch, which I found on its breast, I feel convinced it is my husband's. That brooch I gave him only a week before our marriage: it was a family relic, to which superstition had affixed a charm; and I felt hurt that he did not wear it on his wedding day. It was then Rachael Parfett's."

The story of The Human Cuckoo may be concluded with the following extract—at which many may laugh—from Brodie Bagster's second ballad on the same subject, written to a melody which he is said to have patiently coaxed out of his own fiddle:—

"And so, with that, this lady proud,
Plucked up her damask gown,
And sailed out of Court, like an evening cloud,
When the sun has just gone down.
And when she died—which soon befell—
Sir Ralph of Scroby Hall—
He married the lass he'd not used well,
And made amends for all."

W. C.

THE AUTO BIOGRAPHY OF ST. SIMON.

I WAS born on the 17th of October, 1760. I entered the service in 1776, and sailed for America in 1779, where I served under the orders of de Bouillé and of Washington.

At the peace I presented to the Viceroy of Mexico the project of establishing, between the two seas, a communication, which is practicable by rendering navigable the river *In Partido*, a branch of which runs into our ocean while the other discharges itself into the Southern Pacific. My project having been coolly received, I abandoned it.

On my return to France, I was made colonel when I was not yet three and twenty. A life of inactivity soon disgusted me; for to pass the summer "*en garnison*," and the winter at Court, was a mode of life to me perfectly unsupportable. I therefore set out for Holland in 1785.

The Duke de la Vauguyon, the French Ambassador in Holland, had just succeeded in emancipating this country from the influence of England. He had prevailed on the States General to combine with France in an expedition against the British East India possessions. Le Compte de Bouillé was appointed to the command of this expedition, in which he had selected for me an honourable post. For a year I was occupied with the execution of this project, which failed, owing to the want of skill of M. de Verac, who succeeded M. de la Vauguyon.

On my return to France in 1786, my renewed state of inactivity soon again disgusted me. I set out for Spain in 1787. The Spanish Government had undertaken a canal to establish a communication between Madrid and the sea; but they were in want of both money and workmen. I concerted with M. de Cobarrus (now Minister of Finance) and we presented to the Government the following project:—

The Count de Cobarrus proposed on the part of the bank of St. Charles, of which he was director, to advance to the government the funds necessary for the execution of the canal, provided the king would relinquish to the bank the right of toll. On my part I offered to raise a legion of six thousand men, (all foreigners), two thousand of which were

to remain in garrison while the other four thousand were to labour at the canal: the government to bear only the expence of their military equipment, and hospitals, as the pay alone of the workmen would suffice for all the expences of the corps.

The breaking out of the French revolution prevented the execution of this project.

The revolution had commenced when I returned to France. I did not wish to take any part in it, for reasons which I shall detail when I give an account of my political opinions. I gave myself up to financial speculations, and entered into partnership with a Prussian, the Count de Redern.

Fortune I desired only as a means to organise a large establishment of industry, to found a scientific school of improvement; to contribute, in one word, to the progress of intelligence, and to ameliorate the condition of man: such were the real objects of my ambition.

I followed, with ardour, confidence, and complete success, these financial operations until the year 1797. My speculations having succeeded, I found myself in a condition to commence the establishment of industry. A model of the constructions which I had undertaken may be seen in the Rue du Bouloy. The arrival of M. Redern frustrated my projects. I was deceived in the estimate I had formed of the character of this partner of mine: I imagined him launched forward in the same career as myself; but the routes we were following were widely opposite: he was running after fortune whilst I was toiling up the rugged sides of the mountain which bears on its top the temple of glory.

M. Redern and I quarrelled in 1797: immediately after our rupture, I conceived the plan of operating in a direct manner on the moral functions of man. I undertook to advance science a step, and to give a beginning to the French school. This enterprise required preliminary labours: I was obliged to form a correct idea of the state of human knowledge, and to study the history of its discoveries.

To attain this end, I did not limit my researches to libraries; I took lodgings opposite the Polytechnique School, and I employed three years in acquainting myself with the extent of the knowledge acquired upon the physical properties of inorganic matter.

The peace of Amiens enabled me to visit England. The object of my journey was to ascertain if the English were occupied with Encyclopædian labours. I returned to France with the certainty that labours of this kind did not occupy their attention.

A short time afterwards I went to Geneva, and made a tour of a part of Germany. I obtained on this journey the certainty that general science was yet in its infancy in this country, from its being founded upon mystical principles; but I conceived hopes of its progress on observing the whole of this great nation eagerly assuming a scientific direction. After having acquired and proved my scientific ideas in the manner I have just detailed, I took up my pen. I first published two volumes—"Introduction to the Scientific Labours of the 19th century." I however abandoned this enterprize, perceiving that I had badly commenced the exposition of my ideas. Convinced by experience that my judgment was not yet sufficiently matured to arrange and digest the work which I had conceived, I came to the resolution of publishing some letters, in which I have separately treated the questions, the partial solutions of

which are the principles I should employ in the organization of the scientific system.

The letters which I published had not the effect, as I hoped they would have, of leading to a general discussion; but this labour was of infinite service to me, first, because it furnished me with an opportunity of elaborating my ideas; and, secondly, because it excited the attention of some persons who communicated to me their own ideas on the subject.

My life presents a series of falls, and yet it has not been a failure; for far from descending, I have always mounted; none of my falls have brought me down to the point from which I started. Thus I have had upon the field of discovery the action of the advancing tide. At near the age of fifty, a period when we generally retire from the world, I am beginning my career. After a long and wearisome journey, I am at length arrived at the point of departure.

The public ought not to consider as definitive the opinion it has pronounced upon my conduct. I boldly claim from its justice the revision of this sentence; and for this purpose I shall offer some observations which appear to me worthy of its attention.

On perusing the works of the few authors distinguished by their labours in general science, we are induced to imagine, that in their private life they have been models of wisdom and of moderation; but reason and an examination of facts prove the contrary, and demonstrate that this opinion, founded upon first appearances, is altogether erroneous. Practical and theoretical philosophy differ widely from each other,—the same man cannot follow with success two careers. Let us examine facts.

Luther, Bacon, and Descartes, are, among the moderns, the three men who, in the path of general science, have most distinguished themselves.

Luther attacked the old scientific system. Bacon pointed out the means of organizing a new system of ideas. Descartes began the organization of this system.

The first said,—It is not revelation, but reason, that should form the basis of our belief.

The second indicated the means of organizing a scientific system, in which revealed ideas played no part whatever.

The last has declared that he would construct a world if they gave him matter and movement; that is to say, he undertook to explain the organization of the universe without having recourse to revealed ideas.

Luther was too fond of the pleasures of the table. Bacon was ambitious of honour and of riches. Descartes had a passion for women and play. Thus none of the three were practical philosophers. Let me now expose my reasons.

The more the soul is exalted, the more is it accessible to passions; but the highest degree of exaltation is necessary, in order to treat the grand scientific question in all its extent. We ought not therefore to be astonished at seeing theoretical philosophers, subject, more than any other savans, to the dominion of the passions.

We may consider this same question in another point of view.

The two sciences which form the basis of philosophy, are astronomy and physiology; that is to say, he who cultivates general science ought to study the universe in the great and in the little world. Astronomy is the study of the great world; in other words, it is the study of the universe upon a grand scale. Physiology is the study of the universe upon

a small scale; for the most philosophical mode of investigating the phenomenon of human intelligence, is to consider the brain as a small machine, which executes materially all that is done in the universe, on the same principle that a watch repeats the movements of a clock. They are two similar machines, but of different dimensions. In order to accelerate the progress of science, the greatest and most noble of means is to study the universe by a series of experiments; but it is neither the great nor the little world, but man himself, whom we can reduce to experiments.

One of the most important experiments to be made upon man consists in establishing new social relations. Now every new action resulting from such experiments, cannot be classed as good or bad, but after observations have been made upon the results; and every attempt of this kind cannot be successful. Thus the man who gives himself up to the study of philosophy, can and ought, during the course of his experimental career, to commit many actions that bear the stamp of folly.

In short, it results from the nature of things, that, in order to make philosophical discoveries, one must

1st. Lead, in the vigour of age, a most original and active kind of life.

2dly. Attain a knowledge of every scientific theory, particularly those on astronomy and physiology.

3dly. Mix with every class of society,—place oneself in the greatest number of different social conditions, and even create for others, and ourself, relations that have not pre-existed.

4thly. To employ our old age in digesting the observations upon the effects that have resulted from our experiments, upon others as well as ourself, and to correct these observations so as to form a new philosophical theory.

The man who has followed this line of conduct is the one to whom humanity should grant the largest portion of its esteem, for he it is who ought to be regarded as the most virtuous, since it is he who has laboured the most methodically and the most directly to further the progress of science, the true source of all wisdom.

It will doubtless be objected to this view of the subject, that, at the age of eighty, Newton died without ever having violated his continency—that he was generous and economical—that he knew how to conciliate all his duties—that he laboured at the same time for the improvement of humanity, and the national prosperity of his countrymen, to the illustration and the fortune of his family; in fact, that he had no other passion than that of studious labour, and that he was in every other path a model of continency.

To this objection I shall answer, that Newton was a great geometrician and a great astronomer, but that physiology occupied in not the slightest degree his attention, so that he cannot be ranked as a philosopher; for science, as I have before observed, has two principal roots, astronomy and physiology, and these two roots are so disposed, that we must have a foot upon each in order to reach the trunk.

But it would, perhaps, be better to compare general science to a river fed by two sources, one of which enriches it with observations made upon inorganic bodies, and the other upon organic bodies.

Descartes navigated this river, and reached both its sources. Newton passed his life at one of them, but he never descended the river. The geometrician has not studied man—he has not fixed his attention on phy-

siological phenomena; he occupied himself solely with inorganic matter, and the means of calculating their movements. On one side Newton has rendered essential services, but on the other he has greatly impeded the progress of science. He improved astronomy and optics, as also every other department of physics relative to inorganic matter; but he led to the neglect of that department which concerns organic bodies, and was the cause of the almost total abandonment of general science.

Public opinion has not yet finally pronounced its judgment upon Newton; it is yet too much prepossessed in favour of the discoveries made by this geometrician. Descartes had already started facts. Newton was a more skilful hunter; he seized and mastered the greatest of these facts, and human nature lives upon this game with all the improvidence of young gourmands, who, when once seated at table, care not to inform themselves of the situation of the larder.

I return to the history of my life, which is the fact upon which are based my energy and courage, the extension of which is a thousand times superior to what they ought to be at the age I have reached. I repeat that my actions ought not to be judged by the same principles which are applied to the generality of men, because my whole life, up to the present day, has been one course of experiments. I shall offer an example of the difference which there appears to me to exist between the principles by which we ought to judge of the actions directed towards the ordinary end of life, and those whose object is experience.

If I see a man exercise his strength and his skill upon an animal with no other aim than to make him suffer (an animal, were it only a fly), I say this man has not received from nature an organisation favourable to sensibility, and I affirm, without hesitation, that he has a tendency to cruelty; bnt if I see a physiologist make experiments upon living animals, rip open the bellies of bitches in a state of parturition, and dissect dogs in the full vigour of health and life, I say there is a man who is occupied with researches which lead to the discoveries of processes useful to the relief of suffering humanity. The unfortunate Bichat was remarkable for his sensibility; Dubois, Bover, Dupuytien, are day and night on foot for the purpose of relieving the sufferings of men of every class of society. If again I see a man who does not occupy himself with the study of general science, frequenting houses of play and debauchery, and not avoiding with the most scrupulous care the society of persons of notorious immorality, I should say, there is a man who is lost; the habits he is contracting will debase him in his own eyes, and consequently render him an object of sovereign contempt; but if this man is investigating theoretical philosophy,—if the object of his researches be to rectify the line of demarcation that ought to separate human actions, and to classify them as good or evil—if he seeks to discover a remedy for the diseases of intelligence which lead those they attack far from the paths of happiness, then, I should say, this man follows in the track of vice, but in a direction that must necessarily lead him to the loftiest virtue.

All my efforts have been directed to obtain the most exact and extended knowledge of the manners and opinions of the different classes of society. I have sought—I have eagerly seized—every opportunity of connecting myself with men of all characters and every degree of morality. These researches have greatly injured me in the opinion of the public; but I am far from regretting it. My self-esteem has always augmented

in ratio to the injury I have done my reputation. I have every reason to applaud the line of conduct I have followed, since it has enabled me to offer new and positive views to my contemporaries; since the universal genius of the Emperor has not impeded me, and my admiration for him has not altered the independence of my thoughts.

It will be easily conceived that many most extraordinary things have happened to me. I shall in fact have to relate some most amusing and piquant anecdotes; but at this moment a more important labour occupies me—it absorbs all my time and all my faculties. I have yet a vigorous constitution. I live yet in futurity—when I am old I shall then begin to babble.

I shall terminate this first part by a comparison. A human generation may be compared to a year of vegetation.

In the spring the orchards are covered with flowers. Some blow—some fade—the greater part die and fall off before summer without having budded. Is not this a striking image of the children of a generation?

In the summer, the beauty of the orchard is of another description. We see fruits, some few of which are thriving, while the rest languish and fall. Again, is not this the image of the virility of a generation!

In the autumn the orchard still presents a beautiful aspect; its fruit is in full maturity: this is the spectacle of the happy part of a generation who have distinguished themselves by useful and honourable labours.

Lastly, at the commencement of winter the orchard yet presents some objects upon which the eye may agreeably dwell. Some fruits are yet to be seen. These are the old men, who, after having made numerous experiments, and carefully examined their results, preserve yet a sufficient vigour of constitution to give an account of their labours with animation, clearness, and precision. These men are philosophers of invention.

Conceiving that there are many readers to whom the above translation of St. Simon's account of his views and opinions would be acceptable, we make no apology for inserting it, although to others it may be familiar.

What elevation of sentiment, what genius, we discover in this fragment! It presents to us a man whose sole and unceasing desire was to exercise an immediate action upon his contemporaries. First, an enthusiastic lover of science, and endeavouring to found a Newtonian religion. Then the champion of industry and finance, and wishing to throw into the hands of the industrious classes the supreme direction of society. And, lastly, at a later period, when the Catholic clergy again endeavoured to assume their former influence, we find him writing the New Christianity. Such was St. Simon. A man who had outstripped the progress of the age in which he lived, and whose system at the present day is universally regarded as the wild chimera of an enthusiastic and overwrought imagination, the practical application of which was fraught with danger to the existing community. Admitting such an improved state of society possible as contemplated by St. Simon, we should guard against the error of supposing that it is near, and that there is a short and ready road to it open before us. The generous feeling and enlightened sentiment, however, at present pervading this country, almost justify every dream and vision of human advancement, and every hope of human cultivation and happiness.

CUVIER AND HIS CABINET.

DID you ever visit the Museum of Natural History in the *Jardin des Plantes?* Did you ever see collection so complete? And this not only in snakes and crocodiles, the monsters of the forest and the deep, and all the stuffed prodigies of the bestial world, for what to me appeared far more curious, were the specimens of animated nature—of man. Methinks we do not care enough to preserve the varieties of that species, so full of physical variety. Painters, indeed, do much in this respect, and might do more: it is their office. But the rogues alter truth; they must either idolize or caricature. Their sketches do not give the real thing.

For instance, of what interest and importance is it to behold, or be acquainted with the French, such as they were in the last century, under the different forms of powdered Marquis and cropped *revolutionarian.* Can a picture give you an idea of either? Certainly not. Nor can Paris itself, if you frequent its common or its modish haunts. But hie eastward, to the Faubourg St. Antoine; go to bask in the afternoon sun that warms the alleys of the *Jardin des Plantes*, and you will behold all these antique specimens of the insect,—man. They seem really as if they had just emerged from the cabinet of a natural philosopher. Nowhere are to be seen so many varieties of age in man, from the somewhat wealthy pig-tailed noble in his buckles and *douillette*, to the humble but haler veteran in drab, so lavish in the use of his only luxury, snuff.

Nor are the younger specimens of the French species less interesting; the self-complacent expression of the Parisian's countenance, proud of his garden and its wonders, contrasted with the astounded and admiring look of the provincial, who is stultified with wonder. Then the glee of the children, and the attention paid to them—one of the most amiable and universal traits of the French character being fondness for infancy—the peculiar neatness and chatter of the *bonnes*, the good, the almost genteel behaviour of all, supply one with many pleasing reflections.

There cannot, in short, be a more charming avenue to the temple of science. But the guide-book, or his passport, will have introduced the stranger here already. My purpose is to introduce him to the high priest of the temple, the great Cuvier. And here let not squeamishness be shocked. I am not about to penetrate his salon, nor reveal, after the favour of an invitation, the mysteries of his soirées. I respect civilized life and its rules too much to commit such a decided misdemeanour. But I may be allowed, methinks, to describe the person of the great naturalist, when his public lectures might have procured me the facilities, or to penetrate, as any student may do, into the cabinet which he occupies as professor.

This is a long room at the top of the building, so chosen to have the light from above. It is fitted up precisely like a tent, which gives a pleasing effect to a ceiling that naturally follows the obliquity of the roof in which it is. This might furnish an idea to luxury in a garret. But here is no luxury except that of effected rudeness: every thing is of the plainest kind, just what befits science. No rose-wood or buhl, not even mahogany. A *pupitré*, or desk, of deal painted black, high enough to keep the student half sitting half standing, occupies the space beneath one of the skylights. From over this appears a large pale immensity of face,

and such a forehead as Spurzheim might adore. The eyes, however, are singularly inexpressive: There is no sparkle, no glitter in that mind. Its peculiarity consists in the immensity and the store of the intellectual mansions,—I should add, in its internal order, for what is abundance without arrangement. Cuvier's head is enormous: so is his neck; the circumference of its envelope might equal that of a well-grown tree. This gives him a singular awkwardness of gait, the nether man being obliged to make mighty and unequal efforts to carry the weight of the upper or intellectual ditto.

It is impossible not to recur to the extreme singularity and simplicity of his cabinet. In a corresponding place, beneath another light, stands a table, equally fenced in by screens, as the *pupitré* of the professor. There sit his two acolytes, dissecting, putting the bones and parts of animal mechanism together, or else taking them asunder, with precisely the same aid of glass and intentness as watchmakers employ. Behind them is a huge, rude stove, which an old, sturdy, and silent domestic is feeding with logs. Opposite to it extends a sofa, but not for fair or scientific visitor. The skeleton of a young whale occupies all of it that books do not encumber. In every direction lie relics of all that is least perishable in life, at least in physical life. Curious specimens of the animal kingdom from distant parts of the world, from Thibet and the Andes, and the great deep. Here are the cetaceous and the mammifer side by side; the enormous *charpente*, the carpentry, as the French express it, of the mammoth, contrasted with some specimen equally curious in the diminutive. It was the opening scene of Faustus realized, did but the spirits of earth and air appear to the aged philosopher.

Alas! whilst I write, the tidings come that he has gone to join them. Cuvier is no more, and his departure has left a gap in science that centuries may not fill up. How death hath been prone of late to level his scythe at the lords of intellect. In science alone, how quick and great have been our lopes: Wollaston, and Davy, and Young, carried off in a single year. Whilst France loses almost at once Champollim and Cuvier. I little thought on commencing this sketch of the great natural philosopher, that a few days would convert it into an article of necrology.

Cuvier was born in 1769, that great year for giving birth to genius, at Montbeliard, in the south-east of France, near the Jura. His father was an officer in a Swiss regiment, and destined his son to his own profession. But young Cuvier was too studious, and too successful in his class to be diverted from learning. He resolved to go into the church. The little county of Montbeliard, though now a part of the French territory, was then more German than French. It belonged to Wirtemberg, and Stuttgard, not Paris, was its metropolis. This circumstance had considerable and fortunate influence upon Cuvier, since, making him both German and French, it early communicated to him that largeness and universality in his scientific views, which he might have wanted had he belonged exclusively to either country. He went from Montbeliard to the university of Stuttgard, where Schiller happened to be his fellow student. And here he gave himself up principally to the study of natural history. From the university he went as tutor to a noble family of Normandy, where the seacoast, seen by him for the first time, attracted all his curiosity and attention as a naturalist. It was some discoveries made here, since improvements in the classification, I believe, of the worm tribe, that set him in corre-

spondence with Mr. Geoffroy, St. Helena, and from this step his advance to the foremost rank in science was progressive. He obtained the chair of comparative anatomy, and showed himself as eloquent an expounder, as an acute discoverer of knowledge.

The grandeur and lucidity of his views and lectures attracted peculiarly the admiration of Napoleon. "That man," said he, "must be a good administrator." Cuvier was nominated minister of public instruction; how could there have been chosen one more suitable to Napoleon's ideas of education, which, we need not say, went to make all men arithmeticians and engineers, rather than generally informed and lettered. The "reports" drawn up by Cuvier were the very models of their valuable sources of information.

Fortunately for his greatness, nevertheless, Cuvier was restored exclusively to science in 1816. His being a Protestant alone was, in the eyes of the dominant party, a crime only equalled by his having been a Buonapartist. Cuvier retired (if the Jardins des Plantés, and all the society of Paris, may be called retirement) to his fossil bones and geological discoveries, the latter the most sublime and striking that he produced.

The Bourbons, for all their high monarchicals, soon perceived the utter incapacity of the old noble and emigrant party. They were compelled to have recourse to that host of *capacités* that Napoleon had developed and cherished. Cuvier, never very marked in his political opinion, was amongst the most useful, and he became again state counsellor, royal commissary, and burdened with political functions. He was the atlas of the *Conseil d'Etat,* or privy council, and to those who knew him it was inconceivable how he could get through the various and gigantic tasks committed to him. Like many great characters, his itch and inclination were for these pursuits, in which there was most name and least honour. Thus he took more pride in his counsellor's robe, than in his professor's seat. In the last year of his life, Louis Philippe appointed him a peer: he had been but a nominal baron previously. This new function of the aristocratic legislator pleased him vastly; so much so, that he abandoned the all important occupation of completing his philosophical discoveries, for the vain honour of sitting and debating in the House of Peers. And this was the thought of remorse that tormented him at his death.

I must profess myself no naturalist, and therefore quite unable to appreciate the worth of Cuvier in his discoveries; but the facts and principles which he established in geology, and in the ante-deluvian history of the earth, are such as to meet the intelligence, and command the admiration of the most unscientific reader. To Cuvier we owe the final blow given to cosmogonies and absurd theories. Through Cuvier we now have in idea the beginning of the world cradled at once in poesy and truth; we dissect its layers, and are made acquainted with at least its animal inhabitants. Cuvier's theory is harmonious with the account of the Bible; and in this respect he stands alone amongst the entire scientific herd of France. Indeed in his last lecture at the Sorbonne, in the College de France, Cuvier gave a formal challenge to the Volney school, and received no answer. I well remember in one of these lectures, his announcing, that if we take the heaps, formed either at the feet of mountains, by the wearing away at the top, or on the shore, by the daily carriage of the tide, and admeasure them by their rate of progress, we shall find them commence about the period assigned to the cessation of the flood. A murmur of approbation from the

young, of dissent from the old, met the remark. But it excited no discussion. 'Tis a pity that Cuvier would not allow, at least not latterly, these lectures of his to be published. And unless some kind unfaithful friend have preserved the import of his papers, they will be lost to the world.

PYROLOGY.

The first sentiment excited in a susceptible mind by the newspaper narrative of a great fire, in which the ravages of the devouring element are depicted in a glowing style peculiarly appropriate to the subject, is undoubtedly one of deep commiseration for the unfortunate sufferers. After a few ejaculations, however, of sympathy and horror, a suspicion arises that the insinuation of the doubt as to the premises being insured, the old bed-ridden lodger in a garret which no ladder was long enough to reach, and the little child that has been missing ever since the calamitous event, are mere poetical embellishments, some of those *purpurei panni* with which all writers delight to adorn the subjects they take in hand. Having thus satisfied the claims of humanity, and perhaps being entitled to take credit for a little superfluous sensibility, one may conscientiously indulge an emotion of regret that next arises at not having been present to witness so glorious a conflagration. This feeling, so far from being the result of an unduly large development of the organ of destructiveness, is usually the concomitant, and, indeed, the token of a sweet and amiable disposition. A susceptible heart is ever most alive to impressions of the sublime and terrible, and the benevolent man is consequently fond of fires by nature. It will occur, moreover, to a reflecting mind, that all corporate bodies, including insurance companies, are proverbially devoid of feeling; and that the onus of a loss, by being divided amongst a great number of persons, becomes scarcely perceptible by any single individual. Pleasure, on the other hand, like useful knowledge, may be indefinitely increased by diffusion; and when we consider the vast number of little boys who are beatified by the opportunity of scampering after an engine, and screaming out fire! fire!—the wholesome excitement of some kind or other which is necessary to rescue nervous gentlemen returning home, stupified by the miseries of a soirée from the contemplation of suicide,—the grandeur of the exhibition, and the delight of the beholders, as the showman says,—it will scarcely be doubted that a fine conflagration materially increases the aggregate of human happiness, which is the object of all good government.

There are some individuals, born under an evil star, who, although sojourning in the midst of a metropolitan constellation of sights, never have the good luck to witness any of considerable magnitude, except indeed those that are fixed and perennial, such as colosseums, cathedrals, and the like, and which obtrude themselves upon the aching vision *usque ad nauseam*. But a locomotive or incidental lion, a Russian prince or a fire, exhibits itself in vain, so far as these unfortunate people are concerned. They hear rumours of the appearance of a hog from Altrive, or a patriot from Poland; and they forthwith determine to frequent all places of public resort, to take tickets for all public dinners, and to adopt such other measures as appear to afford them a reasonable prospect of behold-

ing the new wonder. They might just as well endeavour to discern those celestial phenomena, which, on the authority of the almanacks, are visible only to the antipodes. Surely there is a fatality attending the affairs of men, else, how happens it that a person of a speculative turn of mind, possessing considerable apparent opportunities, and taking all proper precautions, shall never set his eyes upon any thing which he would not be ashamed, even in a letter to his country friends, to designate as a sight? Such a one may probably in the course of his career witness a fired chimney,—one of those ambiguous cases in which a magistrate has to decide whether water was legitimately introduced at all, and the firemen are entitled to the parliamentary reward—but it is very certain that he will never, on this side of the grave, behold a flame which might not be readily extinguished by as much water as Dr. —— would *not* weaken a pint of brandy with. It is in vain that he struggles with his destiny, wandering in the streets at unseasonable hours, and in the dead of the night starting ever and anon from his repose, under the impression that something must be burning somewhere. His hopes are occasionally raised by a chance encounter with a fire engine as it thunders along, tearing up the pavement, shattering the windows, and killing the nervous in its progress; but he pants and toils after it in vain, generally running off in the wrong direction as soon as the object of his pursuit is out of sight; or if he at length succeeds in marking it down, arriving barely in time to see the newly invented, patent, powerful, steam fire-extinguisher commence its operations, which is always five minutes after there has ceased to be any thing to extinguish. Then are heard amongst the delighted multitude assembled on the spot, hypocritical expressions of condolence and horror, sufficient to make those who were too late to be spectators of the awful scene die of envy; but nothing igneous is visible, save only a contemptible shower of sparks, such as would disgrace the dying moments of a Vauxhall rocket.

To enjoy many opportunities of seeing great fires, there are three things essential; good luck, argus eyes, and an insinuating address. There is no need of many arguments to demonstrate that the first of these is the greatest and most important. It is also manifest, that, however propitiously inclined fortune may be, any one who could avail himself of her bounties to the utmost extent, should not receive her overtures with looks rivetted to the ground, like the shade of Dido listening to Æneas in the infernal regions. The blind goddess would in vain mark as her favourites those who are labouring under her own infirmity of vision. To what purpose is a fine exhibition thrown in the way of one who has no speculation in his eyes? To what purpose is it that the horizon shall be suddenly and vividly illuminated, as a sign that a conflagration is raging beneath, and as a beacon to direct the footsteps of wandering mortals to the spot, if wandering mortals will not use ordinary circumspection? The third and last of the qualifications above enumerated is useful in securing a good situation in a crowd. It is exceedingly well known to all those who are partial to exhibitions in the open air, that the most convenient spot for seeing is invariably occupied by a strong and numerous array of the police. Now it is not to be expected that by the mere receipt of one pound a week out of the parish rates, a man shall be divested of that natural feeling of curiosity which is common to all; and policemen have as good a right to see as other people; but it is submitted that the mem-

bers of the respectable body alluded to do, in this particular, take an unfair advantage of their station and authority. Suppose a foreigner, newly arrived in London for the purpose of *lionising*; suppose him to sally forth, on a day appointed for the prorogation of parliament by the king in person, to Palace Yard, in the vain expectation of having his eyes blessed with a glimpse of majesty; and lastly, suppose him, upon enquiring concerning certain individuals in blue coats and white buttons who interposed themselves between the spectators and the royal *cortege*, and engrossed the whole of the spectacle to themselves, to be informed that they were the "civil" power of this enlightened country; what notion would that foreigner entertain of English civility? The most effectual remedy at present for this public grievance is a benign and affable expression of countenance united with some powers of palaver. Therefore the lion (the term is used here in its active and not in its passive signification) should study all the writers on the graces from Chesterfield downwards, in order to acquire those arts by which the affections of all classes of people are conciliated. These accomplishments, if duly applied, on the proper occasions, more especially in the case of a fire, will not fail to secure for their fortunate possessor a place in the inner or dress circle, as it may be styled, of spectators. A single wink of the eye (from an Irishman) has been known to effect wonders in the case of a policeman under the rank of inspector.

To admirers of the devouring elements, various expedients might be suggested for insuring early intelligence of all its proceedings. Amongst others the opportunity of securing a sleeping apartment in the house of the person to whose custody the key of the parish engine is confided, will of course be seized with alacrity. In seeking, however, to avail himself of all legitimate opportunities of gratifying a propensity which is only innocent so long as it is not carried to excess, the amateur should proceed discreetly and cautiously, since a passion for fires, if immediately indulged, may possibly seduce a person of ardent temperament into the commission of arson.

The principal towns of the British empire, phlogistically considered, are not by any means to be commended. The "wooden walls of Old England," it is well known, is a mere metaphorical expression: the walls of England are not wooden, but chiefly composed of fire-bricks, or some other such non-combustible material. Moreover, no sooner does a policeman on duty discover a stray spark issuing forth from a solitary chimney, than the whole metropolis, with its hundred insurance offices, and its thousand engines, is in motion, and the suspected spot is forthwith deluged with the contents of pumps, canals, rivers, and reservoirs. Under these circumstances, looking at an affair of the kind merely as a wrestling match or a set-to between the two elements of fire and water, it is quite evident that the former has not fair play in the struggle. In Constantinople, whenever a conflagration takes place, at least the entire quarter of the British, or some other residents, is razed to the ground: but in old England the day is confessedly gone by for a fire, which shall commence in a Pudding Lane and end in a Pie Corner. This is not said in a spirit of repining or discontent, but is merely stated as a fact. The narrow crowded streets and wooden architecture of the Elizabethan age, find but a sorry substitute in the scattered theatres, warehouses, and spirit vaults of the present day. It was once imagined that the duty on tallow and sea borne coals was

a grand obstacle to the propagation of fires. The obnoxious impost was consequently repealed. And what has been the result? The number of interesting cases (to use the language of Medical Reports) so far from increasing, has been continually falling off; and Government is now driven to rely on the Reform Bill as a forlorn hope. Something perhaps would be effected by a heavy tax upon fire engines: surely they might be included together with steam boats in the next ministerial budget.

In the same spirit of philanthropy which has dictated the foregoing remarks, the following random suggestions are offered. The advantage which Juvenal points out as peculiar to those who reside in a garret, is submitted to be of an equivocal character; it is this, that if a fire commences in the basement story, the man who is nearest the roof will be the last to be burnt,

Ultimus ardebit quem tegula sola tuetur—a pluvio.

Most assuredly it would be desirable to postpone such a catastrophe till the latest possible moment; but perhaps the object will be attained quite as well by eschewing the top of the house, at least until some improvement shall been effected in the construction of escape-ladders. Those who have a horror of being burnt to death will do well not to indulge in spiritual liquors to excess, since a body which is thoroughly saturated with brandy is likely to go off in a spontaneous combustion. Other precautions will probably suggest themselves to most prudent individuals for avoiding personal danger from fire. And this should be the more especially attended to, as it will be scarcely possible for any one to regard even the finest conflagration with any degree of comfort and complacency, on an occasion when the probability is that he himself will be a prey to the fury of the devouring element.

It will perhaps occur to some people that all these things have been written in jest, and that it is utterly impossible to derive any enjoyment whatever from an occurrence which is always a calamity, and which must always necessarily involve mischief and destruction to a certain extent. But a philosophic poet of antiquity tells us, that it is pleasant to behold, from a place of security, such scenes as a ship in distress, or a battle, not on account of any malicious satisfaction which the spectator derives from the calamities of other people, but because it is gratifying to reflect that he is not himself exposed to the evils which he contemplates. And this may account for the marvellously great appetite of the reading public, for the details of the most flagitious offences, and of the most horrible accidents. And if so much gratification is derived from the mere newspaper account of a fire, when all its excitements, and all its poetry have evaporated in description, surely it is not unnatural to be delighted with the scene itself in all its glowing and vivid reality. Have not conflagrations been frequently represented on the stage? Has not Moscow been burnt innumerable times at Astley's, amidst the most rapturous applause from admiring and enlightened audiences? Let the man who decries a passion for fires reply conscientiously to the question, whether he ever beheld one? If not, then let him take the first opportunity of doing so, and in the mean time hold his peace; but if his answer should be in the affirmative, then let him be aware that he stands convicted of utter bad taste at the bar of public opinion, at once the most tremendous, and the least fallible of all earthly tribunals.

M.

THE REFUGEE.

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MERCHANT OF LONDON."

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room, simply but elegantly furnished, opening to a Lawn, with a quiet picturesque Landscape: deep Woods in the half-distance. A Summer's Evening just after Sunset.*

CHARACTERS.—*The Earl of ——— ; Lady Julia, his daughter; the Conde de ——— ; Don Ribeiro de ——— ; other Guests, male and female, Foreigners and Natives.*

EARL. That was a sweet air, Julia, one of those
On which the pleas'd ear lingers. There are melodies
That never pall the sense, and this is one
To me.

CONDE. 'Tis beautiful.

RIBEIRO. Ay, very beautiful,
And sweetly sung.

CONDE. And blends deliciously
With the mellow sunset.

JULIA. You have ta'en perhaps
Its tone hence, and the fine association
Pleases you.

CONDE. Nay—

JULIA. There are some Spanish airs
Which I have heard, that speak true poetry
Of music: such as burst from the full heart
In the natural shout of triumph, or the wailings
Of tenderness ill-fated, or break forth
In throes of o'ercharged pleasure: some, the echoes
Of nature's solitudes, sometimes simply telling
Of peace and beauty, sometimes raised aloud
To piety and worship. Every land
Hath legends of the soul like these. Old lays
Echoing th'eternal passions; thoughts still new
In their pure wisdom, sounds still new in beauty,
And far more touching than the lays of Spain.

RIBEIRO. There is a rough war-song—

CONDE. A war note comes
From Don Ribeiro like the fiery snortings
Of a charger before battle, when his nature
Is waken'd by the trumpet.

EARL. Sing it, sing it!
At such a moment even I could sing;
'Tis part of conversation.

RIBEIRO. You shall have it.

Now the last charge!
The sun goes down in blood,
But not so red,
As the grassy bed,
Of the thousand Moors who firmly stood
With sabre and with targe.

Charge! charge once more!
The infidels must yield;
Bravely they've fought,
And dearly bought
Shall be the trampled field,
Sodden with human gore.

Charge, charge again!
What is it now to die?
Conquer'd who'd live?
And who'd not give
His life for victory,
A victory for Spain?

JULIA. It thrills me.

EARL. Aye; the air is bold and stirring,
And makes the pulse of an old warrior beat
With youthful quickness.

RIBEIRO. You should hear the song
In its own country; you should be a Spaniard
To hear it. These things ever speak to me
With such a mingled voice of memory
And melody. To hear them in one's land,
The noble hymns of war, chanted aloud
By myriad armies, ringing round the hills,
The lion-voice of freemen. I have heard it—
Oh! I have heard it once, when my own tent
Was the mausoleum of my ancestors,
Who had joined in the same song, ere they led forth
Their bands to conquest. Yes, I've heard the song,
When my own name was the battle-word, a name
Had been among the victor cries of Spain
For ages, and had never lost its spell
Till now, when freedom joined with it, a cause
The noblest and the last it e'er shall grace.
Yes, it was something that the very word
Was a historic record, and would raise
A flush in every cheek, in every heart
A throb of glorious pride, that Spain should own it,
And here an unknown, an unheard of sound:
Would I had died then with it! for my country
Is now a ruin, a sad wreck, where honour
Lies buried, and the fame of my great forefathers

Cast on the shore for pilfering slaves to spoil,
Blasting their glories with the shames of Spain.
I go too far, I wrong your hospitality:
I should be more contented. I owe much
To England;——but I've now no country.

EARL. True!
But immortality has given such names
To all ages, and all lands; and such is yours.

RIBIERO. Thanks, my lord.

CONDE. I remember that a friend
Of mine, an Englishman, praised once a song,
With which, upon our lonely bivouac
In the French war, near Salamanca, once
I wiled away the night—poor Leveson!
He fell next day.

JULIA. What is it?

CONDE. You shall hear.

JULIA. Your lute is by your hand, you looked for it.

CONDE. Yes, it will aid a rough voice.

JULIA. You play well.

The Conde's Song.

May I not tell, oh! gently tell,
Feelings so kind, so pure, so true?
What means the silent, fearful spell,
That prompts, yet checks me, when I'd sue?

Oh read, then read, my burning cheek,
Are mine eyes dumb? how unlike thine!
Of love, of hope, of heaven they speak—
Does nothing answer them in mine?

The cork-tree waveth silently,
In the soft sighing breeze of night,
Fair Seville's towers pensively
Shadow the placid moon's pale light.

My soul is full of love and thee,
Even nature hallows the firm spell,—
And will not nature plead for me,
When to my heart it speaks so well?

JULIA. 'Tis fanciful.

RIBEIRO. And fancifully sung.

EARL. Why, yes; the Conde is young, and half believes
Love's dreams realities.

CONDE. Are they not so?

EARL. Credulity in them grows not with age,
We break the spell at fifty. Why, what a crowd
Of things impossible, are in your song!

CONDE. Aye, you may banter, but as once I heard it,
You had yielded to its magic, and believed
That, and a thousand times as much, for her
Who sung it. 'Twas a black-eyed maid, so pale,
So gently thoughtful, with a low soft voice,
That you would list to as sweet bells far off,
When the night wind just wafts their holy sound.
She took the veil soon after: as I think,
'Twas the last song of earth she ever sung.

JULIA. She took the veil! poor girl!

EARL. How Julia pities
So hard a fortune!

CONDE. 'Twas an eve of which
This somewhat may remind me—but the air
Of eve in Spain—Where was I? We were seated
In a balcony. I was then a stripling,
Some three or four joyous yet gentle girls,
This pale one, and a reckless youth, who smiled
As her eye fell upon his, with a meaning
I knew not, yet remembered her look fell,
Nor sung nor said she more—and I've since thought
'Twas the last breathing of a passionate heart,
That murmured in that song.

JULIA. And he regarded not?

CONDE. No.

EARL. That was dull of him, eh, Julia?
'Twas not yourself, Conde?

CONDE. No, thank Heaven, I sported
With gayer triflers; for I was gay then,
Young, full of hope, one to whom chivalry
Comprised existence. Gallantry and fame
My idol and my care.

EARL. You're yet that boy, Conde.

CONDE. Oh that I were! that I could once more dwell
Among such beauteous visions, such fair truths!
To live in the romance of my own land,
My own beloved Spain! Oh! to recal
Its skies, its hills, its waters, its bright clime,
Its old accustomed manners, charities
Of native country, and of infant home;
Its songs, its loves, its sorrows, and its mirths!
I am a banished man. * * *

THE PORIOTE DOCTOR.

I HAD been but a few days in Napoli di Romania, the capital of Greece, when I was ordered to embark for Damala, a small village opposite the island of Poros, to join the regular troops under Colonel Fabrier, to which corps I was attached. My arrangements for travel being very speedily completed, I paid mine host of the Locanda, and with all my worldly possessions contained in the knapsack at my back, I went down to the quay in search of a caïque, gladly bidding adieu to the dirty narrow streets, pestilential atmosphere, and motley population, of the first of Greek cities. I luckily met with a *lavouken*, who, plying for passengers as he pronounced it "*dia ton Boro*," and wanting only one of his complement, readily agreed to take me for two piastres, (about eight pence.) I stepped on board his caïque, an odd crank-looking kind of craft, with a mast raking forward at an angle of 45°. I found myself in company with six or seven individuals of different nations, calling themselves Philellenes, but being in reality adventurers like myself, and having as much affection for the Greek cause as I have for the reigning prince of Timbuctoo.

There was an old drunken Gascon whom I shall call Garelle; he lay upon the shingle which served to ballast the boat, as I thought in a state of stupid intoxication. I remarked to one who sat next me, "*qu'il etait sou comme un cochon*," to which Garelle, who, I suppose, had detected my island accent, replied, "*Mille pardons, Monsieur, je suis sou comme un Anglois.*"

When the laugh occasioned by this repartee had subsided, I was addressed by a strange looking being, whose operations I had been watching with considerable interest for some time. He had been sitting cross-legged on the half-deck making his toilet: his age was about sixty; his head, as carefully divested of hair as though it had belonged to the most rigid of the disciples of Mahomet, was covered with a folded napkin, which he occasionally dipped in the water; he had been carefully plucking from his moustachios all straggling irregular-growing hairs, till he succeeded in making the upper edge as sharp and defined as though it had been cut upon copper by the burin of an engraver. The finishing touch was then given to them by means of a ball of dark wax, with which they were blackened, and made to turn up at the corners, imparting to them an aspect "*piu feroce*," as the armourer of Constantinople said to Byron, when endeavouring to sell him a flame-fashioned Damascus. The eyebrows having been carefully coloured to match, the napkin was superseded by a luxuriant juvenile jet wig, shining as brightly as olive oil could make it. Although I could not but feel a contempt for the frivolity of his occupations, there was nevertheless an air of "*bonhommie*" about him which delighted me exceedingly. He extended to me the right hand of fellowship, saying, "Sare, how do you do; Sare, je suis charmé to make de you connaissance." I expressed my satisfaction at meeting one who spoke my language—a white fib which won the old man's heart,—and we became excellent friends. Papa Clement—for Clement was his name, the Papa being invariably affixed by his comrades—then told me that he had been for some years a prisoner of war at Stapleton, near Bristol, and dwelt with particular unction on the manifold kindnesses he had received at the hands of von Mr. Alder-

man Jon-Brown, Mrs. Alderman Jon-Brown, and Miss Alderman Jon-Brown, magnates of the aforementioned city of Bristol. To the urbanity of Papa Clement was added a more sterling quality. He was an excellent cook, a vocation in the exercise of which Papa Clement never had an equal, for cooks in general will draw largely upon the commissariat, whereas Papa Clement, like the monk who made stone broth, went to work upon nothing, and nevertheless produced invariably a good repast. He had followed the steps of Napoleon to Moscow and back, and had fought in his last field. Such had been his lot after the restoration, that he found the nominal pay of forty piastres a month, as captain in the 2nd battalion of the regulars, and the real Yemeklik of seventeen paras per diem, (about three-halfpence,) a considerable improvement in his circumstances.

The next in order was a light-haired, blue-eyed, broad-faced, ruddy-cheeked, Bavarian. His dress was that of an officer of the Tactikoi, but he had lain aside the cumbrous chacot for the light crimson Barbary cap, always worn by the Greeks. On either thigh was suspended one of his national weapons; on the left the schlaeger; and on the right the formidable boar-knife, with a buck-horn haft that would have fitted the fist of a giant. There were two Portuguese, an Italian, a Pole, and a Corsican, none of whom were particularised by any marked peculiarities, beyond those of their respective nations.

The hot sun beat fiercely down upon us as we lay becalmed for several hours in the beautiful Gulph of Napoli; even old Taygetus seemed to drop a portion of his snowy mantle as the day advanced. At length came the short-lived twilight of the east, and with it the off-shore breeze bearing on its wings the aroma of a thousand herbs. Who that has not visited an Eastern clime can tell the delight with which this portion of the day is welcomed. The moody Mussulman takes his solitary walk where the melancholy cypress throws its dark mantle over the ashes of his fathers; there, on some turban stone, he sits enjoying bright visions of his promised paradise, till the loud "Allah ackbar," of the Muezzin from the neighbouring mosque reminds him of the hour of prayer. The light-hearted Greek flings his capote across his shoulder, and with a gay elastic step he seeks the most public promenade of the city. He hears and tells the news; he exchanges his own inventions of the day for those of others.

We arrived at Poros too late to continue our journey thence to Damala the same evening, and were consequently obliged to take up our abode in a Kaphéné. The ground-floor consisted of a single room, one end of which was occupied by hogsheads of wine, faggots, charcoal, and all the "*materiel*" of a Greek coffee-house keeper; round the other end ran a low wooden bench, whereon were seated two or three grave looking elderly Greeks, smoking their arquilas or water pipes, and sipping their coffee in silence. The revolution has not yet effected any change in the olden Greeks, whose habits and manners are formed on those of the Turks. In the centre of the room on a pillar of sun-baked clay, about three feet high, stood a well polished Mangal—a brazier, containing ignited charcoal, at which the coffee is made, and other culinary operations performed. The floor was of mud, the ceiling of dried myrtle bushes, laid thickly over rafters of roughly torn pine, and on the bushes again a layer of mud, forming the floor of an upper apartment, which was only half the size of the lower one, the remainder of the roof being dignified with the name of a terrace, on which in the summer heats the natives are accustomed to sleep. The ascent to this upper story was of the rudest description, being

the trunk of an unsquared pine tree, with some of the smaller branches nailed transversely to it. The only eatables with which our host could furnish us, were eggs, salted curds, made of goat's milk, and kept in bags made of the skin of the same animal, with the hair inside, black olives, and oil, but these incongruous materials were, by the art of Papa Clement, so harmoniously blended together as to produce a savoury and delicious omelette. We were supplied from an enormous wooden hooped bicker with a diluent called crassee—I am unwilling to translate it wine, although it is made from the juice of the grape—a beverage having a most iniquitous twang of resin, highly lauded by our host, pronounced by the initiated palates of my comrades to be excellent, but which I was only enabled to swallow by the most powerful efforts.

Our meal being ended we retired to rest; I, Kleber, and the Italian, preferring the open terrace, and leaving the upper apartment to be occupied by the rest of our party. I, a soldier of three days standing, indignantly refused the share of his mattrass, which Kleber offered me, and lay down in my capote on the mud roof of the Kaphè. I was surprised to see the phlegmatic German, who was an old campaigner, making his night toilet. After divesting himself of his heavier articles of wearing apparel, he produced a large linen bag, having two smaller ones stitched to its upper corners, very like an ordinary night-gown, "*paris componere magna*," except in having no outlet for hands or feet, and in being drawn tightly round the neck by a string. The utility of this garment consisted in its affording an effectual barrier to the inroads of musquitoes, and other annoying insects, but too common in these countries. Having most dexterously sacked himself, he lay down with his beloved boar-knife by his side, and in a short time gave utterance to sounds that spoke very intelligibly both of the potency of the crassee and the soundness of his repose. Kleber had foolishly suspended his wearing apparel upon some pegs in the outer wall of the adjacent apartment. The ludicrous appearance of my German friend had so forcibly recalled to my imagination the apparition in Tom Thumb, and all its concomitant oddities, that sleep for a time was out of the question. I was just thinking of

> "Here we go up, up, up,
> And here we go down, down, down,"

when a slight noise at my side caused me to open my eyes, and there I beheld, not certainly a disembodied spirit, but Vlacopolo, the son of Barba Nicola, our host, with his ear carefully turned towards my ace, endeavouring to ascertain if I slept, and I began immediately began to imitate, but at a long distance, the dulcet strains produced by Kleber. His scrutiny was continued for some time, and then I heard him steal cautiously to the side of the Italian, who was submitted to the same examination as myself. I placed one hand on my pistols, which I had retained in my belt, and endeavoured to watch his motions as well as the obscurity occasioned by a clouded moon would permit. He left the Italian, and once more approached me; as I was satisfied that his object was robbing, and not personal violence, I felt no fears either for myself or friends; he again stooped down to listen to my breathing; I suddenly made a clutch at him and shouted aloud to my comrades: the miscreant slipped from my grasp like a lump of wet soap, and jumped from the terrace into the street. I started to my feet and followed him as fast as I could, but the darkness of the night, my ignorance of the localities, and, perhaps, his superior agility, favoured his escape.

I returned discomfitted to my terrace. The moon burst forth, and there I beheld Kleber in his bag, flourishing his boar knife and swearing most eloquently in High Dutch; Papa Clement, without his wig, was standing by his side marvelling what had become of Monsieur L'Anglois; and Garelle, who had gone to his couch as drunk as a twenty-four pounder, looking the very beau ideal of stolidity. When I was given to their wondering eyes, interrogatories thick as hail were poured upon me: Kleber questioned me in German; Clement, after many vain efforts to make himself intelligible in the English he had picked up under the patronage of Mr. Alderman Jon-Brown, ended in French, with something about assassination. With the assistance of my comrades, from above, and the aid of some rubbish below, I contrived to re-ascend to my terrace, and, in a polyglott salmagundi sort of speech, I endeavoured to make my auditors comprehend what had occurred. Having, with much difficulty and many words, succeeded in my object, we held a council of war, wherein it was decided that we should alternately keep watch for the rest of the night. Garelle, who was not able to understand any thing, insisted that Monsieur L'Anglois was "*sout comme dix mille hommes*," and that it was all a dream, and betook himself to rest. Those who had possession of the apartment declined participating in our watch. Kleber insisted upon keeping the first vigil, and I and the Italian laid down again. In a short time we were all fast asleep, sentry and all. The early beams of the morning sun were the first interruption to my repose; both my comrades were still asleep; I looked round and saw the German's clothes hanging upon their pegs *in statu quo*. I aroused my friends, and Kleber proceeded to clean his day apparel, in doing which he became aware of the abstraction of his watch, his purse, and a bunch of keys. As I had recognised the person of our midnight visitor, Vlacopolo was immediately summoned, but Vlacopolo was either out of hearing, or else had more pressing occupation.

His father and mother, on being acquainted with our suspicions, exhibited a great anxiety for his production. His male progenitor, in especial, commenced a vociferation that might have been heard all over the island, "*Vlacopolo! brée sou pou cisai Anathema! Kecatopolo*," but Vlaco was deaf to the endearing epithets so lavishly bestowed upon him by his father, and came not. Kleber, whose bile had been sufficiently roused by the discovery of his loss, drew forth his schlaeger, and swore he would annihilate mine host if his property was not immediately produced. Barba Nicola endured this intimation of Kleber's suspicion of his being concerned in the theft, with a stoicism so unnatural to an innocent man, in like circumstances, that convinced me of his guilt. Not so the Cocona—her indignation knew no bounds at finding her son accused of robbery, and her husband of participation; she called us dogs of Franks, Keratades, and applied some very offensive epithets to our religion, intimating that it was no better than it should be. When the storm of voices had subsided, I had well nigh perpetrated an oration in English, my knowledge of modern Greek, or, indeed, of any language except my own, being very limited. Fortunately I bethought me of my passport, which I handed to Barba Nicola, who therein discovered that I was an officer of the Zactikoi, commanded by Colonel Fabrier, and encamped at Damala, the other side the ferry. I backed this piece of intelligence by assuring him that unless prompt restitution was made, I would bring down the Colonel's vengeance upon him and his house. Barba Nicola appeared to be considerably taken

aback at this intelligence, and begged for time, in order, as he said, that he might find out the thief; this being granted, he set out immediately, while we sat down to the discussion of a famous "*soupe au lait*," prepared by Papa Clement. In about an hour Barba Nicola returned, with a face in which importance had almost mastered the look of cunning with which nature had so liberally gifted it. As he ascended the ladder that led to our chamber, he called out to some person following, "*Copiasete exukotate copinsete apano.*" At last Barba Nicola entered, followed by an individual whom he pompously announced as his excellency Doctor Papathopolo, head physician of the island of Poros.

Those who have seen the "*anatomie vivante*," and those only, can form an adequate idea of the total absence of any thing like flesh under the shrivelled skin of the illustrious Doctor Papathopolo. His unclothed legs, like two bits of bamboo arising from out of a pair of black papoushes, were met at the knees by an article, that I can only translate "breeches," but the only point in which it will bear a comparison with that exclusively European tegument, is in its appropriation to the same uses. This garment, extending from the knees to the waist in length, and being about six yards in breadth, formed a contrast by no means advantageous to the thin yellow legs of his excellency; his waist, after the fashion of the Greeks, was as tightly bound up as possible by a tattered red silk sash. A close Zantiote vest, surmounted by a white sheep-skin jacket, invested his upper man, and his head was thatched by a round Frank hat. Long black lustreless elf locks streamed down his shoulders, and some half dozen hairs were left on each upper lip—a caricature on the generally handsome mustachios of his countrymen. Doctor Papathopolo, on making his entrée, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and taking off his Frank hat, flourished it round his head as an Emeralder would his alpeen. I saluted the Esculapian with a "*proskino sas kerie*," one of the few Greek phrases I possessed; the man of physic drew himself up and assumed an air of injured pride. Barba Nicola then informed me that the worthy doctor was never addressed by any other title than that of your excellency. I amended my speech by adding the exacted "*exakotate*," and the offended dignitary was conciliated; he returned my salute by placing his right hand over his heart, giving another flourish of his beaver, and "*kale mera sas*," "*kale sas emera*," said I. After replacing his much cherished hat, he, without further ceremony, sat himself down on the floor, and produced his rosary, a plaything hardly any Greek is without. Barba Nicola then furnished him with a tchibouque and a small cup of Mocha. While we were deliberating as to the expediency of kicking his excellency down the trap, he suddenly demanded who had been robbed; which was the first intimation we received of the object of his visit. Kleber then stepped forward, and I informed the doctor that he was the person; he then requested the description of the articles stolen. He was as minute in his enquiries as an Old Bailey counsel examining a prosecutor, but fortunately Kleber was enabled to give him satisfactory answers. His excellency, then getting up his smoke, inhaled enough to stifle half a dozen Europeans, and opening his lean jaws to their fullest extent, suffered it gradually to exhale from his mouth and nostrils; this ceremony being ended by an energetic puff, he put his hand beneath his girdle and slowly and separately produced the missing property, watch, keys, and purse, from which last had been abstracted a dollar, which, said his excellency, raising his hand to his lips, had been expended by the "*kai-*

meno" in drink. He attributed great credit to himself for the share he had had in the transaction, and insinuated that some compensation for the trouble he had taken would be very acceptable. Kleber, who appeared to look upon the renowned Papathopolo as, at least, an accessary after the fact, demurred to this, but taking into his consideration the wan condition of the doctor, he gave him a six piastre piece, about two shillings, being six times the fee usually paid for the medical services of this learned Theban.

I afterwards ascertained some particulars of this man's history. His first start in life was as a cabin-boy on board a Hydriot trader, employed in carrying corn to the French ports during the war with England. The vessel being chased by an English cruizer, Papathopolo, who, perhaps, like Shakspeare's fop, " but for this vile gunpowder," might himself have been a soldier, was nowhere to be found, till, after strict search, he was at length discovered in the lazaret, a hole under the cabin flooring. The ship ran up the Adriatic to Ancona, where the future doctor, being convinced of his unfitness for pursuits of danger, "*faisoit son paquet,*" and levanted, not forgetting to take with him such superfluous articles as he could lay his hands on; not by the way of peculation, but only as a precautionary measure lest he should change his mind and return, as men who drown themselves, tie their hands together to assist their resolution. His grotesque appearance and outlandish dialect won for him the attention of a Dutch mountebank, who happened at that time to be curing the incurables in the dominions of his holiness the Pope. In this man's service, Papathopolo was in the precise station for which nature fitted him. Great was the influx of clients to the delighted Dutchman, in consequence of this addition to his caravan, and accordingly he recompensed Papathopolo with as much macaroni as he could eat—coin, once passed into the pockets of Mynheer Van Windergelt, like the souls that had once sat in the state-room of old Charon's wherry—never being known to return. Orpheus, though he had asked but the value of a single horsehair to his fiddle-stick, would have whistled in vain.—Papathopolo continued to eat his macaroni, and pocket his kicks, till he had acquired the figure of his master, and got a thorough initiation into the mystery of making bread-pills. Van Windergelt, after evading all other creditors, was obliged to pay the debt of nature; and Papathopolo, not caring to go through the ceremony of a legal administration, decamped without beat of drum, taking with him his master's stock of nostrums, and leaving the obsequies of the defunct Doctor to be performed by the hands of strangers. With these " drugs potential," and a round Frank hat, Papathopolo returned to his native island. Passing through Venice, where there is a Greek press, he got some handbills struck off, describing himself as the renowned Doctor Demetrius Papathopolo, professor of medicine in the university of Padua, and further setting forth his skill in astrology, thief-finding, and other abstruse sciences. In the pride of his heart he took to himself a wife, and indulged in pleasing anticipations of a brilliant future; but, alas! for his hopes in computing the gullibility of the islanders, he had forgotten to take into account their powerful dislike to part with their money, and although they accorded to him the high-sounding titles of your excellency, and your brilliancy, yet small was the profit that accrued—and had it not been for such occasional adventures as that I have here recorded, starvation would long since have put an end to the exploits of the Poriote Doctor.

J. G. S.

THE COTTAGE PICTURE.

[In a ramble through Shropshire, I was driven by a shower to take refuge in a cottage, where was a beautiful, though somewhat faded, portrait of a lady, dressed in the fashion of a century ago. The cottage dame could neither give me its name or date; all that she knew was, "That it had belonged to some old hall many years ago."]

THERE is a stately beauty in thy brow—
There is a quiet pride in that dark eye:
No daughter of a peasant race wert thou,
No rose, in hamlet reared, unseen to die;
And on thy lip there sits a shade of scorn,
As at this mean abode,—thou fair and gentle born!

Wert thou not cradled in some ancient hall,
Where dark escutcheons roof and arch emboss,
And faded banners shiver on the wall,
And the grim pictured champions of the Cross
Looked down austerely on thy childish play,
Nor deemed their haughty name could with thy smile decay?

What wonder then, so closely circled round
With fair memorials of a noble line,
That pride its chain within thy bosom wound,
And stamped its signet on those lips of thine:
How might they speak a lesson sad and strange,
And tell the young and fair how pomp and glory change.

Thine eye shone bright amid the festive throng,
When lutes were tuned to mirth, and hearts to joy,
When swan-like beauty swept the dance along
Nor dreamed that time her lustre could destroy.
Thine was a mother's smile—a lover's vow,—
Flattered—caressed—beloved—how changed thy fortunes now!

Yes, here amid a homely, simple race,
Who never learned to prize the painter's skill,
Mournful it is to meet thy speaking face,
Made by the flashing firelight brighter still;
Mournful—and food for many thoughtful tears,
To see thy haughty smile—and think of former years!

THE CHARACTER OF CASIMIR PERIER.

THE late premier of France was the son of a banker, Claude Perier, who owed his wealth, in a great measure, to the misfortunes of those who suffered from the consequences of the first revolution of France. Claude Perier was one of the celebrated *bande noire*, who engaged to destroy the castles and domains of the ancient nobles. Until 1816, Casimir Perier was quite unknown to the world as a politician, and as a banker he had the renown of being one of the most cunning, most interested, and generally successful in his speculations. He owed his celebrity, partly to the anti-national administration of M. de Villèle, but chiefly to the friendship of General Foy, who caused him to be elected member of the chamber of deputies. In private life his conduct to his family, his wife, his brothers, his children, and all who were in any way his dependents, was that of a tyrant, and Casimir Perier could justly have claimed for his motto,

Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.

We must also add that if Casimir Perier had died five years ago, posterity would have been greatly misled with regard to his real character; for at that time he undoubtedly evinced all the apparent qualities of a friend of the people, and of an independent member of the French senate.

But Casimir Perier has been for the last fifteen months the premier of France, the champion of the reigning *juste milieu*, and one of the most active members of the *New Holy Alliance*. It is in these characters that we have to consider him, and to weigh his pretensions as a statesman. We commence them with an odd question—What was Casimir Perier?

Were we to believe only half that the *Moniteur*, the *Debats*, and the *Journal de Paris* have said of the late President of the French council, we must regard him as the "foremost man of all the world." Bertin de Veau has placed him above Napoleon, and Leon Pillet has called him *un puits de science politique*. But if we would trust the contrary party, we should pronounce him to have been—according to the *National*, the *Tribune*, and the *Mouvement*—the vilest of mankind, even viler than Metternich, Wellington, and Polignac.

What we here say of Casimir Perier, we say from personal knowledge; and we can truly declare that we always found in him a man of a despotic and tyrannical disposition—one possessed of a superficial general knowledge, of little classical and political instruction, but of great financial talents.

What were the political principles of Casimir Perier? The defenders of the *Juste Milieu* style him the true constitutional minister. Odillon Barrot, Lamarque, Dupont de L'Eure, and all the most popular members of the French senate, have often called him the secret agent of the legitimate party of Europe, and the *Mannequin* of Metternich and Nesselrode.

Both these opinions are exaggerated; in our belief, the late Premier of France had no political principles of his own; he was the mere executor of the dictates of the *doctrinaire party*; whatever was proposed, and adopted by M. M. de Broglié, Guizot, Dupin, and Villemain, not excepting the son of Egalité, was the political creed of Perier, and as his was unquestion-

ably the most obstinate and persevering mind in France, it was Perier that was chosen to put this system into execution.

What were the administrative talents of Casimir Perier?

The *Juste Milieu* have named him the *administrateur par excellence.* The *mouvement* party have declared him the subversive administrator. But putting aside all party feelings, we say that Casimir Perier has given striking proofs of great ability during his administration, notwithstanding that he has often had recourse to base means. We must however condemn the maxim he had adopted with regard to his ministerial dependents; here it is—*Ceux qui acceptent des places sous moi ne doivent avoir que ma conscience.* This inhuman maxim has been strictly and literally observed during his reign. All who have shown in the least degree the possession of any independent principles, have been immediately deprived of their offices; and Casimir Perier, when accused of despotism, has always answered—that no government can exist without it!!!

Was Casimir Perier a good Minister of the Interior?

Here, without mentioning the eulogiums of his paid-defenders, and the accusation of his opponents, we will only relate the historical facts:—When Perier entered into office, France certainly was in a state of agitation, and movement, but the greatest crisis had passed. Polignac and his satellites had been tried and condemned, the Buonapartists and Republicans had promised to support the government of the new dynasty, provided the institutions of France should be improved. The Vendéans, the Verdets, and the Carlists of the South of France, were plunged in a sort of stupor. The public press maintained an attitude of defence, but refrained from assaults. Commerce was suffering, but it still existed; no civil war had taken place in any province of France, and all seemed to promise the consolidation of the era of Liberty.

Casimir Perier, "with good intentions," as his friends say, instead of ameliorating the interior of France, did all that man could do to render it worse. Lamarque was soon deprived of his commandment of Vendée, because he was no friend of the *doctrinaires;* a few weeks had scarcely elapsed, when civil war began in that province, and altho' fifty thousand soldiers have been employed against the Vendéans, murder, degradation, and revolt still continue to prevail amongst them.

Casimir Perier "with good intentions," has established a sort of *Cabinet Secret,* where his censors scrutinise the political articles of the opposition journals; and it is a fact, that the press never had a greater enemy than the late Premier. "With good intentions," he has imprisoned *two-thirds* of the political writers of France.

Casimir Perier has also renewed the barbarous system of the domiciliary visits, and perquisitions, and in this he has boldly manifested his arbitrary disposition. It is a fact, that M. Vivien left the Prefecture of Police, because he saw that he was the mere instrument of the despotism of Perier. His successor did the same, but Perier subsequently placed in this situation one of his ancient satellites, and from that hour the police of Paris has exhibited all the characteristics of the most odious inquisition. Mock conspiracies have been invented, mock insurrections have been excited, and checked, human blood has been shed, and all the prisons are overloaded with the victims of the snares of Perier.

Casimir Perier, "with good intentions," has re-organised the system of Rovigo. Spies are to be found everywhere, and in order to administer to their

wants, the *doctrinaires* have granted *Five Millions* for this honorable object.

Casimir Perier, " with good intentions," has bought two journals; and with the public money has made a continual war against the public, and in defence of his administration.

Casimir Perier, " with good intentions," has given situations and important commissions to all his relations, to the fifth generation. His sons and *neveux* have left the counting-house of the Rue du Luxembourg, and are all of a sudden become diplomates, preféts, and secretaries of legations.

Has Casimir Perier been a good President of the Council? No; he has been a despot, but not a man of utility. He has always promised prosperity, and has produced distress; he has spoken of the honour of France when the French nation was disgraced. He has disregarded the demands of the Poles and the Italians, and has favoured the interests of the despots. The monument of Casimir Perier was long since erected at Warsaw and at Modena; a mausoleum may also be dedicated to his memory at Lyons, at Nimes, at Grenoble, at Marseilles, and—but the catalogue is to long too be proceeded in.

Has Casimir Perier ever been a sincere liberal? Until 1827 he was so esteemed; but when Martignac governed France, Casimir Perier lost the lustre of his reputation. It was reported—and Benjamin Constant was no stranger to the report — that Perier had entered into some conditions with the ministers, and that his financial affairs, which were at that period in a very precarious state, had been arranged. The fact is, that, during the administration of Martignac, Perier became dumb in the house, was one of the most assiduous attendants at the parties of Charles X., and became an intimate friend of that monarch, and of the Dauphin his son. Besides, when the late revolution took place, Casimir Perier was the last to join the national party; he would not subscribe his name under the protest of deputies against the ordonnances; and, what is still more worthy of remark, the last act which Charles X. signed before his abdication, was the nomination of Casimir Perier to the same post which he has fulfilled under Louis Philippe,—with what honour to himself, and with what advantage to the noble French nation, we have already seen.

As soon as Casimir Perier was appointed to the post of President of the Council, General Lafayette and Dupont de l'Eura, manifested the greatest disappointment, and on being questioned why they were so disheartened, they answered, " Because we are convinced that Casimir Perier connected himself with the opposition, during the restoration, in order to be made a peer and minister; and if he did not succeed it was not his fault, but that of his friends, and of the periodical press." The last words which Benjamin Constant pronounced on political affairs before his death, were, " May God save France, and may Perier never become a minister of Louis Philippe!" These words were addressed to the venerable Abbé de Pompierre.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

[We warn the reader, before he commences the following paper, that it is a Love Tale. For ourselves, we must confess that we love love-tales of all descriptions, particularly where there is a broken-heart or two in the case; but as these are not the current commodity in our Magazine, we feel bound to explain why we insert this story. We do so then for this reason,—that there are hundreds of fair faces bent monthly over our pages, and it is fitting that they should find now and then some sign, like the present, that we are conscious of the fact. The grave, but "courteous" reader will not begrudge a few pages, even though political and philosophical discussion should halt for it—which it will not. Let the impeachments of Lords give place for once to softer impeachments, and let our consistency give way before a chapter on constancy.—Ed.]

It is not our place to account for the perversity of the human heart, or our intention to excuse the inconstancy of human nature. As for the fickleness of love, it is the old woman's axiom, time out of mind; as if love, to prove that it is so, ought necessarily to evince itself incapable of the changes to which all the material and immaterial world around us is alike liable. We say no such thing. We have seen, we have known, we can imagine; and without further argument on the passion or no passion—the affection or no affection which produced this or that consequence, we are content to draw our own conclusions. Therefore, without any sweeping denunciation against the race of man—without any libel against the law of love—without raising one man to the elevation of greater or better spirits—without degrading the species to the level of this one—we shall sketch a simple picture, in a simple way, and let the moral, if there be any, rest with the reader.

The precepts scattered to the young are as seeds sown on the bosom of the earth; time shall roll on, but the season shall come round to shew that the husbandman has been there; and so it was with Delacour. Wealth, emolument, and self-interest, had been the lessons of his youth, and he had profited by them. On the death of his father, a respectable tradesman, he found himself in fair circumstances; and—by aid of his profession—for he was a lawyer—on the high road to reputation, and, it might be, to riches. Possessed of a fine person, a graceful demeanour, a majestic figure, pleasing voice, lively conversation, and easy vivacity, it is no wonder he got into good society, and, from thence, into some notice as a professional man. He was now turned thirty, and in the full career of fortune; still unmarried, still sought by anxious mothers, and wooed by forward daughters; but he was not in love, or scarcely dared believe it himself. The father of Emily Sidney was a merchant, who had been mainly instrumental in the good fortune to which Delacour had attained; she was the heiress of a supposed large property, and the beauty of her circle. This was enough to depress a less ardent admirer or a more calculating man; but Delacour had owed much to chance, and perceiving, as he thought, something not altogether unpropitious to him, he commenced his secret suit.

Ah! I remember her as yesterday. She was then eighteen,—youth scarce mellowed into early womanhood. The face, as it peeped from the chastening chestnut ringlets around it, was worthy the hand of the painter, though the smile that played on the lip might have defied his skill; the small and well-rounded figure vied with sculpture, but marble had vainly

essayed to express the grace and dignity of that demeanour. And this was the least part of all. She knew what was kindness and charity, and practised what she knew. She—but let her story delineate her character.

It must be presumed that Delacour was, in his way, ambitious, and this was the object at which he now aimed. He had imagined beauty; here was beauty unrivalled, unexcelled; virtue,—here was virtue the most alluring; modesty, simplicity, truth, love, all combined in one; and for fortune, here was such as he could never have anticipated; connexions the most to be desired, and influence the most to be coveted. But why reason upon it! She should be his in any condition of life,—her beauty were alone dowry fit for a prince. In all stations alike lovely, alike to be desired. In such ecstacies he passed his hours; when a new suitor appeared in the person of a young baronet of considerable fortune. Money was nothing to him, and happiness every thing. Equally handsome and agreeable, and more rich than Delacour, he was, in every respect, no common rival; besides which, all the arts of a true lover were devised to secure the treasure to himself. About this time, Mr. Sidney incurred a great loss of property by an unlucky speculation. The affair was stated to the baronet—the carriage was put down—but he was not to be changed by time or place; the same accomplished suitor, the same unchanged admirer—nor did he fail to shew the preference he felt. But what will love not effect! Emily Sidney was an only child, and with all the sweet ignorance of affluence, she wondered what riches had to do with content. The old question of "love in a cottage, or a palace without," this eternal young girl's theme, was pondered upon, but all thoughts leaned to the same side,—the predilection she felt, happily or unhappily, for Delacour. He protested disinterested affection—total disregard of all future or present expectations—and could she do less than believe him! The father consulted, the mother advised—but Emily wept, and it ended in the refusal of the baronet. A week after, Delacour made his offer, and was accepted; and who could fail to be flattered by the preference? From that time they were all the world to one another—for ever together—he the most attentive of lovers, she the happiest of women.

As no man, by looking in the glass, is likely to form a just estimate of his own defects, or his own peculiar perfections; so no man discovers his true character by gazing, however intently, in that inward mirror of the mind—his own imagination. For as our shadows, seen in the sun, are most defective representations of our own forms, so are these mental likenesses like the bright shape of fancy, too airy and too heavenly, and too perfect to be aught but ideal types of what we would fain believe. Delacour had his vanity. He had hitherto been a happy and prosperous man; he was much sought, and, moreover, was beloved by one whose opinion most men had been pleased to have gained. And if he deceived himself, or believed too firmly in himself, what are not the deceptions that we practise on ourselves, and on others—and this, when we would be true to all parties. It was, however, no deceit that he was in love, though the manner of his loving might be another thing. Here his heart was fixed. The world might go round, and the seasons change, but each and the other could not affect him. All his feelings, his associations, were here combined, and nature must change ere he could. But why descant upon, or question, his emotions? Who, in a dream, ever dreamed that he should awake again in five minutes, or five hours, or ages, or cen-

turies! For us, we have oftentimes stood on the utmost height of a green and glorious hill, and there have seen nature's most awful might spread out around us. The vale, the sloping mead, the verdant lawn, the bloomy garden ground, the river, the lake, the slender stream, all blessing and giving glory to the darkness of our thoughts within; and when the golden sun broke out, we hailed the earth as joyous and happy. We do not know that the cloud was noticed, or the tempest heard to mourn, though in the deep forest its voice might have been heard deploring. We must confess, that when the rain came down, we were taken unawares. Our thoughts were leading on hope, not treading after servile despair. And when the landscape was effaced, the brightness of the heavens gone away, then we could have wept, but that tears were denied. So Delacour had before his eyes some such gorgeous scene; it was still bright, and without shadow, as if never meant to fade.——

It was a delightful evening at the latter end of summer when, mounting his horse, he took his usual way to the mansion of the Sidneys. His easy and fashionable lounge, his fine person, set off by the splendour of his attire, as well as by the beauty of true content there depicted, might alone have attracted the passengers; but then his steed, as if proud of his duty, contrived by certain coquettish knaveries and ambling graces, to fix the attention. Delacour was born to be admired, "the observed of all observers," and many were the remarks as he passed onward. He had been riding thus for some time, when he was overtaken by an acquaintance.

"What! Delacour on the old road again, in spite of the news. Why, Sidney is in the gazette."

"Impossible," cried Delacour, "I would have wagered my life against it—you joke." "Incredulous as a lover," replied the other, "Look and be satisfied."

The paper was handed to him, a glance was sufficient, and murmuring a hasty adieu, he set spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost to the view; the cloud of dust that followed his flight, alone told of his passage; and those who now saw him, pale, agitated, and flying desperately forward, might have well mistaken him for the messenger of more than common woe. A dagger, indeed, could scarcely have caused a greater revulsion of the heart.

He no sooner entered the house, than the voice of the domestic proclaimed that something had happened; he met Mrs. Sidney on the stairs.

"You will find Emily," said she, "in the drawing-room. This affair has agitated us all—you will excuse Mr. Sidney to-night."

He whispered a polite reply, and hastened forward, but was, for the first time, unheard. Emily was seated at the table, lights were in the room; she was gazing at something—it was his picture, the one he had himself given her; he drew nearer—the lip quivered, and tears were trembling in the eyelids; she sighed and sighed again; he advanced a step farther, a slight cry escaped her.

"Oh! it is you," she exclaimed, but there was something tremulous in the voice, half joy, half anguish: "I knew you would come, that is, I thought you would." "How could I do less than come, when I have so often come before," was the answer. "You are very good," she sighed, "but my father's misfortunes, oh! Delacour, you can guess my feelings."

"Your feelings are perhaps peculiar to you," he returned, somewhat coldly, "you are very suspicious to-night."

"I hope not," she replied meekly, "but you are tired, we will have some refreshment, and tune the harp: you were always fond of that."

The refreshments were brought, she helped him with her own hands; but when she turned to the instrument, the full and surcharged eyes—the flushed face—the heaving of the bosom—the trembling speech—the look wandering to and fro on the face of her lover, too plainly indicated that she had perceived something more or less than usual in the manner of his address. She seemed to Delacour, as she touched the strings, to have the finest figure in the world, and indeed her soul was on the chords. She felt that she needed some other person to make all he had once been to her; she was a gentle and excellent girl, and Delacour, who was an admirer of all excellence, was quickly won to her side. She had never played with such execution, and now attentive, and now wavering, he listened, and was now impassioned and now cold as ever—and now he dreamed himself back to all his former adoration of her. At length he snatched a kiss—said something of forgiveness, and all was forgotten; but another hour was over—he was silent and more cold than death, at least, to the heart of Emily. It was now getting late, and he declined, on plea of business, staying the night, which was his usual custom. She sunk into silence and despondency.

"You are sad, Miss Sidney," said he, "or angry, but my Emily used not to be either." "I am sad," she murmured, "but not angry—you are full of mistakes to-night." She smiled faintly.

"I am surely not mistaken," he returned, "not a word has been spoken this half hour; but some people mistake temper for feeling."

"Excuse me," she cried, and as she was seated by his side, she placed her hand gently upon his shoulder: "you do not understand me; there is no temper in me but sorrow. I am not angry," but he arose and hinted that he must depart.

"Good night, Miss Sidney," said he, "good night, Emily,—we shall meet to-morrow."

His hand was upon the door—she looked up—blushed—and advanced towards him. "I am not angry," she added, "you mistake me. Let us be friends." The last gush of feeling burst from his heart—and he caught her in his arms. A scarcely audible, "God bless you," came from his lips—an instant—and he was gone.

In her bosom was left sorrow—and anguish—and repining; the red blush was on her brow, but she sighed not, neither did she weep. The next day she received an apology for not waiting on her, as his business was urgent, but a promise so to do as quickly as possible. But day after day past on, and he came not,—she watched in vain. It was late one evening, she thought she saw him leaning as usual against the garden gate. She went to the window, but it was delusion,—she looked more intently, answered incoherently some questions addressed to her, and fell senseless to the ground.

Let us pass over the rest.—It has been said that the father waited on Delacour, but all that could be elicited was, that his views were changed, his mind, but not his affections, altered. With these words he left him: "Young man," said he, "may the sorrows of this young creature fall a hundred fold on your head!"

* * * * * * * *

How strangely we decide our destiny ! Led by appearances, even misled by truth. Yet why arraign the Providence of Heaven ! For we walk like the wayfarer of the desert, when no star is out to guide us. With the blessing of happiness in our hands, we cast it aside and determine on misery; and when weighed down by the burden of care, we would still seek to be happy : and this, because nothing is desirable we possess, and all to be coveted we can never hope to obtain. Vile weakness of human nature; that we who would, in truth, believe ourselves perfect, should yet allow ourselves, wilfully and willingly, to be so base ! One would think that " the wisdom of the serpent"—the cunning of true selfishness, might teach us selfish peace : if " the gentleness of the dove"—the artlessness of true nature, might not teach us disinterested love. As for Delacour, he resolved to be wretched, because he feared to be so ; and then sought to be happy even while resigning his greatest of human good. But what if the affections we feel, or others feel for us, be true or false : the falsehood or the truth may be equally miserable—time can alone shew us the reverse. In the mean time the world goes on, and we must go likewise, lest, thrown from the channel—broken on the rock of hope—while catching at some other or firmer hold than the reed within our grasp—lest, finally, we be drifted down the tide of time—and left to perish. So Delacour pursued his avocations—rushed into society—and believed himself contented. But the canker of the heart eats not away so soon. If he had any feelings—any sentiments—he had forsworn the better part. As it is never too late for a man to grow wise, so it is never late to love honor. Had he then lived for this ! He remembered his debts of obligation—of gratitude to his old friend ; but then he recalled also the prospects that might yet be open to him—the increase of wealth—his expectations of the future—he thought but once and no more; he hastened into amusements, into dissipation, and while he forgot his affection, he forgot himself. Some have remarked that his person became altered, his spirits changed, that it was natural depression and forced hilarity ; but if he ever experienced wretchedness, or sighed in the full emotion of regret, he was the last to believe that his sorrows, his vexation, his self-reproaches, were of his own creation.

But a few months had gone by, and another lady caught his attention, of his own years—handsome, accomplished, and of desired wealth. He soon imagined himself to be in love, for in false hearts no flame is so easily kindled as false passion ; and the lady was in love with him, just such love as a calculating woman may bestow, who thinks more of herself than of the world beside. She knew, indeed, of no feelings out of the sphere of a drawing-room, or any emotion but such as might lie in the compass of a carriage. Again family, future, friends, and connexions were canvassed, and were found fitting ; again he pictured uninterrupted peace, unclouded days ; again he was in possession of all his dreams; again hoped, was again happy ; again constant, again, in fact, a lover.

Time rolled on and on, and he saw no reason to regret his choice. He became restless, for others were in pursuit of the same prize as himself, and then he grew impatient and more impassioned, and, at length, made his offer, and was successful. He was now more gay than ever—more fashionable—more splendid. In all public places and private parties he was the acknowledged suitor, and congratulated by his friends on the fortune he would acquire— on the conquest he had made; he was not backward in boasting the favour in which he found himself, in exhibiting the influence

he had over her, and in talking of the brilliant prospects that he anticipated in the future.

It was with this lady hanging on his arm, that he first again beheld Emily Sidney. The bloom of youth was gone, the form wasted, the ringlets confined beneath a gauze cap ; the figure no longer joyous with content, but shackled by despondency and disappointment. She arose as she beheld him—the young Baronet was at her side.

" I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well," said Delacour, with his unchanging eye fixed full upon her face. She blushed, faltered, and murmured an assent. " I beg your pardon," he added, " but I hear you only indistinctly. You say that you are well, surely." She fixed her expressive look reproachfully upon him. " I am better than I have been," she returned, " indeed—quite well," and so they parted. The words that had been spoken were the common compliments of the day : but oh ! the manner said everything. On that night she burnt a little likeness she had drawn of him from memory ; she cast aside all embarrassment, she quitted her sick room, dressed, sung, laughed, danced and played as she was used to do ; she hurried into company, into amusement, was as much admired as ever, as usual sought as when she had a fortune : but her parents saw the dark side of the picture,—the young girl's heart was broken.

Can it be possible that Delacour went home that night in remorseless complacency ? That no compunction dwelt within his breast—that no conscience visited his thoughts—that the faded form of nature's loveliness—the sweet confusion that pleaded, like the tongue of mercy and of truth—that, last of all, that look—had spoken nothing ! It is impossible. He knew he was to blame—he writhed under the infliction of secret regret—he thought he had not acted quite honorably—quite tenderly—but for all that he would have started at the name of villain. Yet it was for his good he should act as he had done ; she would marry the Baronet ; his destiny, and not himself, was to be reproached, and, shifting from any further argument, he hastened to conclude affairs with the lady in question.

Now came the confusion of preparation. Parties were given and received, and the round of reciprocal introduction took place, and, in the sudden rush of coming events, Delacour lost all recollection of the past, and sacrificed its memory for ever on the altar of futurity. The world was determined to make him pleased, and he was resolute to be so. The house was taken, furniture, table-linen, the elegances of a lady's comforts, all were procured, and all in the exact taste that might best suit both parties. Business was no longer attended to, for Delacour was at each and every hour of the day prosecuting his love-suit, and the lady was, at all times, his attentive listener. The marriage deeds and the settlement were next talked about, for marriages, at least such marriages as these, generally end as they begin, in a very business-like manner. But now, on the exposure of the absolute property, on the explanation of the contingent prospects of Mr. Delacour, he was found, by the father, or might it be by the lady ?—he was found deficient, that is, not quite the exact bargain that was expected. They tell that the lady, hearing he had boasted of her preference, fearing too easy a conquest, adopted this pretty piece of coquetry, in hopes of being over-persuaded. Be this as it may ; at the moment of doubt and denial, at the moment when the lady hinted that her decision had been entirely in obedience to her parents, not that she had in the least changed, then it was that Delacour perceived he had been a

dupe—cheated, betrayed, and made the very ridicule of fortune. He rushed from the house, where he had passed two years in the pursuit of a shadow, as worthless as it was frail, and hastened homeward.

He had pride, he was not quite without feeling, at least for himself; but when he recollected the heaven he had cast away, how he had smote upon the heart that loved him, to be smitten in return, conscience was his accuser. The affair of Miss Sidney was known to his acquaintances; he himself had given publicity to this; here was the deceiver himself deceived, the betrayer himself betrayed—and he heard the laugh of derision go round about him.

It is hard for the brave and the good to part with the lasting hope—the living impression—the unfading aspirations of their every-day existence; but how much more difficult for the calculating—the base, to separate, upon even terms, with their desires. This one expectation, this aggrandizement, perhaps, the lady herself, had been the stamina of Delacour's late actions and life. To have been climbing, with struggles and anguish, the steep of fortune—bewildered among the brushwood—torn and defaced amid the brambles,—to find one's foot upon the last elevation our wondering gaze might discover, and no sooner to find ourself there than the foundation gives way, the basement is scattered, and we and all our tiny hopes hurled headlong into the abyss, or into the humble vale from which we first up-sprung,—this may well demand patience; but when inflicted on the strong, when suffered by the proud, then comes the sting of madness—the writhing of passion—the gnawing of the heart—and all that despair may suffer under, and philosophy deride.

While torn by conflicting emotions, there seemed no resting-place whereon the thoughts of Delacour might repose. He had held himself above the world, as one whom no storm might reach, no breath might touch: he had walked in pride, he was therefore more open to scorn. He looked around him, and one fair form, and one alone, was seen in the far expanse, and to her he turned. To this being he vowed to resign all false ambitions, all theories of self-emolument, all speculations of self-interest. He had grown in riches within the last two years; she might still love him—he had lost honour in losing her—well, he must repair the loss—but then her reproaches and scorn,—he deserved them, and humbly and faithfully he could avow it. He thought of her angel ways—her maiden kindness; he thought, and wondered at the monster he had been. But the mind forms schemes, after the body is tired of action, incapable of impulse. A fatal malady, the effect of his disturbed spirits, now made its appearance. Day after day passed in ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the being he had injured. The wretched young lady, on whom their last meeting had made a lasting impression, suspicious of his advances, fearing to avow her real sentiments; her delicacy offended and pride wounded, fled his secret approaches, or with cold insensibility met his more open attentions. It was enough for her to know that he was on the point of marriage with another, and though he was evident y an object of horror, yet, more eager than ever for some explanation, something to subdue or excite the anguish within him, he continued his vain pursuit. Baffled at all points, and sick in body and mind, he yielded to his depression, undetermined in what way to act that might yet amend the past. A fortnight was over, and he was the shadow of his former self, the wreck of his own weakness and folly. He now determined, cost what it would,

to see her and to speak to her. Was it reason or was it madness that led him to act thus?

It was a fine and sunny afternoon, when he quitted his sick chamber, in the wild and neglected attire of one who had, indeed, forgotten himself; and jumping on the top of a passing stage, he quickly found himself in the neighbourhood of the cottage where they now dwelt. This was his last attempt, and he was resolved it should not be unsuccessful. Some time he lingered, till, growing impatient, he sprung over a small fence at the bottom of the garden, and made his way, stealthily, to an arbour that was near. His hand touched the foliage round the entrance ere he perceived, reclining on a seat, the figure of Emily herself. An involuntary sigh escaped him, but her thoughts were elewhere, and it was unheard. He gave one fatal glance, and, in another instant, rushing forward, he clasped her in his arms. It was not a shriek, or a groan, but something more terrible than either, that burst from her lips, the living sound of anguish and of sorrow. In vain he called upon her in all the desperation of agony, repentance, and affection; in vain, with presumptuous lips, he dared the purer touch of hers; she lay insensible, or only recovered to give back a blind look of horror, as he embraced her. Here then was the consummation of his villany—the height of all his despair. At this moment he heard a footstep. Scorn, contumely, and insult, were all he could expect; he felt himself a wretch who merited no more; and, with one last embrace—one last respectful pressure—he fled he scarcely knew where, and the morning had risen before he found himself at home.

And now he would write to her, reveal all his heart, and rely upon her generosity, and in the energy of desperation the epistle was penned. But vain the designs of man! On that very day he heard that she had acquired a large fortune, by the death of a distant relation. Thus then the barrier was placed for ever between them. To return was now denied him. Fortune had been the aim of his life, and it now stood, for ever, between him and all he valued from this to the grave. How, without the imputation of the meanest of motives, how dare he now return? What had once been generous, would now be base. No—no—the spring of life was over, the wilderness of the world gone through, and death lay alone open to him.

The tide of feelings will have way, but with Delacour it now bore upon its passage the freshness and the vigour of life. It might be truly said of him, that, from this time, he was a broken-spirited man,—one not to be reconciled to himself,—one who condemned himself beyond aught or all in the world beside. His happiness he had cast away, his wealth he had rendered worthless to him, and the malicious have said (and the best of us are not free from malice) that what his own folly and emotions might have failed to effect, his dissipation—his recklessness—shall it be said—the profligacy of a wounded mind—more easily contrived. Disease had now laid hold upon him. His friends came round him, all attentions were paid him, and he received a note from the last lady of his choice; she had heard of his illness, she would receive him again. Delacour could just afford a smile, and with hands chilled in the coldness of coming dissolution, he tore the paper and scattered it around.

At length the hour and the moment drew nigh that was to give him freedom; his thoughts had truly become a burden to him, and he was happy to resign them. He had made peace with earth, and pleaded for peace with heaven; and now he could willingly go his way. "This is the last

bitter pang, my dear girl," said he, as his favourite sister drew near, " but it is the last, and let us pass through it bravely." It was after he had blessed her, and kissed her, and bade her adieu, that he called her back again. His noble face was changed to the marble of the grave, and those eyes shone with the last burning flame of nature and of life. He dashed away the tears that gathered till they flowed, and dashed them away again. The impressiveness of death was on his tongue. " If ever you see *her*," he sighed; " if ever you meet, tell her—but no—I can say nothing.—If she knew all she would know too much—my silence is enough." With this he sank backward, and lay calmly; a long drawn sigh was heard—and Delacour was dead. But the sorrow he had caused neither was ended or died with him. His faults had been without extenuation, his errors without excuse, and the world had not been backward to censure him; yet one heart was found that could pardon, one soft enough to pity his frailties. All the mercy he could hope was there, and tenderness that surpassed all he might imagine. The shriek that burst from Emily Sidney while reading the news of his decease, was the knell of another untimely end. The woe of years was ended, the link of past emotions broken. He was then gone—for ever and irrevocably gone. The pride of her thoughts —the friend of her heart —the lover of her youth. No scorn or maidenly reserve could now uphold her. Modesty might fear to reveal the last fond truth, but death wipes away all blushes.

If sighs might speak of grief, or tears, or inward sorrowing, a broken sleep, a restless and unenjoyed existence,—if all these were the emblem of woe, all this had been past, though in the last few years, and it was over. " Mourn not, my child," urged the mother, " he is happy, and has long been a stranger to us." " I am sensible of no grief," was the answer; " yes, he has long been a stranger, at least to me,—yes, yes,—to me he has been a stranger." This was the last time she ever spoke of him; but the thoughts will utter what the tongue never tells. She dreamed upon the scene in the garden, that faint and indistinct recollection of something most blissful and most wretched. He had thought of her, had returned to her, it was enough, he was forgiven; yet why had she not spoken to him and soothed him, and parted in friendship, if not in love? The idea was fraught with madness, and here the fatality of all her misery was seen. In the meantime she evinced no more than common grief. The day of his funeral she took her usual walk; she saw the sad procession pass, speechless, tearless, and without a murmur. And yet after this she was seen in company, and, to the same eyes, the same as ever. Is woman's pride so delicate, or is it so unconquerable that it may feign all this! Yes—sad necessity, that the last humility of disappointed affections can only stoop thus low.

At many public places, scenes of fashionable resort, or haunts of fashionable invalids, she was afterwards met. The baronet was in constant attendance, the parents hinted their hopes. She had never, willingly, given sorrow to any one; she consented to accept him, received meekly his attentions, smiled at the delighted congratulations of her friends, and seemed happy.—The sober twilight of morning just shadowed the apartment where she lay; it was her own accustomed attitude; her arm gently supporting her head, the long hair hanging luxuriously on the bosom and veiling the hands. Her mother drew near and stooped to kiss her. Enough; what would you more! That cry might have well told the rest.

W.

OUR ANNIVERSARY!

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND THE PUBLIC—A MYSTERY.

LORD BYRON's Cain is not the only mystery of modern times. The course of every thing great and magnificent, is almost constantly enveloped in a sort of solemn gloom and uncertainty. When the Duke of Wellington concerted with Lord Lyndhurst the ingenious plot "to trip up his majesty's ministers," it was with the most impervious secrecy; and when Harlequin catches the Clown by the skirt in the pantomime, it is with a stealthy and noiseless footstep. Thus the birth-place of Homer, the prince of poets, and Bamphyld Moore Carew, the monarch of beggars, are alike doubtful and unknown. Every thing around us is a mystery. The Niger has been rolling along its mighty flood, and the Monthly Magazine diffusing its beauty, in equal silence and solitude. The charm of our articles is universally acknowledged; we speak, and Lady Caroline Seymour's eye brightens into hope; we are silent, and Mr. Peregrine Stubbs is urgent for the last number of Blackwood, to soothe him into a melancholy repose. The sweet balmy air of our poetry is continually flowing over the parched and feverish surface of society, yet no man can say whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. Our editor is veiled from the gaze of the profane like the Oriental Mokannah; and our contributors are only guessed at as they walk in their unearthly loveliness along the streets of the city.

This mystery will soon be at an end for ever! The veil that hides the resplendent features of our editor will be rent asunder, and the names of our contributors lifted up in their golden beauty, before the wondering and enchanted eyes of the multitude. Yes! what Richard Lander has performed for the African river we will accomplish for the Monthly Magazine;—we will discover the *source* of its power to the public!

Since the foundation of the new dynasty, (whom the muses grant long to reign!) our efforts have been unremittingly directed to the improvement of our internal policy, and the extension of our correspondence with foreign countries. We need not say that our endeavours have been crowned with the most triumphant success. We have an uneducated poet in every village from Clapham to the Land's End, and a contributor and friend in every town from the commercial money-getting Amsterdam, to the sunny and voluptuous home of the Neapolitans. Lander has been appointed our agent at Timbuctoo, and Captain Pogson among the Chittagongs. The present season has been styled particularly the season of knowledge. It has been our object to direct our attention especially to those quarters where instruction, though most needed, is very seldom adequately imparted. We allude to that class of men who, by some satirical writers, have been designated *Crowned Heads*.

Here we rejoice to say that our success has far exceeded our most ardent anticipations. Louis Philippe has ordered twenty copies of our magazine every month from Galignani, and the Shadow of the Universe, the celestial Tsing-tan-zea, has learnt English on purpose to read our miscellany. In China, the effects of our influence are becoming rapidly

manifest, both in a political and literary sense. Not only our own readers, but the British public generally, and Oriental scholars particularly, will be delighted and astonished to hear that Ma-twam-lin, the lineal descendant of the illustrious Ma-twam-lin, who compiled the great Chinese Encyclopædia, has actually signified his readiness to become a contributor. A short notice of this celebrated man, who has been introduced to us by that famous sinologist, M. Klaproth, will appear presently. We have no desire to occupy the reader's time with this preliminary introduction; but before we proceed to offer a list of some of our principal contributors, we would briefly mention, that, in order to facilitate the arrangement of our widely diffused correspondence, and for the more speedy consideration of the proposals which are now so frequently made to us, by the most distinguished literary characters of the day, we have come to the resolution of appointing *Monthly Meetings*, to be holden, until a suitable building shall be erected for that purpose, (for which we are happy to state his gracious Majesty has, with his usual beneficence, presented us with a large plot of ground in the Green Park,) at the rooms of our excellent friend, Mr. O'Gorman Morgan, in Pump-court, Temple. The business of the Magazine requiring the constant attention of one gentleman, we have the gratification of announcing, that Henry Fitzgibbon, Esq., who recently obtained the highest honours of the University of Cambridge, has, in the most generous manner, accepted the office of Secretary; henceforth, therefore, no letter or other paper, to which the signature of H. F. is not affixed, will be genuine.

A brief abstract of the resolutions which were unanimously agreed to at our last meeting, may not be uninteresting; and, indeed, it is to a certain degree necessary, for the understanding of our future proceedings.

Resolved,—I. That thanks be voted to the Editor and Contributors, for their unwearied assiduity in the promotion of the interests of the Monthly Magazine.

II. That the dutiful and humble thanks of this meeting be presented to his Majesty, King William IV., for his beneficent grant of a piece of ground, in the Green Park, for the erection of a house for the Contributors to the Monthly Magazine.

III. That a number of the Magazine, printed on superfine paper, be forwarded every month to his Majesty, and that Messrs. Whittaker and Co. be especially directed so to do.

IV. That Mr. Blore be requested to draw a plan for the proposed house, and that Mr. Haydon be engaged to paint some historical scenes on the walls of the banquetting chamber.

V. That a certain number of the Contributors do form themselves into a Committee, in order to receive the report of Mr. Blore, and determine accordingly.

VI. That Miss Fanny Kemble and Signora Rosa Mariani, be admitted honorary Contributors, and that the Secretary do acknowledge the *Dramatic Fragments* enclosed by the first-mentioned lady, and assure her of the respect of the club.

VII. That M. Meyerbeer be requested to convey to Mademoiselle Taglioni Mr. Algernon Sydney's warm gratitude, for the Italian poem so kindly addressed to him, and which, with the permission of the beautiful authoress, will be inserted in an early number.

VIII. That Mr. Varley, in consideration of his extraordinary talents, be appointed Astrologer to the club.

IX. That Mr. Pickersgill be appointed Portrait Painter, and Edward Finden Engraver, and it was ordered moreover that they do attend the next general meeting, for the purpose of receiving their appointment.

X. That no Contributor to 'Blackwood's' be admitted into the club.

XI. That no anonymous contributions be inserted.

XII. That Messrs. Drummond and Company be the Bankers of the club.

XIII. That Algernon Sydney, Esq., be nominated Poet Laureate, and that Messrs. Brothers and Richards, of Milton-street, Cripplegate, be desired to furnish him with fifty dozen of claret, and the same quantity of champagne, annually, and send in the bill thereof to the Secretary.

XIV. That the Epic poem, in fifteen books, upon the *Origin of the Christian Religion*, be returned to the author.

XV. That G. M.'s *article upon Lord L——t and other horned Animals*, be declined, as personal and libellous.

XVI. That £20 be presented to Mary Colling, on her approaching marriage with John Jones, and that a copy of Alison upon Taste be forwarded to Dr. Southey and Mrs. Bray, with a request that they will glance at the chapter which treats of poetical talent.

XVII. That a reward be offered for the apprehension of any person who has read through *Francis the First*, except Professors Milman and Wilson, and Dr. Maginn.

XVIII. That Mr. Montgomery's forth-coming (or rather fifth-coming) poem, be immediatcly reviewed in the Magazine.

XIX. That the author of 'Cavendish' be invested with the command of the Club's pleasure vessel, and that he be desired to have every thing in readiness for the coming season.

XX. That the Secretary do procure suitable apartments for the Club, at Cowes, during the Regatta.

XXI. That the Marquis of Londonderry's invitation to a Masqued Carnival, at Holderness House, be declined.

XXII. That the Duke of Devonshire's invitation to a grand dinner, on Wednesday next, be accepted.

XXIII. That Lord Chancellor Brougham's present of his forthcoming edition of *Paley's Evidences of Christianity* be placed in the library, and thanks for the same voted to his Lordship.

XXIV. That thanks be voted to Mr. Secretary Fitzgibbon, for his attentive and gentlemanly conduct.

(Signed)

HENRY FITZGIBBON, SEC.

Pump-Court, Temple, May 15, 1832.

In pursuance with the resolution just quoted, we proceed to subjoin the following list of our contributors, and we recommend our readers to peruse the characters very attentively, as in the course of papers of which this is the introduction, their several opinions of men and things will, of course, bear the impress of their several peculiarities, and for which the editor cannot be held altogether responsible.

PEREGRINE MARMADUKE WENTWORTH, ESQ.

F.* R. S. F. A. S. M. R. L. B. A. S. S. F.* L S.

Astronomer in ordinary to the Emperor of China, and Corresponding Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburgh. Fellow of the Physical Society of Bonn. Grand Cup Bearer to the Incas of Peru; and Secretary of Legation from the Emperor of Tartary to the Court of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mark O'Gorman Morgan, a barrister, with more eloquence than sense, and more enthusiasm than prudence, and more creditors than either. Mr. Morgan is a Bunyan in politics, and a Quixote in religion. He would please his friends better if he wrote nothing but poetry, and himself if he wrote nothing at all.

Thaddeus Melagowichz is a learned Pole, who may with truth be said to possess the *Gift of Tongues*. He reads in thirty languages, and speaks in twenty. He knows Hebrew, at least as well as Professor Hurwitz, and is as intimately acquainted with the niceties of the Sanscrit as Rammohun Roy himself. The acquirement of language has always been his ruling passion. He has recently spent nine years among a certain tribe in the most unexplored part of India, and has made himself master of their literature, for it seems that they abound in works of poetry, &c. Of these he intends to publish a translation, which, seeing that no European save himself understands a word of the dialect in which they are written, will be attended with little difficulty.

Algernon Sydney, the most beloved of all our contributors. He has the face of Adonis, with the muscular power of Hercules, and unites the sublimity of Dante to the tenderness of Moore. His life and conversation form one long amatory poem. He has a friend in every house, and a mistress in every street. He has written more poetry than would serve to make the funeral pile of an Indian woman, and said more beautiful things in one hour, than Coleridge and Southey in a week. His conversation, therefore, like his friendship, is invaluable, and we shall think that day the most mournful of our life in which we are deprived of either.

Ebenezer Mucklewrath is a perfect contrast to Sydney. He was dismissed from the Scottish church by a decision of the General Convocation, on account of the heresy of his opinions. He maintains the coming of the Millennium, and thinks that he shall then be reinstated in his former honours. But he is very learned, and unaffectedly pious, and in an article upon the Fathers, or in the examination of church property and interests, he is unrivalled. To a magazine like ours, upon whose exertions the happiness of 24,000,000 of human creatures (being the entire population of the United Kingdom) chiefly depends, such a contributor is of great value.

Oliphant Maxwell, like Captain Marryat's Pacha, is chiefly remarkable for the number of his *tales*. Sometime ago he entertained the idea of contracting with Mr. Colburn to furnish all the novels for the season, and we fully believe the negociation would have been satisfactorily concluded in favour of our friend, if a petition, signed by the majority of the romance writers of the day, had not induced him to alter his intention. Mr. Maxwell is far superior to the ordinary novelists of the day. If he could never have risen into the grandeur and metaphysical beauty of the "Disowned," he certainly could never have sunk into the inanity of "Almacks." As a magazine writer he is inimitable.

Mordaunt Harrison, surnamed the *Woman Hater*, is the able contributor of our historical and antiquarian articles, which Mr. Hallam pronounces almost equal to his own. Mr. Harrison is a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and recently presented a most valuable present to that Institution, in the autograph copy of Cæsar's *Commentaries*, accompanied with a dissertation, proving, beyond a shadow of doubt, the genuineness of the MS. We shall return to this able scholar presently.

Gerard Mortimer, the Pythagorean! We think it necessary to state that Mr. Mortimer is not Dr. Macknish, or in any way related to that gentleman. He never studied *drunkenness* with sufficient enthusiasm to enable him to publish an *anatomy* of it. Mr. Gerard Mortimer is, it may be confidently asserted, the most extraordinary character in existence. He has been now upon the earth, and taking an active share in its turmoil and misery, *more than two thousand four hundred years*. He was born at Athens in the same year as Sophocles, and in his youth was particularly distinguished by the friendship both of the author of the Odyssey, and his graceful and seductive rival, Euripides. He travelled with the latter poet into Egypt, and has preserved some very interesting memorials of the illustrious Plato, during his visit to that country. Unlike the wandering Jew, the Pythagorean's immense age has been passed under all the variations of nature, as well as of climate. For more than two thousand years he has been undergoing a continual succession of changes; at one time sitting with Socrates and Plato at the representation of the Orestes, and at another in the situation of a slave assisting to carry the baggage of the Persian army. His history is a perpetual antithesis!

He was by the side of Alexander the

Great when that triumphant warrior entered Babylon, and in a few years after a menial servant in the *museum* which Ptolemy (once his friend and companion in the train of the Macedonian monarch) had instituted at Alexandria! Thus his conversation is like a panorama, for he paints every incident of his life with a vigour and strength of colouring which carry back the listener, or rather the beholder (for the Pythagorean makes you *see* his descriptions) into the very age and among the people of which he is speaking. The efforts made to induce him to write his own history have at length proved successful, and we believe an arrangement has been concluded with Mr. Murray, for the early publication of *The History of a Pythagorean.*

Meantime Mr. Mortimer will occasionally favour us with a few of his reminiscences, and one who has a memory of twenty centuries, is not likely soon to tire either himself or his auditors. We shall not be accused of presumption in asserting, that such a contributor as this has never been hitherto known in the literary world.

Samuel Middleton, better known among his friends by the appellation of *Old Mortality*, is one of the most amusing and intelligent creatures in the world. He has attained his present age (ninety-eight) without the loss of any faculty by which he was characterised in his youth. Having flourished during the period which has been styled, *par excellence*, the Augustan age, his fund of anecdote is almost as entertaining as it is inexhaustible. He belonged to that celebrated club, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith were members. Of the author of the *Deserted Village* he preserves many interesting memorials; we may notice one particularly, viz., the identical pair of crimson breeches in which Goldsmith arrayed himself on the day appointed for his ordination, and which called down no very gentle rebuke upon the unfortunate poet. Old Mortality keeps them carefully folded up in silver paper, in a drawer strewn with lavendar, and which is also honoured by the presence of Thomson's wig and Johnson's walking-stick.

Mr. Middleton possesses, likewise, many precious inedited MSS. of Pope, Goldsmith, and Gay, and last, though certainly not least, a discourse of considerable extent, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, upon the *Colouring of the Grecian masters.* We have had the pleasure of perusing this singular composition, which is not more marked by the learning and ingenuity which it displays, than by the grace and elegance of the style. We have several papers of Mr. Middleton's in our hands, which are perfectly delightful, and running over with remembrances of the great men who are passed away. He well remembers the night the celebrated Porson was present at a ball given in the Lower Rooms in Bath, where his lank and uncombed tresses, and the peculiarity of his general appearance, made him an object of universal wonderment. Mr. King, the master of the ceremonies, entertained at one time serious thoughts of turning out the old Greek scholar, of whose name, it is needless to say, he was altogether ignorant.

The Honourable Adolphus Volant writes too little to entitle him to the fame of a contributor, but he is a glorious fellow, and we delight in numbering him among ourselves. Few persons have walked in the fire of temptation with so little infamy. It pleased the father of Adolphus Volant to leave him a handsome fortune, and Providence to endow him with a disposition capable of enjoying it. At the close of the year he has frequently not 20*l.* remaining at his banker's out of his 6,000*l.*, but then he has *spent* the money and not *squandered* it. And this we take to be a very logical distinction. He is voluptuous without being sensual, and a Sybarite without being effeminate. He decorates his person and improves the charms of his face, (which are great) not from vanity, but principle. He thinks that any gift of the Divine Maker, whether mental or corporeal, ought to be religiously cherished. A man of pleasure, but not a libertine, the Honourable Adolphus Volant derives his sensations of joy from the purer and least earthly feelings. Loved at Eton, and admired at Oxford, he has only to apply his talents to one particular object, in order to obtain the highest reputation. We confidently hope to see that day speedily arrive.

Janus Weathercock was a school-fellow of Volant's at Eton, and "kept" in the next rooms to him at Christ Church. If ever there was a man whose name is

symbolical of character, it is Mr. Weathercock. His mind is a modern Proteus, which is continually assuming some new shape. He hates every thing old, except his wine, and wishes every thing to be perpetually young, except his uncle. At Eton, the last edition of the Greek Grammar was in his opinion always the best, and at Oxford the wine-party which he attended on Saturday far exceeded in gratification that of the preceding Wednesday. This strange peculiarity has grown with his growth and ripened with his years. He idolizes the memory of Keats and Kirke White, because they died early, and has made up his mind to hate Godwin, because he hath completed his eightieth year.

No man ever had so many amusements and occupations as Mr. Janus Weathercock, or changed them with so little apparent difficulty. He puts off an old habit of thought or feeling, as Mr. Yates does a lady's maid's dress, and comes forward immediately, without the least hesitation, in a totally different character.

At Eton he was the first of his dame's "Eleven," and played in the matches at Lord's-ground. Day after day he might be seen with his large brimmed straw hat, toiling along the burning road to the cricket-ground, with two miserable fags carrying his bat and stumps. He was never, unless during school-hours, without his cricket jacket. He had six bats, all of which were christened by some endearing name; one was Mercandotti, another was Brocard, a third was Rosa, and a fourth Angelica. When he came to Oxford he was asked to belong to the University club, but he refused. Mr. Weathercock had given up cricket! He played at chess and read Pool's Synopsis. The abstract and metaphysical studies were alone, he said, worth the trouble of pursuit. He voted the river a bore, and laughed aloud at Milton and his mulberry tree. This was in the winter, and the following summer found Mr. Weathercock rowing against time from Westminster-bridge to Hammersmith, and writing a laudatory paper about Milton and his recently-discovered *Treatise of Christian Doctrine* in the Oxford Journal.

The mass of discordant information, thus obtained, could not be expected to act favourably upon the mind of Mr. Weathercock. And it did not—he began, like Milton, by belonging to every sect, and ended by belonging to none.

In what manner Mr. Weathercock subsisted during his early residence in the metropolis we do not know, but as he contributed to three magazines and seven newspapers, it may be fairly supposed that he could not have been many removes from starvation. When our acquaintance with Mr. Weathercock commenced a change had come over the spirit of his fortunes. A relation, who had amassed an immense fortune in the East Indies, suddenly died upon his return to England, (which, seeing that he had been absent for 36 years, was, to say the least of it, very unpatriotic) and most unaccountably left Mr. Weathercock sole heir to his fortune and estate. The effect produced by the intelligence upon the feelings of our friend may, in the expressive language of the newspapers, "be more easily imagined than described." His first act was to throw an article he was then writing for some magazine into the fire; and his second, to take a splendid mansion, which happened fortunately to be then vacant, in Grosvenor-square. Almost all Mr. Weathercock's peculiarities returned with his good fortune, and many new companions were added to the company. But upon these we cannot stop to dilate. In every room throughout the house you recognise the extraordinary, and, if we may so speak, *antithetical* taste of the accomplished proprietor. His library is, perhaps, the most sumptuous in England. It has been built, under his own superintendence, by Mr. Nash; and the windows, which are beautiful, have been painted from drawings expressly made by Stanfield and Grieve. Yet you cannot help regretting the want of harmony observable in the furniture. In one part, for instance, you see a magnificent marble table, with elaborately wrought gold legs, and exactly opposite to it an old shabby-looking arm-chair, which Mr. Weathercock says belonged to the poet Gay, and was purchased by him at Barnstable. His writing-table presents a similar scene of picturesque confusion. A ragged copy of Ovid's Metamorphoses, without covers, is lying upon Lady Emily Stratton's green morocco album: and a recently published *Treatise on the Art of Conversation* is neatly bound up with *Zimmerman on Solitude.*

We called upon Mr. Weathercock the other morning, and we found him with Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* open upon his knees, and one of Etty's naked females in his hand!

We trust that our readers will pass many happy hours in Mr. Weathercock's society, and we therefore the more readily break off abruptly in our sketch, being assured that no person will more enjoy the recital of his peculiarities than Mr. Weathercock himself; who, however he may change towards others, and however he may alter his opinion of literature and authors, has, we are proud to say, never ceased to entertain the same sentiments towards ourselves and the "Monthly."

The sunshine looked kindly in upon us like a friend, and right glad were we to welcome it. From the reader we can have no secret, and we willingly confess that our sufferings during the past month have been considerable. Nothing but the "Monthly Magazine" and the public anxiety have kept us alive. The East wind and the Duke of Wellington's protest gave us a tertian ague.—But still we wrote on. These are not days, said we, for "singing men and singing women" (always except Mrs. Wood and the German company, whom it is very improbable the Psalmist could have alluded to). The watchman must be continually going about the walls of the city, and trying all its bulwarks. Day after day our cheek grew paler, and our step more heavy and feeble. But the people of England were anxiously waiting for the Reform Bill and the Magazine, therefore we continued to write on unceasingly. We even for some time underwent the affectionate persecution of our friends—"My dear Marmaduke," said Algernon, "you should take some relaxation, you are quite exhausted—Canning is gone, Byron is gone, Sir Walter is going—we cannot afford to lose you."

"For my sake," softly whispered Lady Emily Seymour, "for my sake, dear Marmaduke, I beseech you to take care of your health," and as she pronounced these words, we felt an arm softer than the silver bloom of lilies upon our neck, and the beating of a gentle heart against our bosom. No man, save our friend the *Woman-Hater*, could refuse Emily anything, so we at once promised to join the party at the Star and Garter.

And the 21st of May is come at last, and the sun is laughing aloud with joy, and Hell-fire Dick, the celebrated Cambridge coachman (whom the club have hired to drive the omnibus) is shouting lustily at the door.—Then away to Richmond.

It is a very old saying, and a very true one, that pleasure is always accompanied by pain; and in the present case the saying was verified, for we had, in a moment of good nature, unwittingly promised to take up the contributors as we went along: we accordingly delivered a list of their various residences to the coachman, and off we went to Grosvenor Square.

A knock from the hands of our excellent conductor ——— soon brought Mr. Janus Weathercock's "gentleman" to the door.

To our great surprise and delight, Mr. Weathercock was ready, and away we went to Algernon Sydney's.

The moment we crossed the threshold of the poet's house, we seemed to breathe a different and purer atmosphere.—The air appeared to come from plantations of orange-trees, and to have been cooled by the upthrown silver of oriental fountains. Algernon was in his library, and so directing the servant not to announce us, we stepped gently along; as we approached the door of the library, we recognised the voice of Sydney in apparent conversation with some person. The servant had assured us

he was alone, so we stood still and listened for a moment; our friend was soliloquising to the following effect, as nearly as we remember.

"So thou art come at last, beautiful, beautiful May, and thine eyes are blue and thy tresses golden, and the sound of thy speaking honey-sweet as when I last beheld thee! Many a dark-plumed bird that hath long pined for thee in the cold wet grass by the field-side will lift up its little head, and open its bright brown eyes with joy at thy coming, and pour out its song of gladness at thy feet—but no heart can love thee more sincerely than mine, beautiful, beautiful May! Like a gentle and meek-faced sister dost thou visit me in the lonely and mournful cell of my earthly prison house! Sweetly hath the poet said of thee that thou shalt live for ever; age cannot dim the lustre of thine eye, years cannot hush the music of thy footsteps. Thou are still"—

Rhapsodising as usual, said we, breaking into our friend's library and his poetical apostrophe at the same instant.

Algernon Sydney (the reader could not hesitate for a moment in assigning the foregoing passage to our poet-laureate) was standing with his back to the door, with a bunch of flowers in one hand, and Spenser's Fairy Queene in the other. The abruptness of our salutation made him turn round, and he came forward to receive us with all the warmth of manner by which he is characterised.

"Hush! my dear Marmaduke, my favourite robin has just perched upon the window."—

"The *omnibus* has just driven up to the door," was our reply.

Sydney first looked at his robin and then at us; and having put the Fairy Queene into his pocket, and the bunch of flowers into his waistcoat, we descended the marble stairs together.

We will not stay to enumerate the difficulties we encountered in our kind office of taking up our contributors.—Some were not ready and some were not up;—Mr. Oliphant Maxwell was just finishing a romance, and the Pythagorean was occupied in an essay upon the Transmigration of Souls. At length, however, all was arranged, and we galloped along Piccadilly full of joy and anticipation. Old Mortality had brought Dr. Johnson's walking-stick with him, and the antiquary had kindly put in his pocket the manuscript of a very learned and lucid paper upon the *Physiognomy of the Nations of the Earth which existed before Adam*, and the dissertation was rendered still more interesting by some illustrative drawings from the pencil of the celebrated Blake.

"I have just thought of a riddle," suddenly exclaimed Mr. Weathercock.

"Let us hear it," we all cried.

"Why is Mr. Patrick Grant like a certain Hebrew Lawgiver?" *Answer*—"Because he commanded *The Sun* to stand still."

"I object to that pun as blasphemous," shouted Mr. Ebenezer Mucklewrath, rising with great warmth, "the judgment———

"Don't tread upon my stick, Mr. Mucklewrath," said Old Mortality, "my late friend Dr. Samuel ———"

"There is a very erudite and in every way delightful prolusion on this subject in the treatise of that illustrious Russian scholar Bowerskiwinz, *De Solis Ortu*, which —" the Antiquary was interrupted in his discourse by a loud shriek from the Woman-Hater.

"Treason and death—let me get out, that horrid Hell-fire Dick has taken a girl on the box—I have been ready to faint for this last half-hour without being able to divine the cause—let me out—let me out!"

After some difficulty we succeeded in pacifying Mr. ——— and having covered up his face with his handkerchief, he remained in silence during the rest of the journey.

The harmonious voice of Algernon broke upon the stillness—we were at the *Star and Garter* at Richmond!

A considerable number of the nobility and gentry who resided in the neighbourhood were waiting round the doors of the hotel to receive us, and testified their respect by waving of handkerchiefs and similar demonstrations of joy. Among the company we noticed Lord Leveson Gower and the Earl of Mulgrave, both of whom we invited to dine with us, which of course they gladly promised to do. After having partaken of a cold collation, we walked out into the fields, and having found a very beautiful beech-tree whose giant branches made a pavilion over our heads, we determined to sit down for a season.

"It reminds me of"— said Old Mortality.

"Bloomfield's *May-day with the Muses*," cried Algernon, finishing the sentence. "The scene around us is very picturesquely described in the following stanza—

Laid at the foot of some old tree, whose boughs
Leaf-laden, bent, their softened shadows wed
In the clear water, on whose surface ploughs
His venturous way the midge, with trailing thread:
The dusky spotted moth, his wings half-spread,
Goes flagging drowsily across the mire,
The Druid Echo slumbers over head,
A shrunk leaf wavers down untimely sere,
No sound that silence hears, but the rapt senses hear.

"Beautifully read," exclaimed Marmaduke.

"Deliciously written, you mean," returned Algernon, "to me it seems almost as good as that famous picture of summer silence by John Keats, *the Endymion*. I have extracted it from a poem called *The Solitary*, which is evidently the production of a young man and a poet. You know that I am fond of antitheses, but in this instance the figure is allowable. The Solitary is fuller of faults than beauties; but then the beauties are precisely of that order which is above the mediocrity of the day. The principal objection I take to the poem is, that it is not natural. I am quite certain that no person ever felt for so long a period, such extreme and unmitigated wretchedness. Mr. Whitehead, the author of the poem, may not, indeed, lay his head upon a pillow fringed with gold—few men of talent do!—but I confidently hope and trust that he is not so destitute of happiness, present and to come, as his verses would lead us to suppose. Let him read the *Pensées de Pascal*, particularly that article entitled *Misere de l'homme*, and if," continued Algernon, with a burst of feeling peculiar to himself, "the perusal of them shall be as influential upon his mind as it has been upon mine, I shall have reason to rejoice in my advice.

"But let me return for a moment to the poem itself, in order to gather a few flowers which I had marked out as especially deserving of being woven into a garland of true poesy.

"An evening scene—

Hark! the sad nightingale begins the strain,
And Echo, like a weary anchorite,
Sits crouching in the woods, mute in her own despite.

"And is not the following very picturesque?

All living things that own the touch of sleep,
Are beckon'd as the wasting moments wear,
Till one by one, in valley, or from steep,
Unto their several homes, they and their shadows creep.

"But I will send you a short paper about The Solitary, for though I write verses myself, I thank God that I am not jealous, and above all things I love to write a young poet into reputation."

"By the bye, Marmaduke," said Weathercock, pulling a paper from his waistcoat, "I have a hunting song here, which, I think, deserves a place in your magazine—shall I read it to you?"

"Oh, certainly."

TURNING OUT.

There's a gathering of men, by Runny Glen,
The music of hound and horn,
And the gallant cry of a hundred men
On the merry wind of morn.
There's a trampling of feet, a shaking of reins,
As the cheering sound rings past:
The wild breeze plays with the horses' manes,
The forelock with the blast.
Each heart is light, each eye is bright,
Not a shade of grief or care;
Voices and songs—but ere fall of night,
Not a whisper will be there.

Playfully soft is the filly's bound,
Her rider a lovely girl,
She looks around at each gleeful sound
Of the breeze that fans her curl;
Her spirit is gladsome and fancy-free,
Her journey of life is new—
She thinks not what earth in its winter may be,
Who walketh in its dew!
Away! Away! the cry is breaking
From meadow and wood and tree;
Sweetest bird, of the morning's waking,
My heart says—away—to thee!
They are pouring down the green hill's side
With a sound like far-off thunder,
Or an army with banners floating wide,
Beating the fresh grass under.
The branches quiver the hedges beside,
As the living whirlwinds go;
Not a word—not a look—not a breath, as they ride
On their foaming steeds—Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

(Here, we regret to say, four lines are wanting.)

They are out of sight—and I stand alone,
With no voice of love to cheer me;
The huntsman's echoing cry hath flown,
And no human form is near me.

Thus in the joy of our boyhood day
For the glory of life we run,
And we roam a long and weary way,
And we deem the guerdon won;
But we gaze around, and they who started
Laughing aloud in hope and pride—
Oh, where are the merry band departed?—
They are vanished from our side.

It was now three o'clock, and every thing around us appeared to be lulled by the balmy influences of the weather; ever and anon the soft south wind gently agitated the branches of the old tree, and then the light was shaken from the leaves like silver rain upon our faces, but we closed our eyes for a moment and the wind died away, and the green shadows of the foliage were about us like a curtain. Sydney lay on the grass by our side, with the Fairy Queene spread open before his eyes.

For a few minutes we were again silent, and nothing was heard but the voice of the thrush in the distant wood, and the sound of Old Mortality's stick as he sought to beat down a party of gnats which pertinaciously persisted in buzzing around him.

"Have you written any poetry lately, Algernon?"

"I have a little song with me which I will read to you," and our friend incontinently read, or rather recited, the following.

Oh, gently passed the hours along,
I had no thought of care or sorrow,
I lulled the night to sleep with song,
Till sunshine woke it on the morrow.
I saw you, and I soon forgot
To sing the night to sleep, Mary—
When thy sweet eyes were closing not,
How could I think of sleep, Mary?

I used to be at summer time
Upon the grass, while in the flowers
The birds did chaunt their pleasant chime
To evening's silver footed hours.
I saw thee, Mary, and the bird
And the song are gone together;
How can my pining heart be stirred
Away from thee, by bird or weather?

The other day I learned to dream
Upon the poet's golden book,
While ever o'er each leaf a gleam
From her bright urn my fancy shook;
But thou art with me—minstrel's thought
Is all an idle thing to me.
Alas! how can I think of aught
By poet sung, when watching thee.

Algernon had scarcely finished the last verse, when we heard the tramp of a horse coming at full speed along the road, and, on looking up, we beheld, to our consternation and dismay, one of the messengers of our Printer! Leaping from the grass with an impetuosity that brought back the Antiquary from the antediluvians, we ran forward to meet the man, who put the following epistle into our hands:

"Mr. Bradbury's respects to Mr. Marmaduke Wentworth, and begs to inform him that the press is standing, and that time is pressing; Mr. B. hopes Mr. M. will send back the *Anniversary* by the bearer.—Mr. Bradbury is particularly anxious to have the Magazine ready in time, because he understands that additional orders for 1000 copies have been received by the publishers."

We could not help thinking our printer's note more punningly pleasant than was necessary—but, however, we had no alternative but of sending as much of our Anniversary as was finished. If there be time enough to digest our dinner, and write an account of it, we will of course forward it (the account) immediately.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The transition from the fool to the bully is neither so violent nor so uncommon as some people imagine. The small rubicon of a bottle of port once passed, and the ci-divant blockhead becomes, on the instant, the foul-mouthed boaster, who, for the opportunity of venting his abuse, will go as far out of his way as the drunken fellow who reels from the Freemasons' Tavern, and makes for St. Stephen's Chapel by the route of St. Giles's.

It was amusing, to say the least of it, to remark the other night the impotent fury of two more illustrious lords than any since the patents of Noodle and Doodle were made out. My Lords Winchelsea and Kenyon consider it most atrocious of Lord Grey to think of acting upon principle, or to resign his post as Minister when he found he could no longer hold it with honour. Lords Winchelsea and Kenyon had no idea of such a thing, and we devoutly believe would never have acted as Lord Grey has done. One of these specimens of aristocracy would not be questioned, and the other cannot suffer himself to be interrupted; as though impudence and scurrility were to be passed over because the wine is bad, or my Lord is the worse for it.

If these two noble lords were to form the standard of respectability, talent, and decency, by which any choice of new peers was to be regulated, we think that the creation would be a very small one. It was, doubtless, an intimate knowledge of some of his noble friends, that suggested to Lord Carnarvon the possibility that Lord Grey would have recourse to the bellman, when he made a new batch. By such means alone could he procure an opponent of Winchelsea or a rival to Kenyon.

The Schoolmaster at Home,—We are continually hearing of the schoolmaster being abroad, but he now appears likely to be at home, as we read the other day of a benevolent Quaker having established and endowed within the last five years a number of schools, principally in the county of *Bucks*, containing upwards of five thousand pupils. Now that such a number of children should have been without a prospect of education in a county over which so enlightened a statesman and legislator as his *Grace* the Duke of Buckingham exercises such paramount influence, appears to us enigmatical. All the world knows that the *second best Duke* in all the world, and his family, have received more from the government annually than the *whole county pays in taxes*, although his *Grace* is forced to be destrained upon for his poor-rates. But perhaps the Noble Duke's motto is

"Darkness, be thou my light,—evil, be thou my good."

However, leaving the Noble Duke out of the question, we think this grim Napoleon of the realms of education, ought to make the Education Societies blush most prodigiously in the midst of their ratiocinative argumentation, respecting expediting proselytism and the rights of the church. We have a National School Society, with an income of £50,000 per year, and an anti-national with five or six thousand at their command, and yet there is room for the exertions of such a man in one county within twenty miles of the first city in the world. Surely there is something indeed rotten in the state of Denmark, to permit this—and we fully expect to hear that the truly *noble* man who has been so busy in teaching

the young idea how to do as the sporting parsons do, (*i. e.* shoot,) has been poisoned, for he

> " Blurs the very blush of modesty,
> Calls parsons hypocrites, takes off the rose
> From the fair forehead of an *innocent church*,
> And plants a school-room there; makes bishops' vows
> As false as dicers' oaths. Oh! such a man
> Would from the body of the hierarchy pluck
> The very soul, and state religion make
> A rhapsody of words."

Bishop Porteus said that education was the palladium of civil and religious liberty, and the bulwark of the constitution. The tories say he meant university education—education in high church doctrines—rights of tythe—the ninth shock—the tenth sheaf.

KING WILLIAM'S SOLITUDE.—We have read of a mighty monarch, who, in the very summer of his prosperity and power, retired from the pomp and magnificence of a court into the silence and humility of a monastic institution. Even in the present day, when the schoolmaster's legs are outstretched, like those of the Colossus at Rhodes, from Shadwell to the Land's End, it may not be altogether unnecessary to say, that we allude to Charles the Fifth. With the secret politics of the Spanish court we are only partially acquainted, but we think it reasonable to conclude, that the Emperor's retirement was caused in a great measure by the unkind and unexpected resignation of his ministers. If Apsley-house had stood in Madrid, *this* would not have been the case. The Duke of Wellington would not have suffered his royal master to remain *alone*. We are brought to this conclusion, by the magnanimous conduct manifested by his Grace upon Lord Grey's resignation. Our excellent King was left *alone*; he experienced in his own person the force of Byron's description of solitude. Where then should he look for succour and assistance? The arms of the hero of Waterloo were open to receive him! The Duke of Wellington had read the bible, (in his school-boy days) and knew that it was not good for man to be alone; he remembered the saying of Balzac, that solitude was a pleasant thing, but that it was far more delightful to have some one to whom we might say that solitude is a pleasant thing. Said the Duke to himself, " I will be that man to his Majesty! The King is alone, and I will be with him; he is deserted, but I will comfort him—he is surrounded with dangers, but I will protect him!" Yes, he who had professed himself averse to all reform, now declared his readiness to bring in a *strong measure* of reform; he who had designated the Bill, in his protest, the commencement of revolution, was willing to receive it with the kiss of brotherly love and fellowship. And why?—not because the Premiership of England is any thing; not because the patronage in the Church is any thing—not because the government of the army, and the consequent ability to reward long tried bravery and moral excellence in Major Dundas and his friends is any thing. No!—simply because the King was left alone! Down to the dust, Lord Chatham! Cover up your face for ever, Sir John Pym!—what have ye to do with patriotism? The Duke is the only true patriot—the only apostle of justice and truth in the land. Sir Robert Inglis did certainly hesitate to become a member of the noble warrior's administration; Sir Robert Peel did certainly somewhat demur to the Secretaryship of the Home Department;

Mr. Baring was not very enthusiastic in his attachment to the Exchequer. What does that matter? The Duke of Wellington has achieved a greater victory than that upon the plains of Waterloo. He has persuaded his mind to consent to its own degradation. He has bound his remaining virtue in an everlasting chain of evil fellowship to his ambition.

Mysterious Circumstance at Marlborough-street.—We beg not to be considered responsible for the perfect truth of the following occurrence:—

A cabriolet driver, according to the newspaper report, was brought before Mr. Laing, charged with being impudent. The man called his master, who gave him a good character, and accounted for his present ill-conduct by the fact of his having taken too much liquor, adding—"when the liquor's in, your Worship knows the wit is out."

"I know the proverb," replied the Magistrate, "but it is my duty to see that the liquor is kept *out* and the wit *kept in*."

We could much sooner suppose the reporters guilty of falsification, than Mr. Laing the author of the foregoing remark. It has a *naiveté* about it which never could have emanated from Marlborough-street. We have heard of a miser whose friend actually saw him put some money into a plate at the church-door, but yet could not believe the circumstance. Had we been in the police-office at the time, we should, in like manner, have doubted our own ears. No, it cannot be true! When that wandering vagabond intellect has reached Marlborough-street, its march will indeed be at an end for ever.

Regal Pastime.—Of all the extraordinary fancies with which the brain of Royalty has teemed to forward the rising generation in the grand career of moral and intellectual improvement, none appear to us so little likely to answer such gracious and benevolent intentions as those several annual congregations of the younger scions of nobility, known by the endearing epithet of juvenile balls. This description of philanthropy we believe may date its origin from the known *good taste* of the last reign, and certainly a more ingenious system could hardly be devised, for instructing a child in all the elaborate mysteries of coxcombry and exclusiveness. To those who delight in the study of human nature, and more particularly the more amiable portions of it, such an unnatural exhibition must be inexpressibly painful. The early development of the most hateful passions which such unprofitable rivalry invariably calls forth, is sufficiently manifested by these petticoat princes; while the seeds of coquetry and affectation thus early sown in the bosom of the infantile female, exhibit themselves in a manner of which the following instance will convey the best idea:—One of these Lilliputians in long clothes, throwing herself languishingly upon a sofa, on her return from church, cried to her mother, "I really must decline going to church in future, at least we must have our places changed." "Why so, my dear?" asked her astonished parent. "Because there is a person in an adjoining pew who stares at me like a *pest*, and I do assure you, Mamma, I never gave him *the slightest encouragement*." This incipient coquet had attained to the respectable age of *seven* years.

The example of royalty has of course produced a crowd of imitators. The eldest daughter of a gentleman in Russell Square, aged six, received a card which ran thus:—"Miss B———, at Home at 7—Punch at 8—Quadrilles." It was for the same evening,—rather short notice to be sure,

for a fashionable assemblage. It elicited the following reply, the father being somewhat of our way of thinking in these matters :—"Miss R—— presents her compliments to Miss B——, and regrets to say, that she is to be well whipped at 7 and in bed by 8 !"

ROYAL RESPECT TO ANCIENT RIGHTS.—At the recent levée an address was presented from the conservatives of Richmond; and his Majesty, having graciously received the address, was pleased to return an answer in the following words :—

"GENTLEMEN,—Having understood that an address was this morning to be presented from my loyal subjects of Richmond, *I have put on this uniform to receive it;* a uniform which I have a *right* to wear as Duke of Lancaster and a descendant of Henry the Seventh, from whose title as Earl of Richmond your town *derives* its name."

Thus we see how eager royalty is to assert even the least important and the longest dormant of its rights, even down to the right of wearing a particular uniform, as a descendant of Henry the Seventh. To keep up a uniformity of right respecting uniforms, we should recommend those who address his Majesty to insist upon putting on caps of liberty, which they have doubtless a right to wear as descendants of the subjects of Alfred the First; notwithstanding the change that has come o'er the spirit of the dream, in which we saw a new Alfred shaking off the fetters of the nobles, and throwing himself upon the generous affection of a too-confiding people.

ORNITHOLOGY AND OLIGARCHY.—"The attacks," says a modern naturalist, "made by swallows and all manner of small birds upon hawks, shrikes, polecats, and indeed all animals of prey, must have met the observation of almost every person; all the weakest and most helpless birds of a neighbourhood uniting in a body to drive the invaders away." Buffon further remarks, "Were we only to study nature, and take hints from her most wonderful operations, we should be surely both happier, wiser, and better." Shall man be less wise than birds? The "bishops" in society may be compared to the cormorant among the class *aves*. The rector, tearing his tythe from the poor famished, half-ruined farmer, is he not like the "great shrike," or butcher-bird, impaling his victim upon a thorn, and plucking it piece-meal? And the owl, gorging upon

"Rats and mice and such small deer,"

is he not like the surly boroughmonger, entrenched in his rotten burgh of ruined stone, falling upon his human prey, and feeding his young upon the life, sinews, "marrow bones and all," of his countrymen?

The political unionists and reformers of all classes seem to have taken the hint at last; but nature has been preaching this self-same doctrine for six thousand years. They have found the secret of success; they have combined and clubbed their powers; and the flocks of "swallows and small birds" have at length prevailed over the rapacious and the strong.

THE PATH OF DUTY.—"The path of duty," says that coadjutor of Bishops, the pious Mrs. Trimmer, in an exordium upon one of the thirty-nine articles, "is the same for rich and poor, for serf and lord. Authority, delegated by *God Himself*, creates the law, power upheld by God *sustains* the same, and rank, which is some sort of a semblance to thrones and dominions in heaven, *dignifies it*—and it is as much the duty of the rich

and powerful to be zealous in the enforcement of the law, as it is for the lower orders to obey it. But, let it not *be forgotten*, the virtue of obedience is *greater than all other virtues.*" Here we have the essence of all ethics, and the patriotic razor-grinder of Maidstone, who refused to sharpen the swords of the dragoons, is, consistently with this doctrine, placed in the situation of the clown in "As you like it," damned all on one side like an ill-roasted egg. In accordance with these divine principles of "passive obedience and non-resistance," is the reply of Lord Grimstone to Mr. Varney, who wrote to his lordship as captain of the Herts Yeomanry, to inform him that on the rejection of the Bill by the Lords, he "never, if ordered, could raise his hand against his fellow countrymen, who are seeking their just rights and privileges." This was the reply:

"Sir,—I am *extremely glad* that you wish to leave the Cashio troop of Yeomanry, as it appears that you never intended to *perform your duty* if called upon.

"I have written to Mr. Warwick, of the Woolpack, to receive your arms and accoutrements.

"Grimston."

Of course it is the *duty* of every man bearing arms, and all yeomanry troops in particular, to imitate the yeomanry of Manchester, and to cut down the people, *sans ceremonie*,—to carve the "path of duty" through the bosoms of Englishmen. We should advise the noble lord to publish a new edition of the "Whole Duty of Man," for the benefit of the Herts yeomanry.

The Beauty of Holiness.—The following clerical advertisements, copied from a respectable Tory print, and the succeeding paragraph, will give a slight idea of the beauties of our episcopal system:

"A choice collection of sermons, original, and in MS., which have not been recently used, the author having for some time retired from his sacred duties. Also a *superior capital double-barrelled gun*, with detonating locks, by Romford, and duplicated common locks, fitted in a mahogany case: they will be sold a great bargain, and left for inspection, &c."

"Wanted an immediate presentation to a living, value not less than £600 per annum, in a good sporting country, where there are at least three twins out per week, and other conveniences to an admirer of the turf. Any nobleman or gentleman having such at his disposal, may find a purchaser, by applying by letter, post-paid, to G. G., Post-office, Windsor."

Having shewn the beauty of Holiness, we shall, in the succeeding paragraph, show the reward of Piety.

The curate of one of the most populous parishes in the diocese of Durham, who is still living, has occupied that situation for thirty years. During nearly two-thirds of the time he read prayers every day, and read prayers and preached twice every Sunday, sometimes thrice, and performed all the occasional parochial duties, both on Sundays and during the week. It is calculated that he has baptized and buried, *in propria persona*, the whole population, 20,000, once over; he has had nine children, has been forty-one years in the church, and for three-fourths of that period never received more on an average than £40 per annum.

Now we have as great an objection to see a minister of religion ill used in the performance of his duties as any one, but in the face of such facts as these, who, as a professed upholder of such iniquities, could say "Lovest thou me?" and expect in the present times patient hearing.

But when in addition to this we have the abominable system of tythes, of pluralities, and simony, and at the same time a bishop, a professed friend of such iniquities, steps forward into the pulpit, and takes for his text "Lovest thou me?" is it at all wonderful that his hearers should manifest a negative. Who could resist answering such an appeal?—The very stones, save those of Gatton and Old Sarum, would have risen and mutinied.

THE FUSILEER AT FAULT.—THE Fitzclarences are to be ranked among the most striking features of the past month. The part which her Majesty has been foolishly and mischievously persuaded to take in the political intrigues of the Court, first called the public attention to the family of the King—a circle in which the Earl of Munster was observed to move as conspicuously, as superior tact in dissembling, and a more than courtly degree of duplicity, could render him. We are far fromagreeing with thosewho have judged it necessary,—first because she is a tory, and next (which is held to be by far the foulest crime) that she is a German—to heap insult on the Queen's head. We conceive her Majesty to be only "labouring in her vocation," and can readily forgive her both for her folly and her foreign breeding. But we are not so ready to extend endurance and pardon to those, who, having been bred in this country, and fostered indirectly, if not directly, by its bounty, are now rapidly climbing into "bad eminence," and forgetting in their miserable half-royalty the rights and feelings of that people, from an humble class of which they have been enabled by great good luck to rise. The Fitzclarences, we look upon with no "favour," but can only wish for a "clear stage" of them. Of their arrogance and presumption, private instances are not wanting to add to the public examples which, so far as the Earl of Munster is concerned, the past month has abundantly supplied. We shall relate a specimen of the manner which these demi-royalists carry with them into society, and of the spirit of reprimand which it sometimes engenders.

One of the Fitzclarences, who holds a high rank in the Seventh Fusileers, happened to be dining with the mess of that regiment, when the adjutant—a gentleman who had not acquired that dexterity and precision in the art of carving, which, among other important accomplishments, are possibly essential to complete success in certain of the higher walks of life—was called upon to perform some anatomical ceremony of the table. The deficiency of the non-professor of carving caught the eye of the cultivated and court-bred colonel, who judged it gentlemanly immediately to display some little indications of contempt for a person so sadly wanting in the grand art of dissection. Some particular instance of failure at last prompted him to say, with a flippancy worthy of the folly of the sentiment,—"My *father* says, that he considers excellence in carving to be the criterion of the habits of a gentleman." The insult was not suffered to pass without its reply; for quietly pausing in his labour, and significantly fixing his eye upon the colonel, the unpractised carver proceeded to shew that he could speak "daggers," if he could not use knives, by coolly inquiring, "*And pray, Sir, what may be your Mother's opinion upon that head?*"

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

KLOSTERHEIM; OR THE MASQUE. BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM EATER. BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH; AND CADELL, LONDON.

THE scene of this tale is laid in the thirty years' war, a period admirably adapted for the romance writer; since war in its most dreadful colours desolated the land, superstition had gained a strong hold upon the minds of the people, and the most extraordinary events daily occurred, of which a sufficient idea may be formed by a perusal of the burning pages of Schiller.

We hardly know how to give an analysis of Klosterheim with anything like brevity and distinctness, since the events of the tale are so numerous, and succeed each other so rapidly. The language in which it is written is very beautiful; the plot is deep-laid,—in fact, it becomes intricate; for the author so completely enwraps his subject in mystery, that he finds considerable difficulties in its development. The Landgrave of X——— is master of Klosterheim, which he obtained by the murder of a relation; and the chief interest of the tale arises from the numerous plots that are formed against him; and more particularly from the mysterious agency of an unknown individual who calls himself the masque. This masque was sometimes seen, but more generally revealed his purposes by his proclamations. He enters houses whenever he pleases, neither doors nor bolts obstructing him; persons disappear, no one knowing in what manner; in fact, the whole city is panic-stricken. At a grand masqued ball given at the palace, this mighty individual is at last revealed; and as his description will serve to convey some idea of the style of the work, we will extract it.

'He had been leaning against a marble column, as if wrapped up in reverie, and careless of every thing about him. But when the dead silence announced that the ceremony was closed, that he only remained to answer for himself, and upon palpable proof—evidence not to be gainsayed—incapable of answering satisfactorily; when in fact it was beyond dispute that here was at length revealed, in bodily presence, before the eyes of those whom he had so long haunted with terrors, the masque of Klosterheim—it was naturally expected that now at least he would shew alarm and trepidation; that he would prepare for defence, or address himself to instant flight.

'Far otherwise!—Cooler than any other person beside in the saloon, he stood, like the marble column against which he had been reclining, upright, massy, and imperturbable. He was enveloped in a voluminous mantle, which at this moment, with a leisurely motion, he suffered to fall at his feet, and displayed a figure in which the grace of an Antinous met with the columnar strength of a Grecian Hercules,—presenting, in its *tout ensemble*, the majestic proportions of a Jupiter. He stood—a breathing statue of gladiatorial beauty, towering above all who were near him, and eclipsing the noblest specimens of the human form which the martial assembly presented."

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE. BY C. P. ELLIOT, ESQ. COLBURN AND BENTLEY, 1832.

WITH certain letters of credit in his pocket-book, an inkhorn in his pouch, a ream of paper in his portmanteau, and a calm determination to fill it before his return to England, our author reaches Amsterdam on the 24th of June, 1830; and lo! about the 31st of October in the same year, finds himself again in London, having, in the space of four months, travelled over Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia and Saxony! And now a bulky volume is presented to us, for no other reason that we can discover, except the laudable desire on Mr. Elliot's part to pay his travelling expenses.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Elliot's book is not readable; but ere it stand any chance of complete perusal, it will be necessary to find some one who has never happened to meet with a single book of travels in the countries so hastily visited by our author. But there is a class of readers who, either from a defect of memory, or an earnest desire to authenticate the previous statements of others, are never weary of volumes of this description. To such we especially recommend this volume.

CALABRIA, DURING A MILITARY RESIDENCE OF THREE YEARS; IN A SERIES OF LETTERS. BY A GENERAL OFFICER OF THE FRENCH ARMY. FROM THE ORIGINAL M.S. EFFINGHAM WILSON, 1832.

THE volume before us consists of a series of Letters addressed by a French Officer to his father, during a period of three years, viz. from November, 1807, to October, 1810. The title-page of the work gives us to understand that they were written by a General Officer of the French Army. This statement, which may be true, is, nevertheless, calculated to deceive the public. The boyish epistles of Sir Arthur Wellesley might, with equal propriety, be published as a series of letters by Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

The period of our author's residence in the Calabrias, however prolific of interesting events—from the abdication of Joseph to the accession of Murat, and from thence until the abandonment of his expedition against Sicily—is one upon which the writer expends very little additional information. The battalion to which he belonged was sent into the Calabrias for the purpose of exterminating the brigands, and the present letters are devoted almost exclusively to a description of the wild and romantic country through which he passed from Naples to Reggio.

We have no doubt whatever of the faithfulness with which the author has sketched his descriptions, although we cannot pay him the compliment to call them vivid, as the translator in his preface has chosen to designate them. The reader will, however, be repaid by a perusal of these letters; and when it is remembered how little of this wild and mountainous region is known, we may well be grateful for any account of a country endeared to us by so many classical associations.

MANUAL FOR EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA. BY CALVIN COTTON, A.M. OF AMERICA. WESTLEY AND DAVIS, 1832.

A LITTLE book worth the perusal of those who feel the necessity of leaving the homes of their fathers to seek a better fortune on the other side of the Atlantic. We would, however, advise the author, should the public demand a second edition, to deal somewhat more in a matter-of-fact way; and to omit many of those very general remarks which are better suited to such professional works as school geographies and gazetteers.

A little more attention to consistency would, also, not be amiss. For instance, we are told in one place, that "the government of the Canadas is, probably, the best and most grateful of any of the British provinces in the world;" and he proceeds to inform us, that the government at home has endeavoured to remove, as much as possible, all occasion of dissatisfaction, and to make their own subjects contented with a comparison of their own condition with that of their neighbours of the United States. And yet in another place he tells us, that from present probabilities, the number of emigrants to the Canadas in the present year, (1832), will be not less than 100,000; of whom much more than a moiety, he considers, will pass directly through the Canadas to the United States, principally from the disappointments and discouragements they are likely to meet with on their first arrival.

We have a right to expect more minute information than we meet with under the head of "The Value of Labour and General Expenses of Living in the United States," which are not to be comprised in three small pages; and we think there is very little use in informing the emigrant, although the truth of the assertion cannot be questioned, "that if a man disburses £5 a week for his food, lodging, clothing, and other needful comforts, and receives for his services £15, he can lay up 10!"

THE EXTRAORDINARY BLACK BOOK. LONDON: EFFINGHAM WILSON, 1832.

THE Black Book is, indeed, "an Encyclopedia of English Politics." We know of no work which contains so vast a body of information alike useful to all classes—from a "Patriot King" to the industrious operative. The present edition is greatly enlarged, and the errors unavoidable in a work of this nature and extent have been carefully corrected.

Gleanings in Natural History. By Edward Jesse, Esq. 1 Vol. 8vo. John Murray, 1832.

The study of natural history is at once a source of delight to the curious, and of satisfaction and comfort to the devout. If a contemplation of the works of nature supply the sceptical physiologist (if such a man there be) with incessant food for reflection, and afford exhaustless objects, whereby the mechanical arts may be improved and increased; how much more important and interesting must the study be to him who beholds in all things—from the wonderful creation of the human being, to the fleeting ephemera of a summer's day—types, and symbols, and proofs of the existence, of the power, and of the mercy of God.

We have been much pleased with Mr. Jesse's little book. In his very modest preface, the author says that his work has no pretensions to science, and fears that its arrangement may be considered defective. There is no cause for any fear of the kind, and we thank Mr. Jesse for his non-pretension to science. Unfortunately, subjects of this nature are often treated too scientifically, and with the exception of "Mr. White's Natural History of Selborne," and "the Journal of a Naturalist," we know of few books that can be put into the hands of those previously ignorant of the subject, with a certainty of their entire perusal.

This small work, however, is calculated to become extensively popular, and we have no fear lest any one should be found to whom any part or portion of the book would be of no interest. If such a being could be detected, we should forthwith proceed to examine, and, if possible, ascertain the idiosyncracy of the animal; and should eventually class him as one of a genus whose appropriate designation had as yet not been ascertained.

The Radical; an Auto-biography. By the Author of "The Member," &c. James Fraser. London: 1832.

When a man assumes the ironical, the sarcastic, or the satirical—it is indispensable to his success that he appear to be at home in his new vocation. Mediocrity damns—twaddle extinguishes him. Marsyas was not scourged with a skein of thread, by a palsied elderly person with the cramp in his elbow—neither is Lord Chancellor Brougham to be sneered into insignificance by Mr. Galt.

Two hundred pages of more wretched stuff we never had the misfortune of reading, than the nauseous mixture prepared for us by the author of "The Member." Mr. Nathan Butt, the supposed auto-biographer and "Radical," is no more a radical than an ultra-tory. He is a poor creature, accountable to Mr. Galt for all the nonsense he utters; and they may divide it between them in equal shares, if they are so disposed.

The thing may do well enough as a means of currying favour with the Conservative Club—conservative of its own interests at the expense of the nation; but Mr. Galt may depend upon it that such contemptible trash is welcome to none beside. If the author fondly hopes to impede the progress of a steam engine with a straw, we recommend him to search the stubble for something of a sterner material.

The Elements of Mechanics. By J. R. Young. *John Souter.* 1832.

Mr. Young is already well known to the public, as the compiler of several highly esteemed works of arithmetical science. Foreigners are continually boasting of the great inferiority of our works of this kind, compared with their own; and with greater reason, perhaps, of the little progress made among the mass of our countrymen. We must partially admit the truth of the latter stigma, but the fault has been in the enormous expense attendant on the production of such works, contrasted with the outlay required to get them up on the continent.

Mr. Young is entitled to the best thanks, and to the liberal patronage of the public for his labours. He has condensed into a small volume as much as, a few years ago, have occupied four times as much space, and at one-fourth the expense to purchasers.

THE MICROSCOPIC CABINET. BY ANDREW PRITCHARD. LONDON: WHITTAKER & Co. 1832.

THE object of the present work is to describe a number of select Aquatic Larox of Insects, Crustacea, and Animalcules, and to present accurate delineations of them, as seen through the microscope. The principal merit of the book is this—that it selects a variety of living objects that have never been before described, and depicts faithfully many others that have hitherto been most incorrectly represented.

The plates are beautifully coloured, and the descriptions are elaborately written in a plain and familiar style. The author need not solicit indulgence for any "want of finish" in his writings.

A very excellent memoir on "the Verification of Microscopic Phenomena," and another "on Microscopes and Engiscopes," occupy a considerable portion of the volume. They are contributed by Dr. Goring, a gentleman in conjunction with whom Mr. Pritchard published the Microscopic Illustrations.

It will be sufficient to observe, that the present work is in every respect worthy of its predecessor.

A QUEER BOOK. BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD. W. BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH. 1832.

MR. HOGG has published so many queer books in his time, that it is somewhat hard upon the present volume to call it by a name to which many of his previous productions have a much better claim. The worthy shepherd has collected into a very seductive and eye-enticing volume, a variety of poems, of all degrees of merit, except the first; a great many of which we have met with before in Blackwood's Magazine, and in the several annuals to which he has contributed.

Although Mr. Hogg is no more to be compared to Burns, than the latter is to be placed with Shakespeare, yet is the shepherd a man of undoubted genius. It is impossible to read this book without a conviction of his being so. He is gifted with an extraordinary fancy, and with some imagination—but the result of their operation is manifested too often with the vague indistinctness of a feverish dream. His colours are vivid, but he draws a poor picture. There is a world of fine things spoiled in every thing that the shepherd attempts, and he has cultivated a sorry and dismal doggrel instead of a significant and harmonious versification.

Nevertheless, there are many poems in the volume that will repay the reader the expense of the book, and we heartily wish the author success. We fear that the shepherd has hardly found the trade of literature a source of more profit than vexation. If he has, we congratulate him upon it.

THE BIRDS OF EUROPE, BY I. GOULD.

THE Birds of Europe form one of the most interesting portions of Ornithology, that can engage the attention of the student. In defining the birds peculiar to our native island, it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw a line, the boundaries of which shall be strictly circumscribed; but we are, as it were, naturally and unavoidably led by following so many of our own across the channel, as well as by the occasional visits of strangers to our own shores, to break down in our minds the wall of partition, and collect into one view the kindred species—thus making ourselves not only acquainted, in a better sense, with our own birds, but enabling ourselves to follow, through a wider circle, the links by which species and genera are connected. Such is the object of the splendid work, the first part of which is now before us;—a work which we have long desired to see, and which could not have been undertaken by an abler individual than the author of "the Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains." Beautiful as is that work, it is, we affirm, far exceeded by the present, which moreover possesses the double advantage of giving a sheet of most interesting descriptive letter-press with each plate; thus presenting to the student at once the bird and all that science and research have hitherto ascertained respecting it, together with those original remarks which the author's extensive and accurate acquaintance with the subject, so well qualifies him to offer.

In truth to nature and spirited delineation, the plates exceed any thing of the kind as yet offered to the scientific. We select at random the red-legged falcon, as pre-eminently distinguished by ease, vigour, and chasteness of colouring; nor, as we turn the leaves, can we refrain from pausing to admire those most interesting of our summer visitors, the wrynecks; every mark, every fine and mazy line of the plumage, is given with unrivalled exactness, and so felicitous is their attitude, as to speak not only to the eye but the fancy also. We must not attempt to enter into the details of every plate; but, at once, congratulate the author on the success of his labours.

The Church of God, a Series of Sermons by the Rev. R. W. Evans. Smith, Elder, and Co.

It is not in our power to do justice to this very able work this month. It arrived after our labours had closed. We have, however, glanced through the volume, and see so much originality of thought and clear comprehensive reasoning throughout, that we cannot help strongly recommending it to our readers.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The old saw,—'May, early or late, doth make the corn to quake,' has been fully verified during the present month. It set in, indeed, with the favourable circumstances of a change of wind and of weather, producing an almost instantaneous improvement in vegetation of all descriptions. Unfortunately, however, we were allowed but a few days' rejoicing at this happy change, when the wind returned to its old chilling and ungenial quarters, continuing but too steadily therein unto nearly the present date; but accustomed as we have been to perpetually succeeding reverses, we dare not entertain much confidence in the continuance of our good fortune in the present improved and mild temperature.

Doubtless considerable mischief will ensue to the crops of all kinds, from the long-continued ungenial state of the weather; yet, after all, perhaps such a long succession of northerly and easterly winds was never known to be attended with so little damage to the crops and fruits of the earth, as in the present spring; and this we attribute chiefly to the present commixture, so to phrase it, of those chilling airs with the mild and vivifying breezes of the south. The blight, in any considerable degree, was first discovered about the middle of last month, when the wheats, particularly, began to assume a yellow and sickly hue, chiefly those upon poor cold soils, though those on the most fertile and in the best heart, were by no means entirely exempt. This affection has of course proceeded since, with its cause, and in those wheats which have suffered most, no doubt but some of the usual atmospheric maladies have taken root, and the *rust* is already conspicuous in many parts. In our next Report, we shall be able to speak more decidedly on this subject. Most of our letters yet give a flattering account of the strength and luxuriance of the wheat plant, rivalled though it be by weeds of equal bulk, and are sanguine as to our prospects of a crop, and an early harvest. One correspondent, however, agrees with our idea in the last Report, that our prospect of great plenty lies rather in the extensive breadth sown, than in the actual produce to be expected.

As we have so often remarked, complaints arrive from every quarter of the country of the tremendous excess of weed vegetation, so detractive from the quantity of the useful and profitable, and so exhausting to the soil; yet we hear nothing from the complainants of any effectual remedy for so fatal a grievance. We were lately amused by the lamentation of an old friend from the south-west, that he had been this season prevented by the weather and other causes from clearing the red weed or poppy from his extensive farm. Now, we recollect to have heard similar complaints and threats of eradication of the self same weed from his grandfather; yet

the poppy has ever since continued a flourishing annual crop upon that farm, though it has never been found in the garden. This, and certain other weeds, peculiar to poor light soils, have probably abounded thereon, from their earliest date of culture, and never can, or will be, eradicated by broad cast husbandry. Much the same may be averred of the couch grass upon soils of another description.

The lent corn has also suffered generally from the blighting effects of the cold winds and drought, waiting for recovery from a steady warm and seasonable temperature. The barley and oats came up very irregularly, part lying dormant in the soil for a great length of time, a prey to birds and insects. Much of the lands in this state will make crops of different growth at harvest, unless a highly genial and beneficial temperature succeed. The barley, both early and late sown, has been much injured by the wire-worm, and the peas by the slug. The breadth of barley is not so extensive this year, as in the last, from the reduction of the price on account of the great quantity of molasses used in the distillery. Oats have become the general substitute for barley. Beans, oats, and tares, are at present deemed the most promising crops. Clover and all sown grasses, retarded by the ungenial temperature, yet promise to be highly productive on a favourable change. The clover being kept back is held to be favourable, as it was very strong and forward, and otherwise might have outgrown and exhausted itself, or have over-run and choked the barley with which it was sown. We are, however, not greatly favourable to double crops, viewing that system as one of the usual deceptions of the old established custom. Comparative experiments are wanted. Of hops we, as yet, hear nothing. The success of the fruit season is said to depend on the future state of the weather, though it cannot have escaped a certain degree of injury; and that important part of it, the apple, is not spoken of in very flattering terms, in the cider countries, where the latter blossoming fruits afford the greatest promise. The culture of potatoes, as well in this country as in Scotland, will be much reduced in the present season, from their late superabundance and unremunerating price. We noticed in our last Report, the strange transition from abundance of winter grass to its equal scarcity in the spring, there being since scarcely a bite for a sheep on May-day, when sheep and cattle were wandering over the lands in a state of half-starvation, in want of their chief support from dry food; that also, so abundant in the early months, nearly exhausted. The accounts from Bedfordshire and its vicinity, are particularly distressing. Backing the oats is now going forward, and the price of the article expected to advance. The culture of turnips, Swedes and common, with the mangel-wurtzel, or field-beet, was completed early in the month, on the forwardest soil, and the whole of the spring crops are in a fair way of an early completion on all. Little or nothing of novelty remains to be detailed concerning live stock. As usual, the markets and fairs are well supplied, and things of the best quality meet a ready sale, though at a price which the feeder universally declares does not render them a sixpence of profit. Pigs, particularly small ones, have again advanced, and in the bacon districts, large stores also are in much request. It is remarked, as usual, that tegs fetch a price equal to that of sheep a year older. English wool is little quoted in the country, but in the metropolis, the foreign meets a ready sale. Emigration is becoming a general resource; but there is a complaint in the country that the most steady and useful labourers migrate, leaving the profligate and useless at home. It is greatly extending also among the farmers, who declare that they cannot live in their own country, and must leave it before the remains of their property shall be absorbed in the general vortex of ruin. The long standing aversion to the tithe system is getting to a great height in the country, and revision is loudly called for; under which, it is confidently said, there lurks a stronger and more pithy term, that of ABOLITION.

Misprint in last Report—for Sir Henry *Hankey*, read Sir Henry *Bunbury*.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3*s.* 2*d.* to 3*s.* 10*d.*—Mutton, 4*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 10*d.*—Lamb. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Veal, 4*s.* 5*d.*—Pork, 4*s.* 2*d.*, 5*s.* 2*d.*, 5*s.* 8*d.*—Rough fat, 2*s.* 10*d.*

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 48*s.* to 74*s.*—Barley, 24*s.* to 36*s.*—Oats, 15*s.* to 28*s.*

The London 4lb. loaf, 10*d.*—Hay, 50*s.* to 95*s.*—Clover ditto, 65*s.* to 120*s.*—Straw, 30*s.* to 39*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals, in the Pool, per ton, 14*s* to 21*s.*

Middlesex, May 21*st.*

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